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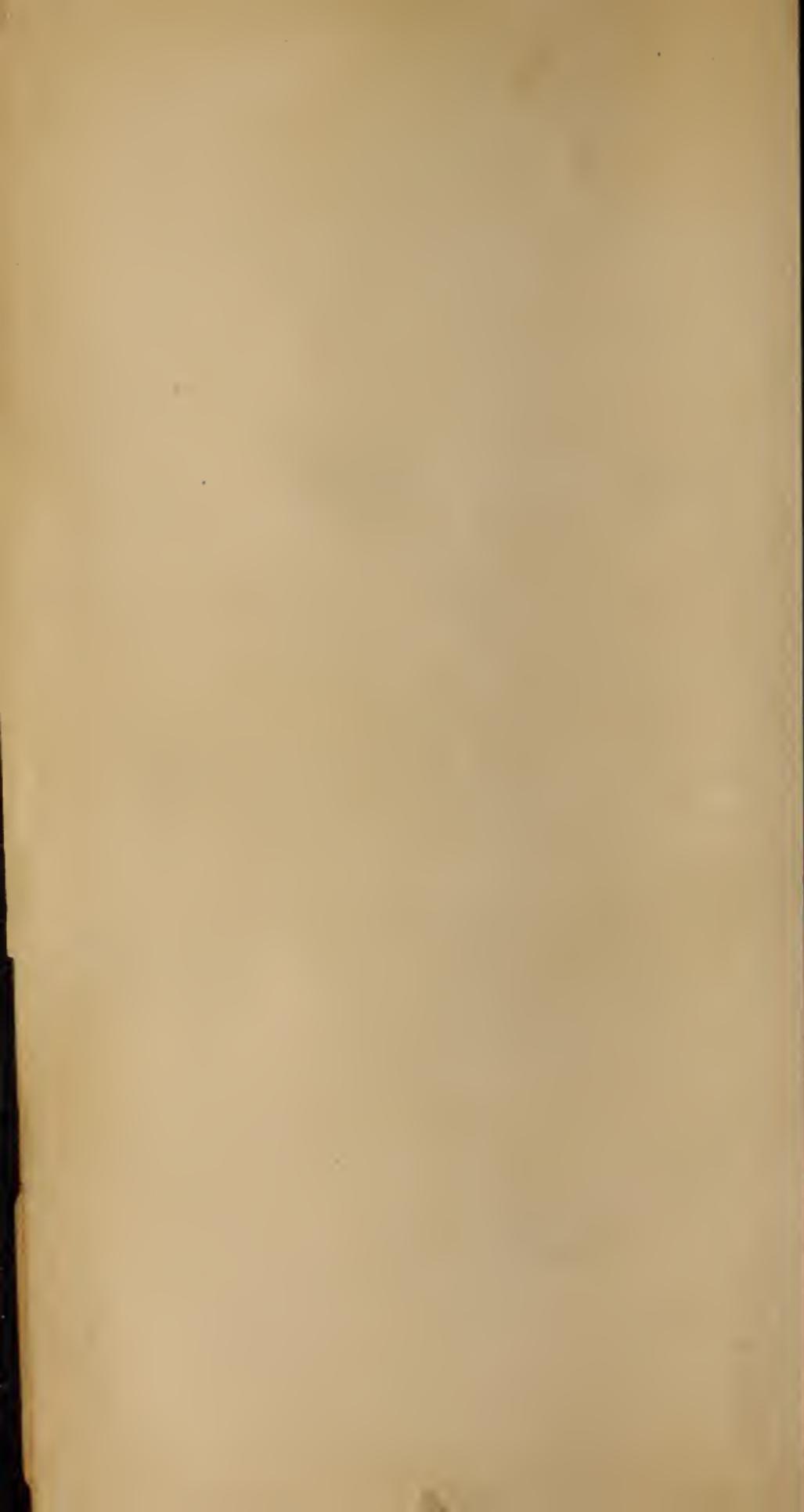
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









THE  
MESSIAH:

A  
POEM;

OF THE BIRTH, MISSION, SUFFERINGS, RESURRECTION,  
ASCENSION, AND SECOND ADVENT OF OUR

LORD JESUS CHRIST:

WITH ORIGINAL HYMNS.

~~~~~  
*THIRD EDITION.*  
~~~~~

✓  
BY JOHN LANDIS:

