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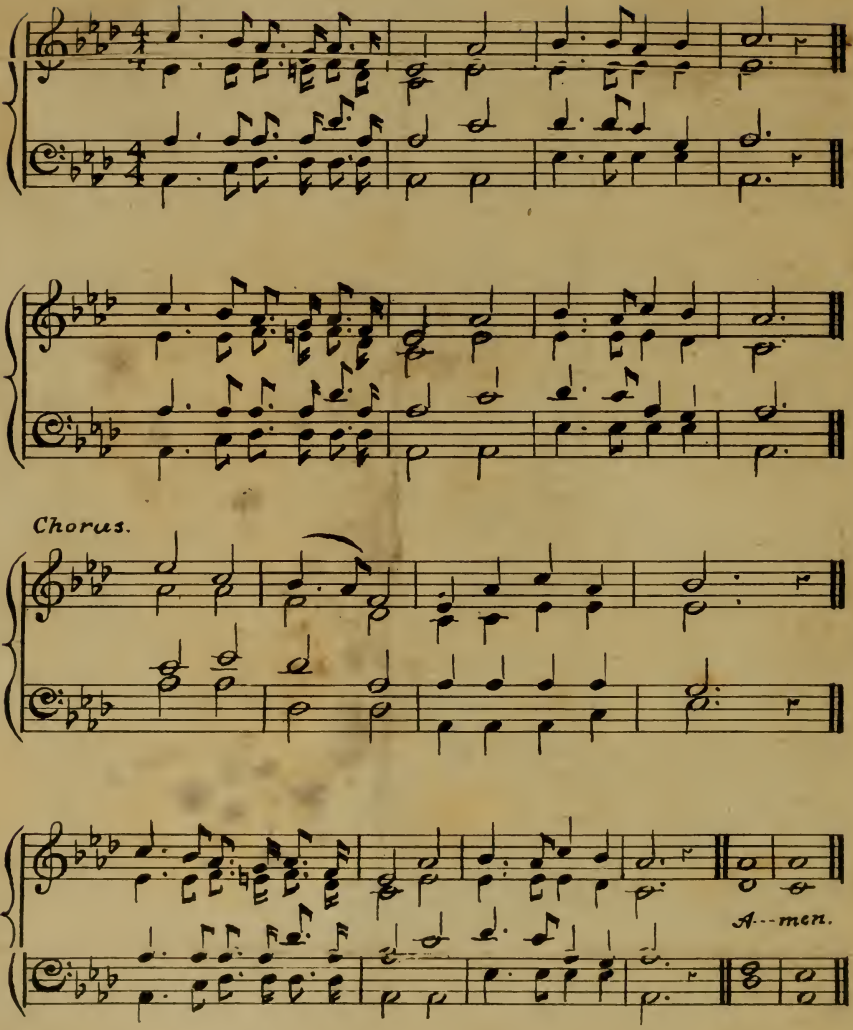
St. John's Church
Sunday-School
Hymnal

MADE AND PRINTED
IN GREAT BRITAIN

1875.

Hymn II.



HYMN II.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

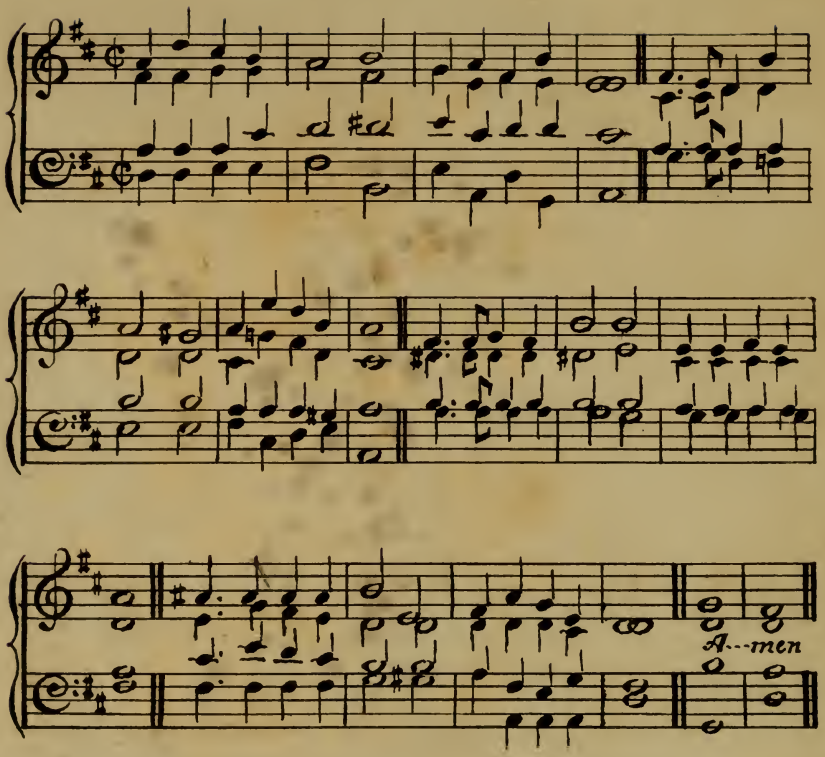
Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heaven but Thee?

Hymn III.



HYMN III.

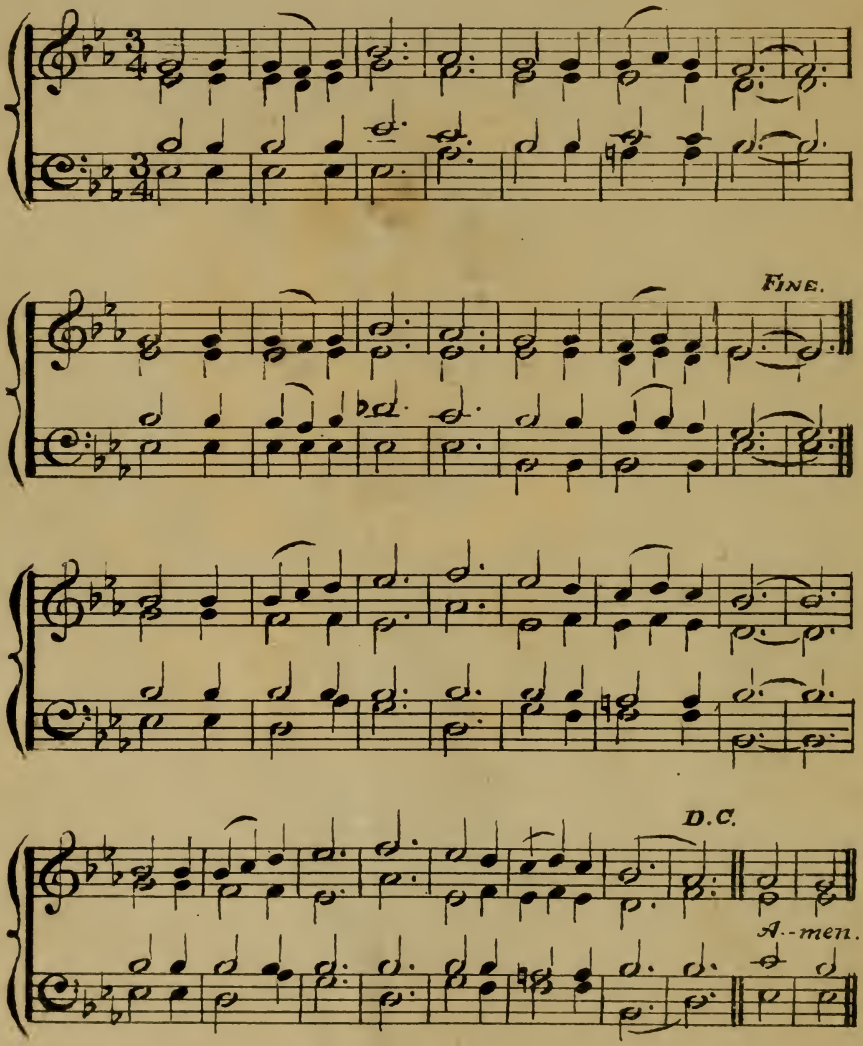
1 Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In Thy whole behaviour,
Meek, obedient mild:
In Thy footsteps treading
We Thy lambs would be,
Foe nor danger dreading
While we follow Thee.

2 For all Thou bestowest,
All Thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe'er Thou knowest
Best for us, Thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We Thy face shall know;

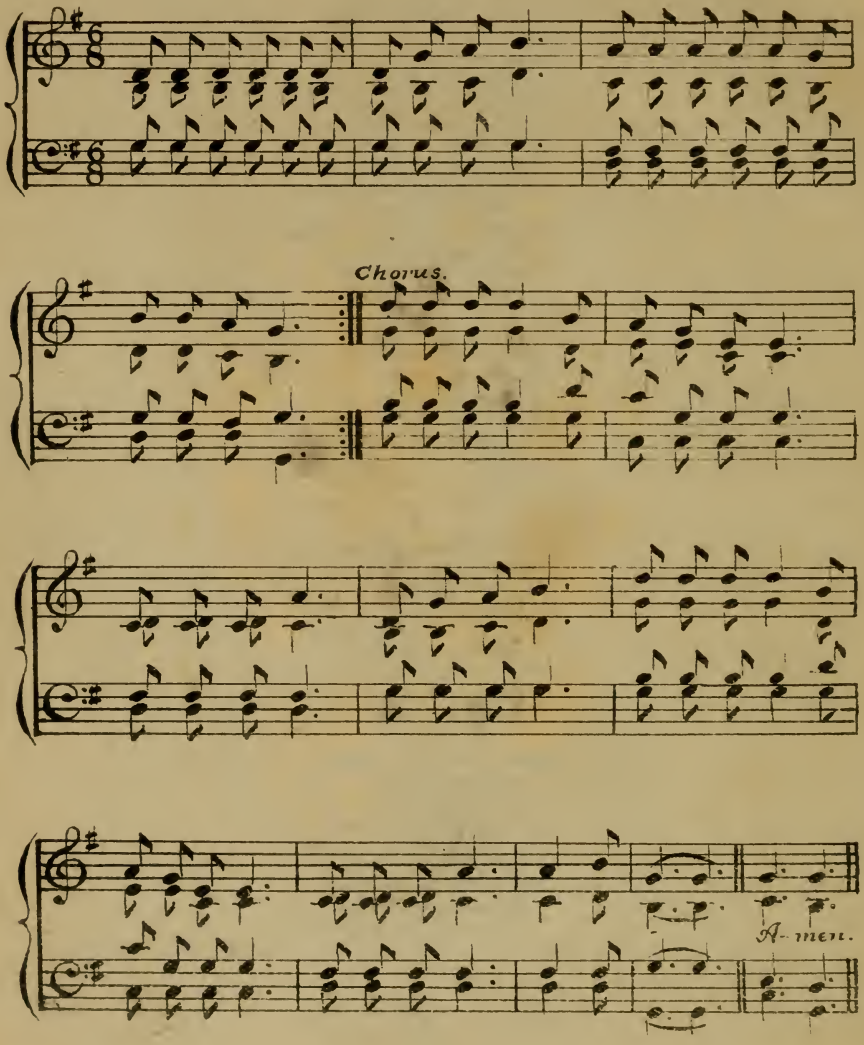
3 We, Thy children, raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising,
Bear our duteous parts,
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hand put on us;
Bless us day by day.

4 Let Thy Spirit guide us;
Let thine arms enclose;
In Thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from our foes;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising Thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Hymn IV.



Hymn V.



HYMN V.

I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me. Jesus loves me, even me.

Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

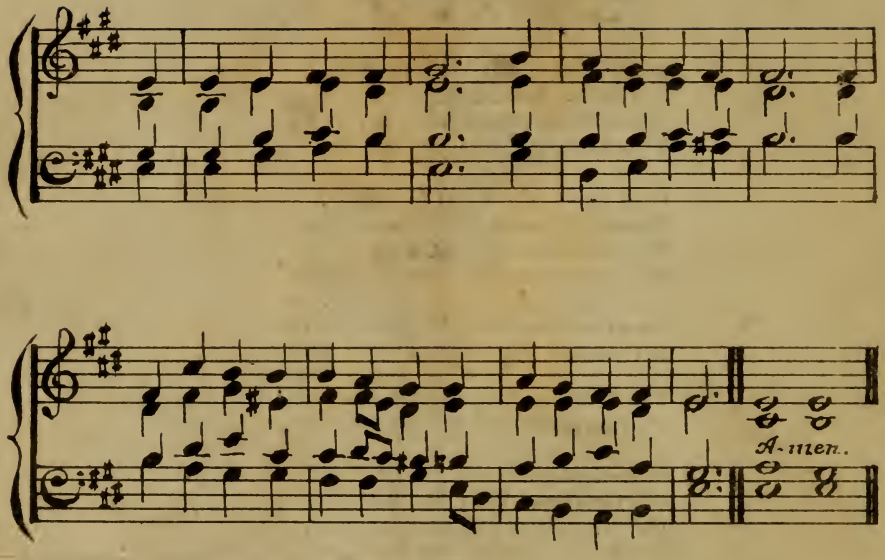
Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my poor soul to [redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree:
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me!

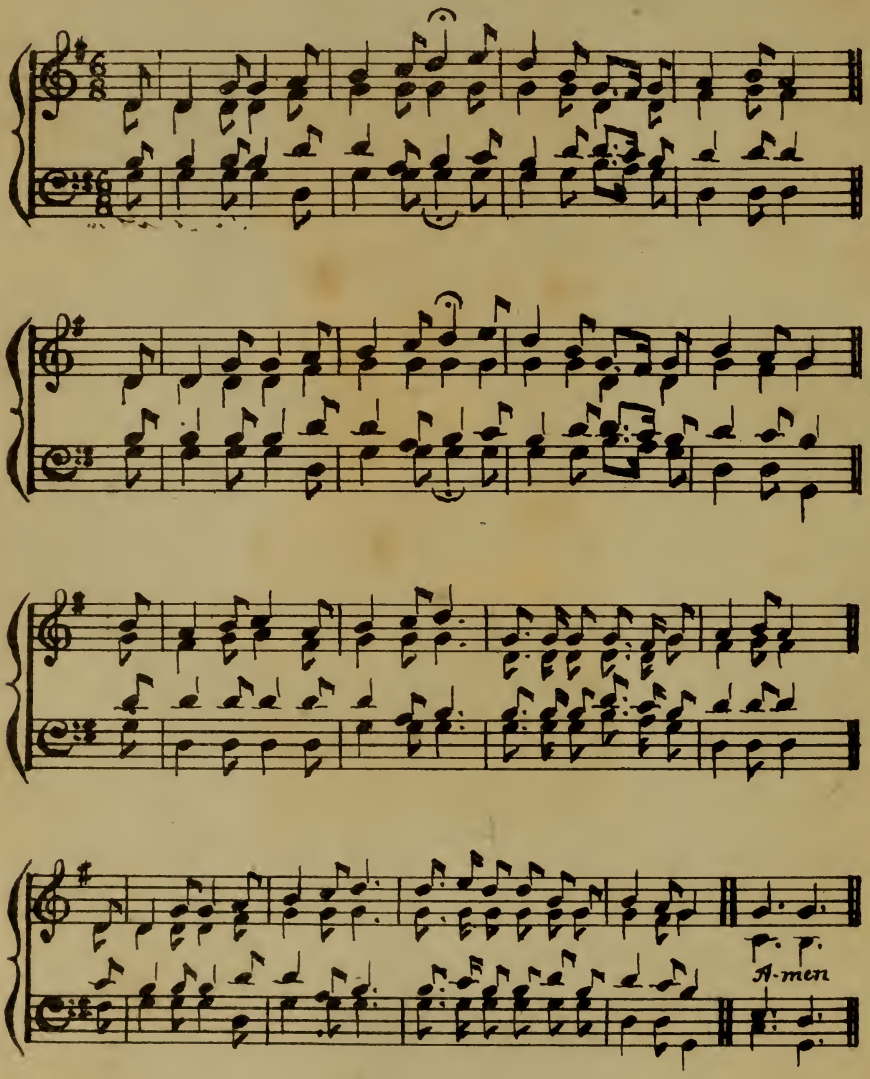
If one should ask of me, how can I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well!
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing, Jesus loves me.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

Hymn VI.



Hymn VII.



WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hush'd, the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2

Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To sway the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3

Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"

4

Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He passeth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

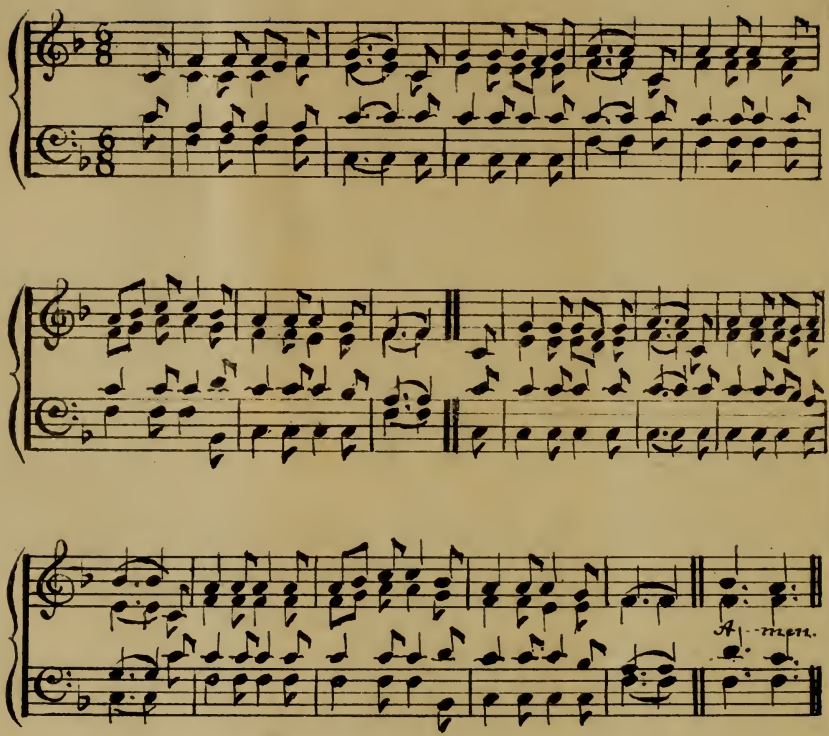
5

Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face.
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6

But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn.
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Hymn VIII.



I WAS a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
I was a wayward child.
I did not love my home;

I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child:
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wand'ring one.

3

He spoke in tender love,
He raised my drooping head;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul He fed.
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair;
He brought me to my home in peace—
The long sought wanderer.

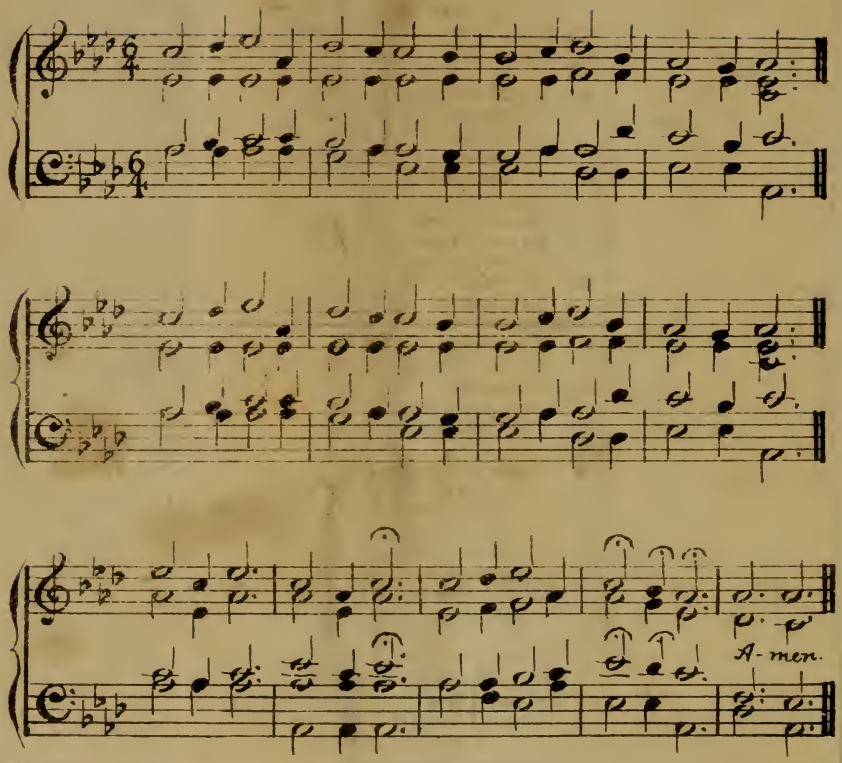
4

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wand'ring sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

5

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Hymn IX.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free!
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me!

2

Pass me not! O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy Mercy light on me—
Even me!

3

Pass me not! O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me!

4

Pass me not! O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me!

5

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me—
Even me!

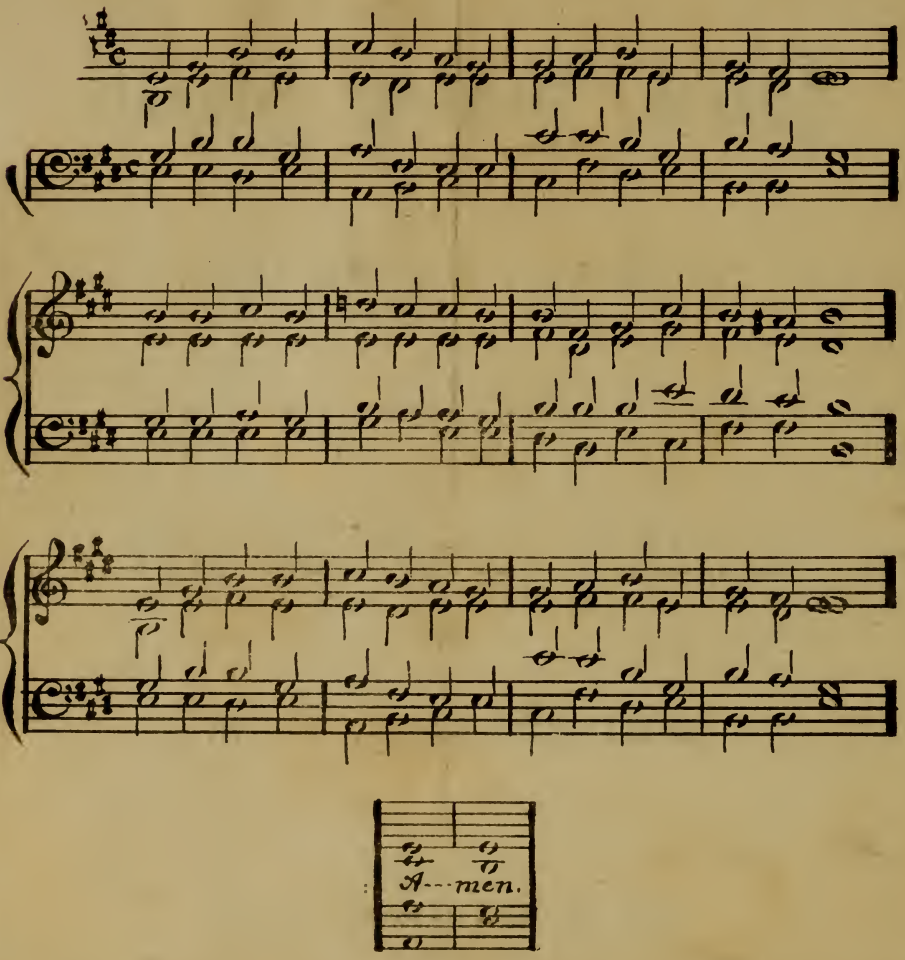
6

Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of God so rich and free;
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me!

7

Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing.
Blessing others, oh, bless me—
Even me!

Hymn I.



HYMN I.

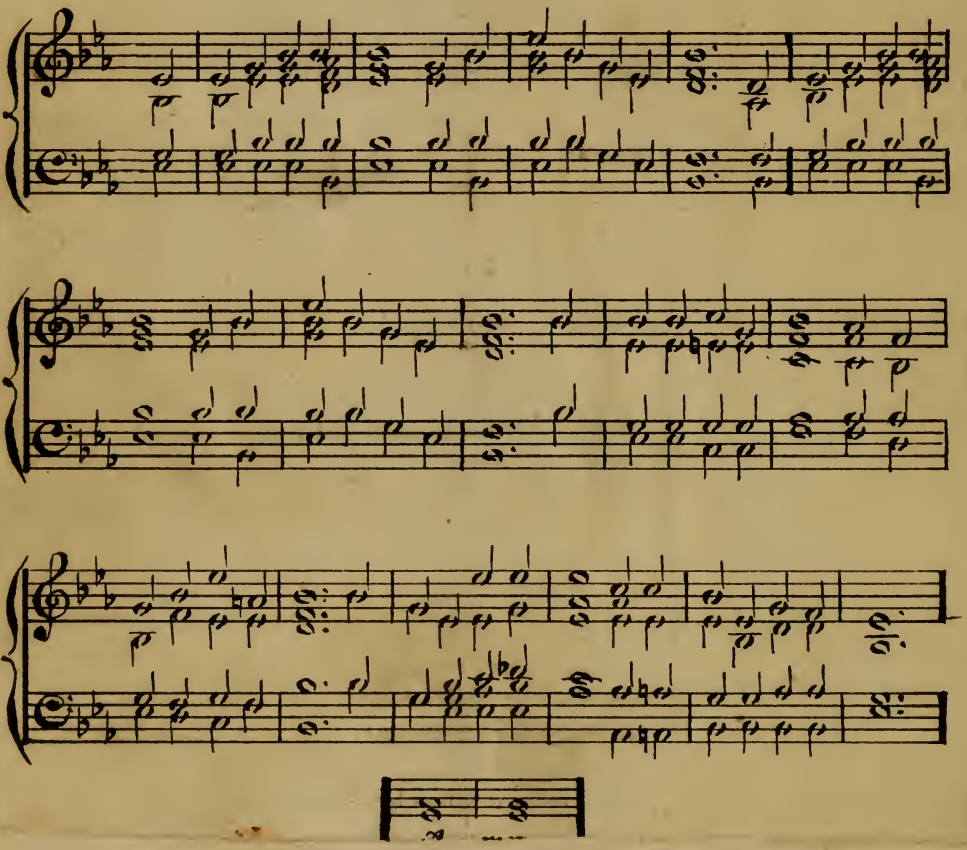
1 Blessed Spirit, in Thy power
Come upon us from above;
May we, in this sacred hour,
All Thine holy influence prove.
Pour Thy blessing
Richly on us, God of love.

2 Come in all Thy light, unveiling
Jesu's cross at Calvary;
How, o'er all His foes prevailing,
There He died to set us free.
Mighty Saviour!
Lord of life and victory.

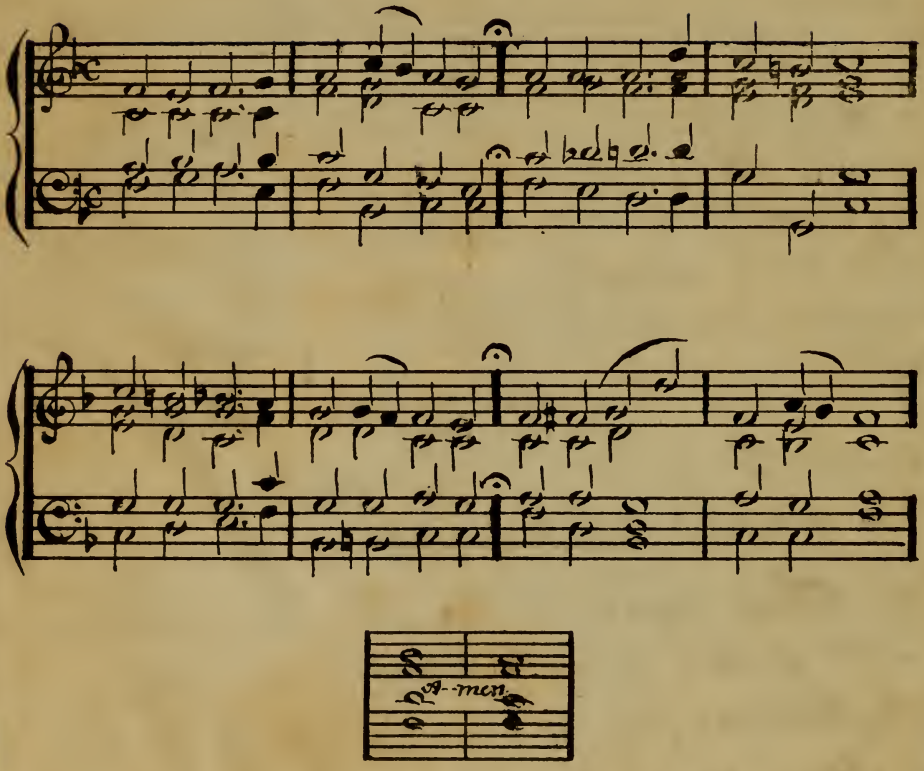
3 Come with grace, Thou blessed Spirit.
Cleanse our souls from sin and pride;
Make us holy to inherit
Heaven with all Thy sanctified:
Saved in Jesus,
Ever with Him to abide.

