

- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word;
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 29.

4-8's & 2-7's.

- 1 The voice of my Beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain top he bounds;
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills:
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 "Rise, my love, and come away."
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,
 The lovely vernal flowers appear,
 The warbling choir enchants our ear;
 Now with sweetly pensive moan,
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

HYMN 30.

C. M.

- 1 My Saviour! my Almighty Friend!
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace!