

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;