4 Come, Thou fount of consolation,
Guide and cheer our pilgrim way;
Point us to the great Salvation,
Be our hearts' repose and stay;
Then conduct us
To the realms of endless day. Amen.

Hymn II.



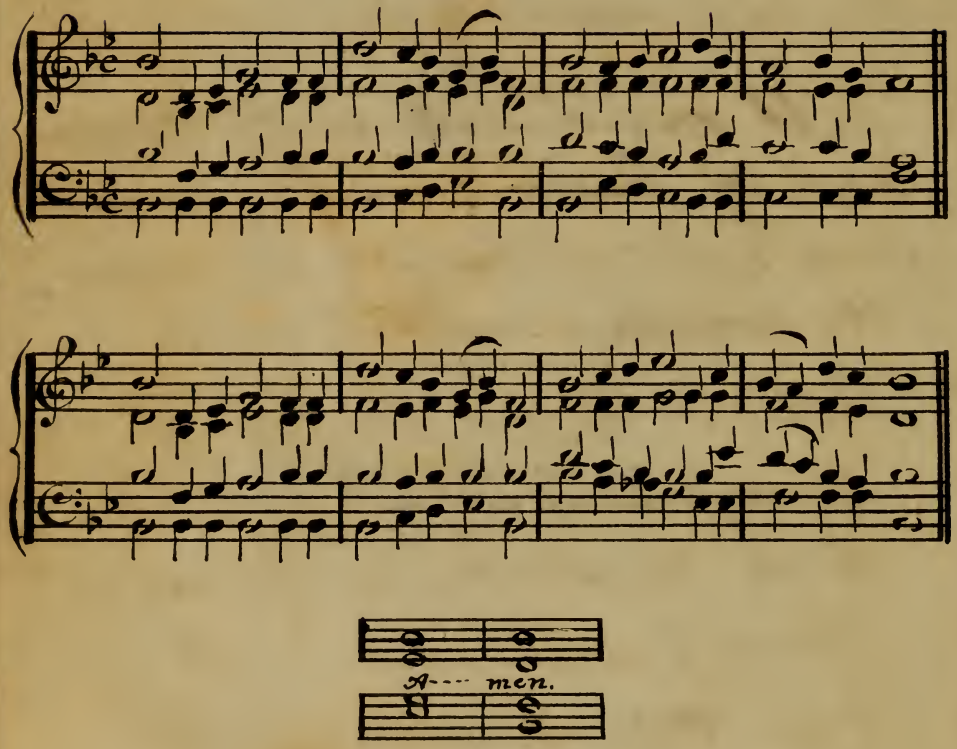
Hymn III.



III

Lord a little band & lowly

Hymn IV.



HYMN IV.

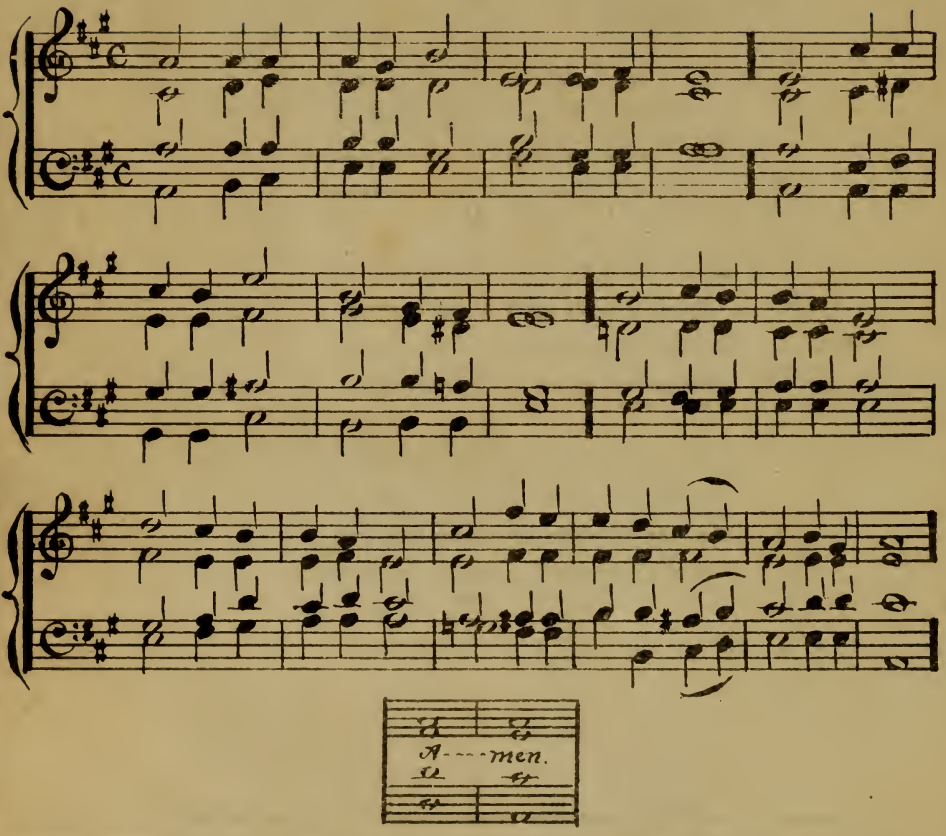
1 Hear us, our Father, we know thou wilt hear us,
As in Thy House we are present to-day:
Thou art above us, within us, and near us,
Graciously hear, as we earnestly pray.

Love us, dear Saviour, we know Thou wilt love us,
Once, little children, who came unto Thee,
Kindly were welcomed to Thy gracious presence,
Proofs of Thy tenderness, meekness to see.

Aid us, blest Spirit, we know Thou wilt aid us,
We are so feeble, and Thou art so strong,
Great is Thy power to sustain and defend us,
Ever protect us from danger and wrong.

Hear us, blest Trinity, we would adore Thee,
Father, Son, Spirit, co-equal in might,
Here, may we live for Thy honour and glory,
Then bring us Home to the mansions in light.
Amen.

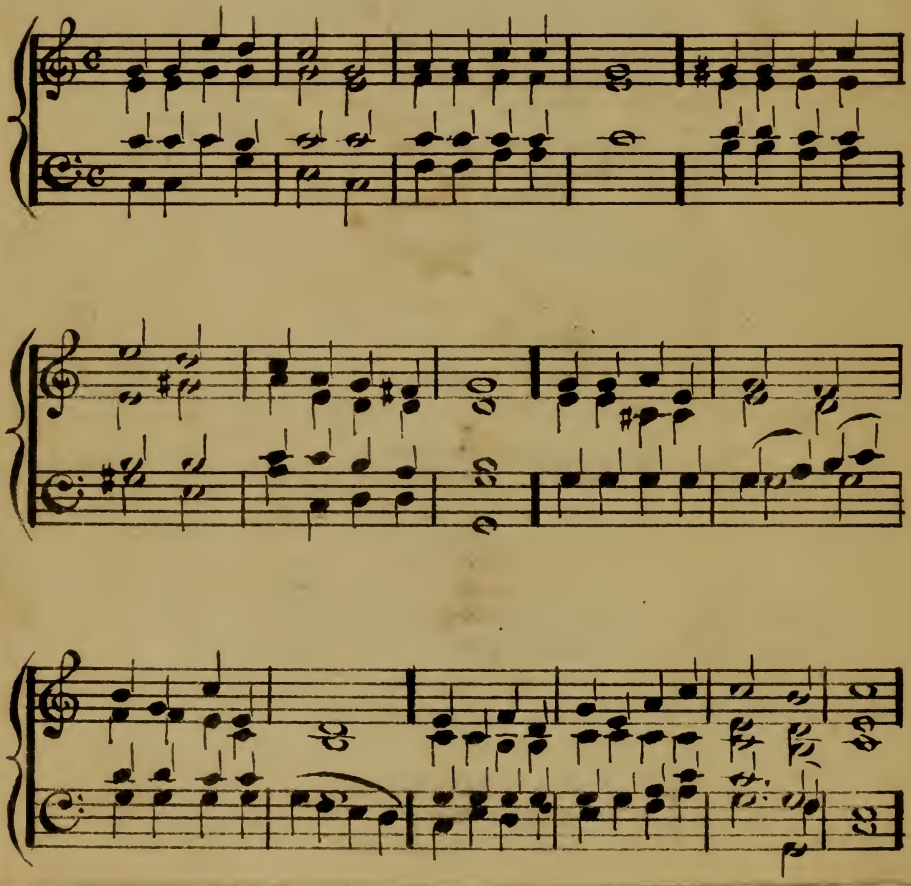
Hymn V.



HYMN V.

1 I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home:
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Hymn VI.



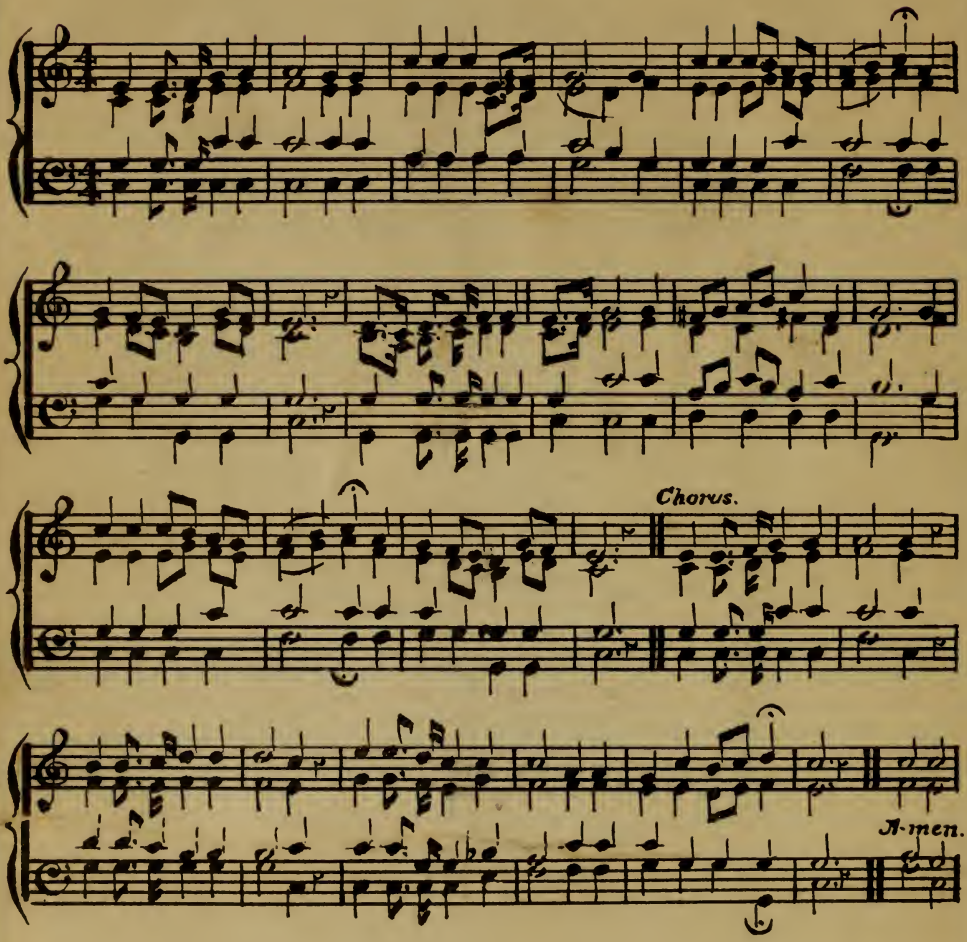
Christ who once among us
as a child did dwell
Is the childrens' Shepherd
and He loves us well.
If we trust His promise
He will let us rest.
In his arms for ever
Leaning on his breast

2 Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold His Face.

3 He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

4 Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife.
Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere. Amen.

Hymn VII.



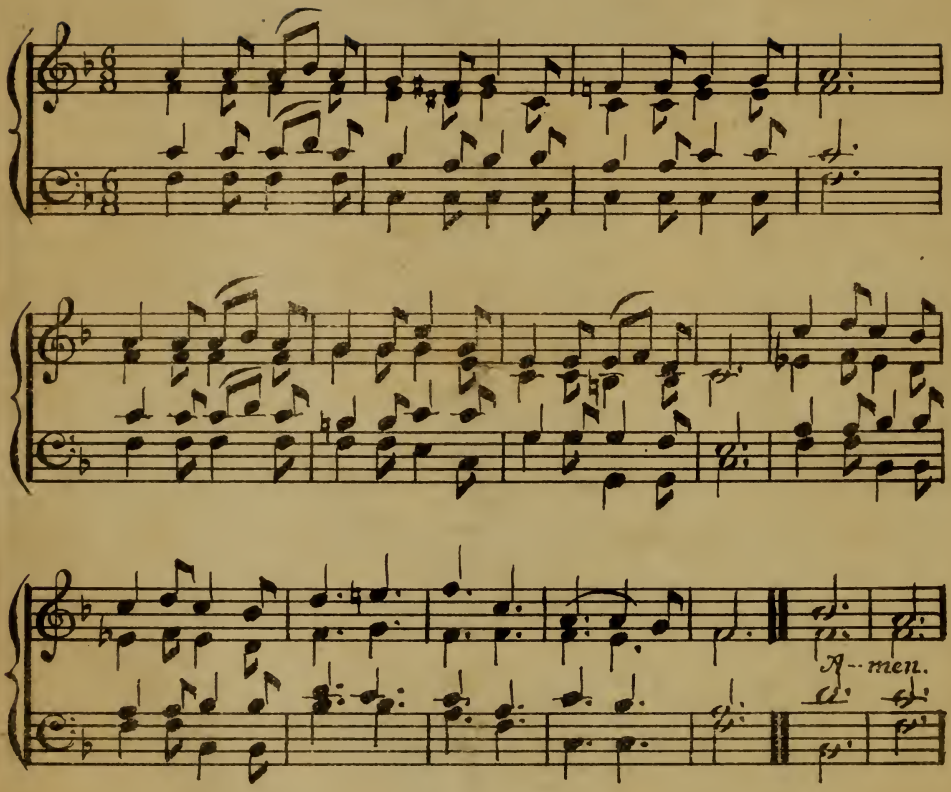
HYMN VII.

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above ;
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child ;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember, I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.

2 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.
Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory,
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!'

3 For *our* sins He suffered,
For *our* sins He died ;
And not for ours only,
But all the world's beside.
And now the work is "finished,"
The sinner's debt is paid,
Because on "Christ the Righteous,"
The sin of all was laid.

Hymn VIII.



VIII

Angel voices ever singing

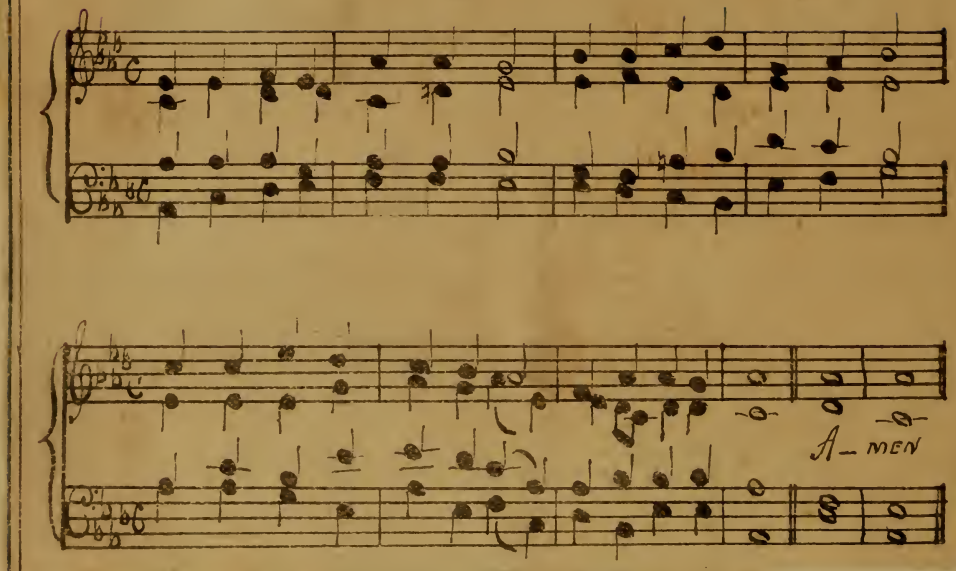
3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine:
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise design;
Let them ever, gracious Saviour,
For Thy pleasure
Still combine.

4 In Thy House, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.

1877.

Hymn i.



HYMN I

COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Weak and faint; Thy strength afford
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

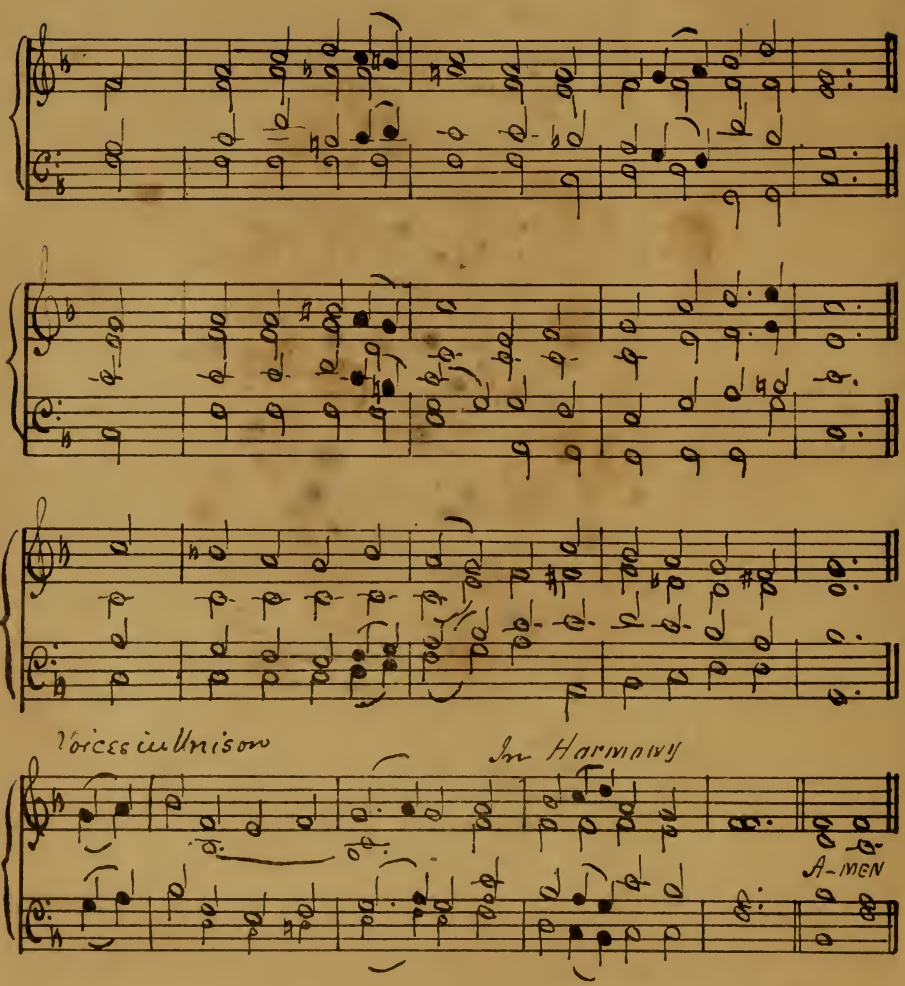
Needy are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still
Comforter Divine.

Gentle, gracious, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast,
There supreme to reign and rest,
Comforter Divine.

In us "Abba Father" cry,
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

Hymn ii.



HYMN II.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

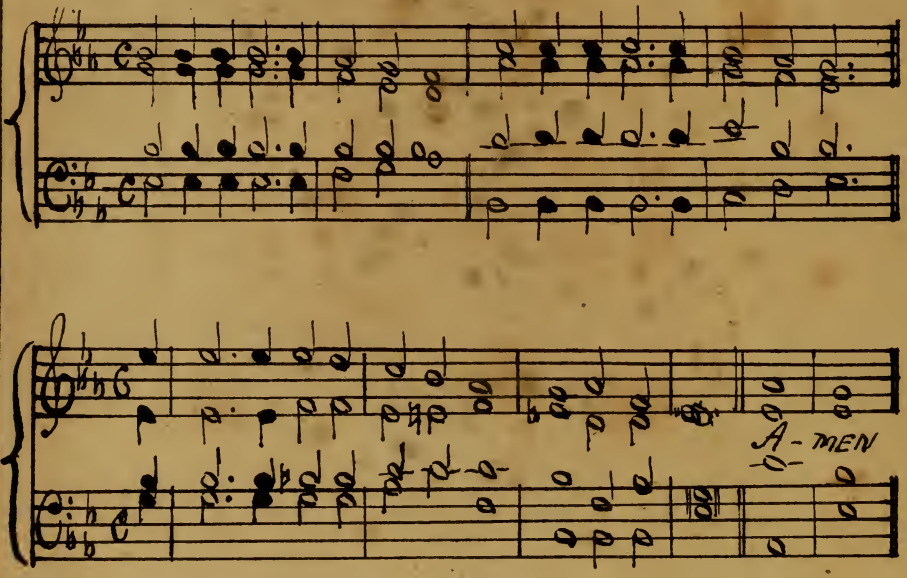
O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory.
There shall Thy servant be
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own
My hope to follow closely
Is in Thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

Hymn iii.



HYMN III.

Jesu, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
Thou art my Rest.

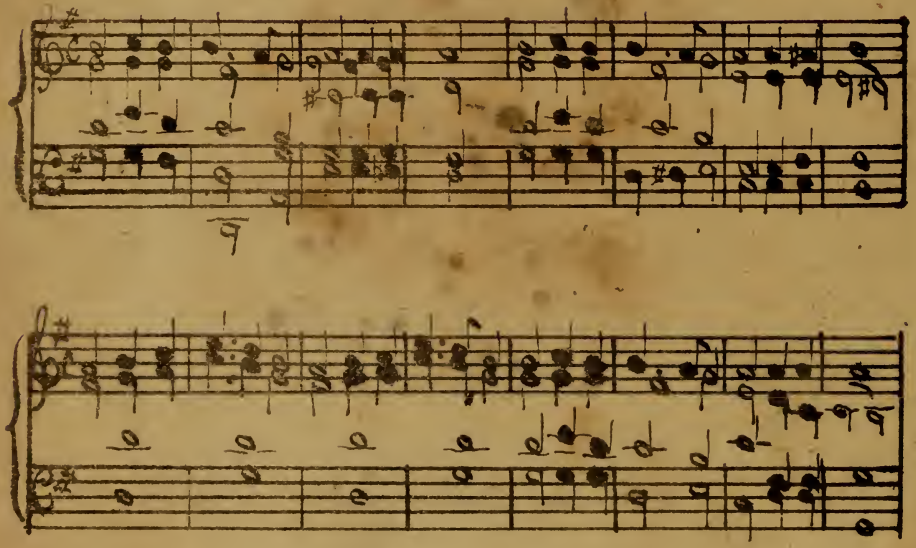
Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray
Thou art my Light.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace!

Thou wilt my every want supply
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. Amen.

Hymn iv.



HYMN IV.

NEARER, O God, to Thee, hear Thou my prayer,
E'en though a heavy cross fainting I bear,
Still all my prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee; nearer to Thee

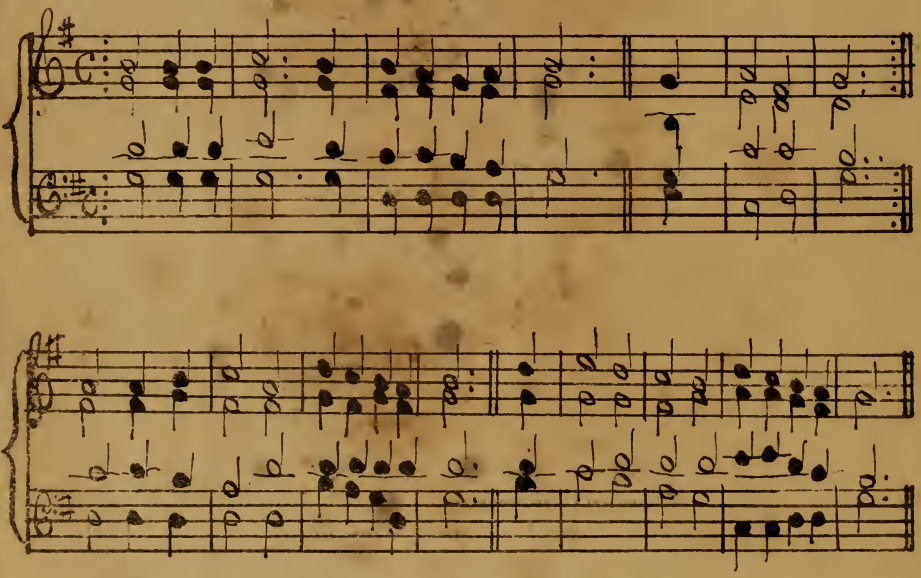
If Thou the cup of pain givest to drink.
Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink,
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, O God, &c.

Though the great battle rage hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights let me be found;
Through toil and strife to be
Nearer, O God, &c.

When, my course finished, I breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,
There too I still would be,
Nearer, O God, &c.

And when Thou, Lord, once more glorious shalt come,
Oh for a dwelling-place in Thy bright home!
Through all eternity,
Nearer, O God, &c Amen.

Hymn v.



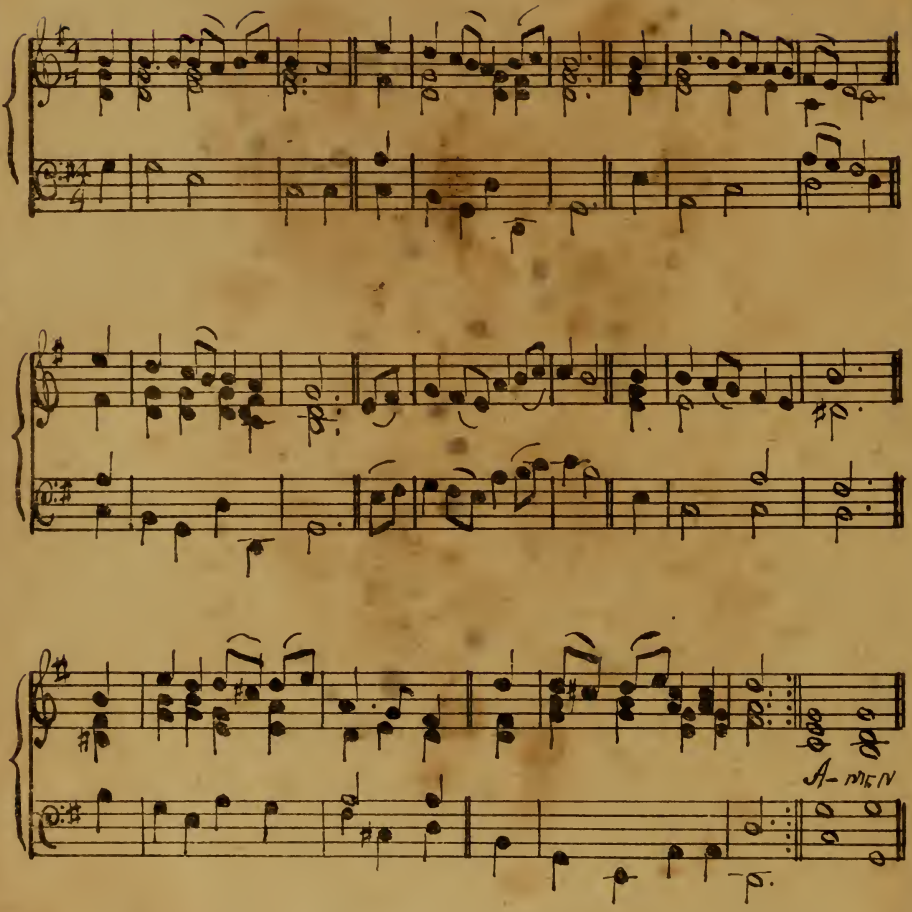
HYMN V.

O CHRIST, the leader of that war-born host,
Thy cross who bear—
Lend us thine aid, or we, O Lord, are lost!
O hear our prayer,
Disperse Thy foes, who long in deadly strife
Have sought, O Lord, to take away our life

Come, Lord, and shield Thy children with thine arm,
And us defend;
Restrain the power of those who seek our harm,
And be our friend:
In all that would thy members here assail
Stretch forth Thy hand, O Lord, and Thou'lt prevail.

Grace to the pow'rs that our wide empire rule,
O Lord, impart,
Grant us Thy peace within our Church and School,
Ne'er to depart.
And Heaven and Earth eternally shall raise
A glorious hallelujah to Thy praise. Amen

Hymn vi.



HYMN VI.

