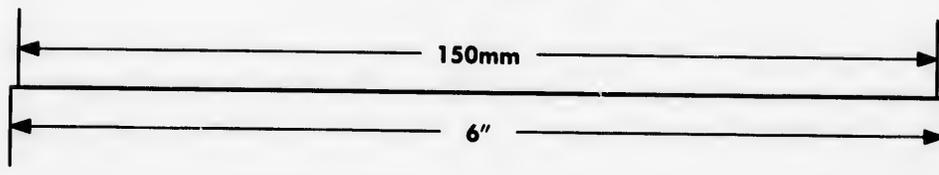
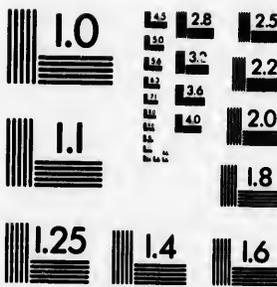
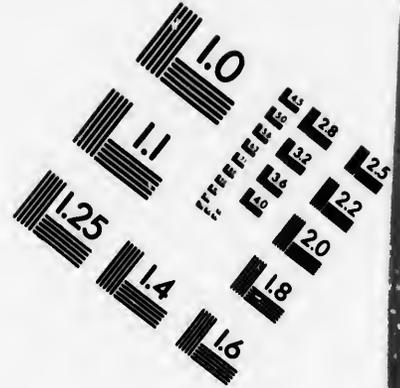
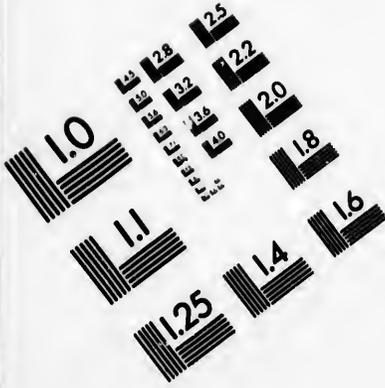


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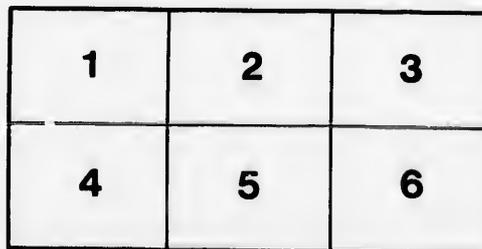
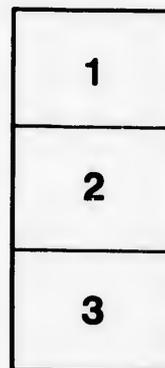
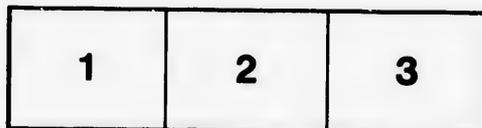
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HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS :

SELECTED FROM APPROVED AUTHORS

BY

REV. A. SANSON,

MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, TORONTO.

“Feed My Lambs.”—JOHN xxi. 15.

TORONTO :

J. C. GEIKIE, BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER.

1857.

PRINTED AT THE GLOBE OFFICE.

THE following Hymns were compiled to supply an element of worship for Trinity Church Sunday School, which was felt to be inadequately provided by any of the collections in use, or for sale, in this country.

It was suggested, however, that this compilation might probably be found to meet the wants and promote the objects of other Sunday Schools. It is therefore committed to the press with a wider view than was at first entertained by the compiler, who will be only too happy, if the expectation of the friends who suggested the extension of the enterprize should be realized. Had time and occupations permitted, the collection might advantageously have been increased, and somewhat more systematically arranged. As it is, however, it is commended to those engaged in Sunday Schools who may feel the need of such a selection, and, above all, to the blessing of Him who "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has ordained strength, and perfected praise."

TRINITY PARSONAGE. TORONTO, }
October, 1857.

1875

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H Y M N S .

1. CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand :
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed :
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord who loved them so,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy and love ?
How come those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory ?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;
 So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing glory, glory, glory.

