

Anonymous author,
Before 1794


76. 76. 76. 76.

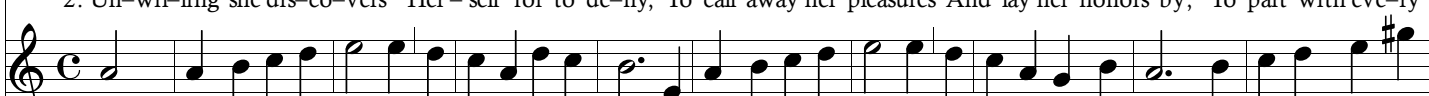
The Heavenly Courtier

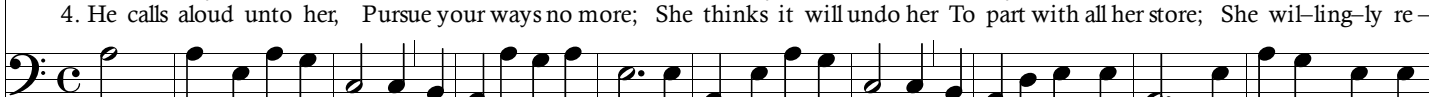
Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.


A minor

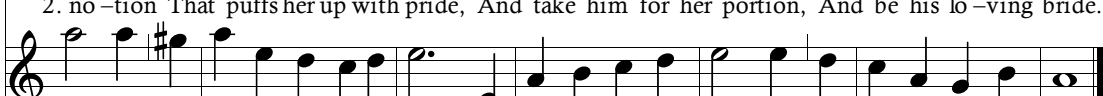
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

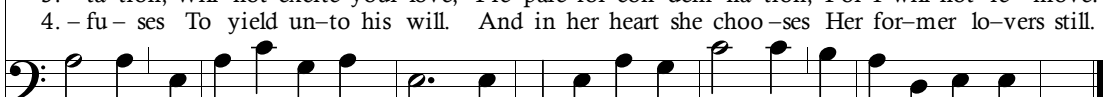
Tr.  1. Let Christ the glorious lover Have everlasting praise; He comes for to discover The riches of his grace; He comes to wretched
2. Un-wil-ling she dis-co-vers Her-self for to de-ny, To call away her pleasures And lay her honors by; To part with eve-ry

T.  3. Be-hold my matchless fullness! A-rise and let me in; How can you be so cruel To bar your heart with sin? If calls and in-vi-
4. He calls aloud unto her, Pursue your ways no more; She thinks it will undo her To part with all her store; She wil-ling-ly re-

B. 

Tr.  1. sin-ners, To woo himself a bride; Re-sol-ving for to win her, And will not be de-nied.
2. no-tion That puffs her up with pride, And take him for her portion, And be his lo-ving bride.

T.  3. -ta-tion, Will not excite your love, Pre-pare for con-dem-na-tion, For I will not re-move.
4. -fu-ses To yield un-to his will. And in her heart she choo-ses Her for-mer lo-vers still.

B. 

5. He then displays his power,
By an almighty word;
He threatens to devour,
And shows a flaming sword :
She now begins to tremble
At what she sees and hears;
And fain would she be humble,
And wash her crimes with tears.

6. She bolts the door upon him,
And bids the Lord depart;
She will not serve his honor,
Nor let him have her heart;
Yet Jesus loves the sinner,
And will not leave the door,
But cries. O! wretched creature!
Reject my grace no more.

7. She does not yet discover
The filth of her inside;
She thinks the Lord will love her,
And take her for his bride;
But like refiner's fire
He searches every part;
Conviction rises higher,
She feels a troubled heart.

8. She now begins to languish,
And none can her relieve;
Her heart is full of anguish
To find she can't believe.
Her hopes are now departed,
And left her full of woe,
With all the broken hearted,
She cries what shall I do?

9 But Jesus has compassion,
Still moving in his breast,
Intends to give salvation,
Unto the souls distressed
One glimpse of love and power
Makes her forget her pain,
She cries, O happy hour,
Is this the lovely Lamb?

10. Is he whom I rejected,
Stooped down to me so low?
Goodness, but unexpected,
It hardly can be true;
And still she cries more fervent,
Lord, don't thy mercy hide.
May I become a servant,
And fit to be a bride.

11. The marriage is made ready,
The parties are agreed,
The holy Son of David,
And Adam's wretched seed;
The sinner is attired,
With raiment clean and white,
Her sins are freely pardoned,
And she's her Lord's delight.

12. They eat and drink together,
And mutually embrace,
Both saints and angels wonder,
At the surprising grace;
This union shall continue,
For evermore the same,
And nothing part asunder,
The Christian and the Lamb,

Resembles an old Irish folk tune (Jackson 1953b, no. 325).