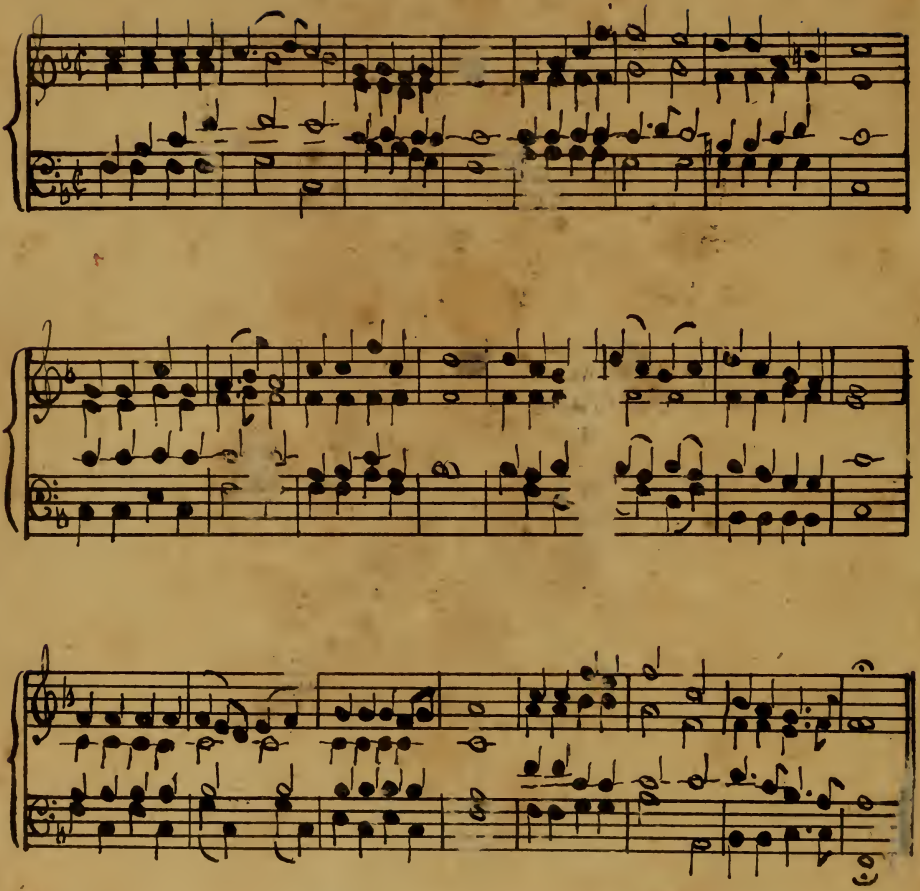
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came to this earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.
I love to hear the story
Which Angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell

I'm glad my Blessed Saviour
Was once a Child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His Angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love to hear the story, &c.

Amen

Hymn vii.



HYMN VII.

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Canaan lies before us,
Sion beams with light!

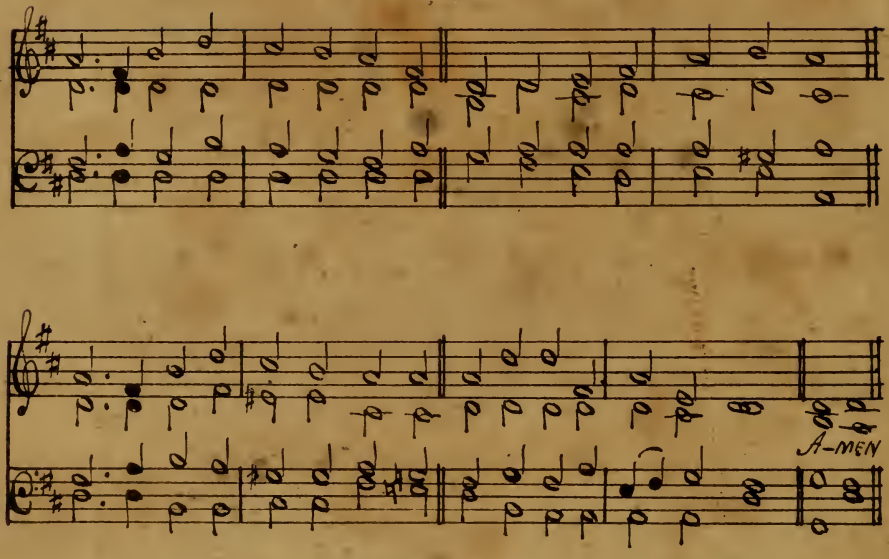
Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's Face.
Forward, all the life-ti ,
Climb from height to neight:
Till the head be oary,
Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
our upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray,
Sick, they ask for healing.
Blind, they grope for day.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard:
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching onward
Where the he. n is bright,
Till the veil be ed,
Till our faith be sight!

To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Gl v,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night!
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light. Amen

Hymn viii.



HYMN VIII.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

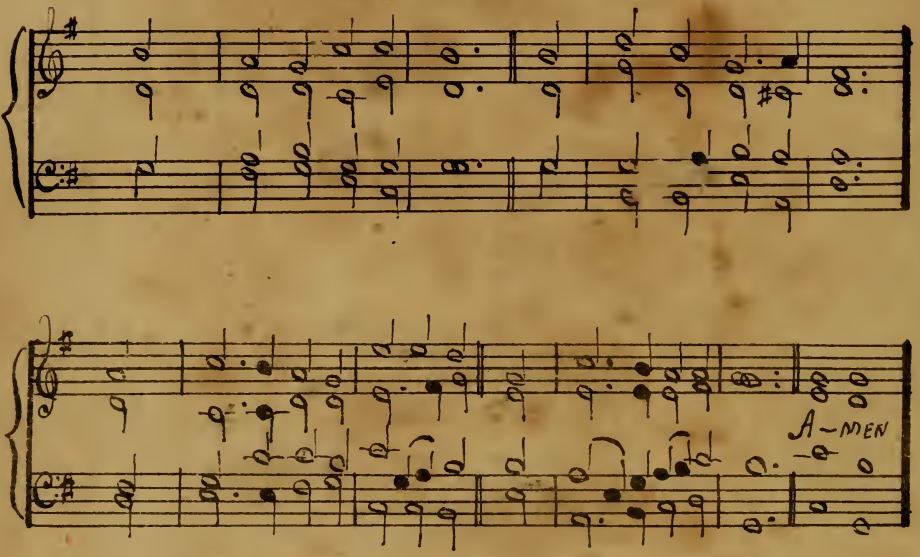
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril;
One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

Hymn ix.



HYMN IX.

Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

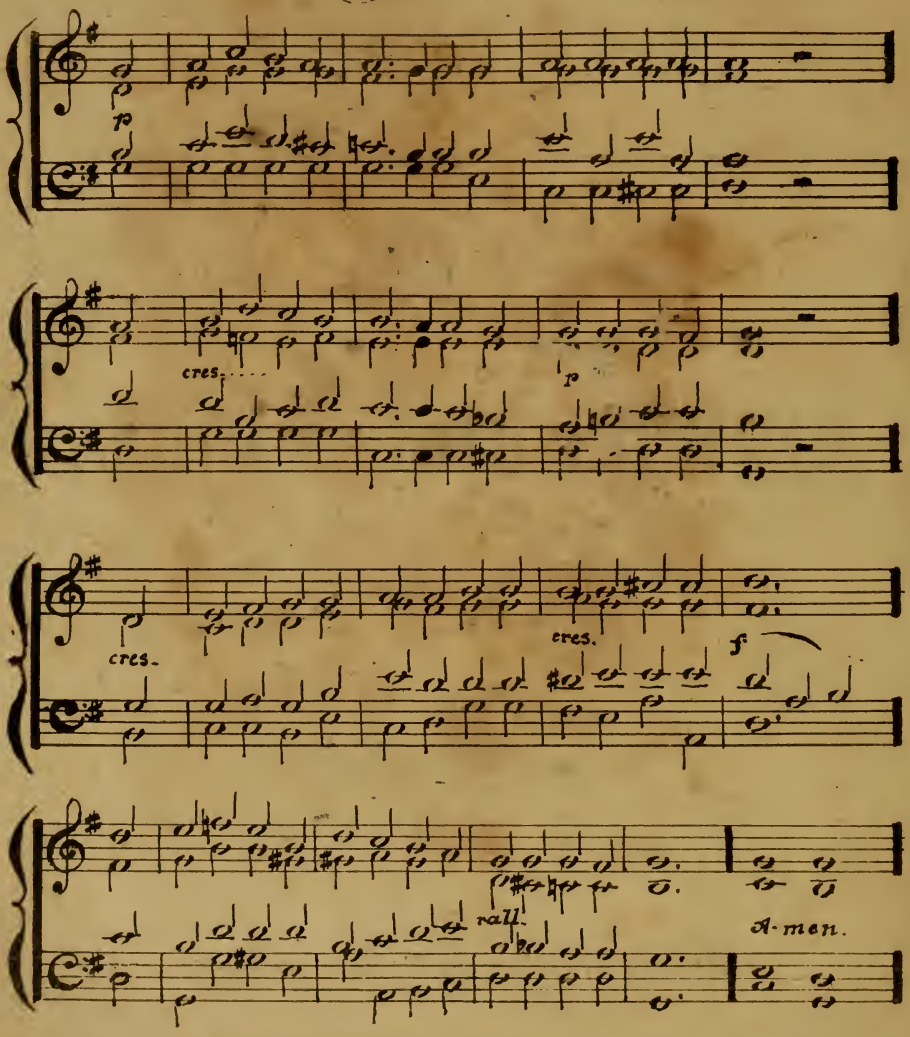
Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end:
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen

Hymn 1.

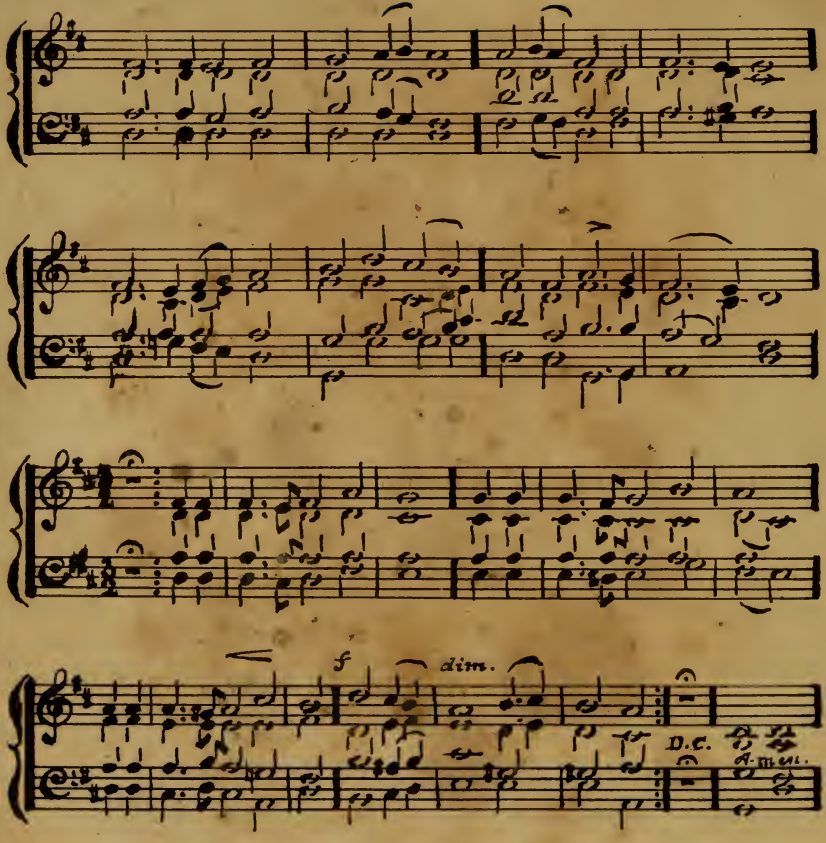


HYMN I.

THY cross, O Lord, is on our brow,
Redemption's gracious sign;
O come, blest Spirit, aid us now,
And seal the work divine.
Thy gracious gifts to us impart,
O Comforter most [illegible];
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart
And fill with love each breast.

Come now with Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel;
And Grace, from Thee the blessed source,
Pour down, Lord, as we kneel.
Confirm with power in us alway
The work which Thou hast wrought;
Make us more grateful day by day,
Whom Jesu's blood has bought.

Satan, the flesh, and sinful world
May we have strength to fight,
Our Captain's banner be unfurled:
We conquer in His might.
Then sing we praise with saints on earth,
And all the Heavenly host,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.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HYMN II.

God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three-in-One;
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Saviour, ever mild,
Born for us a little child;
Pure and holy, undefiled,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, at Whose infant feet
Wise men, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, in the temple found,
While the doctors sitting round,
Wondered at Thy words profound.
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

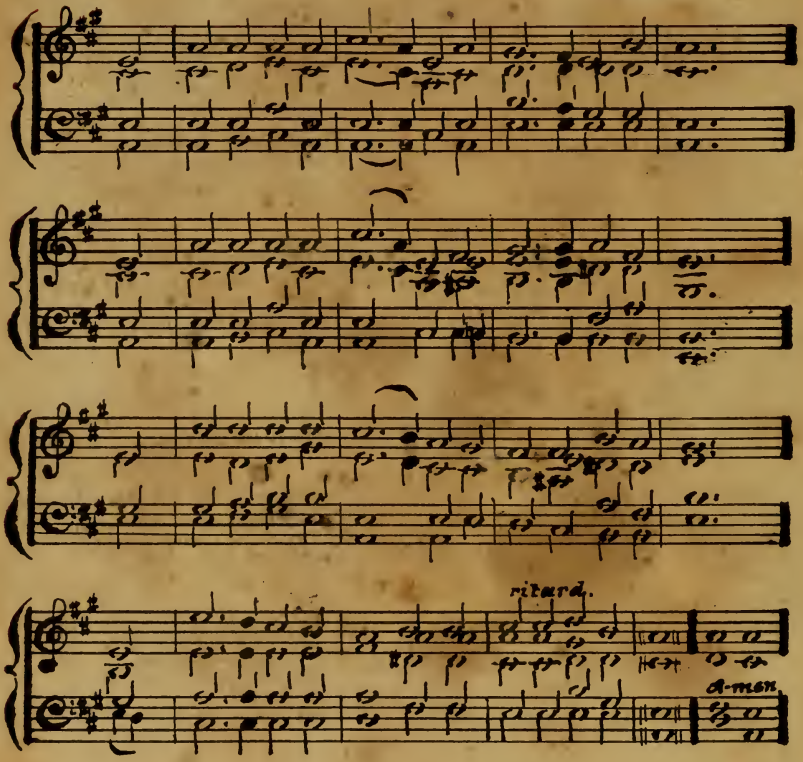
By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure.
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned head,
By Thy blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

Hymn iii.



HYMN III.

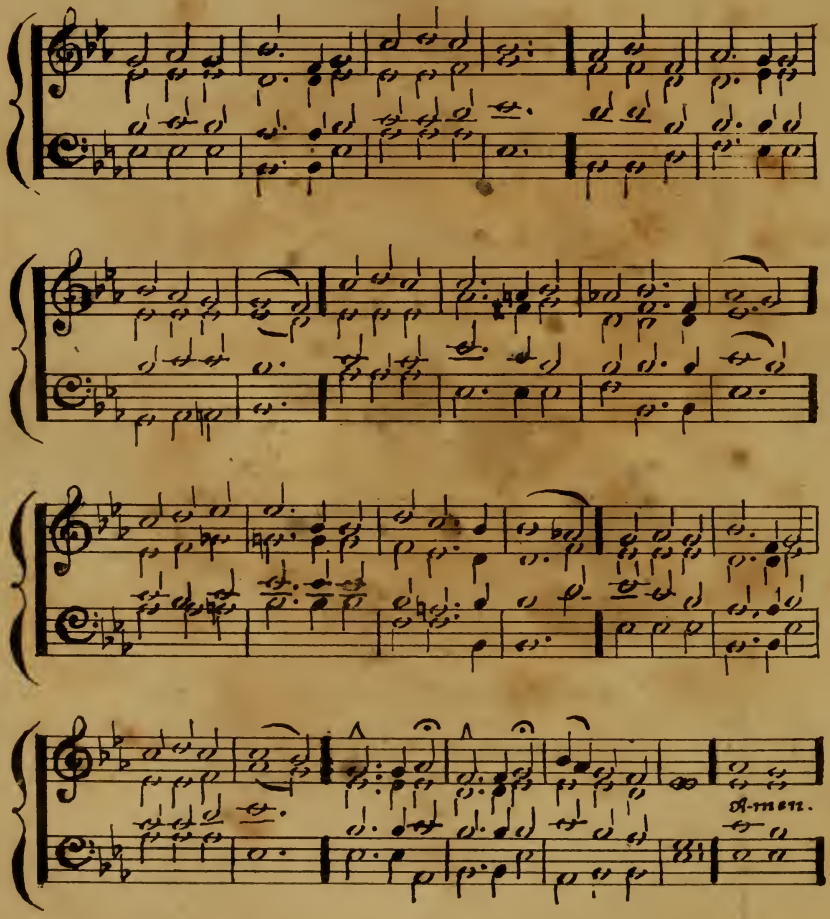
My song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days,
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise

My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave Himself my ransom,
And bought me with His blood.

My song shall be of Jesus,
When sitting at His feet,
I call to mind His goodness,
In meditation sweet;
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever may betide;
I'll sing the Grace that saves me,
And keeps me at His side.

My song shall be of Jesus,
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of everlasting day;
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Paradise.
A song of praise to Jesus
Shall then for ever rise. Amen.

Hymn iv.



HYMN IV.

JUST as I am, dear Lord, bringing no plea,
Only Thy precious blood, once shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come now to Thee,
With all my sinfulness burdening me;
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

Just as I am, dear Lord, though tossed about
With many a conflict fierce, with many a doubt
Dark brooding fears within, war from without,

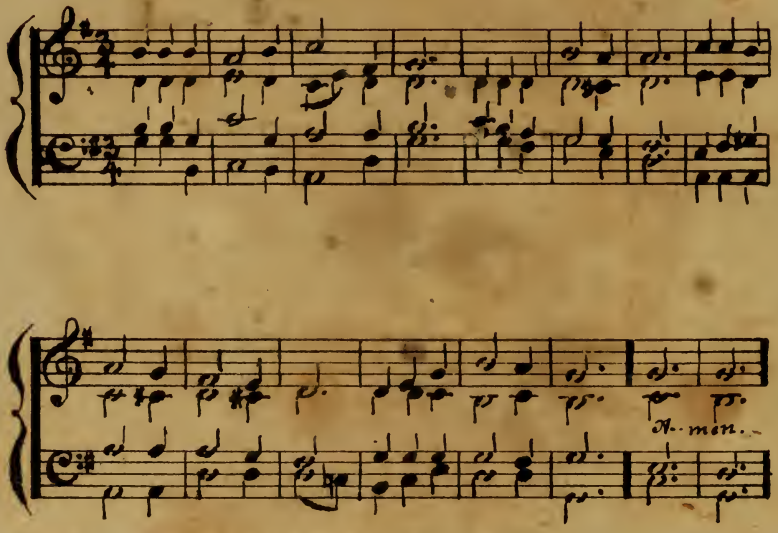
Where shall my spirit turn? Wilt Thou cast out?
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

Just as I am, dear Lord, poor, wretched, blind,
Riches and comfort too, light to the mind,
All that I deeply need, in thee to find,
Who in Thy grace and power art unconfined.
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

Just as I am, dear Lord, Thou wilt receive,
And the glad welcome give, Thou wilt relieve,
Pardon and peace impart, as I believe
Thou art the Christ of God, in Thee I live.
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come,

Just as I am, dear Lord, Thy love unknown
Has every barrier now broken down;
Thus, to be Thine, O Lord, yea, Thine alone.
Washed in Thy precious blood, owned as a son.
Not as I was, dear Lord, brought near my home,
Saved by Thy boundless grace, Saviour, I come.
Amen.

Hymn v.



HYMN V.

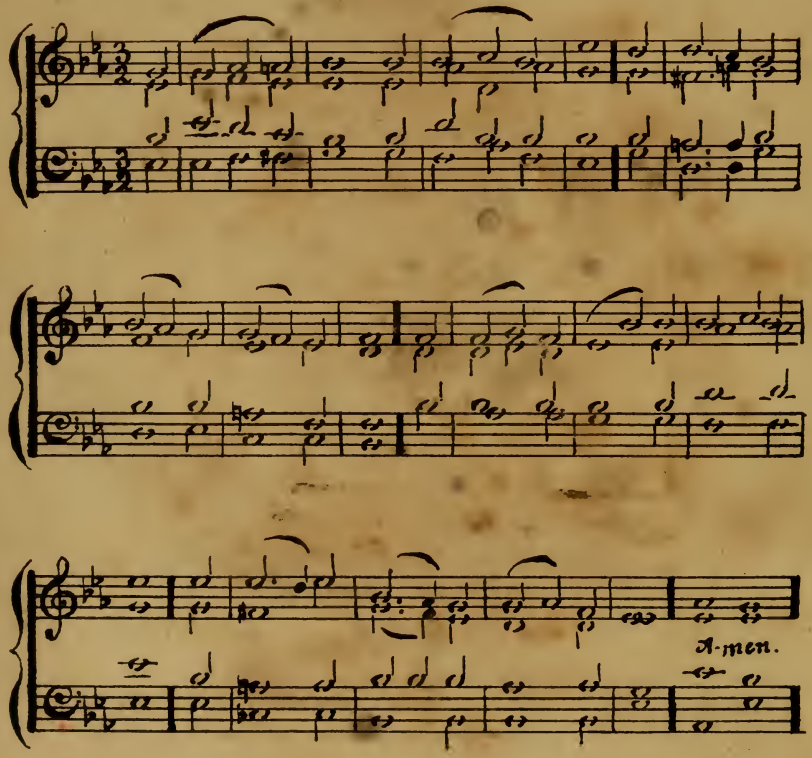
FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on
Until life's trial time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we would trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.
And should some darker lot be good,
O help us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
And make our spirit pure.

Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, His servants here,
Would do Thy will and praise Thy name
In hope, and love, and fear.

And till in heaven we sinless bow
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit now,
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

Hymn vi.



HYMN VI.

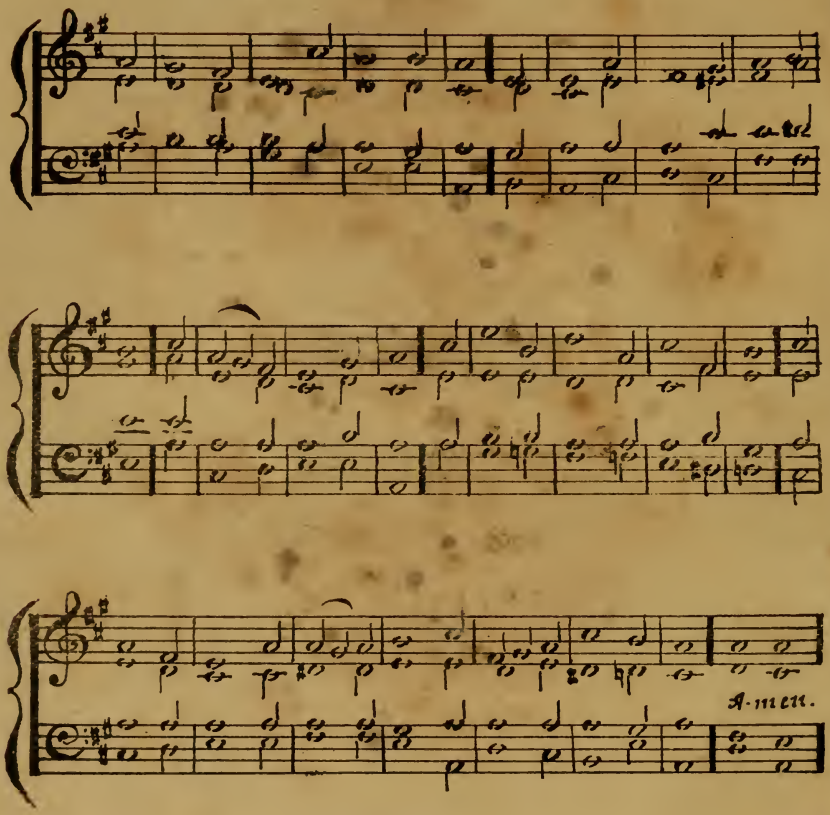
THOU Shepherd Divine, Thy tender lamb feed,
And own me for Thine,—supply all my need;
In green pastures feed me, where still waters flow
And graciously lead me, a pilgrim below.

My wandering feet in mercy restore,
From Thy holy seat to wander no more:
In paths of salvation. O stablish my ways,
With glad exultation to shew forth Thy praise.

No foe shall affright if Thou, Lord, be near;
Thy Word is my light, Thy Spirit will cheer:
In darkness and sorrow I lean on Thy rod;
My Shepherd I follow, I trust in my God.

Thy mercy and love my portion shall be;
In mansions above, for ever with Thee,
Shall glory and honour to Thee, Lord, be given,
The great Hallelujah resounding through heaven.
Amen.

Hymn vii.



HYMN VII.

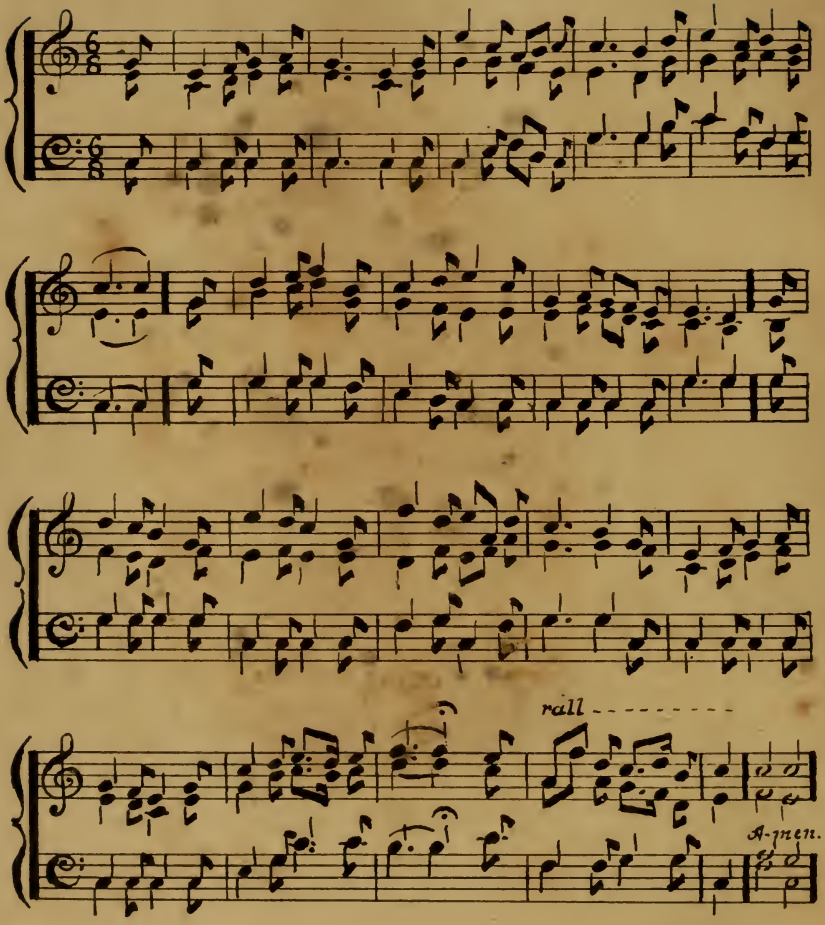
And is it true what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Tho' goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one.

Others there are who love me too,
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
Lord, keep Thy little one.

Thus, by this gracious Saviour fed,
And by His mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of His,
Who loves the little one. Amen.

Hymn viii.



HYMN VIII.

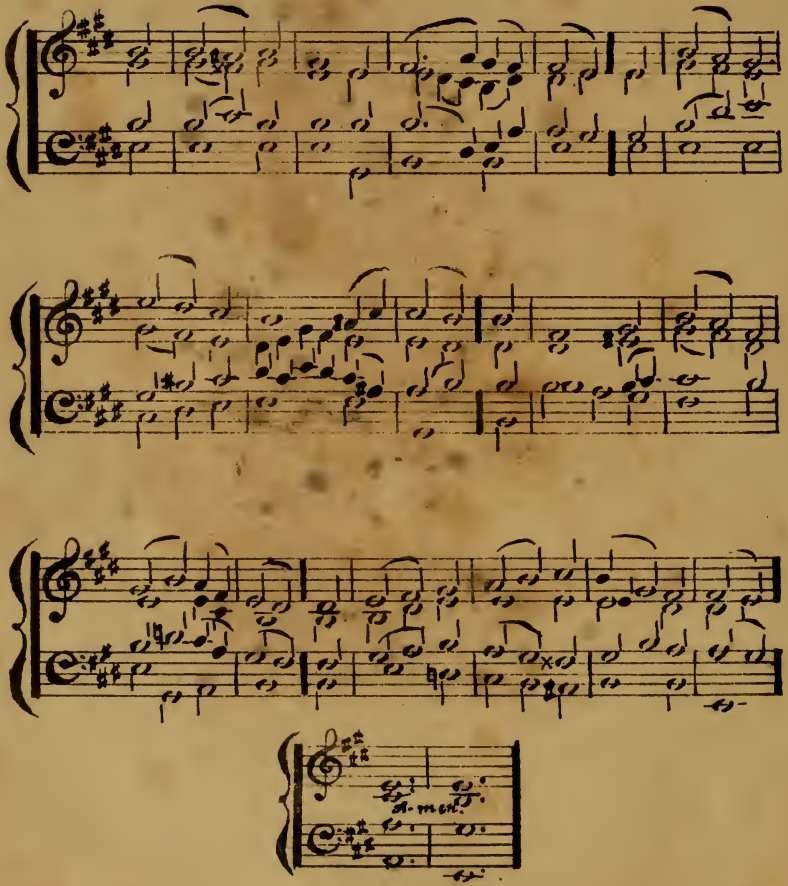
We love the holy Sabbath,
The day Jehovah blest;
When first these heavens and earth appeared
In beauteous order dressed,
No sin the fair creation stained,
No sorrow yet was known
But all was love, and joy, and peace,
Around the heavenly throne.

