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An Ode to Christ

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New Christmas Carols,



Rejoice in the Lord

REJOICE now all good Christians
 Rejoice now in the Lord.
 And as for his great and glorious name,
 Praise him with one accord,
 And to the living Lord let us pray
 Remember now good Christians,
 The time is drawing nigh,
 For a redemption for us poor sinners
 God sent his Son to die,
 And now he remains in glory.
 O mortal man remember,
 That Christ himself was good,
 Ann for our sin and wickedness
 He shed his precious blood,
 And now he remains all in joy.
 God bless the master of the house,
 And the mistress also,
 And the pretty little children,
 That round the table go,
 That they may remain in joy,
 God bless your goods and chattels
 Your houses and your store,
 The Lord he will increase ye,
 And grant you more and more,
 That you may all remain in joy

An Ode to Christ.

INSPIRE me heaven in me not leave a thought
 Untouch'd untry'd to sing a Saviour's praise,
 Ever from the victim pangs of a mind untaught
 May my poor pen his God like virtue taste
 Yet ah how vain I try the heavenly theme,
 Or the great task attempt alone to scan,
 Since he outshines the lustres of his fame,
 Who lived a mortal and who died a man,
 O for a voice of fire to stop the daring foe
 Of men who live regardless of my word
 Who transient pleasure is but loss of time,
 Senseless of what such loss will soon afford,
 Would but our fellow creatures hark awhile,
 And strive our wandering passions to subdue,
 O teach them solace from thy God like style

To soften sorrow and their joys renew.
 For who that follows thee that lives above.
 The common fate of an infelicious man,
 In thee by faith we taste celestial love;
 Nor think of life but a willing pain,
 Superior pleasure doth the mind enjoy
 When mood with ease in resignation's bay
 Where peace prevails no horror to annoy
 The blissful moments of a virtuous lay,
 The chariots rolling on its guided wheels
 Contains 'tis true some of noble birth
 But nobler far is he who ample feels
 The fear of him who reigns above the earth,
 The Deists boasts of all their mortal life,
 While Atheists ho'd religion's all a trade
 But yet in both succeed a conscious spite
 Nor were thy precepts for such mortals made
 But thou O Lord distributes all thy joy
 To those who virtue tastes their riches sweet,
 And sinks the crimes for earthly joys
 With good immortal and with grace replete
 Come then fair man before it is too late
 And join with cheerfulness the Christian band.
 Desert the follies of a transitory state
 Since Wisdom call throughout a Christian land

A New Divine Poem,

HAVE you not heard of our Saviour's love
 And how he suffered like an harmless dove
 But still we in our wickedness remain
 We Crucify our Lord again,
 If you were going to be put to death,
 You'd find it hard to find a friend on earth
 That would lay down his life to set you free
 But Christ did shed his precious blood for thee,
 Consider what our Lord did undergo
 To prevent them from the guilt of woe,
 Repent in time your wickedness refrain
 Christ will not shed his blood for us again
 Let's love each other as we ought to do
 'Tis God's commands tho' kept by few
 For little love doth in this world abound,
 Nothing but strife and malice is there to be found
 Yet if we do not one another love
 How should we think that our great God above
 Will take us to his throne on high

Will each other serve and willfully
 Here's a thing the Scripture plainly shews
 To pray to those that are our greatest foes.
 If ever we think to meet in Heaven,
 We must to give as we expect to be forgiven
 'Tis very apt for some to curse and swear
 But I t'ime now persuade you to forbear,
 And do not more abuse the name of God,
 Lest he should scourge you with his heavy rod
 The sin of drunkenness leave off in time
 For that's another sad notorious crime
 Live sober lives and lay that sin aside
 Nay, and likewise that horrid sin of pride,
 Some make wealth their God as we do know,
 And to their neighbours no charity will shew,
 'Tis good to help the widow in distress
 Relieve the needy and the fatherless!
 Give to the poor you lend it to the Lord
 The cheerful giver God doth not reward
 In that sweet place where saints and angels dwell
 How soon death may come - no tongue can tell
 Our latter end now let us all consider,
 For when our life is gone we know not whither
 Our precious souls may be condemned to go
 Lord keep us from the burning lake below,
 Some men by gaming spend their whole estate,
 And they are sorry for it when too late
 Therefore in time ward off these foolish things
 Which have sorrow and destruction bring,
 Keep to the church your duty don't neglect
 The Holy Scriptures may your soul direct
 Then let it always be your chiefest care
 To spend the Lord's day in fervent prayer
 Some are deprived of their precious sight
 All worldly pleasures are hid from them quite,
 'Tis best to live in darkness here on earth
 Than lose the light of heaven after death