

HYMNS.

5. What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I sha'n't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
6. Then welcome, harmless grave;
By thee to heaven I go.
My Lord his death shall save
Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

HYMN II.

1. He's gone! the spotless soul is fled,
And number'd with the peaceful dead,
To glorious bliss removed;
Summoned to take his seat above,
In mansions of celestial love,
And permanent delight.
2. Here all his pains and sufferings ends,
Safe in the bosom of his friend,
His Saviour and his God;
His warfare's past, his time is o'er,
And he shall never suffer more;
From pain for ever free.

CHORUS.

He's landed in the arms of God,
And wash'd his robes in Jesu's blood,
And stands before the throne.