We love the holy Sabbath,
The day that God hath given,
To cheer us in this world of toil,
And train our souls for heaven.
Dear are its hours of sacred rest,
And sweet the Sabbath bell,
That calls us to the house of prayer,
His truth and grace to tell.

We love the holy Sabbath,
When Jesus burst the grave;
For us He died,—for us He rose,—
We sing His power to save.
This day reveals His glorious Name,
It bids us learn His love,
It leads us to His throne of grace,
It points to joys above.

O may we love the Sabbath
Through all our future days;
And ever spend its sacred hours
To our Redeemer's praise.
Thine everlasting Sabbath comes,
The paradise restored;
O make us meet its joys to share
For ever with the Lord. Amen.

Hymn ix.



HYMN IX.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Saviour of all, to Thee we pray;
Do Thou Thy gracious Spirit send;
Sleeping or waking us defend.

Guard us from dreams that may affright
Guard us from terrors of the night,
Guard us from foes without, within,—
From outward danger, inward sin.

Give us Thine easy yoke to bear,
To make Thy will our only care,
To think of Thee, to watch and pray,
Still hastening to Thy glorious day.

At evening let Thy sunshine bright
Shed over death a holy light;
Grant us, when life on earth is past,
The glorious morn that ave shall last.

Glory to God the Father be
Like praise, Eternal Son, to Thee
And to the Holy Ghost be given,
For evermore in earth and heaven.

Amen.

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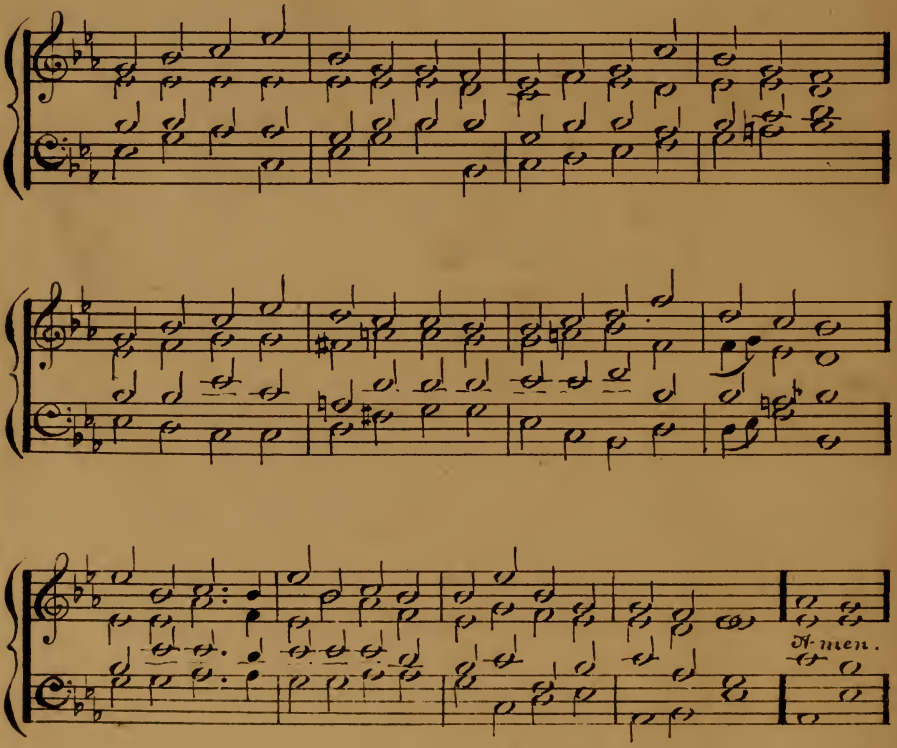
:Hymn: I :



HYMN I.

Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory,
  Look on us, Thy flock to-day:
Meekly kneeling now before Thee,
  For Thy Seven-fold gift we pray;
Guide us, all our earthly journey,
  In the true and narrow way.

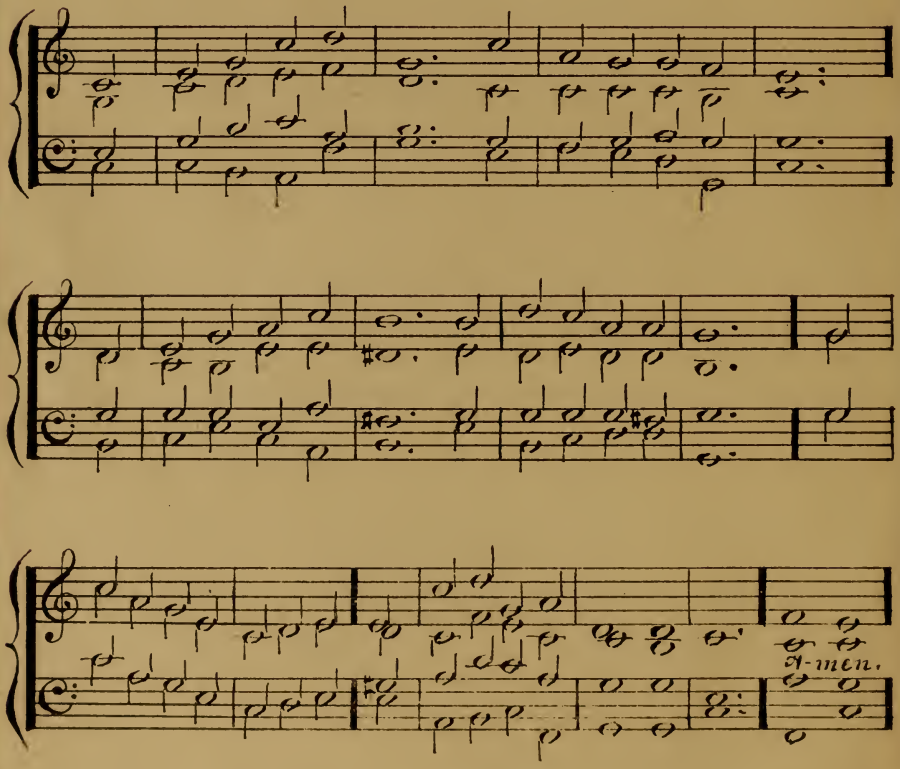
Foes on every hand are round us.
  And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armour,
  Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
  When the hosts of sin assail.

Lead us by Thy hand, O Saviour,
  Through the waste with evil rife;
Feed us with the heavenly Manna,
  That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits thirsting,
  From the fount of endless Life!

Looking ever unto Jesus,
  Leaning on His staff and rod,
May we follow in His footsteps,
  Tread the path that Jesus trod!
Till we dwell with Him for ever
  In the Paradise of God!

Amen.

: Hymn : II :



HYMN II.

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home when e'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

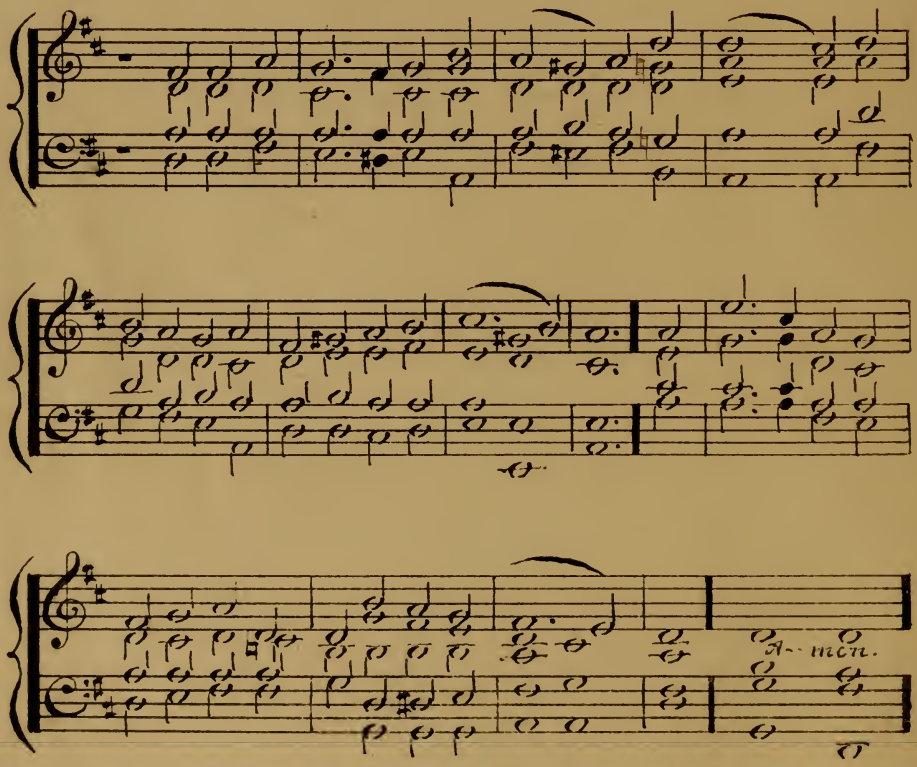
The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold:
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold;
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

The bleeding Martyrs, they
Within these courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

Ah me! Ah me? that I
In Kedar's tent here stay.
No place like that on high:
Lord, thither guide my way:
Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

Amen.

: Hymn : III :



HYMN III.

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a Voice Divine
Ran through the silence of the shrine.

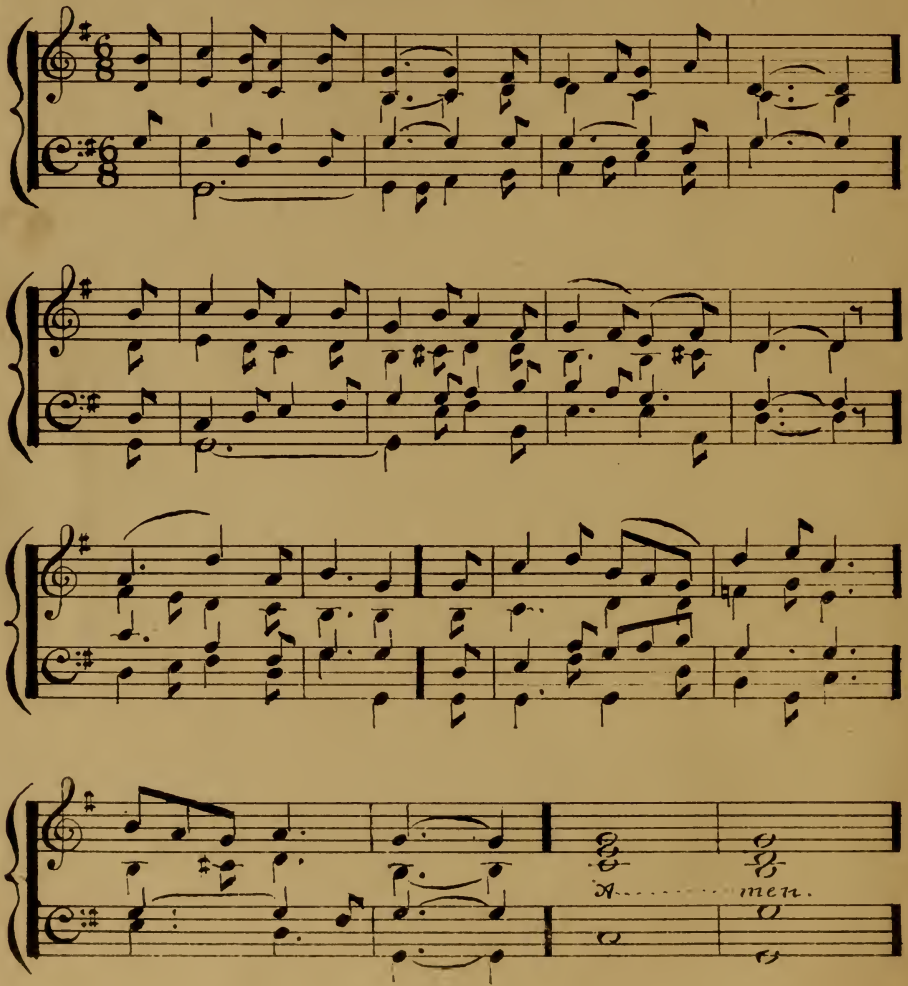
The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite kept,
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life or death,
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

:Hymn:IV:



HYMN IV.

Above the clear-blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God :
Alleluia !
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia !

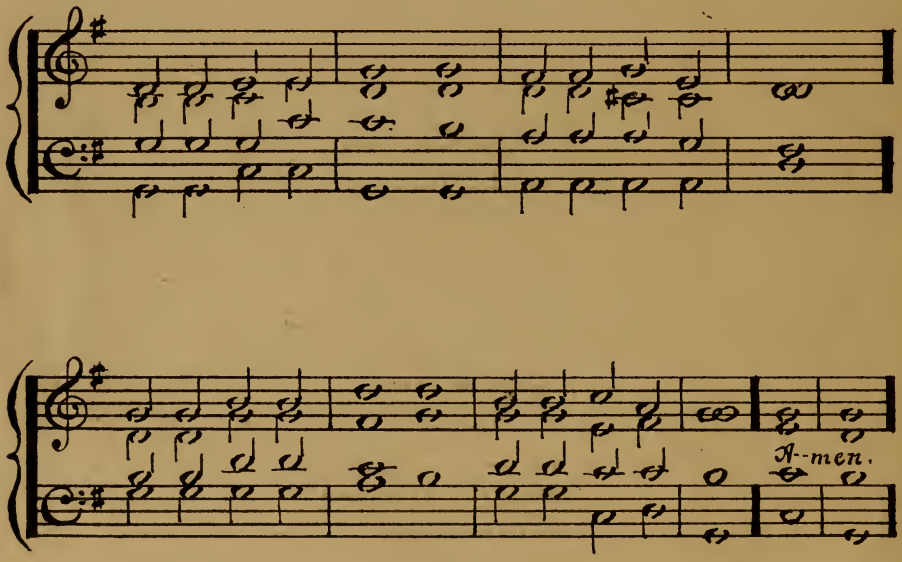
But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise ;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise :
Alleluia.
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia.

O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia.
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia.

Oh ! may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around :
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia !
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia !

Amen.

:Hymn :V:



HYMN V.

Jesus high in glory,
Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

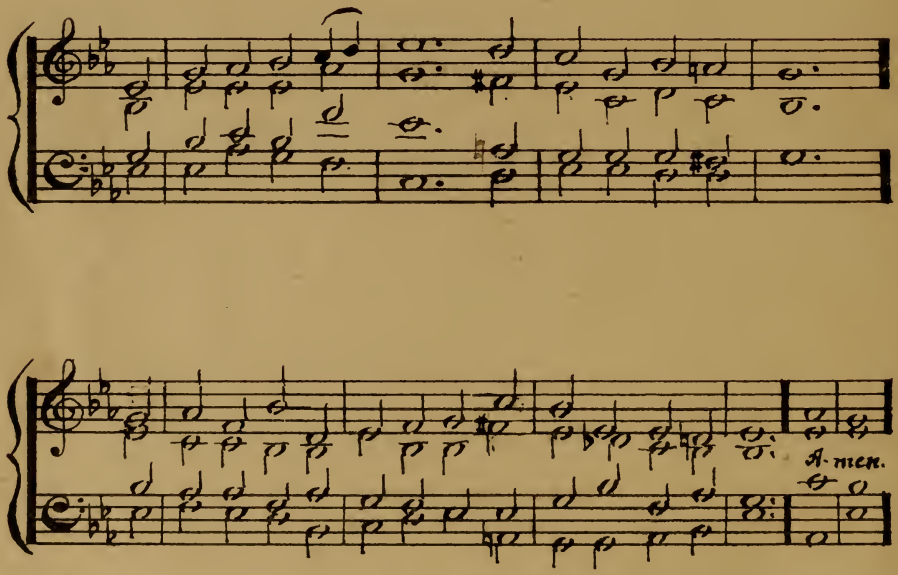
We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning ;
Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee ;
Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
" Saviour, Lord, we come."

Amen.

:Hymn:VI:



HYMN VI.

There is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love

There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

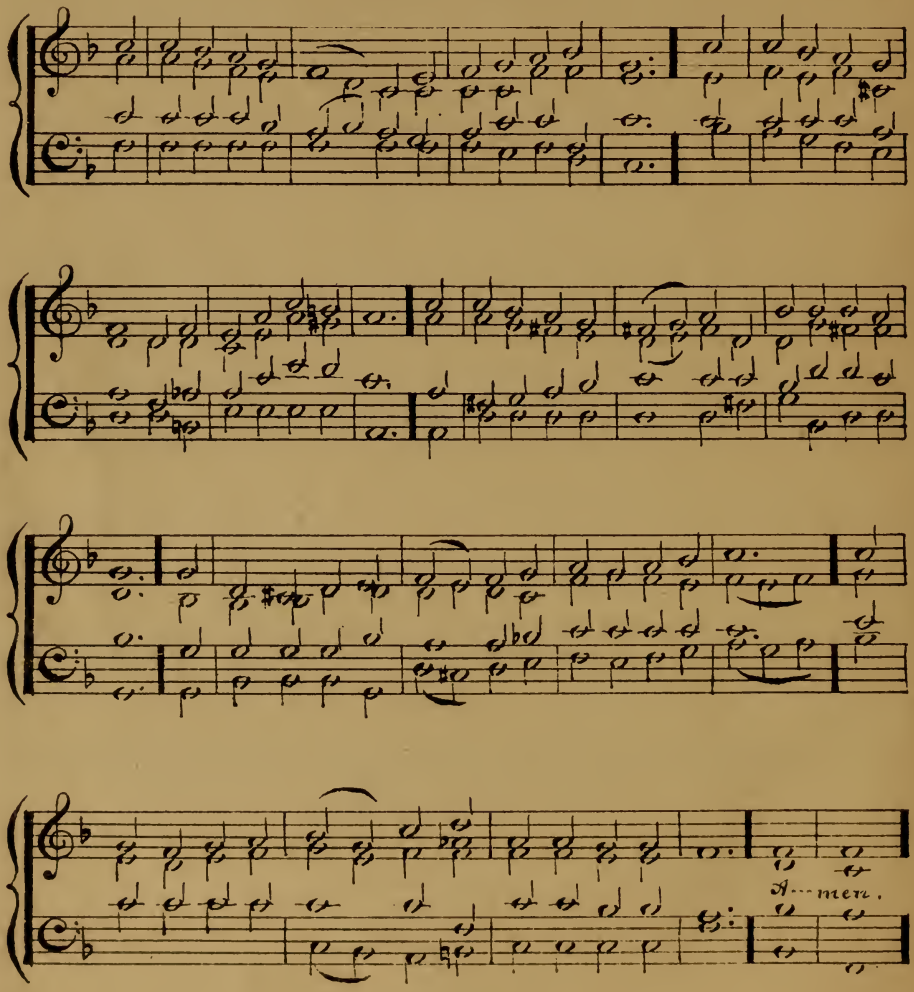
There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song!

There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Attain their immortality,
And they can die no more.

Lord Jesu, be our Guide;
Oh, lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won!

Amen.

: Hymn : VII :



HYMN VII.

"Come unto me ye weary,
And I will give you rest,"
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

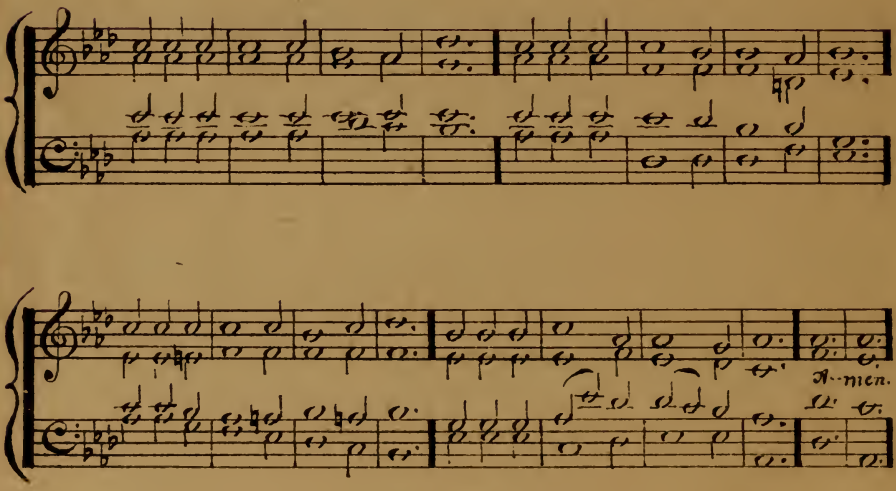
"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light,"
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

Amen

:Hymn:VIII:



HYMN VIII.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

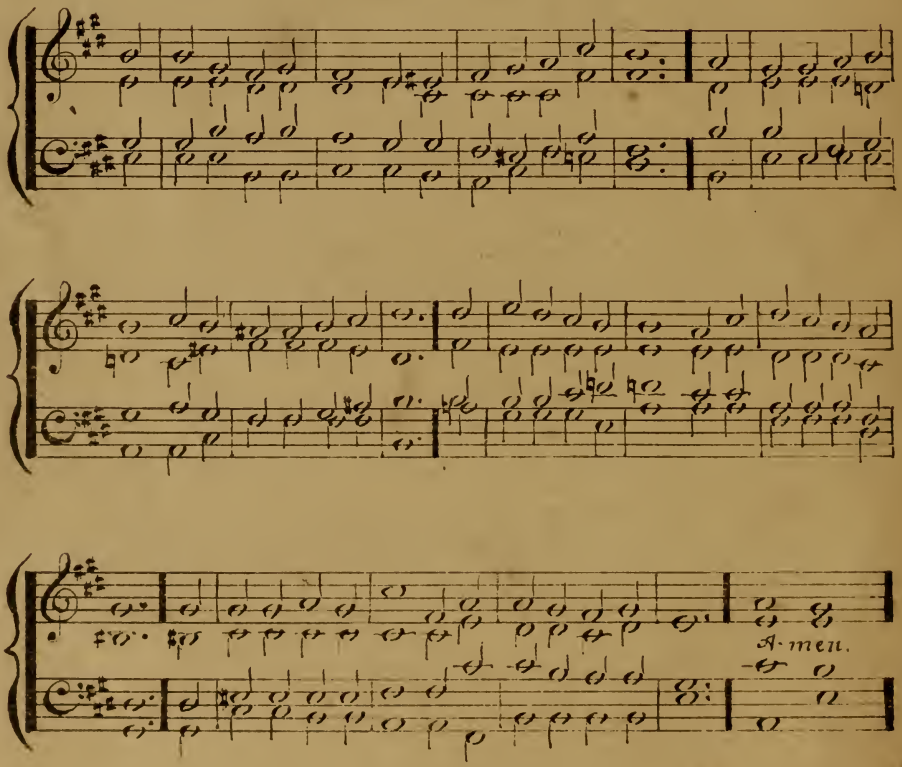
Run the straight race through God's good
grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His Face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near:
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

Amen.

:Hymn: IX:



1879

HYMN II.

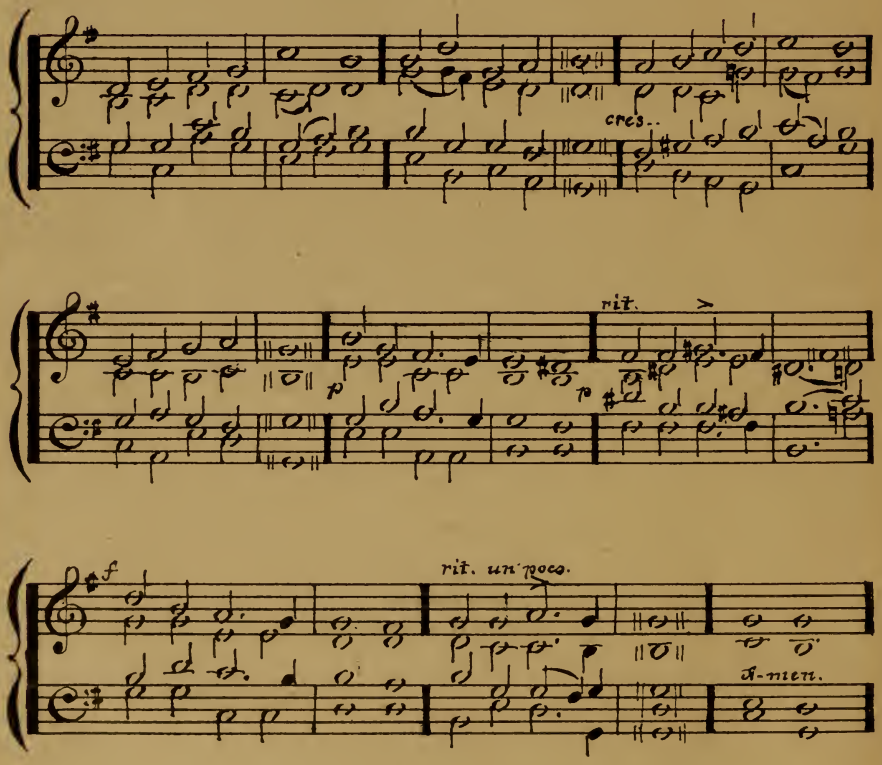
LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind.
One soul, one feeling, breathe:
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day,
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

Amen.

HYMN III.



HYMN III.

SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour.
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our king.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and Spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee.
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here.
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

Dark and ever darker
Was the wintry past,
Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast.
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that Flies
Tells of love unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

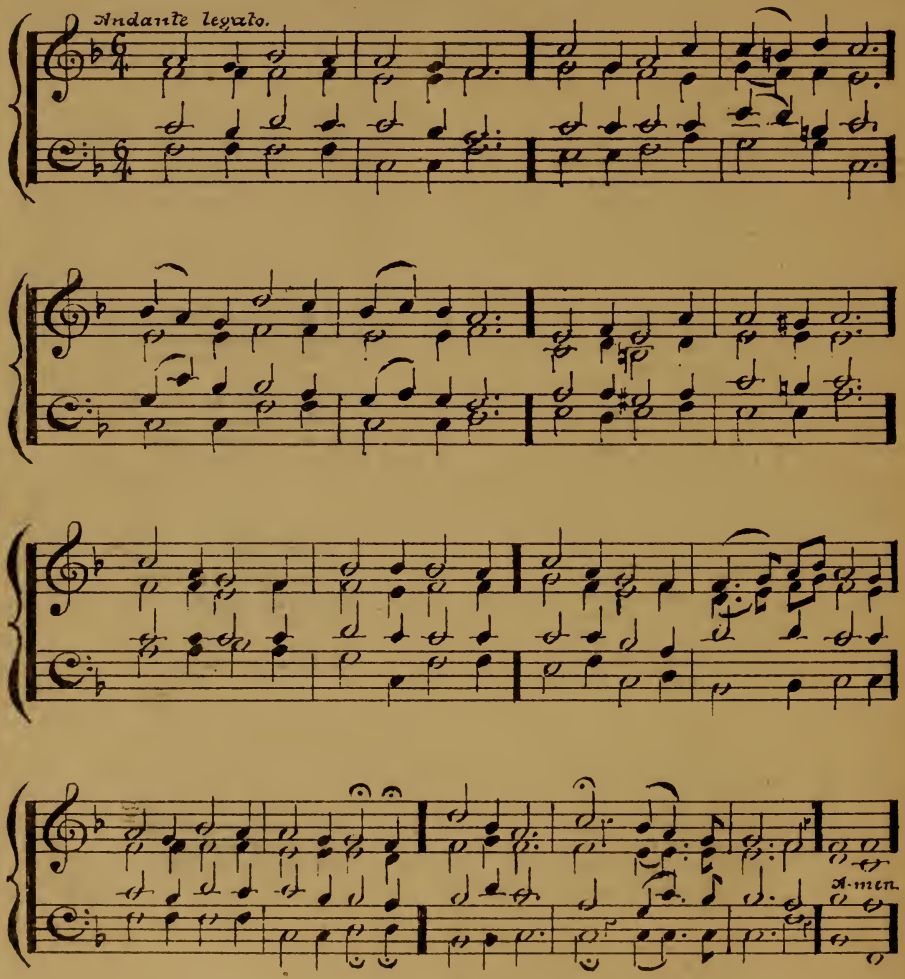
Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road,
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Amen.

hymn. IV.



HYMN IV.

Holy off'rings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them.

Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid!
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them,
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them.

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be,
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them

Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us;
Help, oh, help us to outlive them,
Christ, atone for—God, forgive them!