2. THE SAINTS IN GLORY.

Rev. vii. 13-17.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is the sun whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

3. THE HAPPY LAND.

THERE is a happy land
Far, far, away ;
Where saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand—
 Why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free !
 Lord, we shall live with thee !
 Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye—
 Kept by a Father's hand
 Love cannot die.
 On then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

4.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee ;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy,
 Oh ! how solemn we should be.

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven where he is gone ;
 And let nothing ever please us,
 He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

Let our sins be all forgiven,
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong :
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

5. THE LITTLE BAND.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them
 not."—LUKE xviii. 16.

Jesus, behold a little band
 Of Children at thy feet :
 Before thee, Lord, we humbly stand,
 Thy favour to entreat.

Poor, little, sinful things we are,
 The Bible tells us so ;
 But thou canst see us from afar,
 And bless us here below.

'There's nothing we can say or do,
 Thy favour, Lord, to win ;
 Thou, only, canst our hearts renew
 And wash us from our sin.

And yet we do not feel afraid
 As near we draw to thee,
 Because thy gracious lips have said
 Let children come to thee.

Man would deny the infant's claim,
 And rudely cast us out ;
 But Jesus, he is still the same,
 And says, " Forbid them not."

6.

GLORY TO JESUS.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast
 ordained praise."—MATT. xxi. 16

GLORY to Jesus, glory,
 Let little children sing,
 Who know the blessed story
 Of the Eternal King :
 How he came down from heaven above,
 T' save the people of his love.

A little child he came,
 For children to atone :
 Sing praises to his name,
 Who did so love his own,
 As to redeem them with his blood,
 And make them holy, just, and good.

Jesus, the Prince of Peace,
 Gives pardon, joy, and life ;
 Bids sin and sorrow cease,
 And puts an end to strife.
 Glory to God, and peace on earth,
 As sang the angels at his birth.

7. THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

THIS is God's most holy day ;
 We must neither work nor play ;
 But we'll try to pray and sing,
 And to serve our heavenly King.

O, 'tis pleasant now to go
 To our Saviour's house below ;
 And we hope to sing and love
 In our Saviour's house above.

MRS. PARSON.

8. THE SABBATH MORNING.

ANOTHER six day's work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;
 May we enjoy in holy rest,
 The sacred day which God has blessed.

O, that our prayers and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which he who rests in Jesus knows—

That heavenly calm within the breast,
 Pledge of a yet more glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away :
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

9. THE DAY OF REST.

WELCOME sacred day of rest,
 Sweet repose from worldly care,
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare.

Day when our Redeemer rose,
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell ;
 Thus he vanquished all our foes ;
 Let our lips his glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day :
 When we hear thy holy word,
 When we sing thy praise and pray,
 Earth can no such joys afford.

But a sweeter rest remains,
 Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days ;
 Rest from sin, and rest from pains ;
 Endless joys, and endless praise !

10.

ANOTHER.

SWEET day of rest ! for thee I wait,
 Emblem and earnest of a state,
 Where saints are fully blest !
 For thee I look, for thee I sigh,
 I count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of sacred rest !

O, let the case be always so !
 My songs no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue :
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from every thing but praise,
 My heaven an endless song.

KELLY.

11.

MORNING HYMN.

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

12. THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN.

HERE we suffer grief and pain ;
 Here we meet to part again ;
 In heaven we part no more.
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 Joyful, joyful, joyful !
 Oh ! that will be joyful !
 When we meet to part no more !

All who love the Lord below,
 When they die, to heaven will go,
 And sing with saints above.
 Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

Little children will be there,
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
 From many an infant school.
 Oh that will be joyful ! &c.

Teachers, too, will meet above,
 And our pastors whom we love,
 Shall meet to part no more.
 Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

Oh! how happy we shall be!
 For our Saviour we shall see,
 Exalted on his throne!
 Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

There we all shall sing with joy,
 And eternity employ
 In praising Christ the Lord.
 Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

13.

EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me,
 Bless thy little lamb to-night;
 Through the darkness be thou near me,
 Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
 And I thank thee for thy care;
 Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

14.

ANOTHER.

'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor
sleep.'—Ps. cxxi. 4.

Through the day thy love hath spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Saviour ! thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

15.

THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O, write upon my memory, Lord,
 The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
 That I may break thy laws no more,
 But love thee better than before !

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That, hoping pardon through his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

16.

DISMISSAL.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can not afford.

17.

ANOTHER.

GOD of our salvation hear us ;
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go ;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest we cold and careless grow :
 Saviour keep us,—
 Keep us safe from every foe.

Let us live in view of heaven,
 Where we hope to see thy face ;
 Save us from unhallowed leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace ;
 Keep us walking
 Each in his appointed place.

As our steps are drawing nearer
 To the place we call our home,
 May our view of heaven grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come ;
 And when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

In the day of thine appearing,
 When the trump of God shall sound,
 May we hear it, nothing fearing,
 Though all nature sinks around :
 By our Saviour,
 Raised, and then with glory crowned.

KELLY

18.

ANOTHER.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us
 Travelling through this wilderness

Thanks we give, and adoration
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !

So whene'er the signal's given,
 Save us in that dreadful day ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey.
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day !

19.

DISMISSION.

Of thy love, some gracious token,
 Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
 Bless thy word which thou hast spoken :
 Life and peace on all bestow.
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with thee remain ;
 O direct us,
 And protect us !
 Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

20.

EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of Kings,
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave, as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day,

Oh, may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures, here below !
Praise him, above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

21. CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD of thy little flock,
Lead me by the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

22.

ANOTHER

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

He leads them to the gentle stream,
Where living water flows ;
And guides them to the verdant fields,
Where sweetest herbage grows.

When wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To seek us when we stray.

The weakest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care ;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

23. CHRIST, THE REFUGE OF MY SOUL.

Isaiah, xlv. 7.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll—
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing !

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within !
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity !

24. CHRIST, THE ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Guilty, plead thy righteousness.
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

25. CHRIST, THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

Zech. xlii. 1.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,—
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lispings, stammering tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

26. CHRIST, ALL-SUFFICIENT.

"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—Col. 1. 19.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the o'erwhelming load.

I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I love the name of Jesus—
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord !
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus—
The Father's only child.

I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

27.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

One there is, above all others,
 O, how he loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 O, how he loves !
 Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,
 One day kind, the next day leave thee,
 But this friend will ne'er deceive thee,
 O, how he loves !
 Blessed Jesus ! would'st thou know him,
 O, how he loves !
 Give thyself entirely to him,
 O, how he loves !
 Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
 Unbelief or trials seize thee !
 Jesus can from all release thee,
 O, how he loves !
 He's thy friend ! He died to save thee,
 O, how he loves !
 All through life he will not leave thee,
 O, how he loves !
 Think no more of friendships hollow,
 Take his easy yoke and follow,
 Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
 O, how he loves !

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And, may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

29.

GENTLE JESUS.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child ;
 Pity my simplicity ;
 Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought ;
 Gracious God, forbid it not :
 In the kingdom of thy grace
 Give a little child a place.

Oh, supply my every want !
 Feed the young and tender plant ;
 Day and night my keeper be ;
 Every moment watch round me.

30.

JUBILEE,

Blow ye the trumpet blow ;
 The gladly solemn sound,
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

Exalt the Son of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption through his blood
 To all the world proclaim ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above :
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love ;
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

Jesus our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made.
 Ye weary spirits rest ;
 Ye mourning souls be glad.
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

TOPLADY

31. PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME. Holy Spirit, come ;
 O, hear an infant's prayer !
 Sleep down and make my heart thy home,
 And shed thy blessing there.

Thy light, thy love impart,
 And let it ever be
 A holy, humble, happy heart,
 A dwelling-place for thee.

Let thy rich grace increase,
 Through all my early days,
 The fruits of righteousness and peace,
 To thine eternal praise.