Author of a "Hymn Book;" "Soul's Aid;" "A  
Volume of Discourses;" "A Treatise—meta-  
physical—on Poetry and Painting;" "Po-  
etical Effusions;" and Divine Painter.

~~~~~  
LANCASTER CITY, PA.  
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1846.



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## P R E F A C E .

In appearing before the public, for the first time, as a Poet, and with so exalted a subject as the "LIFE OF THE MESSIAH," which has been portrayed by the able pens of my predecessors, I am conscious of my limited ability to do justice to a theme so stupendous, vast, and sublime. A part may not be equally melodious with the rest, yet notwithstanding, I presume, it will be read by but few who will not be edified and amply repaid for their time, provided they peruse it with an unprejudiced mind; open for the receiving of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. And may the glory redound to the King of Glory, my Divine Master, and with Thomas I can say, "My Lord and my God." The HYMNS are all original, and have never been published; they are chiefly of a spirit of devotion, supplication, and adoration. May all read and be edified, built up in holiness, and may the spirit of prayer, love, joy, and peace, from Almighty God, descend upon all, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, dominion, majesty, and power, with thanks and blessings, now, henceforth and forevermore.—Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE, year of }  
our Lord, 1837. }



## THE MESSIAH.

---

Eternal Father ! Light Divine !

Who to his word's, forever, true,  
His love and mercy do outshine,  
And other attributes renew.

The morning stars together sing,

All nature is engaged to please ;  
O ! earth awake, adore your King,  
Messiah, illustr'ous Prince of Peace.

Awake ! awake !! my soul adorn,

By sacrifice of thanks and praise,  
This ever bless'd, auspicious morn,  
High heaven his glory displays.

Join with Angels, divinely sing,  
To God, the highest, be glory,  
Glory be to the new-born King,  
On earth peace to men good will be.

The eastern hor'zon of the skies,  
Is tinted with a golden grey;  
Its lustre with its author vies;  
Night's driven by the dawn of day.

The gorgeous splendors of the sun,  
Illumines the lofty mountain's top,  
And beams thro' vacancies upon  
Hills; and rays into valley's drop.

Behold! now, the whole creation,  
Smiles in splendor and brilliancy;  
The di'mond waves of the ocean,  
And distant specks all silvery.

Its mighty tributary streams,  
Rolling thro' distended landscapes;  
Their surfaces reflecting beams,  
Dazzling, as studded with agates.

The expanse of heaven serene,  
Like the blooming flower of May,  
And not a cloud is to be seen,  
For 'tis the Lord's Anointed's day.

Behold! at Bethlehem the glory,  
Of the sun of Righteousness;  
Lustre, resplendent, heavenly,  
Mount Zion's awful holiness.

Hail him! ye nations of the earth,  
Hail him! and harps and lyres string;  
Rejoice with awful, holy mirth,  
Rejoice and anthems of praise sing.

To Jehovah, Almighty God,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!!  
Christ, Messiah, incarnate word,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!!

Behold! creation's God is here,  
Veil'd in the human form divine;  
As foretold by the ancient seer,  
And God and man in Him combine.

The fairest of ten billions fair,  
And altogether lovely's He!  
His beauty's above description rare,  
Myster'ous as the mystic Three.

Lo! incomprehensible light;  
A beam of the eternal beam,  
Holy, effulgent glory bright,  
Resplendent rays from focus gleam:

Illumine this terrestrial ball,  
In darkness lying, gross, profound;  
The consequence of Adam's fall;  
Man's curse and doom to till the  
ground.

Who's prone to evil, shunning good,  
And captive held at Satan's will;  
By sweat of brow, his daily food  
Does eat, Jehovah's words fulfil.

Among the sons of men was not  
Found one sufficient for heaven's  
cause,

To conquer, sink this hellish plot,  
And to confirm the divine laws.

Man from sin and sorrow to free;  
Open the way to our last home;  
Taste of life's everlasting tree,  
Lo! the Saviour said, "I come."

And then, at Bethlehem arose,  
This glor'ous, bright, and morning  
star;  
To free us from our guilty woes;  
That nothing more our peace may  
mar.

Shed light to earth's remotest bound;  
O hail! the Sun of Righteousness,  
Diffusing glory all around;  
Salvation, life, and holiness.

Stupendous miracles are wrought,  
And water into wine does flow;  
At th' omnipotence of his word,  
The lame are heal'd, in soundness go.

Behold! the blind their sight receive,  
The lepers cleans'd, freed from stain;  
The possess'd of devils does relieve,  
And deaf to hear restores again.

The sick and the dying he heals,  
To life again the dead does call ;  
Thus his power divine reveals,  
And with compassion looks on all.

O mark his virtue at the tomb  
Of him, with whom he was int'mate;  
O'erpower'd and weeping, cries 'Come!'  
Behold! dead Lazarus whole made.

The God supreme, is man on earth,  
Touched with our infirmity;  
Tho' free from the Almighty's wrath;  
Willingly bears its extrem'ty.

Mercifully disp'nses blessings ;  
Teaches eternal life to gain !  
Where'er he goes leaves redressings;  
Words and deeds that e'er shall re-  
main:

Goodness beggars description great ;  
He is life, light, love, joy and peace,  
And of heaven the very gate,  
To believers, who, from sin cease.

“Come, O come, you, all unto me,  
That weary, heavy laden are,  
I will set you, forever, free,  
And joys, eternal, you shall share.

“O! take my yoke upon you, all,  
And learn of me, for I am meek;  
O! be obed’ent to my call,  
Your endless happiness I seek.

“From captivity I would fain  
Release you all ; O then have faith,  
And with me you shall, ever, reign,  
And see, Jehovah, face to face!

“ In high heaven’s eternal day,  
’Mid cherubims and seraphims,  
Who, their holy powers display,  
In perpetual songs and hymns.

“ With them exalted you shall be,  
And shine as the firmament bright,  
In everlasting felicity;  
In Paradise walk with Me in white.”

Thus the Saviour His time employs;  
His benevolence God-like is,  
Works wrought by the Almighty voice,  
Which proclaims the whole creation  
His.

His words, they are forever sure;  