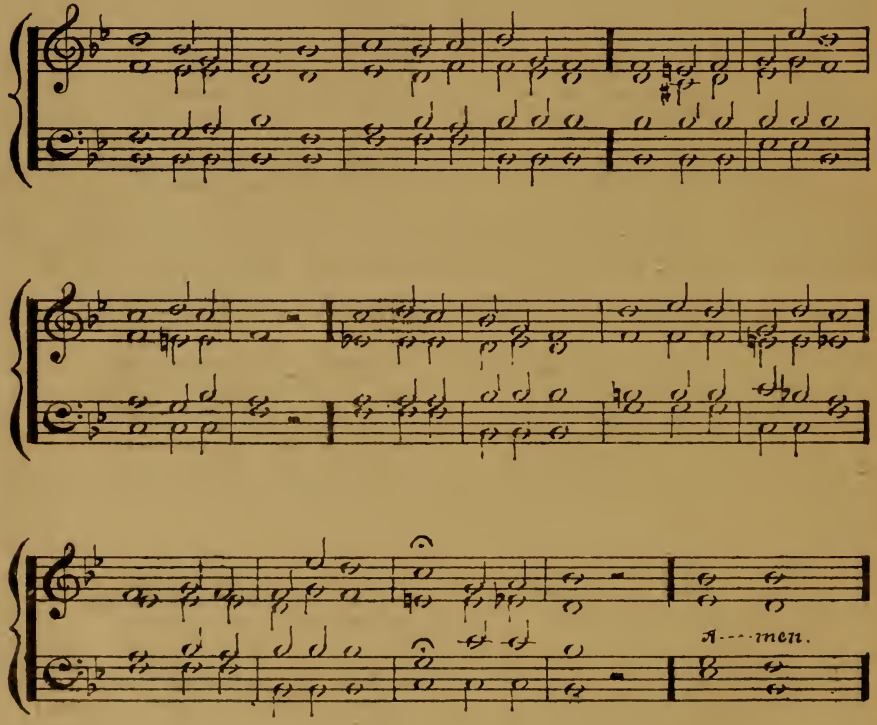
Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray,
Following too far away:
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial;
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for—God, forgive them!

Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within:
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus plead for—God, restore them!

Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them,
Christ, present them! God receive them!

To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise,
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bow'd down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them,
Christ, present them! God receive them!
Amen.

HYMN V.



HYMN V.

Lord, do not leave me:
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin-defiled,
Afraid, Alone;
But Thou art strong and wise,
Whatever ill arise,
Beneath Thy watchful eyes,
Danger is gone.

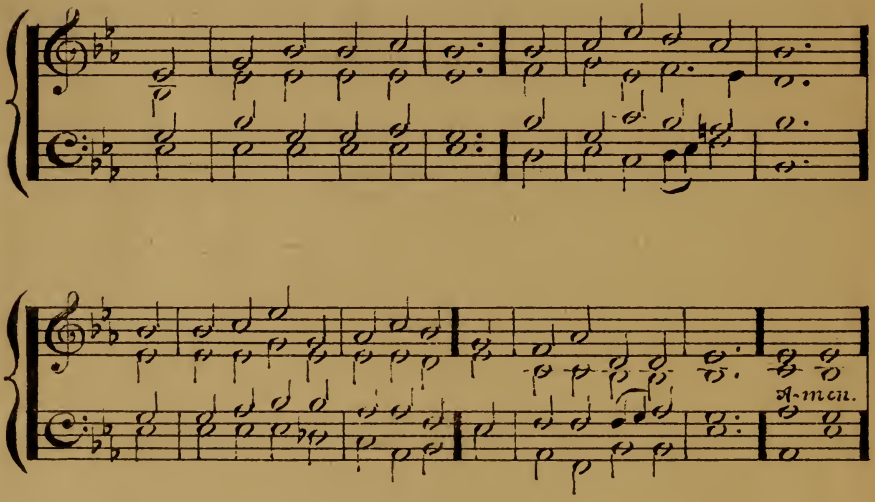
O gentle Jesus,
Thou wast Thyself a child,
Holy, and pure, and mild,
Blessing and blest:
Still dost Thou children love,
And in Thy home above,
When from this earth they move
Givest them rest.

Come then, dear Saviour,
I would be ever Thine!
Take this poor heart of mine,
Make it Thine own!
Under Thy sheltering wing,
Save from each deadly thing,
I would for ever cling
To Thee alone,

Since Thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I come to Thee,
Thus ever safe to be
Holding Thy hand:
And soon my weary feet
Brought to the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

Amen.

HYMN VI.



HYMN VI.

Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

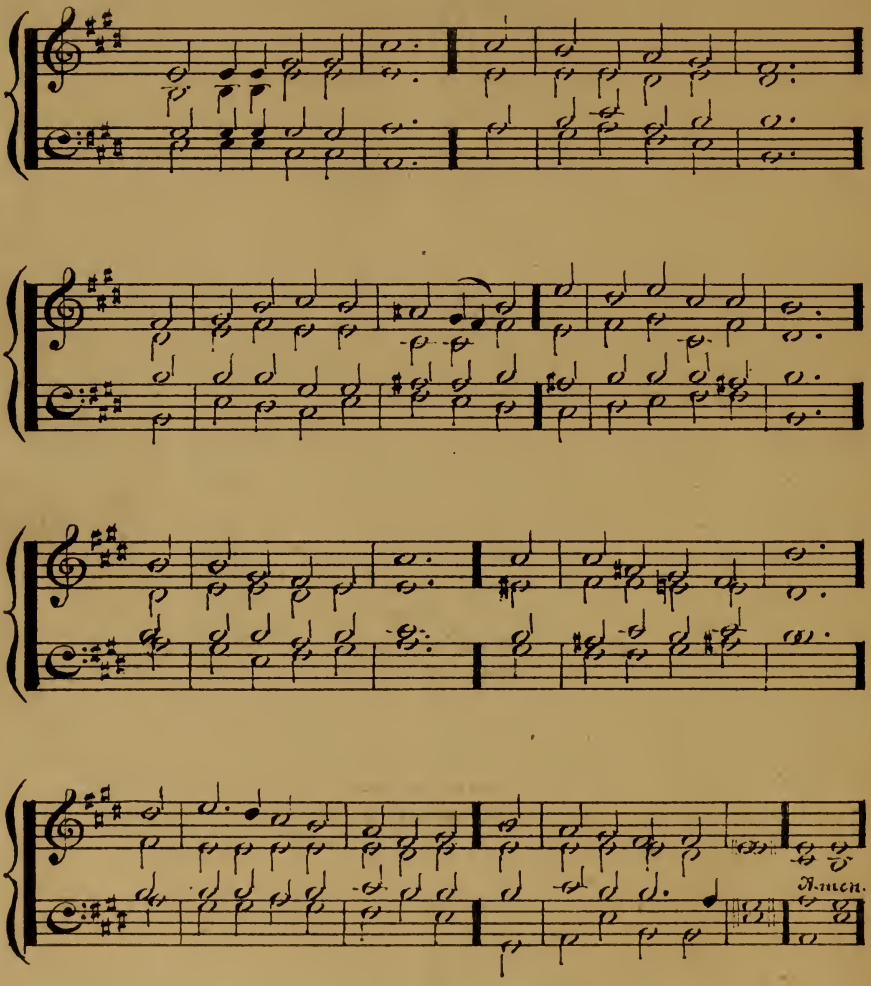
Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

Amen.

Hymn. VII.



HYMN VII.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him, the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose conquering arm those trophies won
Which now His brow adorn.
The Saviour long foretold,
The Branch of Jesse's stem,
The eternal Shepherd of His fold,
The Babe of Bethlehem!

Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bend his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Life!
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die!

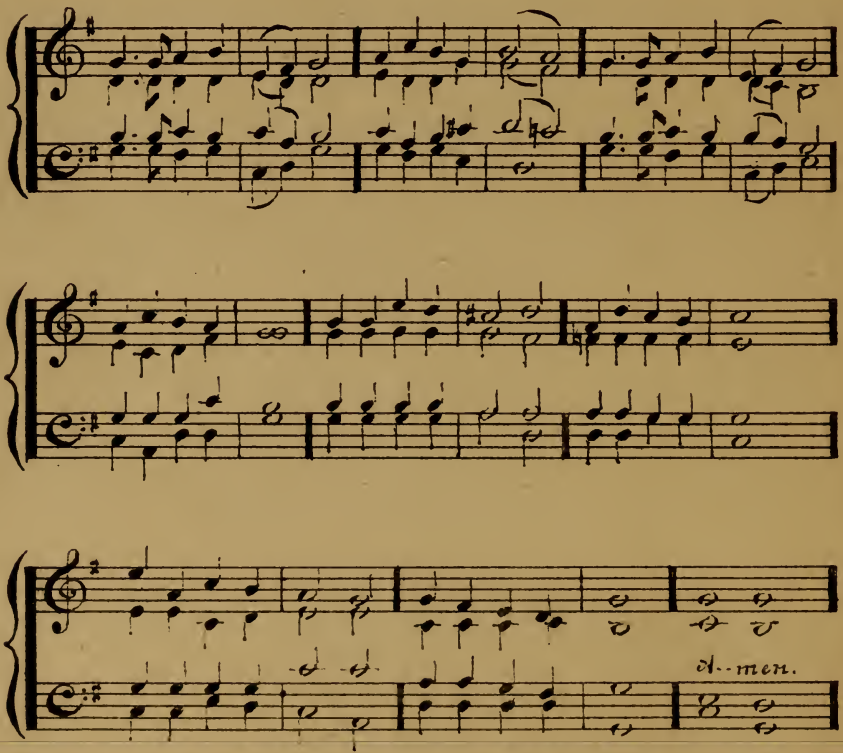
Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be love and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
The thousand tones of earth shall blend
In concord ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Might,
The King of kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal Throne;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Throne: the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves!

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
The King to whom alone is given
The wondrous name of Love!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity!

Amen.

HYMN VIII.



HYMM VIII.

CHRIST, Who once amongst us
As a Child did dwell,
Is the Children's Saviour,
And he loves us well;
If we keep our promise
Made Him at the Font.
He will be our Shepherd,
And we shall not want.

There it was they laid us
In those tender Arms,
Where the lambs are carried.
Safe from all alarms:
If we trust His promise,
He will let us rest,
In His Arms for ever,
Leaning on His Breast.

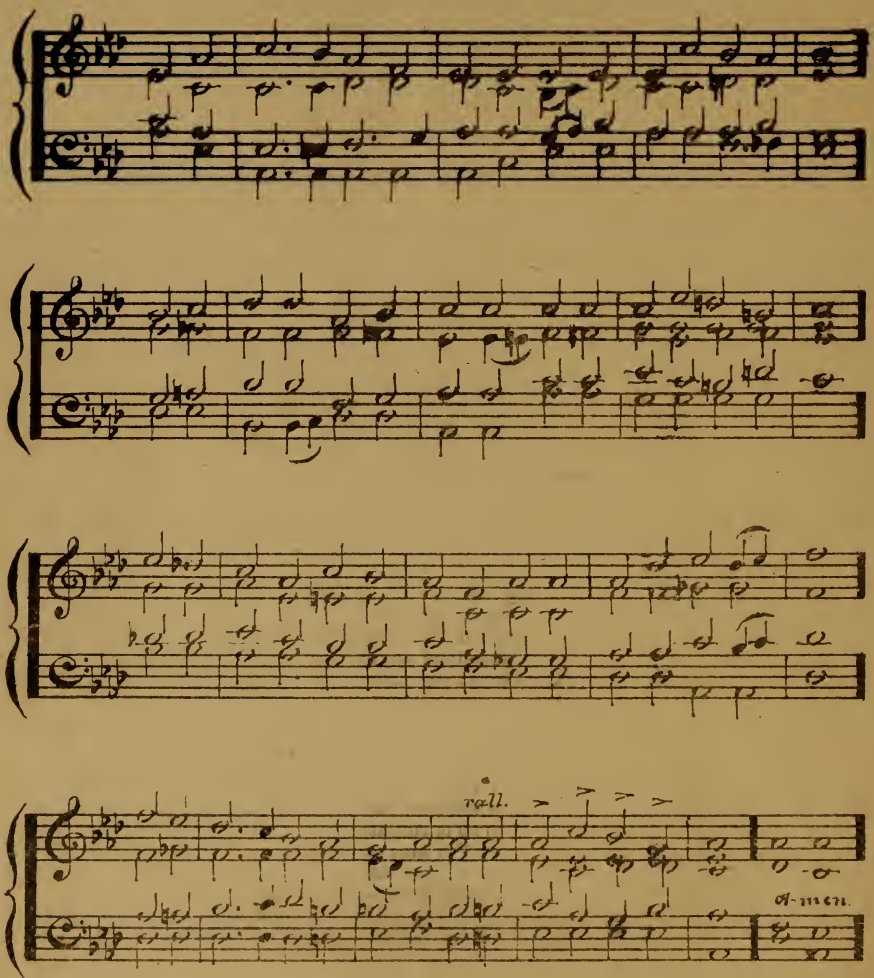
Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us.
Often feel his smile;
Death will be to slumber
In that sweet embrace,
And we shall awaken
To behold His Face.

He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore,
Make us lie in pastures
Beautiful and green,
Where none thirst or hunger,
And no tears are seen.

Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lest Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,
Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and Love Thee
Always, everywhere.

Amen.

HYMN IX.



HYMN IX.

HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting
at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord! to
Thee!
Multitudes which none can number, like
the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palm of
victory in their hand.

They have come from tribulation, and
have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus: tried
they were and firm they stood;
Mocked imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan, by
the might of Christ the Lord.

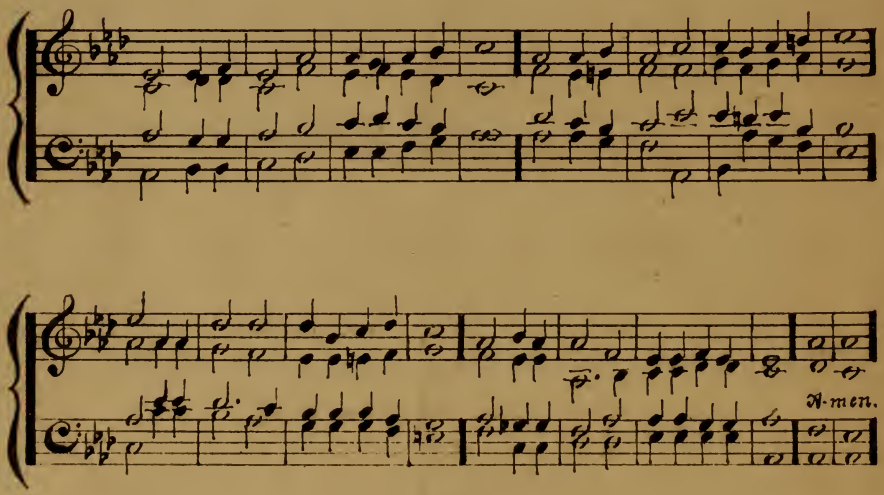
Marching with Thy Cross, their banner,
they have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their
Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were
born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now
they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss
and infinite;
Love and Peace they taste for ever, and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessed Trinity.

God of God, the One-Begotten, Light of
Light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together all the
saints for ever dwell.
Pour upon us of Thy fullness, that we may
for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore.

Amen.

hymn X.



St JOHN'S CHURCH.

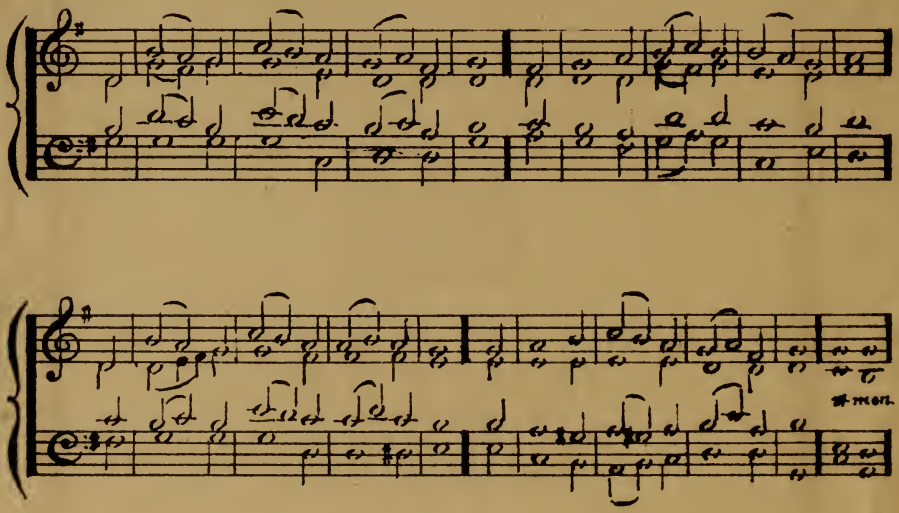
SUNDAY : SCHOOLS :

hymns and music.

WHITSUNTIDE

1881

Hymn. I.



HYMN 1.

f This day, at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was poured
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light Divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
p O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

f This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of flame;
O Spirit, fill our hearts to-day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray!

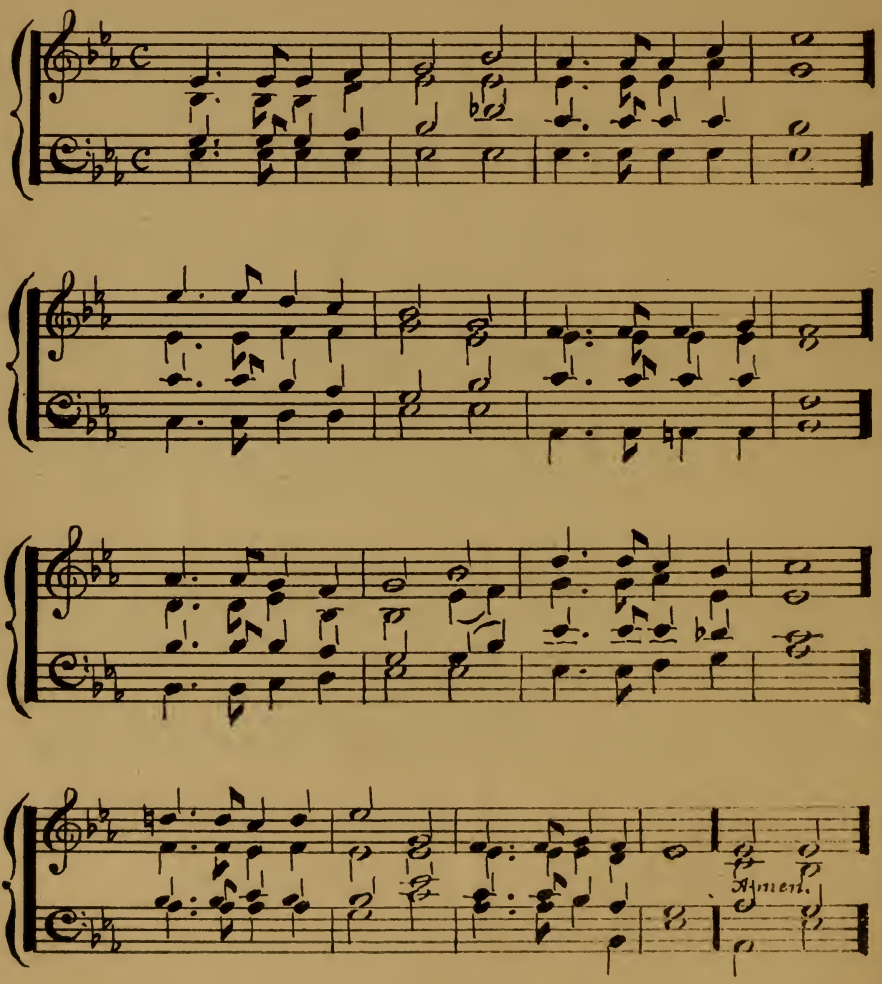
p Blest Comforter, to Thee we cry:
Be with us, aid us from on high;
Come in Thy power, Thy peace impart,
Renew and sanctify each heart.

p Oh, make this day of light and grace,
From earthly toils a resting place:
Its hallowed hours, Thy gift of love,
Help us to give to God above.

ff Praise to the Father, and the Son,
With Thee, blest Spirit, Three in One;
Let Thy bright fire, O Light Divine,
In our dull spirits burn and shine.

Amen.

Hymn II.



HYMN II.

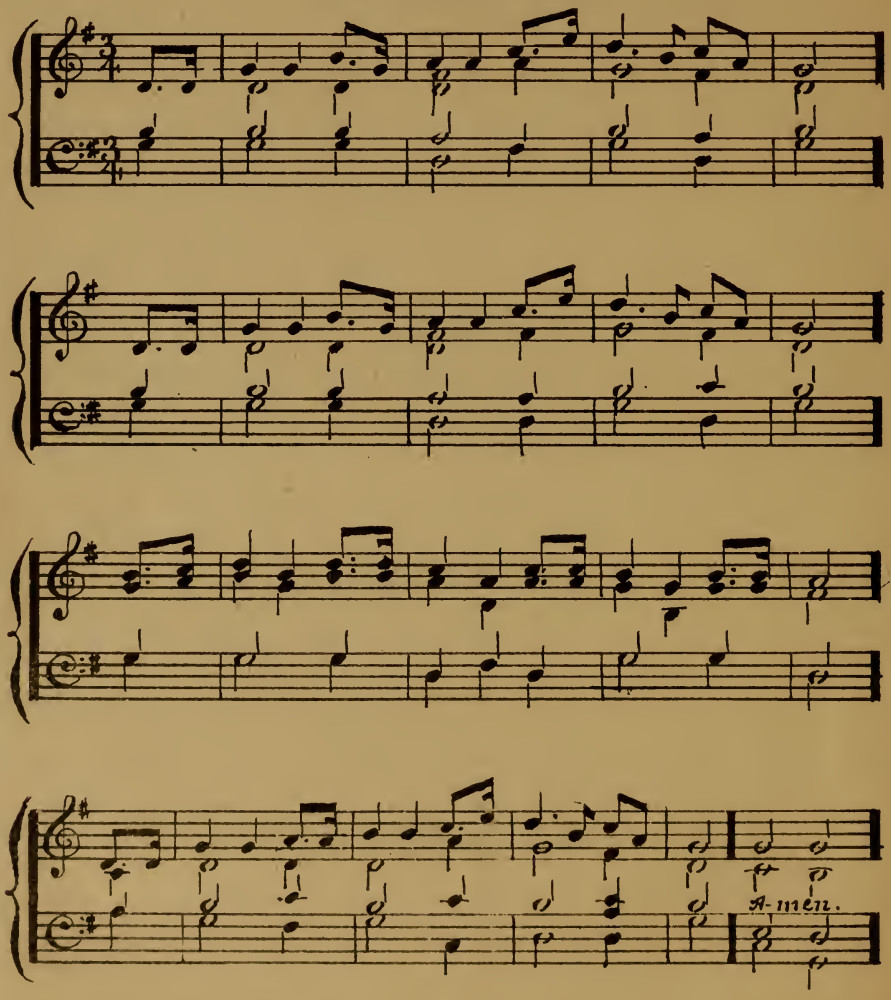
f Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
ff Everything rejoices
In earth's mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

f God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

f Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
f Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

f We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light.
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
ff Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way ;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

Hymn III



HYMN III.

f DAILY, daily sing the praises
Of the city God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation stones are laid.

CHORUS.

O that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Sion,
Far beyond the starry sky.

All the walls of that dear city
Are of bright and burnished gold,
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.
O that I, &c.

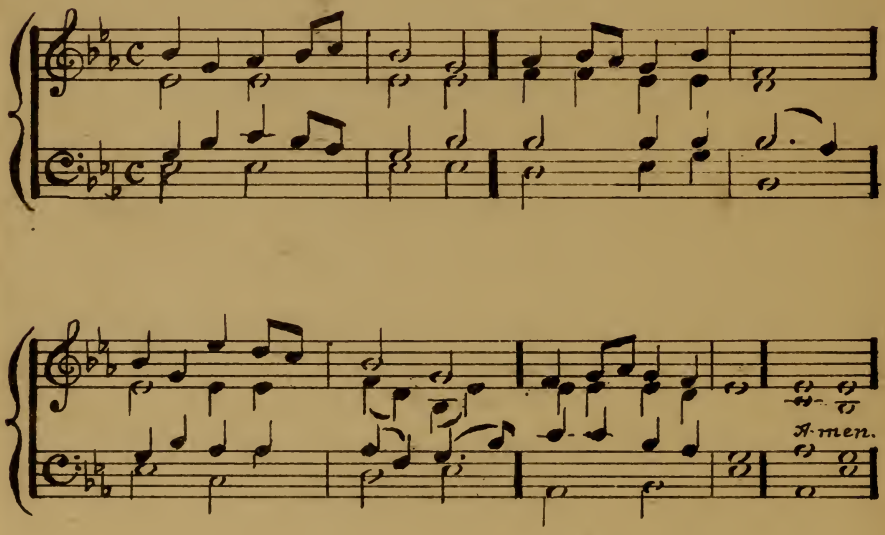
In the midst of that dear city
Christ is reigning on His seat,
And the angels sing His praises,
As they bow before His feet.
O that I, &c.

From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the city
Like a sudden beam of light.
O that I, &c.

Where it flows through God's own city,
And around its peaceful shore,
Countless hosts of God's redeemed ones
Sing His praises evermore.
O that I, &c.

Oh I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain,
Oh I would my eyes the vision
Of that Eden could attain!
O that I, &c.—Amen.

Hymn. IV.



HYMN IV.

f Father, Holy Father,
Now the sun is come
Bringing light and glory
From Thy heavenly home.

We, Thy little children
To Thy throne above;
We would hymn Thy praises.
We would sing Thy love.

Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong;
Glad when we do rightly,
Grieved when we do wrong.

p Hear us, Holy Father,
As to Thee we pray:
Asking Thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

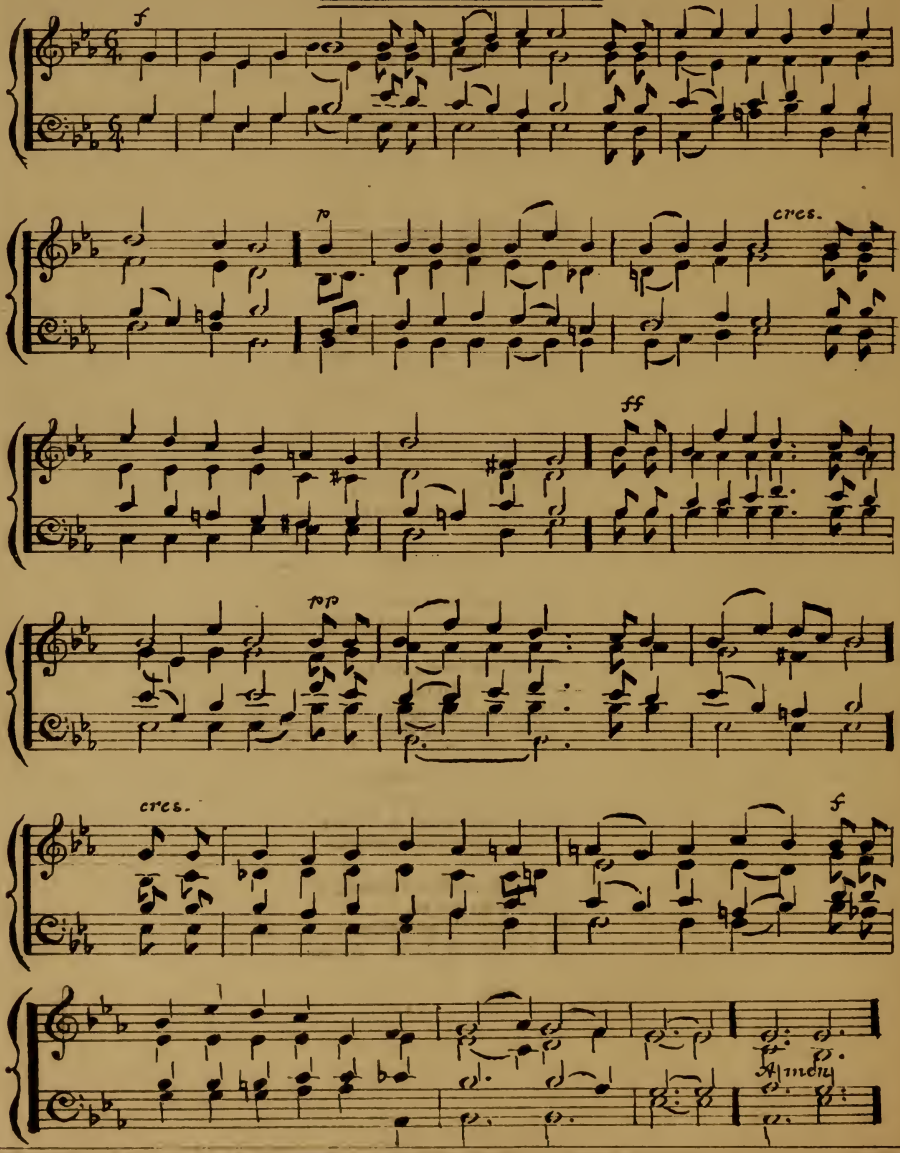
mf As our Saviour Jesus
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.

mf He shall be our copy:
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as He.

p Father, God our Father,
Guide us every hour;
Keep us safe, and shield us
From temptation's power.

mf So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee. Amen.