D. A. T.

32. PRAYER FOR A NEW HEART.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right
 spirit within me."—Ps. li. 10.

LORD ! teach a little child to pray,
 Thy grace to me impart ;
 And grant thy Holy Spirit may
 Renew my infant heart.

A sinful creature I was born,
 And from my birth have strayed ;
 I must be wretched and forlorn
 Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
 And wash away their stain ;
 Can fit my soul with him to live,
 And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,
 For he hath said they may ;
 His bosom, then, shall be their home,
 Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face
 Shall surely taste his love ;
 Jesus shall guide them by his grace
 To dwell with him above.

33. SEEKING THE SAVIOUR'S GUIDANCE.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care ;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear young children when they pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Let us early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
 With thyself our bosoms fill :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us—love us still.

34.

PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright ;
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night.

Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be.

Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim ;
 For strength to aid thy weakness,
 In thy Redeemer's name.

Through him thy secret breathing
 Shall reach the realms above,
 As sacred incense wreathing,
 Where all is truth and love.

35. GUIDE US, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH !

GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrims thro' this barren land ;
 We are weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold us with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us till we want no more.

Open, Lord, the sacred fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the cloud and fiery pillar
 Lead us all our journey through ;
 Strong deliv'rer,
 Be thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises ;
 We will ever give to thee.

36. A PRAYER-HEARING GOD.

LORD, let thy Spirit from above,
 Descend and fill our hearts,
 With holy joy, and peace, and love,
 The gifts which he imparts.

We feel our emptiness of good,
 And ask for a supply ;
 We cannot do the thing we would ;
 Lord, hear our earnest cry.

We cannot love thee as we ought,
 Nor can we love at all,
 Unless by thy own Spirit taught,—
 Then hear, O, hear, our call !

We cannot serve thee as we should,
 With reverence and fear ;
 We cannot do it, if we would ;
 But thine it is to hear—

To hear thy people when they cry
 For power to do thy will ;
 Then hear us now, our wants supply,
 Be near thy people still.

Inspire our hearts, O Lord, with love,
 With earnest love and pure,
 That we may live and faithful prove,
 And to the end endure.

KELLY.

37. WAITING UPON GOD.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak and let thy servants hear—
 Hear with meekness—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
 Let us give them, Lord, to thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 We would run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory,
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before :
 Full enjoyment—
 Full, unmixed, for evermore !

38. THE ALTAR RAISED

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going, take thee to their home.

Great Shepherd of the chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strenghten faith and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Behold, at thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
 Come thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

COWPER.

39.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark x. 46.

JESUS is passing by.—
 But I am dark and blind ;
 Yet, Lord ! to Thee I cry,
 Pour light upon my mind.

All things are thine to give,
 Thou art the truth and light,
 O let me then receive
 From thy free love my sight!

Open mine eyes to see
 The wonders of thy word,
 And give me grace to be
 A follower of my Lord.

I know that thou art near,
 O let thy light arise
 My drooping heart to cheer,
 And ope my darkened eyes.

M. A STODART.

40.

GOD OF POWER.

Thou God of pow'r and God of love,
 Whose glory fills the realms above,
 Whose praise archangels sing;
 And veil their faces while they cry,
 "Thrice Holy!" to their God most high,
 "Thrice holy!" to their King.

Thee, as our God, we also claim,
 And bless the Saviour's precious name,
 Thro' whom this grace is giv'n;
 Who bore the curse to sinners due,
 Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
 And makes them heirs of heav'n.

The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving pow'r descend,
And fix thy bless'd abode ;
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
And all who enter, cause to feel
The presence of our God.

WALKER.

41.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LET us sing with one accord
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord ;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise.

He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
He who died, now lives to save.

What he bids us, let us do,
Where he leads us, let us go ;
As he loves us, let us love
All below, and all above.

Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be ;
Poor and weak we'll sing the more,
Jesus loves the weak and poor.

42.

ANOTHER.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus ;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the LAMB.

43.

GLORYING IN THE LORD

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—Rom. i. 16.

ASHAMED of Jesus! Can it be?
 A *feeble child* ashamed of thee!
 Of thee, whom highest angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus ! of that Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name !

Ashamed of Jesus ! Yes, I may
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.

Till then,—nor is the boasting vain,—
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain !
 And, oh ! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not ashamed of me !

44.

ALL HAIL.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And as they tune it fall
 Before his face, who formed their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Now shout in universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

45. NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine ;
While, as a penitent, I stand ;
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

46. BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,—
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

47. O FOR A HEART TO PARISE.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that's cleansed by thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 And where he reigns alone.

O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

48. PRAISES OF HEAVEN.

HARK the notes of angels singing,—
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.

Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong :
 Come assist the choir of heaven ;
 Join the everlasting song.

Saints and angels thus united,
 Songs imperfect still must raise ;
 Though despised on earth, and slighted,
 Jesus is above all praise.

See, the angelic hosts have crowned him,
 Jesus fills the throne on high :
 Countless myriads hovering round him
 With his praises rend the sky.

Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above :
 Sweet the theme,—a free salvation !
 Fruit of everlasting love.

Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name,
 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb.

KELLY.

49.

GRACE !

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace turn'd my wand'ring feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While passing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow ;
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

Oh! let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine!
 May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

50. SALVATION! 'TIS A JOYFUL SOUND!

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears!

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

51.

COME, YE SINNERS.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come to mercy's open door,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r,
 He is able,
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger ;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream !
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is that you have need of him ;
 This he shews you
 By his Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Wholly ruin'd by the fall :
 If you tarry till your better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

52. WHY THOSE FEARS ?

Why those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship ;
 Spread the sails and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep,
 To the regions
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death was hov'ring ?
 Could we rest on such a shore ?
 No, the awful truth discov'ring,
 We could linger there no more :
 We forsake it :
 Leaving all we lov'd before.

Though the shore we hope to land on
 Only by report is known,
 Yet we freely all abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And, with Jesus,
 Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy :
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last ;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

O ! what pleasures there await us !
There the tempests cease to roar :
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

53, HAPPY THEY WHO TRUST IN JESUS.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus,
Sweet their portion is, and sure ;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure.
Happy people !
Happy though despis'd and poor.

Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
Ye "who know the joyful sound,"
Fear ye not the nightly terror ;
Arms of mercy close you round :
Dread no evil ;
God will all your foes confound.

Since his love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in his sight ;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is his care :
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure ye are :
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

As the bird, beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings, and hides them there ;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

54. COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art ;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

55. HARK ! MY SOUL !

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "

I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care,
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above ;
 Deeper than the depths beneath ;
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of my throne shalt be,
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint :
 Yet I love thee and adore ;
 O ! for grace to love thee more.

56.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

" It shall be said of Jacob and Israel, what hath God wrought."—NUM. xxiii. 23.

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own Interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

57.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Our Father sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the host above ;
 He reigns throughout the world alone,
 He reigns the God of love.

58

He knew us when we knew him not ;
 Was with us, though unseen ;
 His favours came to us unsought ;
 His love has wondrous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
 Whatever foe assails,
 With vigilance that never sleeps,
 With power that never fails.

He gives us hope that we shall be
 Ere long with him above ;
 That we shall all his glory see,
 And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our Father's voice ;
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.

How sweet to hear him say at last.
 Ye blessed children come :
 The days of banishment are past,
 And heaven is now our home.

KELLY.

58. TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

ETERNAL God ! we look to thee,
 To thee for help we fly !
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide;
 That love will all vain love expel,
 That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
 O! let thy grace supply;
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant,
 The ill, though asked, deny.

59.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

'Tis my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.
 Trials must and will befall,
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No kind chastenings by the way ;
 Might I not with reason fear,
 I should prove a castaway ?
 Worldlings may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight,
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not—would not, if he might.