Wisdom is His, and knowledge too,  
His mercy, endless shall endure;  
Understanding’s refined, true.

Sinners' friend, but sin's eternal foe;  
The monster which He came to  
bruise,

And sympathy for man brings woe;  
Causes His eyes, in tears, suffuse.

In humble posture He often bows,  
His holy soul pours out in pray'r;  
For us, He obedience vows,  
Eternal mansions to prepare.

Retired from men's busy fetes;  
O lo! on yonder mountain high;  
A Moses and Elijah meets,  
In glorious char'ots from th' sky.

His countenance transfigur'd is;  
Outshines the meridian sun;  
His raiment white as snow, O bliss;  
O in part! behold Mount Zion.

See a bright cloud o'ershad'ing them;

O! what resplendent lustres shine;

The Almighty Father's emblem;

Hark! a voice from the holy shrine:

Lo! "This is My Beloved Son,

In whom I'm well pleas'd: hear ye

Him;"

The favor'd Three, Peter, James, and

John,

With wonder and ast'nishment teem:

"It is good for us, here, to be,"

With rapture exclaim, "let us make

And erect tabernacles Three;"

Willing ev'ry thing to forsake.

The world and its glittering toys,

To be with this holy trio;

Partake of pure heavenly joys,

And its, unspeakable, bliss know.

Lo! behold! they fall to the ground,  
O'ercome by the glorious sight;  
Oh! in them earth'ness is yet found,  
Uncongenial to celest'al light.

The vision's fled, the heav'nly guests,  
Return on their luminous cars;  
The Saviour in a mild behest,  
Bids them rise, nor give way to fears.

He to his former state descends,  
To tabernacle on earth 'gain;  
The kingdom of heaven defends,  
From the assault of wicked men.

Its being at hand, He preaches,  
“Repent! repent!! believe ye all;”  
His disciples, also, teaches;  
Whom to fishers of men does call,

How to appreciate his love;  
Which is all holy and refin'd,  
All God-like from his throne above;  
In which perfection is combined.

His righteousness to speak abroad,  
In holiness his path to tread;  
To uphold the truth by his word,  
Release the sin-sick captive led:

Lose on earth the souls for heav'n,  
That they forever may endure;  
To whom eternal life be giv'n,  
Their everlasting joys secure.

To pour this oil on the world's dearth,  
And quicken all holy remains;  
Throughout this transitory earth,  
Whose mysterious King he reigns.

Behold him riding on an ass,  
O what reproof to haughtiness,  
O his virtue, who can surpass?  
Conspic'ous shine in humbleness.

O see, the way, it is spread o'er,  
With flow'rs and garments costly fine;  
The multitudes do him adore,  
Singing strains to the King of Zi'n.

Hosanna! Hosanna!! they cry,  
Blessed is He that comes, 'the Lord;'  
Hosannas echo to the sky,  
To David's Son, Jehovah, God.

Through the pompous city proceeds,  
And all Jerusalem confounds,  
Rapturous holy praise he meets;  
Where'er he goes, Hosanna 'bounds.

So the words fulfil, as foretold;  
“Daughter of Zion behold thy King!  
Meek and lowly on an ass’ colt,  
To thee salvation he does bring.”

Behold! him at the Passo’er, where  
He by the twelve surrounded is,  
Disciples and He assembled are,  
Prep’ring for his departure to bliss.

Sitting at meat, O hear him say,  
To his band, deemed just and true;  
“One of you this night, does me be-  
tray;”

All are grieved, enquiring “who?”

He answers, “’tis one of the twelve,  
With us assembled is the same,  
And dips in the dish, with myself;”  
Lo, ’tis Judas Iscar’ot by name.

He takes bread, blesses it, and breaks,  
Saying, 'tis my body, take, eat;  
And the chalice He, likewise, takes,  
'Tis my blood, drink ye all of it;

'Shed for the remission of sin,  
And as often as ye this do—  
It remembering me therein;  
Your covenant for to renew.

Behold! now in Gethsemane;  
Agonizing and in prayer,  
He sweats large drops of blood, O see!  
His vast fortitude for us there.

Lo! an Angel from Heaven high,  
With him in conversation is,  
And strengthening him for to die,  
And attain to his former bliss.

Alas ! there comes a host of men,  
With torches, lanterns, sticks and  
staves ;

Jesus, knowing all, says to them,  
“ Whom seek ye ? ” in composure  
craves :

“ Jesus of Nazareth, ” they reply,  
“ I ’ m he, ” — oh, they fall to the  
ground ;

He again demands, while they lie,  
“ Whom seek ye ? ” on them looks  
around.

“ Jesus of Nazareth, ” they say,  
“ O I am He, ” Jesus then replies,  
And also ; “ let these go their way ; ”  
Pointing to His disciples, nor tries

To escape this murderous band;  
Zealous Peter, also, to scoff,  
Averse, with sword in uplift'd hand,  
The High Priest servant's ear cuts  
off.

Jesus, in mercy, cries desist,  
Lest to a height the fray attains ;  
His follow'rs no longer resist,  
And Peter's wrath his Lord re-  
strains.

And by his word, divine, restores,  
To its usual place, the ear,  
As perfect as it was before ;  
Jesus can the whole stature rear.

Jesus Christ, now, himself gives up,  
And is bound by his enemies;  
His harmless hands ti'd with a rope,  
And is taken to the High Priests.

Wonderful 'bove comparison ;  
That this being, holy, divine!  
Who might have heav'nly garrison,  
Should thus submit, himself resign.

Lo ! He's led to the judgment hall,  
Follow'd by a host to accuse—  
This innocent person to gall—  
Mock, and style Him, King of the  
Jews.

Pilate, unable to discov'r  
Any fault in this holy person ;  
Hears the multitude, moreover,  
Their ungrounded accusation—  
Cries, " Crucify him, crucify,  
Away with him, for we well wot,  
That by our law, He ought to die ;  
For he made himself the Son of  
God.'

Pilate, o'ercome by their clamor,  
Scourges Jesus and brings him forth;  
Gives him up to his murderers ;  
Who justice and holiness loathe.

They, therefore, plat of thorns, a  
crown,  
And put it on his head, and robe,  
Of purple upon him, and frown,  
And mock, progressing in their scope.

Lo ! the Lord, the Lord of Glory,  
Behold him now on yonder road,  
Leading to the hill of Calv'ry:  
The Lord, the Lord, Creation's God.

Surrounded by a ruffian band,  
Soldiers, and miscel'neous crowd;  
Who beset him, on either hand,  
Reviling and upbraiding loud.

Afar off are his companions,  
Lest they suffer for the same cause;  
Of having been faithful champions,  
Under their master, for the truth.

Their hearts are sunk in despondence,  
