

That I may see thy Gospel Son,
 Surmounting all that's past.
 Then I'll stand on the shore and sing,
 Although I joy alone;
 That God my Lord and sovereign King,
 In Jesus Christ has come.
 In vain the billows roar aloud,
 God's spirit is supreme;
 And soon will overthrow the proud,
 By heavens' mighty scheme.
 Arise Christ Jesus in the skies,
 On earth thy power is all;
 Thy spirit's over fading joys,
 Triumphant in my soul.
 Let me be great, let me be small,
 My Saviour I adore;
 Because his spirit in my soul,
 Will rise to set no more.

A SONG,

GIVING GOD PRAISE, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK,
 OR THE MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION,
 TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH, HELL, AND
 THE GRAVE.

How great, O God's thy heavenly cause,
 Triumphant in my soul;
 How strict my God's, my Saviour's laws,
 And truth which thou hast told.
 Behold Christ Jesus on the cross,
 How he doth bleed and die;