Hymn V

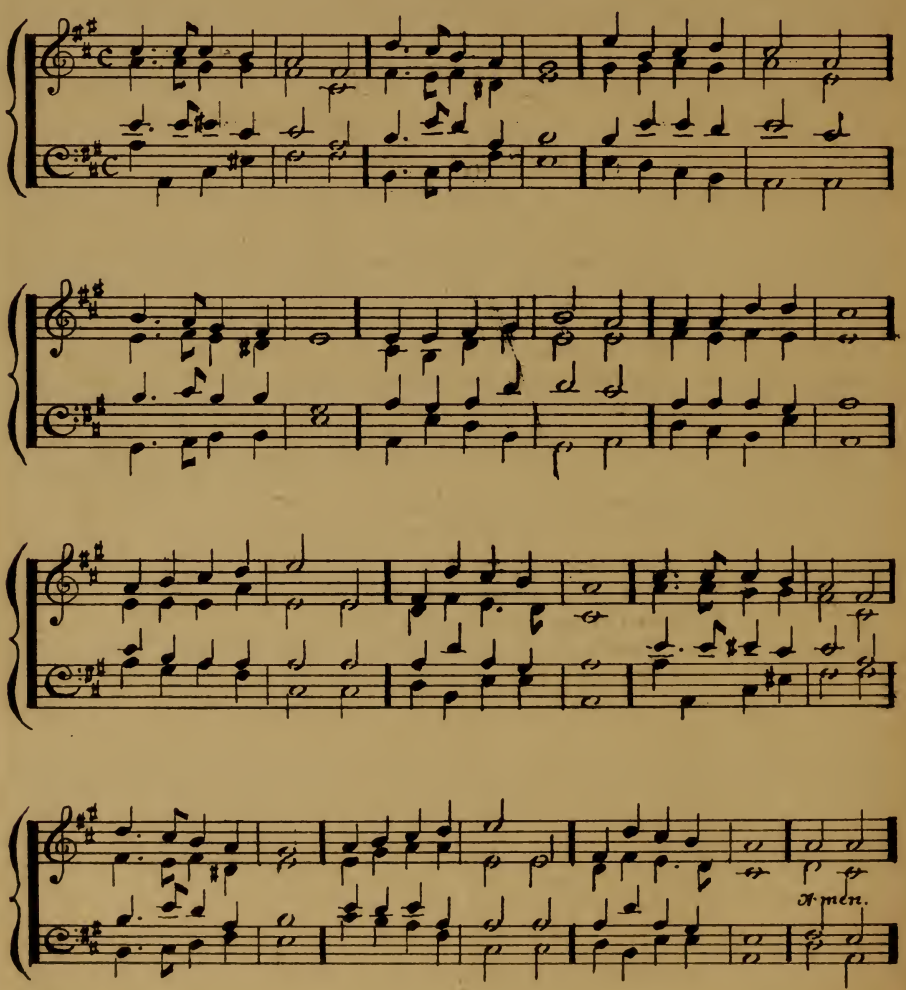


HYMN V.

f Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord lived here;
He blessed little children, and smiled on them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
ff Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold, and their raiment white;
As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

f Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that his heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
ff Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. Amen.

Hymn. VI.



HYMN VI.

f Who is on the Lord's side? who will serve the King?
Who will leave the world's side? who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go?

p By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine.
ff We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

f Not for weight of glory, not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army, raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth must be on His side.

p By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
ff We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

p Jesus, Thou hast bought us, not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood, for Thy diadem.
f With Thy blessing filling each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.

p By Thy full redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
ff We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

p Fierce may be the conflict, strong may be the foe.
But the King's own army none can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging victory is secure,
For His truth, unchanging, makes the triumph sure.

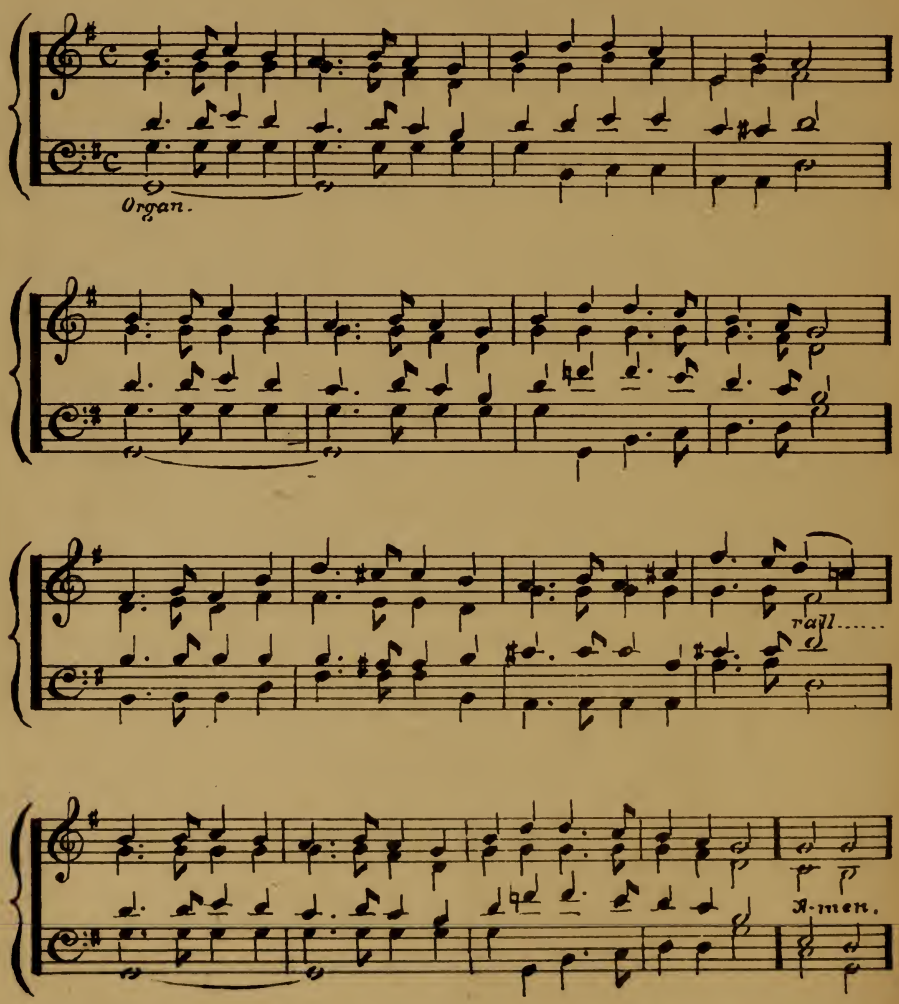
ff Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

f Chosen to be soldiers in an alien land,
"Chosen, called, and faithful" for our Captain's band
In his gracious service, let us not grow cold,
Evermore be steadfast, noble, true, and bold.

ff Master, Thou wilt keep us
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always thine.

Amen.

Hymn VII



HYMN VII.

f In the paradise of Jesus
There are many homes of light,
And they shine beyond the darkness
With a radiance clear and bright.

CHORUS.

ff Oh, that I might hear the angels
Singing o'er the crystal sea;
And amidst the many mansions
Find a home prepared for me.

f There are sounds of many voices
In the golden streets above,
Filling all the air with gladness,
Blended in eternal love.
O that I, &c.

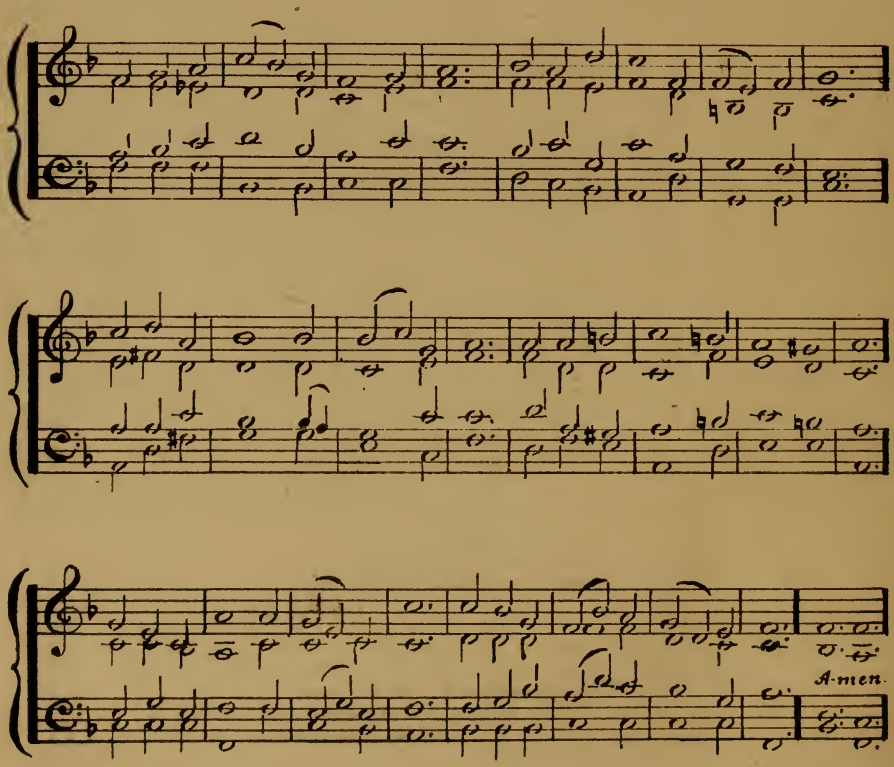
p In those quiet resting-places,
Midst the pastures green and fair,
Jesus gathers in the homeless,
And He dwells among them there.
O that I, &c.

p Can we see the happy faces
Of the dear ones gone before?
f They are ready now to greet us
When we gain that blessed shore.
O that I, &c.

f Then the pearly gates, unfolding,
Never shall be closed again,
We shall see, within the city,
Jesus, 'mid His white-robed train.
O that I, &c.

f Oh! to join the alleluia,
And the glad thanksgiving raise,
With the ransomed hosts of Jesus,
In their songs of endless praise!
O that I, &c.—Amen.

Hymn. VIII.



HYMN VIII.

p O Light, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day!
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
f At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

p O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To that eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
f In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

p O Truth, before whose shrine we bow!
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek!
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek:
f When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

f O Life, the well that ever flows,
To slake the thirst of those that faint;
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
pp In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,
ff Be Thou our conqueror over death.

p O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesu, born mankind to save!
pp Give Thou our peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
ff Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Amen.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH

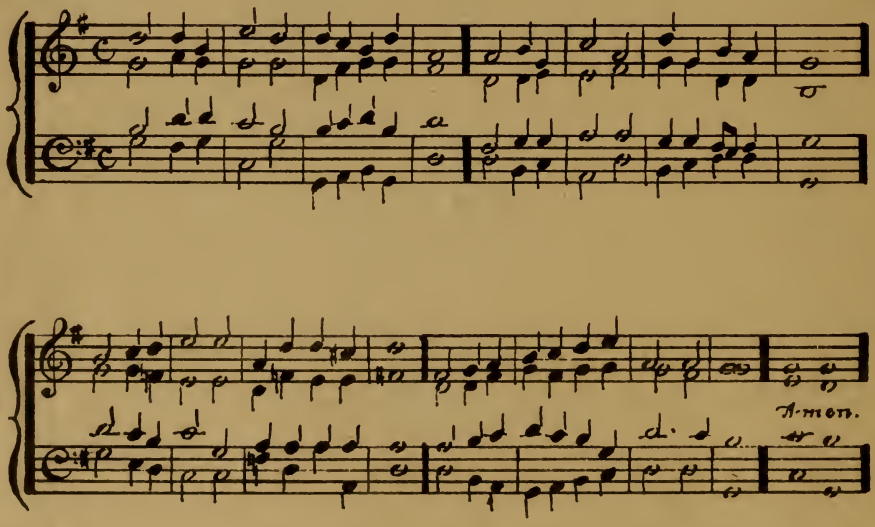
SUNDAY SCHOOL

hymns and music

WHITSUNTIDE

1882

HYMN I



HYMN I.

House of our God, with hymns of gladness ring,
While all our lips and hearts His praises sing!
With holy joy His mercies we proclaim,
And evermore will celebrate His Name.

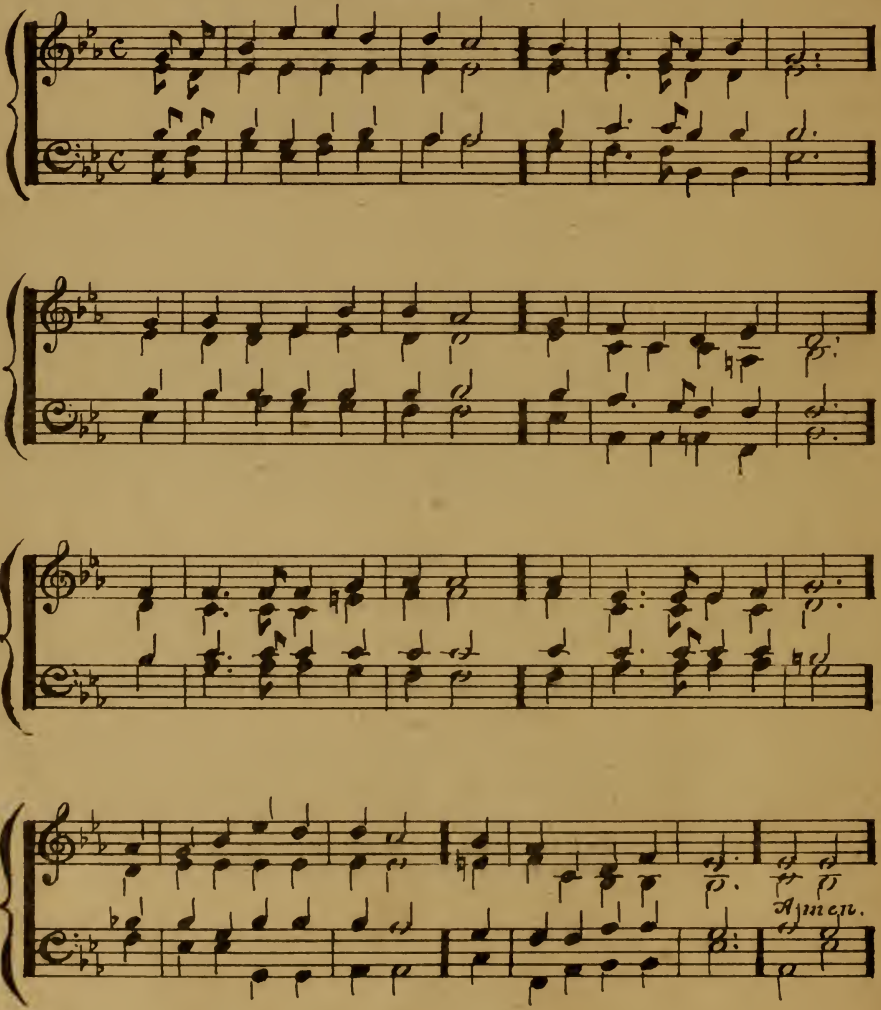
Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of His unveiled Face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.

O earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with His goodness, let Thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on His hands, and precious in His sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace,
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His face.

Burst into praise my soul! and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore;
He is thy shield, thy refuge ever near,
Strong in His strength, continue in His fear. Amen.

:HYMN: II :



HYMN II.

THERE's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and sorrow free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
There every one is happy,
For all are holy there.

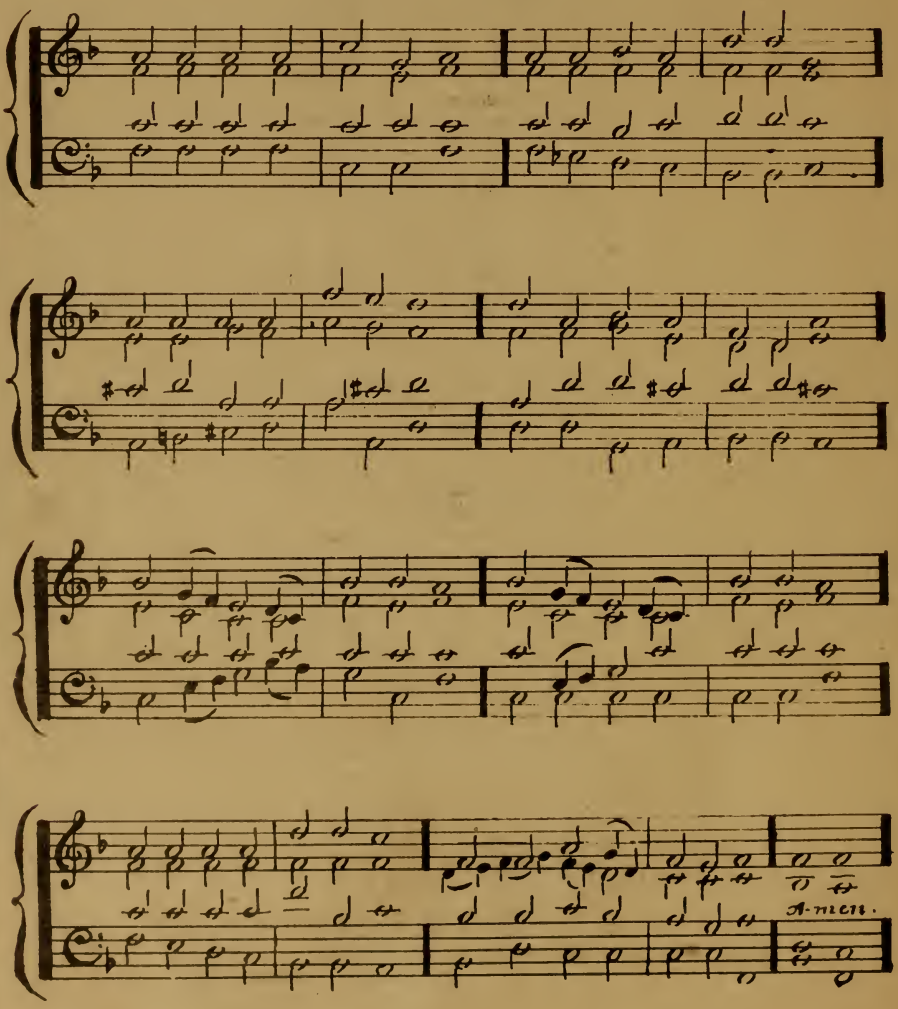
There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow,
On those who sought Him early,
And loved His Name below.

There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that's ever tuneful
Throughout eternity;
A song that even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And harps of sweetest music,
And palms of victory.
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
May know Thee as their own.

Amen.

ΗΥΜΝ. III



HYMN III.

Forward go in glad accord,
Ye who know your risen Lord!
Let the strain of fervent love
Lift each drooping heart above.
Dark and troublous though the day,
Cast unworthy care away;
Trust in Him whose mighty hand
Guards the Church and rules the land!

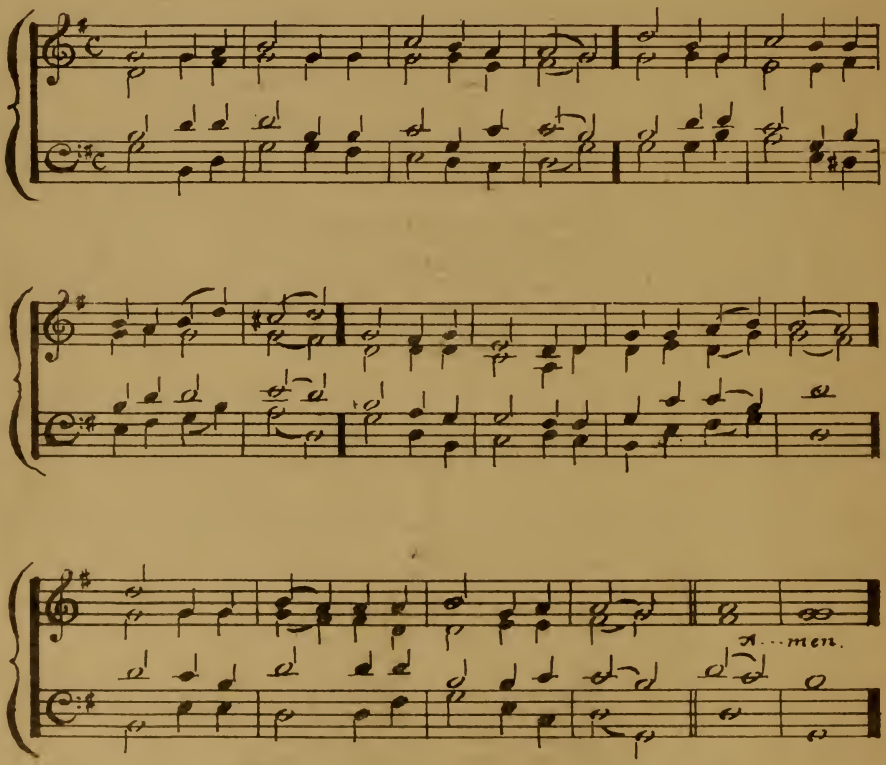
Forward still!—and let the strain
Tell of triumph yet again;
For the Lord, who reigns on high,
Leads His own to victory:
Through the world's opposing might,
Through the gathering gloom of night;
Strong in faith, let holy song
Cheer us as we march along.

Now let all, as children dear,
In our Father's courts appear;
Let the choral harmony
Tell the spirits' unity:
Here nor hate nor strife be found;
Here let love and peace abound;
Let us offer while we sing,
Loyal hearts to serve our King.

Forward go, despond no more!
Jesus calls, and goes before!
He will guard His chosen Bride,
He will never leave her side:
Kingdoms flourish and decay,
Heaven and earth will pass away;
Evermore the Church shall raise
Songs of triumph, joy, and praise.

Forward go!—the saints above
Still prolong the strain of love;
Soon may we, within the gate,
See with them our King in state:
There will He his choir unite,
All arrayed in robes of white;
There will songs of purest joy,
All their blissful life employ. Amen.

HYMN IV



HYMN IV.

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest!

What are the Monarch, His Court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

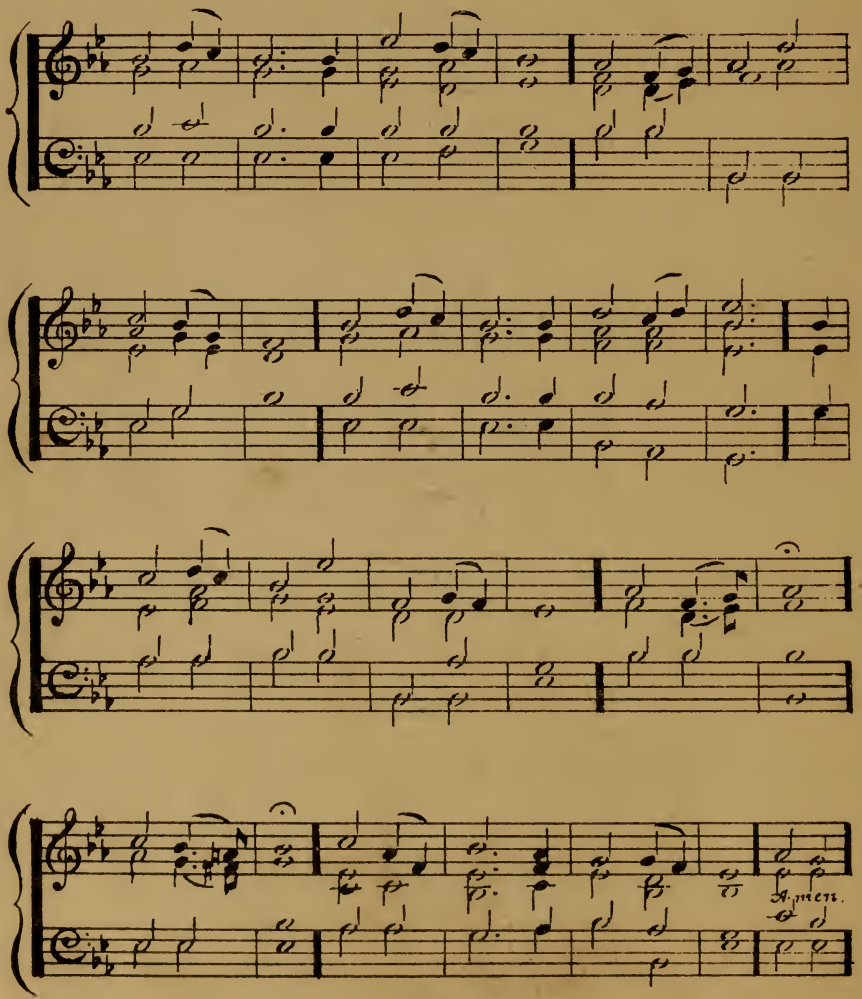
There, where no troubles distraction can bring
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise,
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore:
One and unending is that triumph song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with them ever One. Amen.

HYMN V



HYMN V.

Jésu, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine,
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

HYMN VI

HYMN VI.

Thou, who camest from above,
Bringing light, and breathing love,
Teaching us Thy perfect way,
Giving gifts to men to-day;

Thou, alone canst change our state,
Making us regenerate,
Help us evermore to be
Faithful subjects unto Thee.

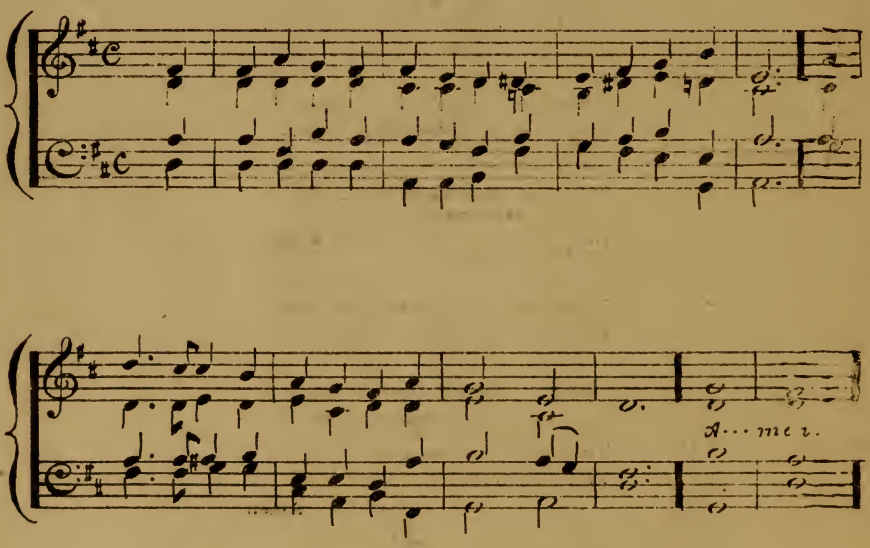
Often have we grieved Thee sore
May we never grieve Thee more;
Thou the feeble canst protect,
Thou the wandering direct.

We are dark; be Thou our light;
We are blind; be Thou our sight;
Be our comfort in distress;
Guide us through the wilderness.

Praise the blesséd Three in One,
Praise the Father and the Son,
To the Holy Ghost arise
Praise from all below the skies!

Amen.

HYMN VII



HYMN VII.

Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing,
Sweet songs of peace.

On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

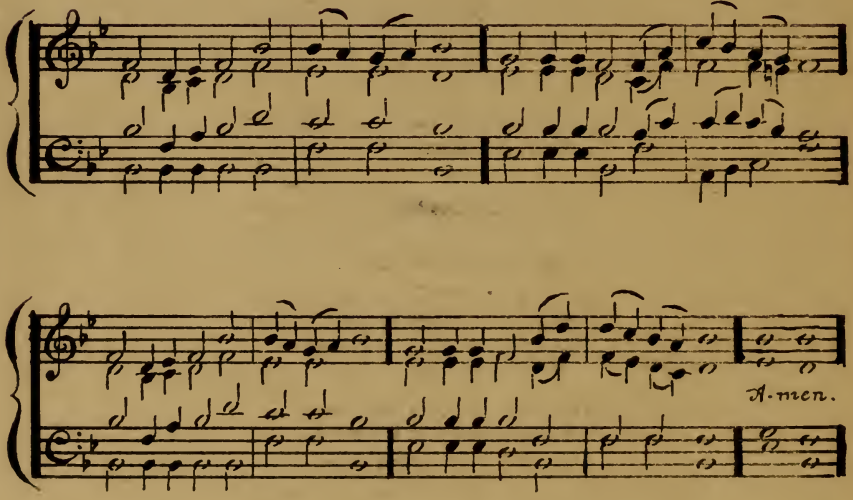
I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise!

From choir to battlement and tower
The solemn anthem rolls,
Ascending with the hidden fire
Of ransomed souls.

All earthly things appear to fade,
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven. Amen.

HYMN. VIII.



HYMN VIII.

O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Oh! let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm
And gently in Thy bosom bear;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man.

Amen.

ST JOHN'S

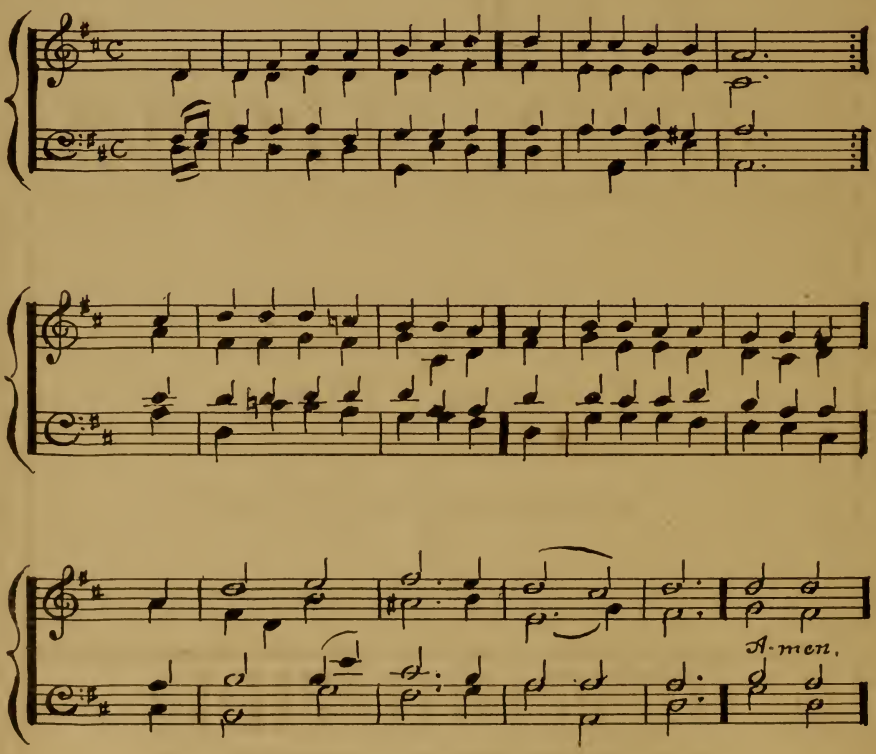
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HYMNS & MUSIC.

WHITSUNTIDE

1883

Hymn I



HYMN I.

mf All praise and thanks to God, Most High,
The Author of all Grace:
'Tis He who worketh wondrously,
Our God, Whose smiling face
mp The soul with richest solace fills.
And every sigh of sorrow stills:
ff Give to our God the glory.

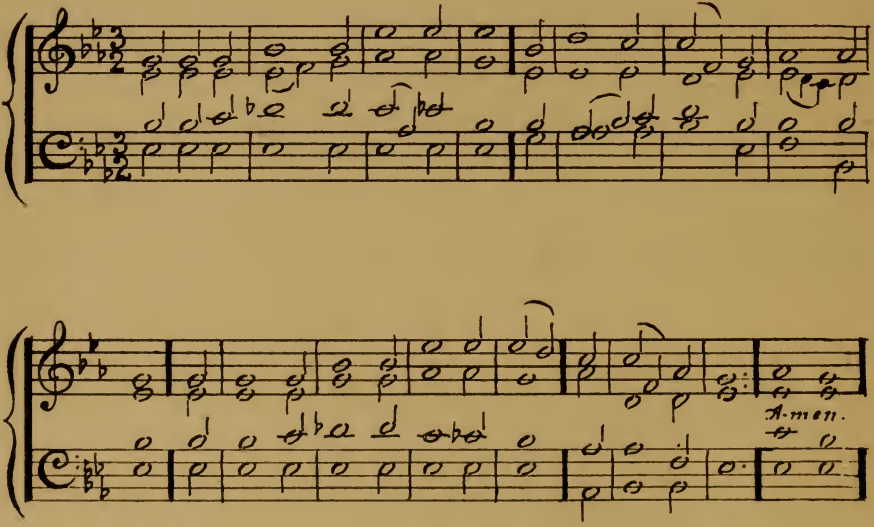
f The Hosts of Heaven Thy glory tell,
My Saviour and my King;
The Saints, who in Thy presence dwell,
They too their anthem sing.
In strains which angels cannot raise,
Redeemed by Jesus' blood, we praise
ff The Lamb, the Lord of glory.

p Come, O come, blest Spirit of all might,
Who dost our souls renew:
Thy Grace alone gives life and light;
Shed Thy refreshing dew;
f Thy sanctifying power extend
Till earthly conflicts have an end,
ff And Thine shall be the glory.

p Blest Trinity of love and power,
We owe all gifts to Thee:
pp Be with us in each trying hour;
Our souls from danger free:
f To Thee our thanks shall endless be
Through time and through eternity,
ff The Triune God of glory.

Amen.

Hymn : II



HYMN II.

mf LEANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour I am blest,
When weary, Thou dost condescend
p To be my rest.

mf Leaning on Thee with child-like faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

p Leaning on Thee, I cease to moan,
Though faint and languid, parched with heat;
Lord, I would say "Thy will be done":
That will is sweet.

p Leaning on Thee, I need not dread
The inroad that disease may make;
Thou, Who for me Thy blood hast shed,
mf Wilt ne'er forsake.

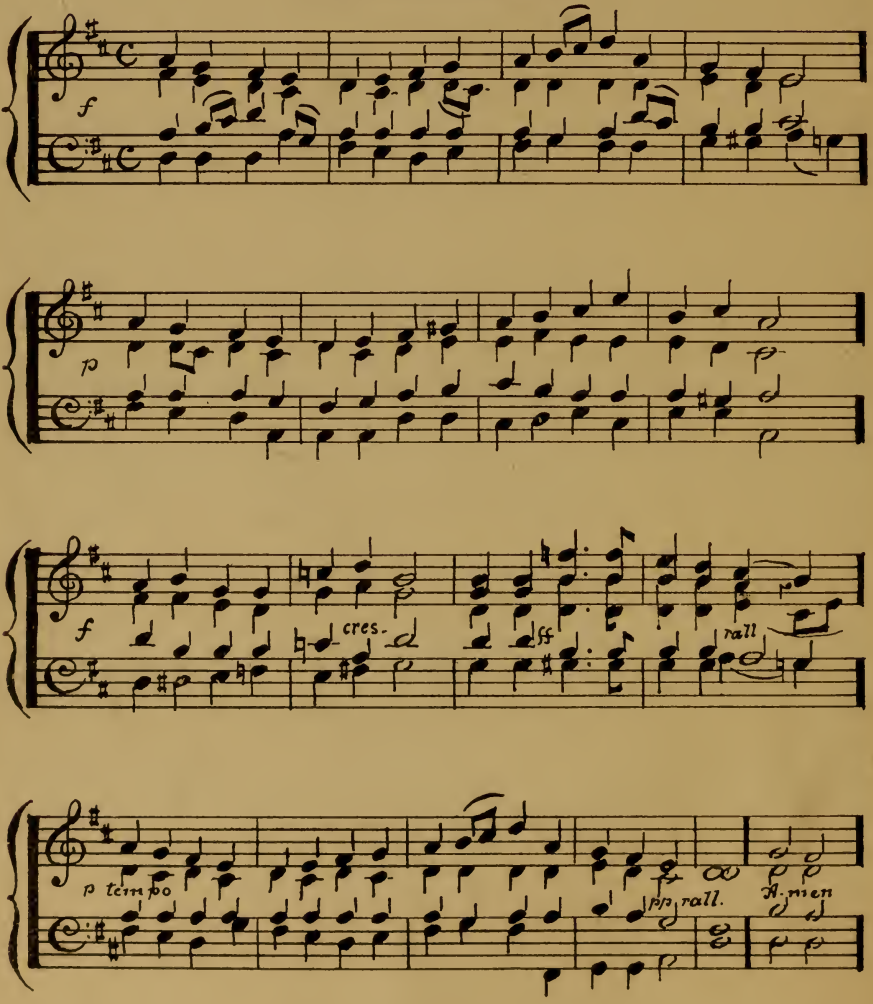
p Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
pp Thy heavenly accents gently speak
"Be of good cheer."

p Leaning on Thee, no foe alarms,
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink.
f Safe in the "everlasting arms"
I cannot sink.

f Leaning on Thee, the cross laid down,
Then shall I hear the gracious word:
ff "Enter thy home, take up the crown
Won by thy Lord."

Amen.

Hymn III



HYMN III.

f Sink not yet my soul to slumber,
Wake my heart and grateful sing
p Of the mercies without number
Coming from the heavenly King:
f Tell how He hath kept afar
All things that against me war;
p He hath guarded and defended,
With His grace my soul befriended.

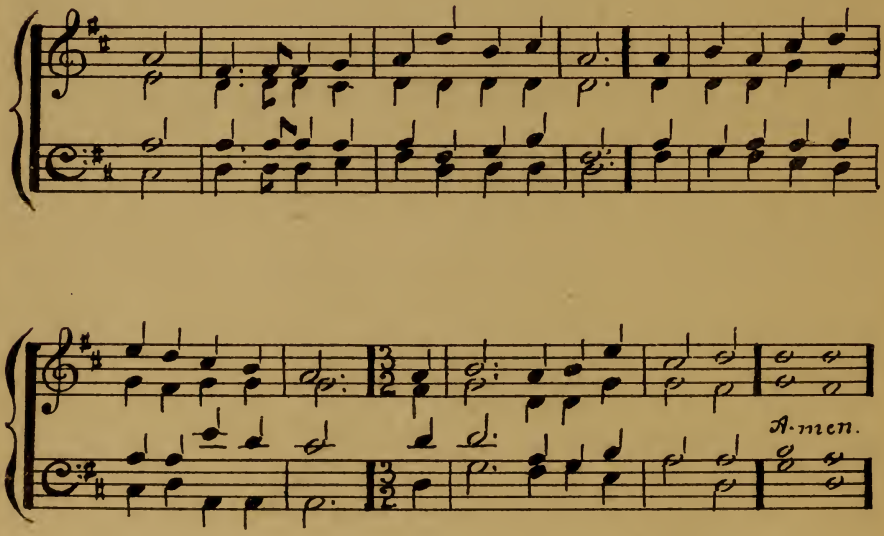
mf Father merciful and holy,
Thee to-night I praise and bless,
Who to sinners contrite, lowly,
Grantest pardon, righteousness:
p Many a sin and many a woe
Many a fierce and subtle foe
Hast Thou checked that once alarmed me,
Therefore nought to-day has harmed me.

mf Earthly wisdom, while it ponders,
Fathoms not Thy loving thought;
Never tongue can tell the wonders,
That Thy grace and power have wrought.
There is neither bound nor measure
In Thy love's o'erflowing treasure.
p Jesu, Thou for me hast died,
f Thee, I praise, the Crucified.

mf As the light of day when fading
Leaves a gloom, if Thou depart
p Darkness also quickly shading
Leaves its traces on my heart.
mf Jesu be my Light, my Sun,
Cheer me till life's day is done,
pp And, as earthly shadows gather,
Be Thou near me, O, my Father

p Thou O gracious Father hearken
To the prayer Thy child hath made,
Jesu, while the night hours darken
Be Thou still my Shield, my Aid.
Holy Ghost on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all.
Father, Son, and Spirit hear me,
Blessed Trinity be near me.
Amen

Hymn. IV.



HYMN IV.

f Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of Heaven; O sweetly raise
ff An enless Alleluia!

mf Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal Sight,
cr In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
ff An endless Alleluia!

mf The Holy City shall take up your strain,
cr And with glad songs resounding wake again
ff An endless Alleluia!

mf In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice,
f An endless Alleluia!

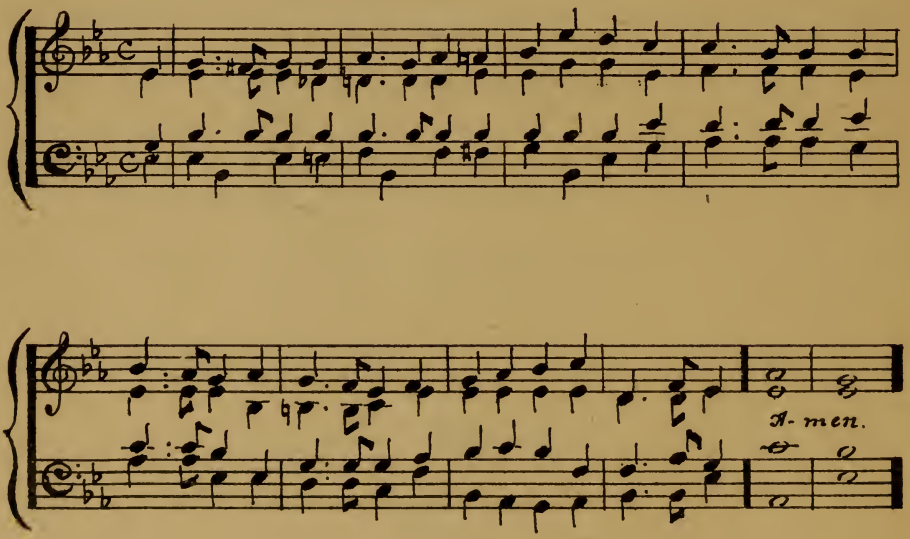
mf Ye who have gained, at length, your palms in bliss,
cr Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this:
f An endless Alleluia!

f There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring,
The strains which tell the honour of your King,
ff An endless Alleluia!

mf While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise,
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
f An endless Alleluia!

f Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing,
Glory for evermore: to Thee we bring
ff An endless Alleluia!
Amen.

Hymn. V



HYMN V.

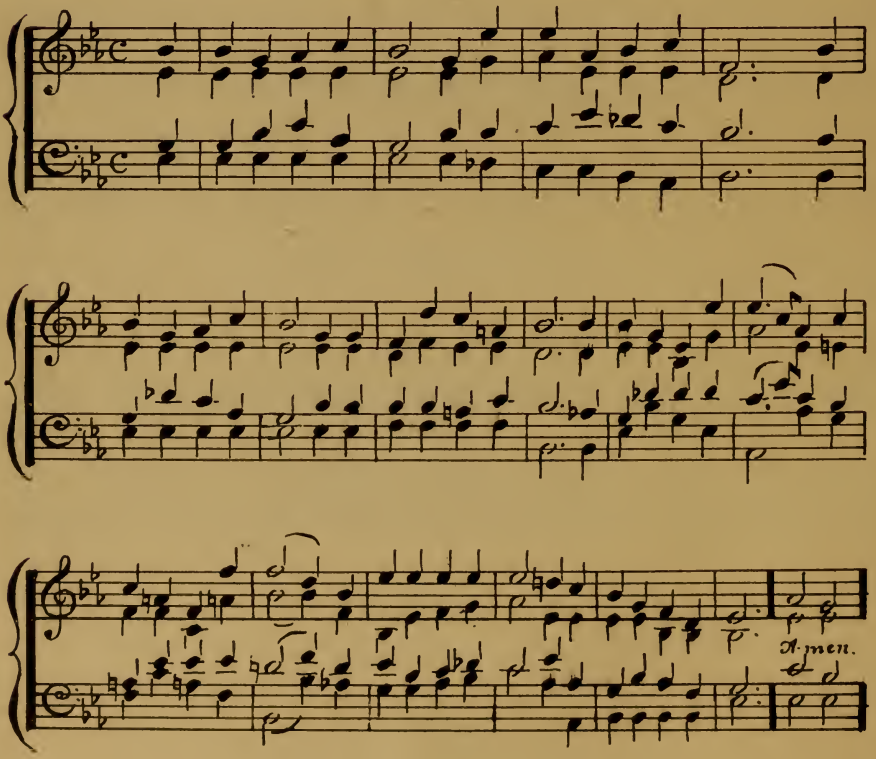
f O Christ, the Lord of Heaven, to Thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be:
Eternal praise, of right, is Thine.

p Reign, Prince of Life, who once Thy brow
Did'st yield to wear the wounding thorn:
f Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored, the Son of God, firstborn.

f To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honour to Thy name belongs:
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

ff Jesus—all earth shall speak the word
Jesus—all Heaven resound it still:
Emmanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the Universe shall fill.
Amen.

Hymn VI



HYMN VI.

mf I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the acursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus
To wash my crimson stains
cr White in His blood most precious
Till not a spot remains.

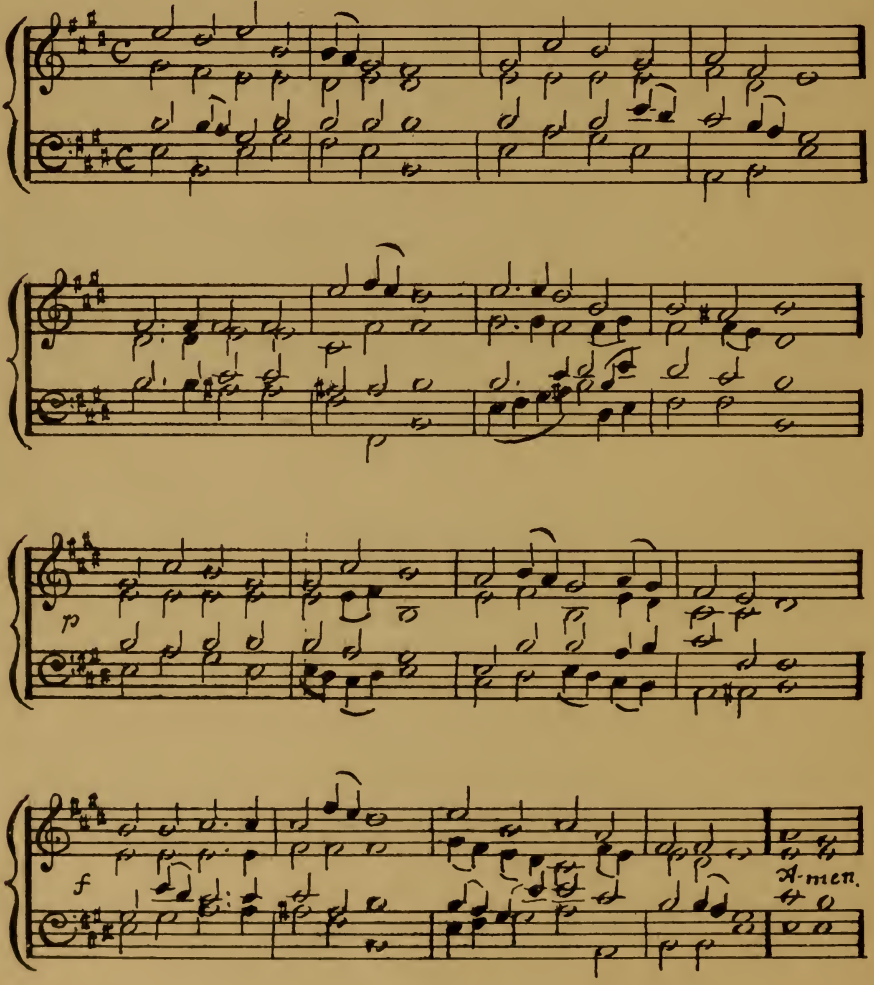
mf I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him:
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
f He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

mf I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine:
cr His right hand me embraces:
I on his breast recline.
f I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord:
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

mf I long to be like Jesus,
p Meek, loving, holy, mild;
mf I long to be like Jesus,
p The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
cr To sing, with saints, His praises,
To learn the Angels' song.

Amen

: Hymn : VII :



HYMN VII.

mf God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
p Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

mf Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know:
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempests blow.

p Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine:
cr Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine.

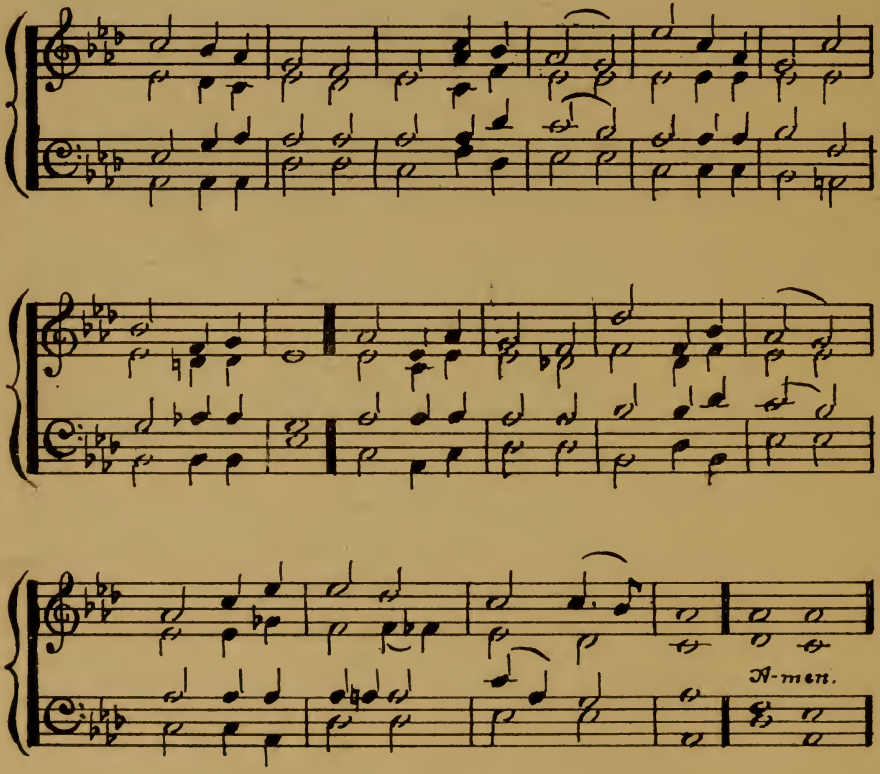
mf When perplexed in danger's snare
Thou alone our Guide can'st be:
When oppressed with woe or care
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

cr Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith and power
Hope and love in every soul:
ff Hope till time shall be no more,
Love while endless ages roll.

Amen

Hymn VIII.



HYMN VIII.

Jesus our Shepherd, when Thou art near,
mf Safe in Thy bosom, what need we fear?
Help us to follow where Thou dost guide,
Even in famine Thou wilt provide.

mf Jesus our Shepherd, hearing Thy voice,
In its sweet whisper we will rejoice:
p What though it chideth, tender its tone,
Thou only teach us, keep us Thine own.

pp Jesus, our Shepherd, He for us bled,
Crucified for us, raised from the dead.
f Marked by the Shepherd, this is the sign,—
"Having the Spirit, thus known as mine."

f Jesus our Shepherd, with Thy strong arm,
Foes backward driven, free from all harm,
p Entering death's valley, even its gloom
f Quickly shall vanish, conquered the tomb.

f Jesus our Shepherd, praised by Thy sheep,
As they press onward, up life's long steep,
ff Brought home by Jesus, heaven now won,
Earthly praise ended, glory begun.
Amen.

St. John's

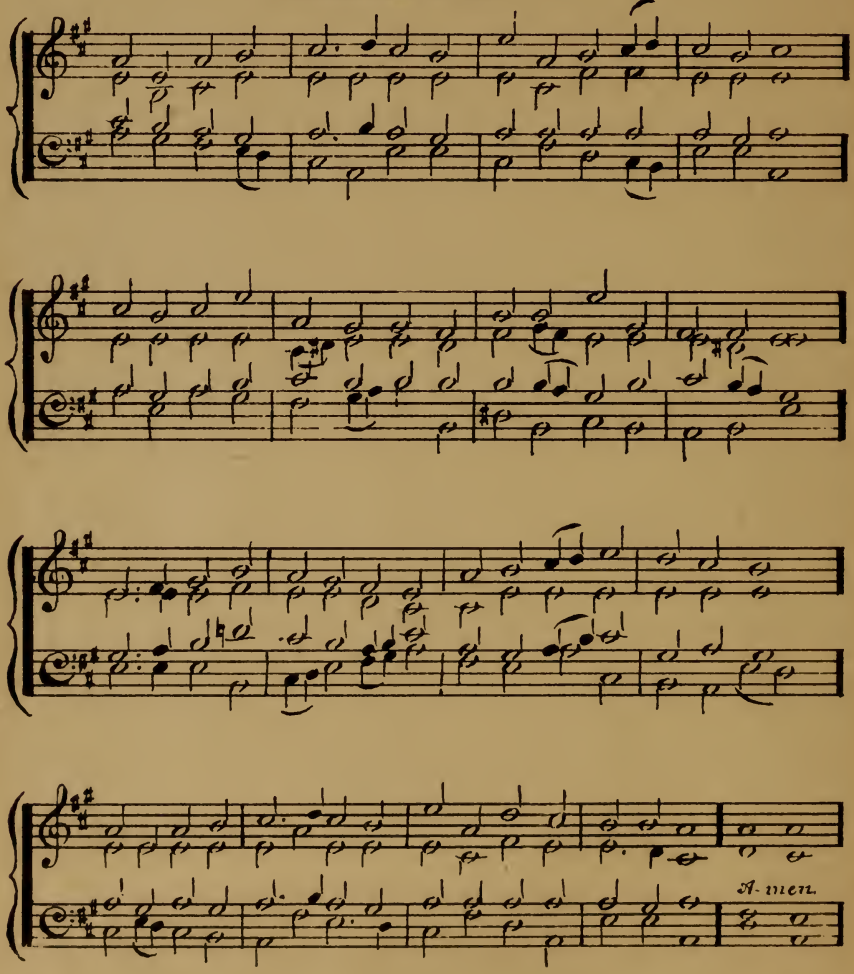
:Church:Sunday:Schools:

Hillhouse & Cowcliffe.

Hymns & Music.

1884

Hymn I.



HYMN I.

mf Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy
beams upon our eyes;
Help us to look up like Stephen, and
to see beyond the skies
Where the Son of Man in glory stands
on high at God's right hand,
Cheering all in faith's great conflict,
succouring His feeble band.

See Him, Who is gone before us,
heavenly mansions to prepare;
See Him, Who is ever pleading for
us with prevailing prayer;
f See Him, Who with sound of trumpet
and with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
on the clouds will come again.

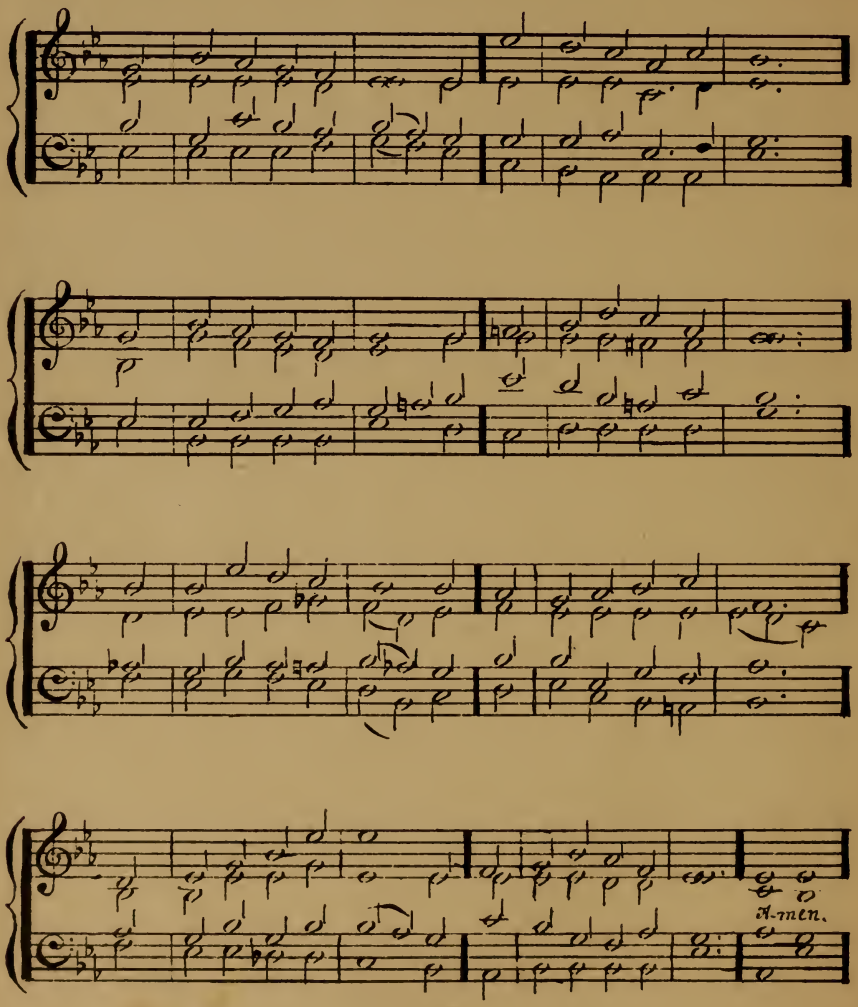
Lift us up from earth to heaven, give
us wings of faith and love,
Pressing forward, looking onward to
the realms of joy above,
f Thus with hearts and minds uplifted
we with Christ our Lord may dwell
When He sits enthroned in glory, in
His heavenly citadel.

f Then at last when He appeareth, we
from death's dark tomb shall rise,
And transformed to His image, soar
to meet Him in the skies.
ff With the blood-bought heirs of glory,
sin and sorrow passed away,
Reign with Christ the King of glory
in the realms of endless day.

ff Glory be to God the Father; glory
be to God the Son,
Dying, rising, and ascending, He has
our Salvation won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit; to One God
in Person Three
Glory both in earth and heaven;
glory, endless glory, be!

Amen.

Hymn II.