They are un'ble now to exult;  
But follow, with sad appearance,  
To behold the final result.

A crown of thorns is on His head,  
Precious blood drops to the ground;  
He sinks under the accurs'd weight;  
Behold him faint and full of wounds.

On they force him toward the mount;  
He advances with falt'ring pace;  
A few friends in the crowd are found;  
Behold the great change in his face!

Reaching the hill, they gain its height,  
And stretch him on the accurs'd tree;  
Oh, it is a heart-rending sight,  
And causes tears of sympathy !

With rugged nails, through hands  
and feet,  
Fastened to the accurs'd cross;  
Wounded, and all his members bleed;  
Innocent, and without a cause.

He knew neither guile nor folly,  
Was not like to the sons of men ;  
Righteous, perfectly holy,  
And the Great Eternal I AM.

The great Alpha and Omega,  
The beginning and the ending ;  
Lion of the tribe of Judah,  
And the everlasting Day-Spring :

Healing Sun of Righteousness ;  
Christ, the great rock of all ages ;  
The fountain of love and goodness,  
And the ever bless'd Jesus :

The shining bright and morning star ;  
Immanuel and Messiah ;  
Whose advent was predict'd from far ;  
Behold ! the mighty Jehovah !!

O! wonderful catastrophe,  
He who all worlds form'd of nothing ;  
The Father of infinity,  
In whom all things move, have  
being.

The King of pow'r, Omnipotent ;  
Who could call the heavenly host,  
And gain a vict'ry triumphant ;  
Subdue and put to flight his foes.

Hangs between the heav'n & earth,  
As if unworthy of either,  
And rapidly approaching death,  
As tho' only a form'd creature.

O hark ! the air resounds with cries,  
And noise, like to distant thunder,  
The earth quakes, pillars of the skies  
Tremble, and rocks burst asunder:

Temple veil rents to the bottom;  
The sun flies the indignant sight,  
And draws his golden rays therefrom;  
The whole globe lays in gloom as  
night.

Satan with his force of hell, shout ;  
Darkness, echoes hideous, yells ;  
The Angels of light weep aloud,  
And heaven in sympathy melts.

O ! what an 'stonishing event ;  
Unfathomable mystery ;  
For the God-head to condescend,  
Thus 'tone for man's in'quity.

Suspen'd between heaven and earth,  
To reconcile them together ;  
Save sinners from eternal death,  
Of ages former and later.

O! the depth of the ways of God,  
And the riches of Divine love ;  
Manifested and shed abroad,  
That human guilt he might remove.

Who, tho' pure, was with transgres-  
sors,  
Led as a lamb to the slaughter,  
And sheep dumb, before her shearers,  
Nor did a railing word utter.

His eyes are full of compassion  
And pity for his murderers ;  
And he prays ever and anon,  
For his many persecutors.

Mark ! his Godlike feelings for them,  
And advice to evil doers ;  
“Weep not, daughters of Jerus’lem,  
For me, but for yourselves and  
yours.”

Aware of the just recompense,  
Coming on that bloody city ;  
For stubborn disobedience,  
To the laws of divinity.

For persecuting his prophets,  
For delight in deeds of darkness,  
And rejecting of all reproofs ;  
Lest they obtain to righteousness.

The way unto life eternal,  
Is fully now being open'd;  
That men no more need go to hell,  
Unless kept, by Satan, blinded.

Arise ! break from the yoke of sins,  
And no longer enslaved be;  
But thro' faith in this mighty Prince,  
Forever be, at liberty.

See him conq'ring the King of terr'r,  
And him hear, "They in me believe,  
Tho' they were dead, shall die never,  
And if living, shall ever live."

And also, "It is finished ;"  
Bows his annointed head and dies ;  
The atonement is accomplished,  
And fulfil'd are the prophecies:

And his words are verified,  
“Unless it die,” a grain of wheat;  
It still remains, but when died,  
“Will rise up and bring forth much  
seed.”

For this end did he leave his throne,  
To be set forth an ordinance ;  
Christ, and tho' with the Father one,  
And to bring forth true Christians.

No longer passing wagging heads,  
Pharasees, sow tears and be sad;  
Bemoan your sins with contrite hearts  
That you may reap joy and be glad.

Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
And they that mourn be comforted ;  
Cast yourselves at His, Jesus' feet,  
And be by his blood redeemed.

Wo! to every unbeliever,  
And wo to all unrighteous ;  
Cursed is your wrath and anger,  
'Tis fierce, cruel and malicious.

Wo! be to all ye despisers,  
Listen, and wonder, and perish ;  
Wo! be to all ye murderers,  
Satan 'll your damnation finish !

Notwithstanding your unbelief ;  
'This same, illustrious person,  
Pierc'd and dies, for sinners' relief,  
Will rise and ascend to Zion.

Behold ! our Lord is taken from—  
The cruel and accursed tree,  
And is by friends borne to the tomb,  
Followed by holy! women three :

Is laid in a new sepulchre—  
    Tho' the despised of Galilee,  
Enclosed with spice in a wrapper—  
    Joseph's own of Arimathea.

There comes, also, Nicodemus ;  
    Administers of his substance,  
For the embalming of Jesus ;  
    They now depart, are going thence.

The Scribes, Pharisees and Chief  
    Priests,  
    Obtain Pilate's approbation,  
To secure, the tomb, with their seal,  
    And a watch around it station.

Every mind is in suspense ;  
    The sun is on his daily round,  
Through the vast heavenly expanse,  
    And sinks behind the distant mount.

The sky is all clear and serene,  
Sprinkled over with hosts of stars,  
And the moon is coursing between—  
Worlds and planets and nothing  
mars.

Death holds his sceptre o'er our Lord,  
Still and silent the hours pass on;  
His en'mies exult with one 'cord;  
His friends are all sad and forlorn.

The celestial hosts of glory,  
Anxious the event behold,  
And to learn of the Almighty,  
How the mystery He'd unfold.

The guard at their post nothing fears,  
And the rays of the midnight moon,  
Gleams upon their helmets & spears;  
The star arises, of the morn.

The eastern horizon assumes  
Its usual resplendent grey;  
The golden orb comes 'pace, illum-  
ines ;  
Ushers in the glorious day.

Lo! again the earth quakes and rents,  
And the powers of heaven shake;  
The Angel of the Lord descends,  
And the stone, from the tomb, rolls  
back.

He seats himself, upon it, now,  
His countenance is like lightning,  
And his raiment is white as snow ;  
The guard, terror stricken, trembling.