NEWTON-

60.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

HARK, a voice ! it cries from heaven,
 " Happy in the Lord who die !"
 Happy they to whom 'tis given
 From a world of grief to fly !
 They indeed are truly blest,
 From their labour there they rest.

All their toils and conflicts over,
 Lo ! they dwell with Christ above ;
 O what glories they discover
 In the Saviour whom they love !
 Now they see him face to face,
 Him who saved them by his grace.

'Tis enough ! enough for ever !
 'Tis his people's bright reward ;
 They are blest indeed who never
 Shall be absent from the Lord :

O that we may die like those

Who in Jesus thus repose !

KELLY.

61. WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

'Tis God the Spirit leads
 In paths before unknown ·
 The work to be performed is ours,
 The strength is all his own.

Assisted by his grace,
 We still pursue our way,
 And hope at last to reach the prize
 Secure in endless day.

'Tis he that works to will,
 'Tis he that works to do ;
 His is the power by which we act,
 His be the glory too.

62. OBEDIENCE, PROOF OF LOVE.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—JOHN xiv. 15

'Tis vain to say we love the Lord,
 Unless we also love his word ;
 And search the Holy Scriptures through
 To find what God would have us do.

While we can find delight in sin,
 How dwells the love of God within ?
 That child is serving Satan still,
 Who disregards God's holy will.

The sins that crucified their Lord,
By God's dear children are abhorred ;
Too well they love his blessed name,
To put it to an open shame.

O may we, then, constrained be,
By all thy love to live to thee ;
And may each word, each action prove,
How dearly we thy precepts love.

63. HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK DIVINE !

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heav'n.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way ;
'Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

64. WE HAVE NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

" WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

" We've no abiding city here,"
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 " We seek a city yet to come."

" We've no abiding city here,"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

" We've no abiding city here,"
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name,— the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

O ! sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
 The time my God appoints is best !
 While here, to do his will be *mine* ;
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

65.

LO ! HE COMES !

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain,
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in awful majesty ;
 They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree.
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air.
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thy eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 O come quickly !—
 Hallelujah !—come, Lord, come !

66. THE NEW JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM ! our happy home,
 O name for ever dear !
 When shall our labours have an end,—
 Thy glories all appear ?

When shall our eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And gates of pearl behold,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of burnished gold ?

O when, thou city of our God,
 Shall we thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations never part,
 And Sabbaths have no end?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around the Saviour stand ;
 And all we love in Christ below
 Shall join that glorious band.

Jerusalem ! our happy home,
 Our souls still long for thee ;
 Our sorrows and our pains shall end
 When we thy joys shall see.

67.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before !
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Low at his cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

68. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Christ's own blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave;
 Life eternal they shall have;
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now, and through eternity!

They are justified by grace;
 They enjoy a solid peace:
 All their sins are washed away;
 They shall stand in God's great day:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity.

They produce the fruits of grace
 In the works of righteousness;
 Born of God they hate all sin;
 God's pure word remains within:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Now and through eternity.

They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun :
With them numbered may be,
Now and through eternity.

HAMMOND.

69.

ANOTHER.

WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

Then let us here improve our hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

KELLY.

70

MISSIONARY HYMN.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand :
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high—
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim ;
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

71.

ANOTHER.

YES ! we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in every land :

Mark his progress—

Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,

While he enters like a flood,

God, the Saviour, is preparing

Means to spread his truth abroad :

Every language

Soon shall tell the love of God.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,

Let thy people see thy hand ;

Let the gospel be victorious

Through the world, in every land ;

Let the idols

Perish, Lord, at thy command.

KELLY.

72. THE CHILD'S GOOD WISH.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
 When Jesus dwelt here among men,
 And called little children as lambs to his fold,
 I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been put on my head,
 And that I had been placed on his knee,
 And that I might have seen his kind look when
 "Let the little ones come unto me." [he said,

Yet still to my Saviour, in prayer I may go,
 And ask for a share in his love ;
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
 I shall see him, and hear him above—

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;
 And many dear children are gathering there ;
 " For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MISS THOMPSON.

HEBER.

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KELLY.

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