Jesus comes forth from the tomb,  
Now he rises a conqueror ;  
First fruit of nature's earthy womb,  
And subdues death of its terror.

Lo! never was the Creation,  
Veil'd in splendor so glorious,  
Nor auspi'ous morn to all nations,  
To inspire with hope, make right-  
eous.

'Tis the universe's jubilee,  
Valleys and lawns lift up their  
voice ;  
There is melody 'mong the trees,  
And the hills & mountains rejoice.

The inhabitants of the air,  
Are passing, warbling to and fro ;  
The morning stars together,  
And all God's sons shout 'loud for  
joy.

The air resounds with songs of praise,  
Echo'd by the high'st heaven,  
O'er oceans, deserts, and high ways,  
To our illustr'ous Prince of Zion.

The sweet and harmonious sound,  
    'Wakes holy Mary Magdalene ;  
Who hastens to the sacred mount,  
    All inspir'd by the surrounding  
    scene.

She perceives the stone been removed,  
    And then comes to Simon Peter,  
And disciple whom Jesus lov'd,  
    Saying, "the Lord's not in the  
    sep'chre !"

They are both hastening thither,  
    John, the beloved disciple,  
Is before—outrunning Peter,  
    Looks in and sees the linen clothes.

Then, also, comes to the sep'chre,  
    And enters into it, Simon ;  
Sees the napkin wrapped tog'ther,  
    Lying separate on the b'ttom.

John, likewise, got in the tomb,  
They both see, believe and wonder,  
Disappearing, return home ;  
But Mary remains to ponder.

She stoops and seeth two Angels,  
Cloth'd in white, one at the head,  
And the other one at the feet,  
Where the body of Christ was laid:  
Saying, "Woman, why dost thou  
weep?"

"Because they have taken my Lord,  
And laid him, I do not know where;"  
She now sees Christ, but knows  
him not.

Jesus says unto her, "Woman,  
Why weepest thou? Whom seekest  
thou?"  
She takes Him for another person,  
Asking, where have they lain the lord.

Jesus, says, unto her, "Mary!"

She turns, vociferates, "Master!"

Or, as in Hebrew, "Rabboni!"

"Touch me not," Jesus says to her:

"I'm not ascend'd t' my Father;

Go to my brethren and say so,

I ascend to mine and your Father,

And to my God, and yours also."

Now returns Mary Magdalene;

She tells the disciples of Christ,

And of all she had heard and seen;

They forthwith assemble at night.

Lo! Jesus appears in the midst,

Saying to them, "Peace be to you,"

And His hands and His side shows;

They rejoice and are gladden'd

too.

Then says Jesus, to them again :

“Peace be to you, as my Father  
Hath sent me, e’en so I you send ;”

And then gives them the Comforter:

He breathes ’pon them, says to them;

“And receive ye the Holy Ghost;”

And whosoever will redeem,

But, whose sins ye retain, be so.

Eight days passed, they again meet,

The doors having been closed too,

And with them, now, is Didymus ;

Christ ’pears, saying, “Peace be  
to you.”

“Reach hither,” he says to Thomas,

“Thy finger, and my hands per-  
ceive,

Thrust thy hand into the abscess,

And be not faithless, but, believe.”

And then Thomas answers and says,  
Unto him, "My Lord and my God;"  
Christ says, "Thou see'st & believest,  
Bless'd are they, believing, see  
not."

On the road leading to Emmaus,  
A village nigh Jerusalem,  
Behold ! two persons, Cleopas,  
Disciple and 'nother of them.

Lo ! they are join'd by another,  
Who is journeying the same way,  
Saying, "Why are ye together ;  
Sad, and communing with dismay?"

"Art thou then in Jerusalem,  
Only a stranger: knowest not  
That Jesus Christ was condemned,  
Who was mighty in deed & word?"

“The Chief Priest, with them our rulers,  
Deliver’d him t’ be crucifi’d;  
We thought he was Isr’el’s Redeemer;  
But ’tis the third day since he died.”

Also, “a vision of Angels  
Had been seen at the sepulchre,  
Who said he had risen, and lives—  
His clothes were lying together.”

He replies, “O fools and slow of heart,  
To bel’ eve the words of prophecy;  
Ought not Christ have suffer’d apart,  
To enter into his glory?”

From Moses and all the prophets,  
He expounds every passage,  
Concerning Jesus’ sacrifice:  
They now arrive at the village:

He walks like tho' he wish'd con-  
tin'ing,

But they constraining him, and say:  
" 'Bide with us, 'tis toward ev'ning; "

And he goes in with them to stay.

And as he sits with them at meat,

He takes bread, breaks it & blesses,  
And of it He them gives to eat ;

Their eyes open, He vanishes.

They now bel'ieve that he had risen,

And they know that He was Jesus:  
Ask; " did not our hearts burn within,  
When he open'd us the scriptures? "

On the bosom of T'berias,

Veil'd by the profound gloom of  
night ;

In a ship are Peter, Thomas,

And others five, obscur'd from sight.

They cast their net and haul it in,  
Again and again without one,  
And the darkness disappearing,  
Before the lustre of the morn.

The silv'r topt waves all dazzling  
bright,  
Skip like under supernat'ral aid ;  
Ship dances with sails snowy white,  
Their every heart, secretly, elate.

With the glorious respl'ndent sun,  
Illuminating th' surrounding scene,  
Appears on the shore a PERSON,  
Tho' come from a glorious beam.

Who accosts them and says ; "The  
net,  
Cast on the right side of the ship ;"  
They, therefore, drop it as he said ;  
A multitude of fishes reap.

The beloved disciple, John,  
Exclaims, "It is Jesus, the Lord,"  
Zealous Peter, casts himself 'pon  
The waves, hastens to our ador'd.

The rest in the ship, with one 'cord,  
Unit'd in love and feelings one,  
Come to the shore to our bless'd Lord;  
Rejoicing in his resurrection.

Beholding there, also, a fire,  
With some fishes thereon lying;  
And at the Lord Jesus' desire,  
Of the fishes caught are frying.

Jesus says to them, "Come and dine;"  
None of them durst ask, "Who art  
thou?"  
Knowing he is th' Prince of Zion;  
And he gives them bread and fish  
now.

Lo! the eleven disciples,  
Go away into Galilee;  
Into a mountain, where Jesus  
Had appointed with them to be.

Beholding the Lord! worship Him:  
Jesus, approaching nearer, says—  
“All the power is in heaven,  
Given me, also, on the earth!”

“Go, therefore, teach ev’ry nation,  
Baptise them in the name of God;  
The Father, and of God the Son,  
Likewise, of God the Holy Ghost;”

“Teaching them to observe all things,  
Whate’er I command in my word,  
And lo! I am with you, always,  
Even to the end of the world.”

“ Whosoever, in me, believes,  
And is baptised, shall be saved ;  
And whoever does not believe,  
Shall not see life, and be damned.”

Behold Him now at Bethany,  
Lifting up His hands, blessing them;  
And while giving them His blessing,  
Lo ! is carri'd up into heaven.

The company of five hundred,  
Themselves bow down and worship  
him :  
And with him their praise ascended,  
To God, in th' New Jerusalem.

Now after that Christ had risen!  
The watch came to Jerusalem,  
And showed to the chief priest,  
The things that had befallen them.

They assembled with the elders,  
After having taken counsel,  
Give large money to the soldiers ;  
For their honor, to them, to sell :

And obligate them to say,  
“ That his disciples came by night,  
And while we slept, stole him away : ”  
The rulers think, thus, their shame  
t' hide.

If made known to the gov'rnor,  
We'll persuade him, and this you'll  
say :

They took the bribe, did per order ;  
This report, some b'lieve, to this day.

We would have none be deceived,  
By this subtle and false saying ;  
But believe that Christ ascended,  
As we have been fully showing.

And Him foretold by Isaiah,  
Government should be on his should'r,  
The great Eternal! Jehovah;  
Called wonderful Counsellor:

The Omnipotent, Mighty God,  
And the everlasting Father;  
The Prince of Peace to be ador'd,  
And worshipp'd by every creature.

God sits enthroned in glory,  
Illuminating Eternal Day;  
Resplendent from His Deity;  
Radiating every way:

Showing His ineffable greatness,  
The splendor of Divinity;  
Beat'fic Sun of Right'ousness,  
And centre of Infinity.

From hence looks through revolving  
worlds,

And dispenses His providence,  
For the fulfilling of his words,  
Continuing the existence.

Where He reigns, till His enemies  
Are subdued and confounded ;  
Then comes to gath'r the trophies  
Of victory; death is swallowed.

Hark! the time is, the trumpet's sound,  
The Heaven's all glorious are,  
Glorious hosts in glory 'bound ;  
Eternal Crowns of glory wear.

Descending, Hallelujahs ! sing,  
Through, ineffable, Divine light ;  
Resounding, Hallelujahs ! wring,  
Hallelujah ! reign God of Might.

Reflecting light, the cumbrous earth;  
All in floods of glory array'd;  
The Church militant 'wake from death;  
In Everlasting Life! display'd.

With God! in one, in Love Divine,  
Manifesting His great glory;  
In the Redeemer's presence shine,  
All, worshipping, adoringly!!

Millenium! Millenium!!  
Glorious reign of the Most High!  
With His bright hosts! has fully come;  
Hosanna! Heaven's 'neath the sky.

Holy! Holy!! Holy!!! great GOD!  
Forevermore, upon the Throne;  
King Supreme! ineffable Lord!  
The Universe is Thine alone:

Thine the Power and the Glory,  
Majesty, O God! Jehovah!  
All worship Thee and adore Thee!  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!!

Jubilee! the promised joy,  
To the whole Celestial Choir,  
And redeemed, unit'd employ,  
Magnifying! the Lord! aspire.

On golden harps and cymbals loud,  
Seraphs' lyres! and Psaldeny,  
All, emulatingly, about;  
Rejoicing in the Almighty.

The joy cont'ning, Sabbath's ending,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!!  
Glorious hosts, with God 'scending;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!!

The consummation of *all's* nigh,  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

God, with His hosts, comes from on  
high ;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Ah, the time is nigh and He comes ;  
At th' crashing of the firm'ment,  
And when the earth rolls to and from ;  
The stars are falling from heaven.

When the sun becomes like sackcloth,  
And when the moon becomes as  
blood ;

The earth tumbling into chaos,  
The Isles sink 'neath the Oceans'  
flood :

Vallies hid by falling mountains,  
Heavens departing like a scroll ;  
Lo! it is the Judgment's morning !  
Terror strikes ev'ry sinner's soul.

Amid the commingling of sounds,  
The blowing of the last trumpet,  
Like thunder thro' the air abounds ;  
Come to judgment, to be judged.

God comes along through a clustre  
Of worlds, planets, and glitt'ring  
stars ;  
Dim'd by His superior lustre,  
And glory surrounding his cars.

Followed by trains celestial,  
Of Cherubs and of Cherubims,  
And of Angels and Arch-Angels,  
And Seraphs and of Seraphims :

Glorious beings with the Judge,  
Administering unto Him ;  
Sends to gather the just,  
From the four corners of heaven.

Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye,  
While the trumpet continues sound-  
ing ;  
All the righteous that did not die,  
Are changing to immortality.

The graves opening, and the dead  
Rise and put on incorruption,  
Are caught up in the air, and made  
All glorious, with perfection.

The Lord, Christ, saying to us, "Come,  
All ye blessed of my Father,  
Inherit the prepar'd kingdom,  
And be crown'd with glory fore'er."

Whereon, according to his word,  
Makes us rulers o'er many things ;  
Receives to the joys of our Lord ;  
Changes to ether'al beings.

Righteous shall shine as the sun,  
They that were wise as the bright-  
ness  
Of the firm'ment, and others, some  
As stars, like eternal right'ousness.

With God, is the fountain of life,  
So shall we be e'er, with the Lord,  
And in his light we shall be light,  
With everlasting life adorn'd.

God will wipe all tears from our eyes;  
Nor shall there be any more death;  
Neither pains, or sorrows or cries,  
As the Lord—the Holy One says.

And God before his throne adore,  
In his temple serve day and night,  
Nor hunger nor thirst any more,  
All our feelings in Him unite.

Behold ! the Lord God Almighty,  
Likewise the Lamb—are the temple,  
Of this great, resplendent city,  
And dwelling of life eternal.

Beams of glory radiating—  
Throughout the heavenly domain,  
Every part illuminating,  
With the brilliancy of the Lamb.

The beauties of this Great City,  
With the effulgence of the throne,  
Veil'd by the Triune Deity,  
Where sits the King—the Holy one.

In this imperial city,  
Adorn'd by the glorious Word;  
Dwells the mysterious Trinity,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Trinity in Unity,  
Three persons in the one true God ;  
To whom is sung, Holy ! Holy !  
Holy ! and Him, alone, ador'd.

Emulate with noblest powers,  
And bolder strike the sounding lyres,  
Continue thro' ethereal bowers,  
Mingle with celestial choirs ;

In praise and blessings to the Lamb,  
And sweet strains of seraphic lay,  
To His high, exalt'd, holy name,  
Through perpetual golden day.

Echo'd by surr'nding jasper,  
Vibrating 'long the golden streets,  
Harmoniz'd, render'd sweeter,  
Issuing through the pearly gates ;

O'er land of milk and honey flies,  
Luxuriant in felicity;  
Through celestial Paradise,  
Encomp'assing this mighty city:

And on the Sea of Glass abounds  
In richly harmonizing strains,  
Lengthening to the distant mounts,  
Reverb'rating o'er the whole domain:

Heav'nly fields and flowers th' lay,  
Inspiring lustre and elate,  
Their bloom and glories to display,  
The Lord of Hosts, to celebrate.

Ere the departure of the Host ;  
All on clouds, around, suspended,  
Surr'unding the Lord of Canaan's  
coast ;  
More shrill, solemn blasts the trum-  
pet.

Satan, and from the depth of hell,  
And from graves, and caverns, and  
rocks,  
Come, with fearful looks, tremble,  
And Oceans all in woful flocks.

The world, which was all their delight,  
Burning, falls before the Lord's  
name;

The King of Glory and of might,  
Is here, and will, forever, reign.

In the Book of Life can't perceive,  
Of the dejected crowd, a name;  
Christ, with justice imperative,  
And solemn tone, their doom pro-  
claim.

Depart from me, I ne'er knew ye;  
To hell's black, sulphurious fume,  
With the devils, forever, be,  
In solid night and eternal gloom.

Fore'er driven to and fro,  
And the frame unceasingly rent ;  
With gnashing and weeping and wo ;  
The smoke perpet'ally ascend.

With looks and looks stare,  
Consternation, they cry and yell,  
The earth melted to liquid air,  
They drop into darkness and hell.

Our Great Alpha and Omega,  
Like in beginning, by His words,  
Creates a new heaven and earth ;  
Fill'd with gl'rious Beings, like  
Gods.

The great city, Jerusalem,  
And happy Canaan from above ;  
All illuminated by them,  
And fill'd with universal love.

Free from all sin, sorrow and death,  
Where is enthron'd, Great Jeho-  
vah,  
And the Sun of Righteousness,  
Hallelulah! Hallelujah!

---

H Y M N S .

---

G O D .

Incompreh'nsible light,  
Effulgent glory bright,  
Of attributes divine,  
In mystic union join ;  
Glorious persons three,  
A perfect Deity;  
Of all glory possess'd,  
Thy name alone be blest.

Blest be thy name alone,  
Thou God of three in one;  
Of the whole creation,  
Enthron'd on Mount Zion,  
Above the azure dome,  
Thine own eternal home;  
Everlasting Father,  
Blest be thy name fore'er.

Forever be thou blest,  
Of Omnipresence possess'd;  
Mighty ethereal wings,  
Thy holy presence bring;  
O'er vales & mountains dost ride,  
Earth, Oceans, far and wide;  
Royally in holiness,  
Thy name we'll ever bless.

Forever be thou blest,  
Of Omnipotence possess'd,  
Of love and mercy, too,  
Re-creating men anew;

By regeneration,  
And perfect salvation;  
To live with ever,  
Bless'd be thy name fore'er.

---

### BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Herald Angels divinely sing:  
"Arise and hail your new-born King;  
This day is born at Bethlehem,  
A Saviour—precious—Christ the Lamb!  
To God the highest be glory,  
Peace on earth, to men good'll be."

Rejoice, ye nations of the earth,  
Rejoice, with awful holy mirth;  
Rejoice, and harps and lyres string,  
Rejoice, and anthems of praise sing;  
Hosannas to Almighty God,  
Hosannas to Christ—Incarnate word.

Hail! Him; O hail! Him, near and far,  
Hail the bright and morning star,

Who at Bethlehem this day rose  
To free us from our guilty woes ;  
To lead captivity captive,  
Give "gifts," that men may ever live.

Hail ! the Wonderful, Counsellor,  
Mighty God, ev'rlasting Father,  
Prince of Peace, sun of righteousness,  
Day-spring from the highest, to bless,  
Diffuse truth, peace, and light abroad,  
And salvation with one accord.

Let all knees bow & tongues proclaim  
His high, exalted, holy name ;  
All kindreds, tongues, & people sing,  
And worship the eternal King ;  
Messiah, Emanuel, Jehovah !  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

---

### THE NEW JERUSALEM.

The New Jerusalem above,  
Filled with Universal Love ;

By faith see the celestial choir,  
Tuning their everlasting lyres,  
And hear the harmonious sound,  
Re-echo'd in the Holy Mount.

Here are joys for weary pilgrims,  
With Cherubims and Seraphims,  
And the Angels and Arch-Angels,  
To lead us to refreshing wells,  
Of for ever Living Waters,  
Flowing within golden borders.

The company is shining bright,  
Appareled in spotless white;  
It is the select company  
Foretold that should assembled be,  
And come through much tribulation,  
A few of every nation.

The beauties of this great city,  
Resplendent in Divinity;  
Beams of glory radiating,  
Every part illum'nating,

With the effulgence of the throne,  
Where sits the King, the Holy One.

Here is the fountain of goodness,  
Which is forever exhaustless,  
And the Sea of beneficence,  
Flowing throughout the vast expanse  
The Prince of this Holy Zion,  
Is Jesus Christ, the Almighty One.

The land is, of milk and honey,  
Surrounding this mighty city;  
Heav'nly fields and flowers display,  
Their glories in eternal day,  
Replenish'd and ever new-born,  
By the Spirit, with the *two-One*.

In this Imperial City,  
Dwells the myster'ous Trinity,  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three persons in the one true God;  
To whom they sing unceasingly,  
Holy! holy!! holy!!! holy!!!!

## THE SAME.

'The Paradise of holy bliss,  
The new Jerusalem,  
'The Heaven of felicities,  
Adorn'd by Christ the Lamb ;  
Christ, the mysterious Lord,  
With Father and Spirit ;  
The Mystic One fore'er adored,  
By all who there inherit.

The glor'us throne of God Most High,  
In heaven erected is,  
And those mansions prepared by,  
Jesus Christ, for all his ;  
Where in his beatific sight,  
We shall forever shine,  
And in his light we shall see light,  
All holy and divine.

With the holy Angels unite,  
To praise His holy name ;  
Extol, magnify with all might,  
Christ's love for to proclaim ;

Christ's love for us salvation brought;  
Christ's love unfath'mable,  
Exalting us to reign with God.  
And with Him ever live.

~~~~~  
THE SAME.

Heaven, heaven all holiness,  
The throne of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
The glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
The abode of Angels and God;  
Ador'd is he above the sky,  
Ador'd by all his saints below,  
Whose ambition extend on high,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow.

Heaven, heaven all holiness,  
Angelic and Seraphic pleasure,  
Cherubic bliss, who can express  
The joy diffused without measure,  
From the Almighty Father's shrine?  
The happiness enjoy'd by all,  
In holy essential love divine,  
Angels and Saints rais'd from the fall.

Heaven, heaven all holiness,  
Proceeding from the Lofty One,  
Who does His hosts forever bless,  
With light, joy, peace, & holy throne;  
To be exalted forevermore,  
By Father, Son and Holy Ghost;  
The Mystic Three, praise and adore,  
Jehovah King, the Lord of Hosts.

---

## SUPPLICATION.

O Lord Almighty be e'er nigh,  
With thy saving power,  
And I will trust in thee, Most High,  
And serve thee forever.

And on the wings of faith will soar,  
The height of Mount Zion,  
And thy great beauties will adore,  
Thou Supreme Holy One.

Singing with the host assembled,  
Surrounding Jehovah,

Who alone is to be praised,  
Hosanna! Hosanna!!

---

Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,  
Long-suffering thou art,  
O may thy mercy never cease,  
Till thou gainest every heart ;  
Till all knees bow, and tongues pro-  
claim,  
Thy high, lofty, and holy Name.

Till in thy peace the earth abound,  
Exult in thee alone,  
Sing thy praise and echoing round,  
Will centre in thy throne :  
Till all kindreds, tongues, and people  
sing,  
And worship thee, Eternal King.

Till all in mystic union join,  
In thee, O God! below,  
A perfect holiness combine,  
And glory in thy glow:

Till all kindreds, tongues, and people  
sing,  
And worship thee, Eternal King.

Till men as Saints and Angels praise,  
In holy strains divine,  
And heaven and earth sing thy lays,  
Submissive at thy shrine:  
Till all kindreds, tongues, and people  
sing,  
And worship thee, Eternal King.

---

O Lord Almighty do reveal,  
Thyself, to me, more fully still,  
That I may with a constant zeal,  
Labour to know and do thy will.

O Lord kindle a ray divine,  
A ray that will forever shine,  
To quicken this cold heart of mine;  
Illumine and make me wholly thine.

Lord, let me burn with fervent love,  
And meditate on things above,  
And all my fleeting hours improve,  
That I in thee, may live and move.

Then shall my soul to heaven soar,  
And shall with the celestial choir,  
Unite to praise and to adore,  
All thy perfections evermore.

---

FOR BACK SLIDERS.

Great God, again to thee I turn,  
Another course of folly's run ;  
Lo ! all things are but vanity,  
From Jesus' love estranged to be ;  
Apart from the true source of joy,  
Nothing is found but sin's alloy ;  
Vexation of spirit, madness too,  
To have with carnal things to do.

True wisdom is alone in thee,  
And understanding from sin to flee,

To fear thee, O God, and delight,  
In pure devotion with all might;  
Worship thee in spirit and truth,  
Beauties of holiness and views,  
With singleness of heart and mind,  
To be with thee in one combined.

Great God my supplications hear,  
Deliver me again from fear,  
And the bondage of sin and death;  
O stay thy arm, appease thy wrath,  
Thy awful thunder let pass o'er,  
Thy spirit on holy pinions soar;  
Revive my contrite, weary soul,  
The load of guilt from my heart roll.

Jesus' sole righteousness I plead,  
Let it be a lamp to my feet,  
Light to my eyes, and healing balm,  
My heart and soul to soothe and calm;  
With firmness establish my heart,  
Never more from my God to part,

In holy essential love divine,  
Forever live in glory thine.

---

### THE JUDGMENT.

The blowing of the last trumpet,  
Come to judgment to be judged ;  
Like thunder through the air rebounds  
Amid the commingling of sounds,  
Of burning things and falling mounts.

The judge comes 'long way thro' clusters,  
Of worlds and planets, whose lustres,  
Dim'd by his superior glory,  
And his celestial company,  
All resplendent in brilliancy.

While the trump continues sounding,  
Are changing to immortality;  
All in the twinkling of an eye,  
All the righteous that did not die,  
And comes from graves, glorified.

The Angels flying all about,  
To receive up in the cloud,  
Welcome, welcome with our King go,  
To the land where milk and honey flow,  
And nothing but sweet pleasures know.

O ye gates swing apart the most,  
The King of Glory comes with his host,  
"Who is the King of Glory, who?"  
Th' God infinite that all things fore-  
knew,  
Jesus, who worlds to atoms threw.

Let in ye pearly gates, 'part swing,  
The lovely train with Glory's King,  
"O who is Glory's King, O who?"  
The Word by whom all things came  
new,  
Lord of Hosts, and Holy One too.

And swings the gates and passes thro',  
The King of Glory with retinue,  
"Who is the King of Glory, who?"

Th' Almighty, that all things can do,  
All praise and blessings him are due.

Glory, honor, dominion and pow'r,  
To God, our Omnipotent Fath'r,  
And our Prince of Peace, Almighty;  
With the Holy Ghost, O Glory!  
Hallelujah! to the *One Three*.

Holy! Holy!! Holy!!! Holy!!!!  
Be to the Triune Deity,  
Hosanna! Hosanna!! Hosanna!!!  
Hallelujah!! Hallelujah!!!  
Amen! Amen!! Amen!!! Amen!!!!

---

## SECOND PART.

Ere the departure of the host,  
Surr'unding the Lord of Canaan's  
coast,

On clouds all around suspended,  
More shrill and solemn blasts the trum-  
pet,  
Arise, 'rise to be judged, judg'd.

Satan and from the depths of hell,  
They come, with hideous looks, and  
tremble,  
And from the graves, caverns and rocks,  
And Oceans all in woful flocks,  
To receive reward for their mocks.

The world, which was all their delight,  
Burning and falls before Jesus' might;  
The King of Glory that was slain,  
For the world's guilt, is here again,  
And will forever, ever reign.

The Book of Life does not contain,  
Of the dejected crowd, a name;  
Christ, with justice imperative,  
And solemn tone his sentence give,  
Ye cannot and ye shall not live.

Depart from me, I ne'er knew ye,  
With the devils forever be ;  
To Hell's blackness and darkness  
doom,  
'Mid burning sulphurous fume,  
Solid night and eternal gloom.

Be fore'er driven to and fro,  
With gnashing, and weeping, and wo;  
And excruciating torment,  
The frame unceasingly rent,  
And smoke perpet'ally ascend.

FINIS.

*M*







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