HYMN II.

mp I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost:
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

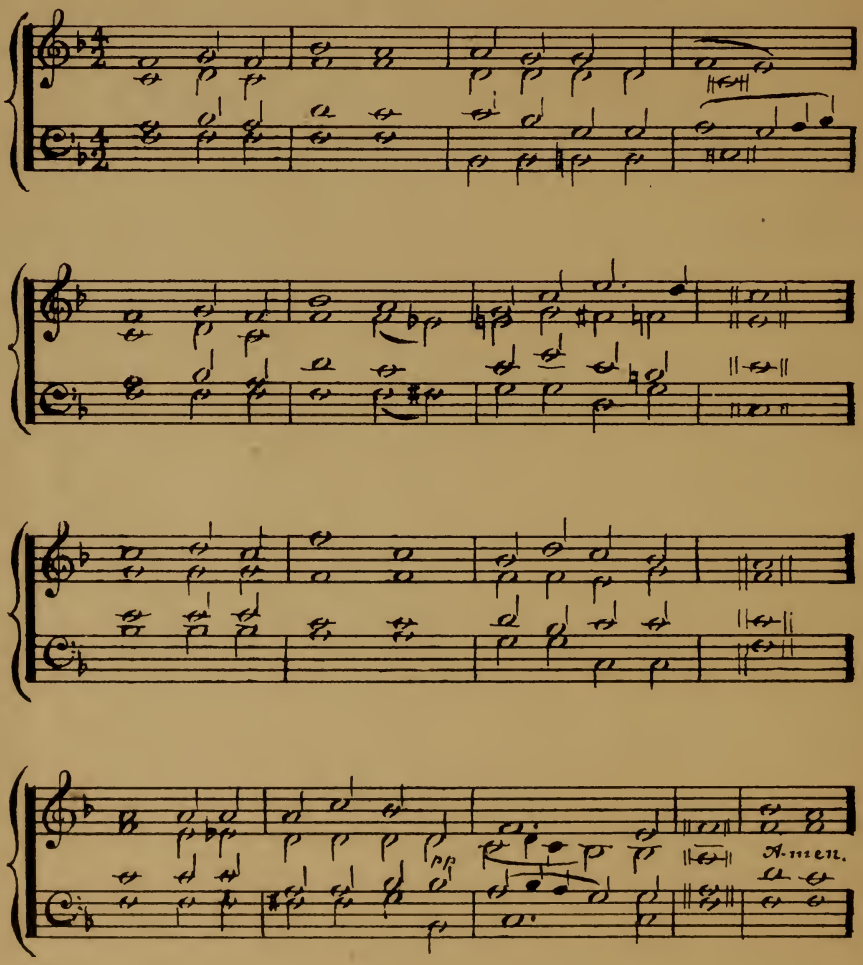
p I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
f But Thou beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And perfect strength in weakness,
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

p I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord but Thine.

p I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
pp And soon in solemn loneness
Tne river must be passed:
f But Thou wilt never leave me
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
pp And whisper, "It is I."

Amen.

Hymn III



HYMN III.

mf Jesus, my Saviour bind my heart to Thee,
Drawn by the cords of Thy redeeming love;
p For Thou hast died from sin to set me free,
f And make me meet to dwell with Thee above.

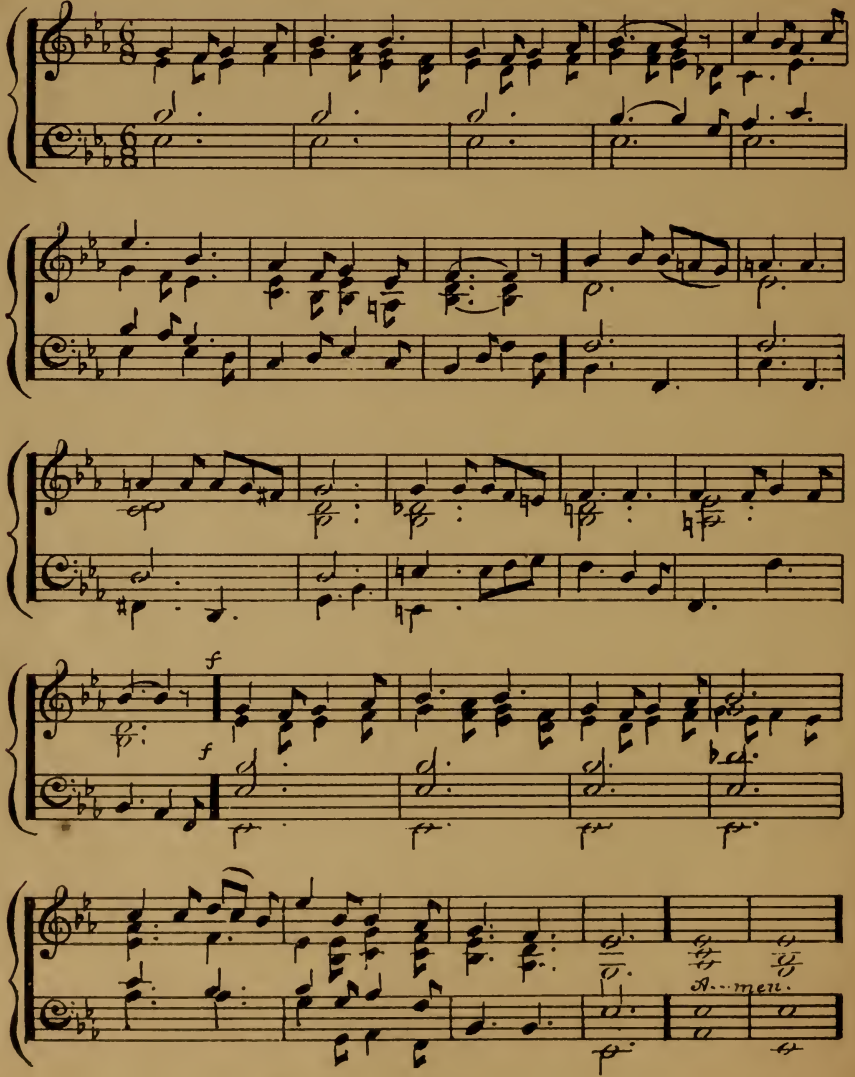
mp Be Thou my Guide through this ensnaring world;
And make Thy pathway plain before my face;
The sacred banner of Thy cross unfurled
Shall lead me onward to Thy dwelling place.

Be Thou my strength in every trying hour,
To do or suffer all Thy holy will;
O grant me grace, endue me with the power
In every change to love and serve Thee still.

Be Thou at hand when foes around me press,
And guard my feet from every secret snare;
Thy tender mereies Lord are numberless,
O keep me near to Thee, Thy love to share.

f Jesus my Saviour, till life's journey end
My guide and guardian, strength and succour be;
ff E'en now my portion, and in death my friend,
My rest and joy eternally with Thee. Amen.

Hymn IV.



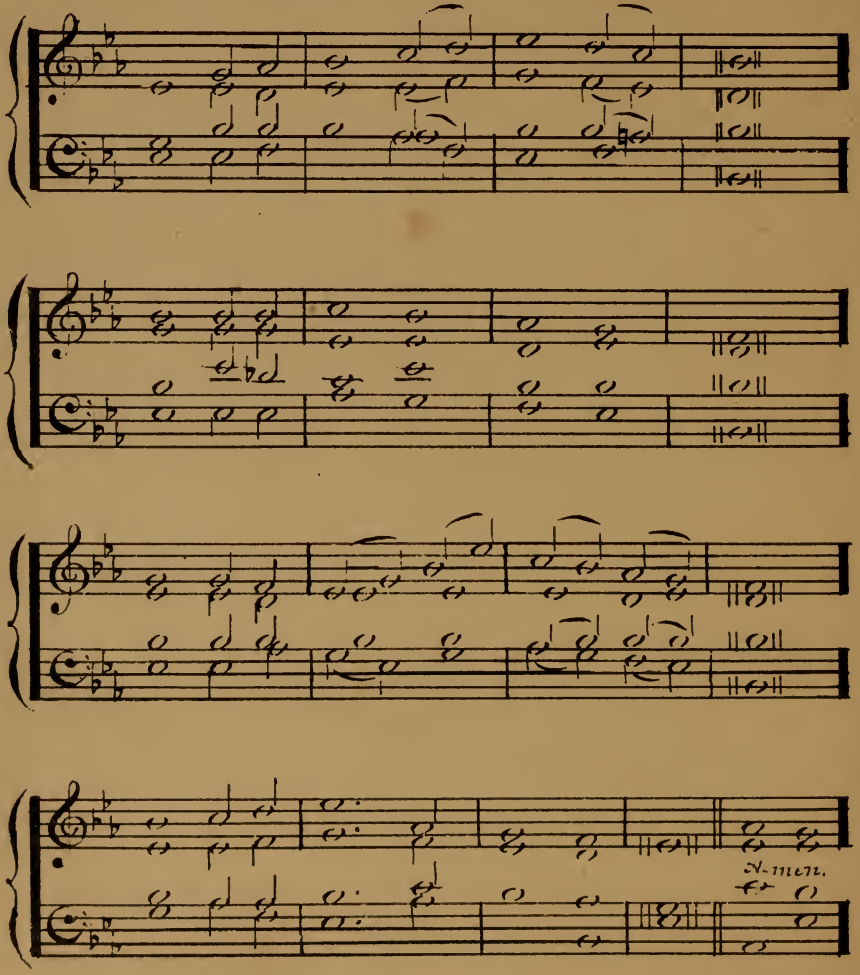
HYMN IV.

mf FAITHFUL Shepherd, feed me
In the pastures green,
Faithful Shepherd, lead me
Where Thy steps are seen.
Hold me fast, and guide me
In the narrow way;
So with Thee beside me,
I shall never stray.
ff CHORUS.—Faithful Shepherd, &c.

Daily bring me nearer
To the fold above,
Let my faith grow clearer,
Quicken Thou my love.
Hallow every pleasure,
Every grief regard,
Be Thyself my Treasure
And my great reward.
ff CHORUS.—Faithful Shepherd, &c.

Whether joy or sadness,
This be all my care,
That eternal gladness
I with Thee may share;
Day by day prepare me
As Thou seest best,
Then let angels bear me
To the heavenly rest.
ff CHORUS.—Faithful Shepherd, &c.
Amen.

Hymn V.



HYMN V.

mp Oh, help me, Lord, this day to be
Thine own dear child and follow Thee;
And lead me Saviour by Thy hand
Onward toward Thy holy land.

When Thou didst leave Thy throne on high
To dwell with men, for men to die,
All childhood's troubles Thou didst feel,
That Thou our childish griefs might heal.

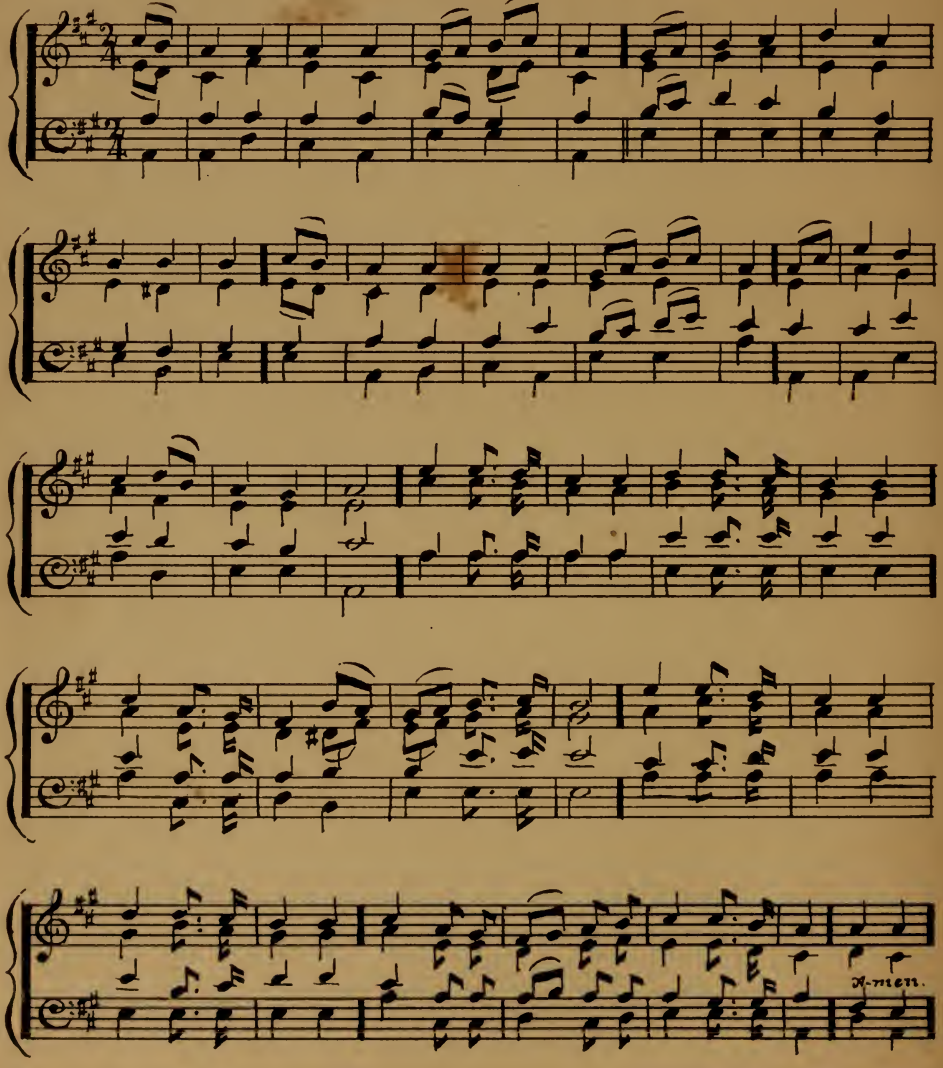
The simple cross that I may bear
Is not too small for Thee to share,
And Thou canst make me kind and true
In every thing I say or do.

Thus lead and teach me that I may
Grow more like Thee with each new day,
For Thou in Thy poor cottage home
Wast tried, and Thou didst overcome.

And help me, more than all, to love,
Thy Father, Lord, and mine above,
And then as Thou wouldst have me do,
Honour my earthly parents too.

f So day by day Thy love shall guide
Thy child still nearer to Thy side,
ff Till heaven is won and I may be
For ever Thine, and dwell with Thee.
Amen.

Hymn VI.



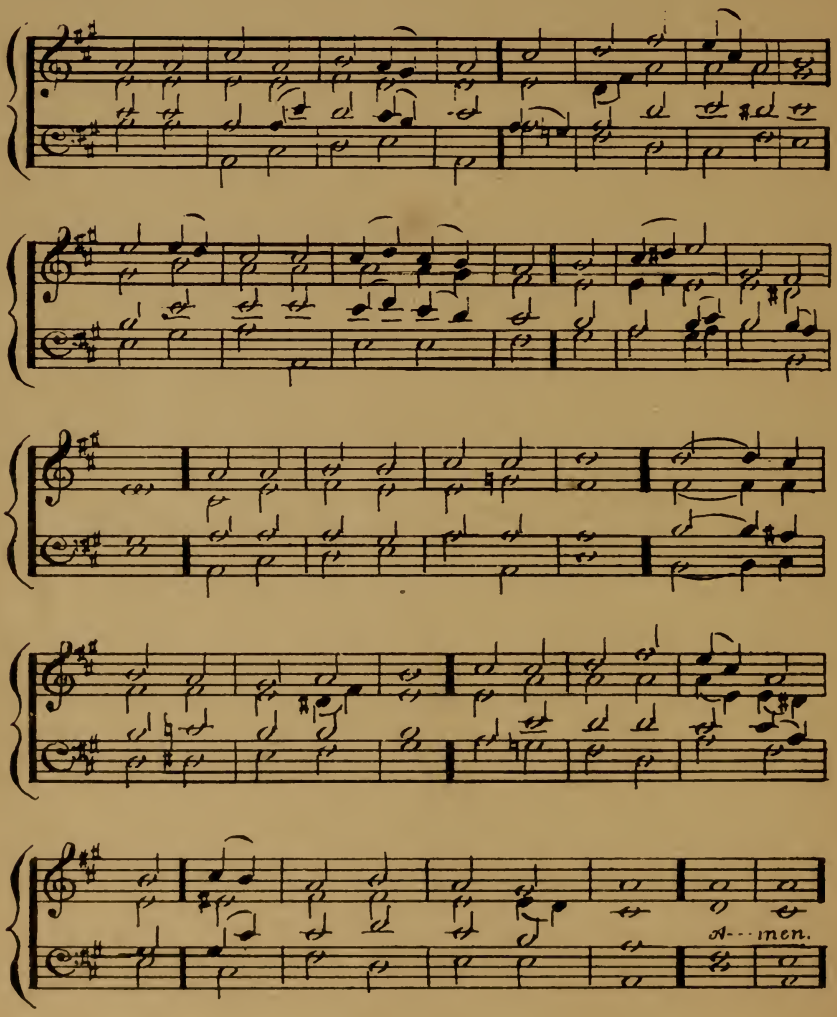
HYMN VI.

f Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's rock we praise.
ff Singing together, singing together,
We in thanksgiving gladly unite,
Praising together, praising together,
Thee, blessed Trinity, throned in light.

f Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favours past:
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His name belongs.
ff Singing together, &c.

f Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
p There on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
pp Praying together, praying together,
We in confession humbly unite,
Earnestly seeking mercy and favour
cres. From Thee, blest Trinity, throned in light. Amen.

Hymn VII.



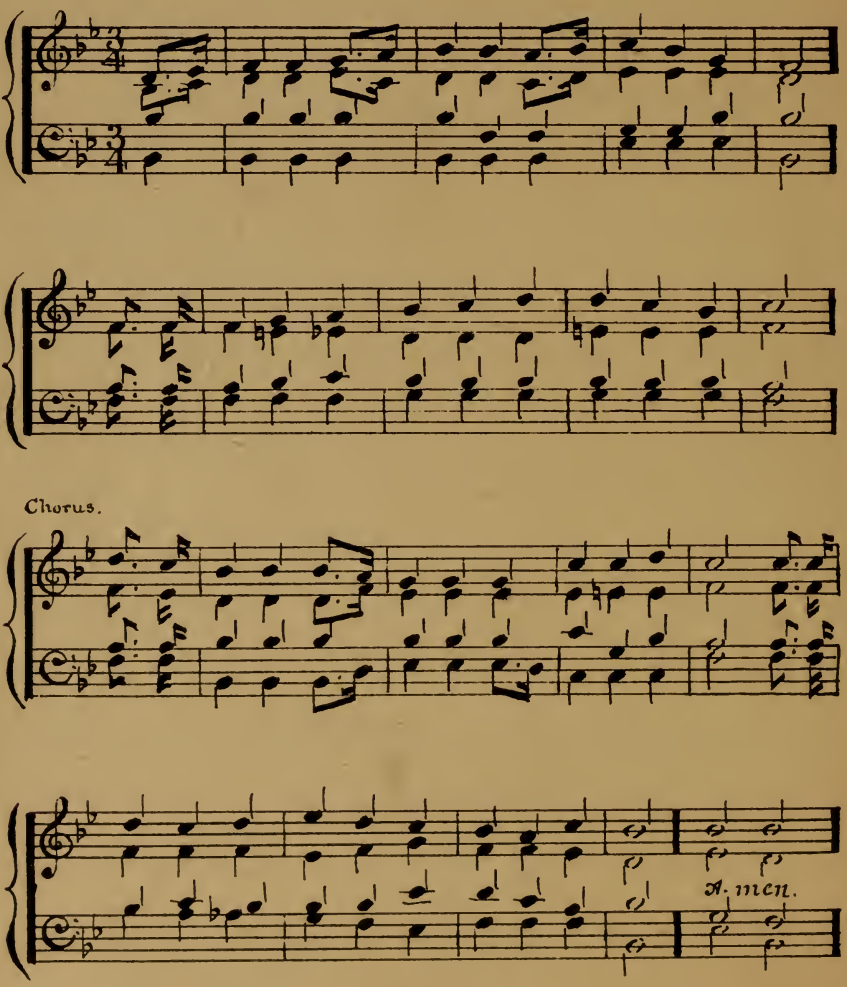
HYMN VII.

mf Upward, Lord, to thee I tend,
My better portion trace,
p Earthly things are soon to end,
f Be heaven my dwelling place:
p All around me pass away,
Time shall soon this earth remove,
f Let my soul, without delay,
Be seeking things above.

f Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Thus advancing, be my Sun,
And guide me to the source
Where the soul, new born of God,
May uphold His glorious face,
ff Evermore in His abode
To rest in His embrace!

f Christian pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize,
Soon your Saviour will return
Thriumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
ff All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.
Amen.

Hymn VIII.



HYMN VIII.

f With harps and with viols there stand
a great throng,
In the presence of Jesus, and sing
this new song:
ff Unto Him who hath loved us and
and washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory for ever
Amen.

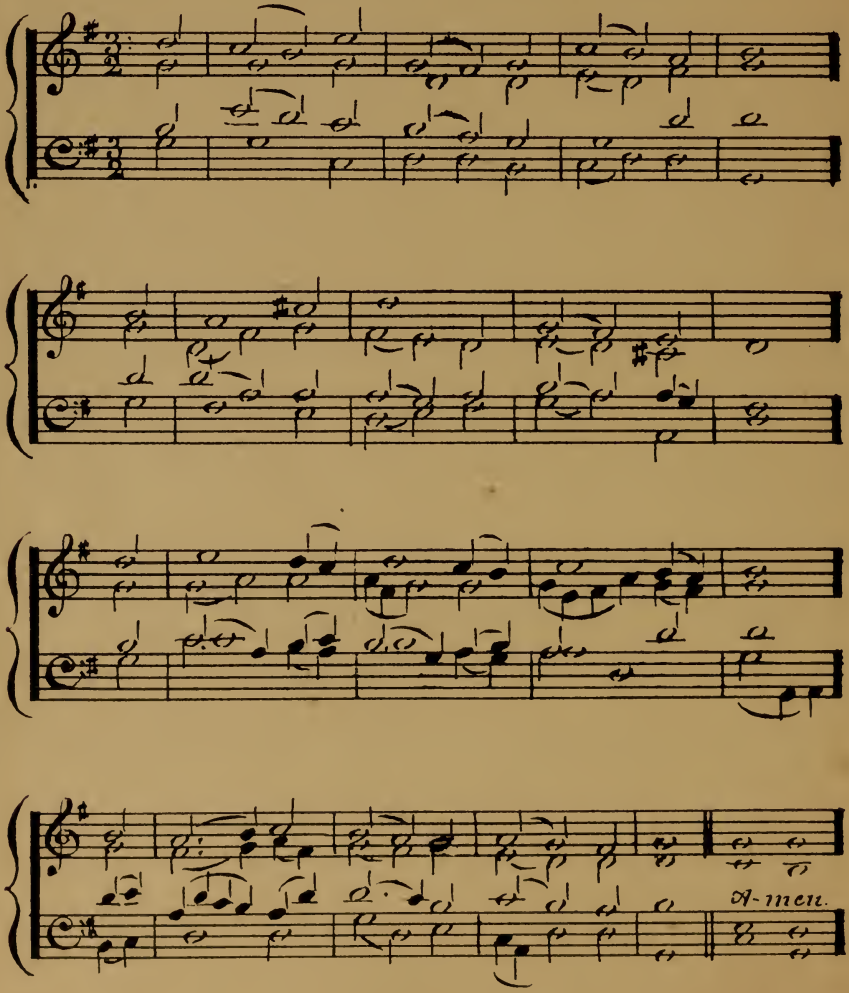
p All these once were sinners defiled in
His sight,
f Now arrayed in pure garments in
praise they unite.
ff Unto Him who, &c.

f He maketh the outcast a priest and
a king,
He hath saved us and taught us this
new song to sing:
ff Unto Him who, &c.

mp How helpless and hopeless we sinners
had been
If He never had loved us and par-
doned our sin,
ff Unto Him who, &c.

f Alone in His praises our voices shall
ring,
So that others believing this new
song shall sing:
ff Unto Him who, &c.
Amen.

Hymn IX.



HYMN IX.

mp From every stormy wind that blows
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

mf There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

ff There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seen all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.
Amen.

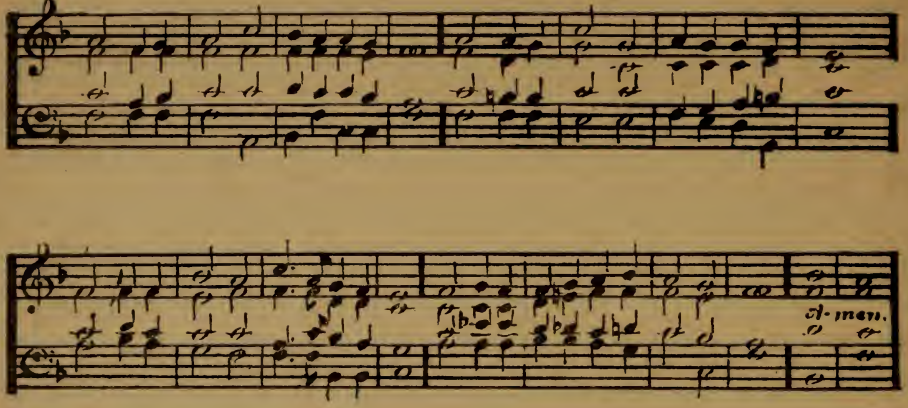
St. John's Church

Sunday Schools

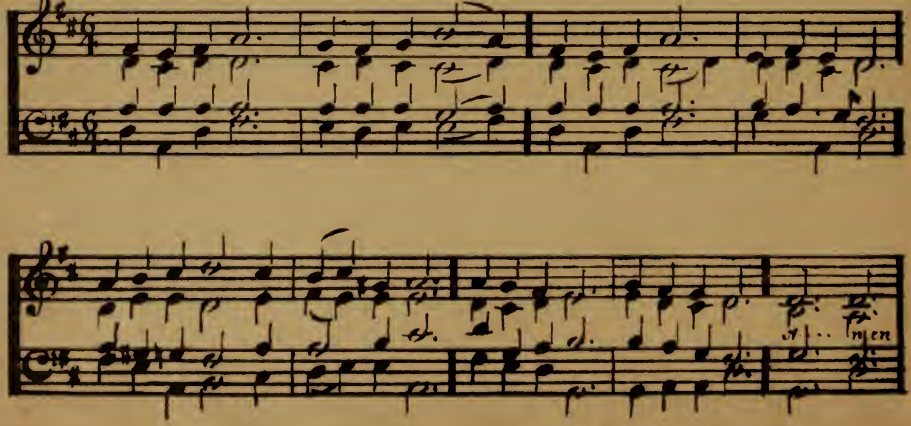
hymns and music

1885

HYMN: I:



HYMN: II:



HYMN I.

O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love and hear our humble cry
Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

O gentle Saviour by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give:
Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace,
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face;
In cooling clouds by day, in fire by night,
Be near our path, and make our darkness light.

Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and guide,
O lead us daily with thine eye of love
And bring us safely to our home above.
Amen.

HYMN II.

My God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come; I come; Lord, save Thou me!

O Jesu! Thou art passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power;
And Thou dost hear my broken cry,
I come; I come; in mercy's hour.

O Holy Splrit, is it Thou,
My tenderest friend, refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come; I come; make weakness strong.

Yes, Lord, I come; Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine,
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The blessedness of being Thine.
Amen.

HYMN: III:

HYMN: IV:

HYMN III.

Great King of Nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

Our father's sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age,
Thy goodness hath been shown.

When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee we found.

With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening rod,
In humble penitence we seek
Mercy from Thee our God.

With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer.
Correct us with Thy judgment, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

HYMN IV.

Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

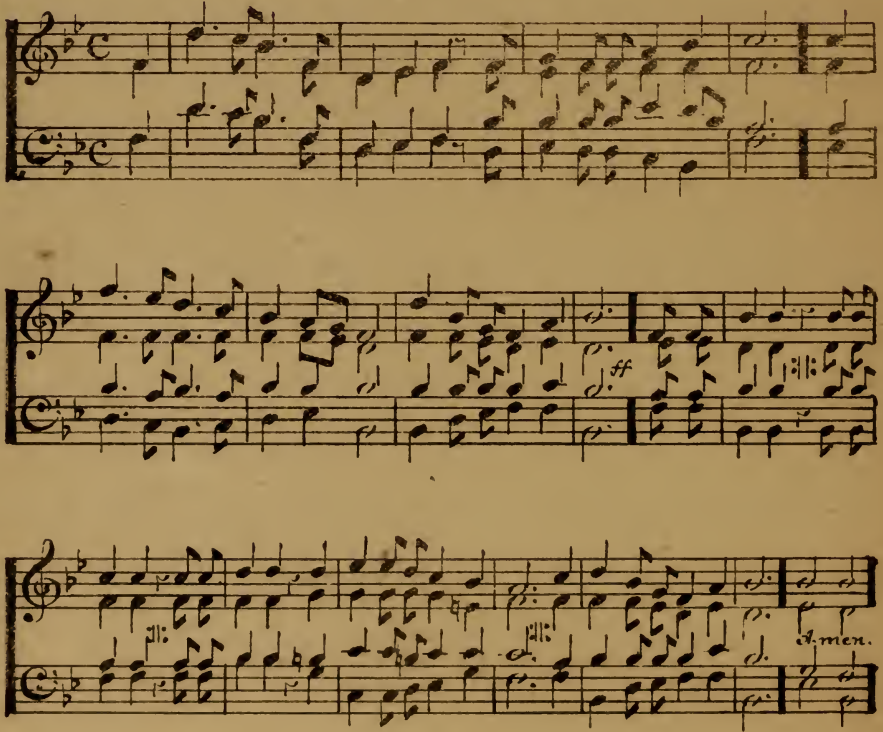
Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud Hosannas raise.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign,
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.
Amen.

Hymn V



HYMN V.

Under the banner of our Lord,
We march to the sacred land,
Where our inheritance is stored,
Safe in His mighty hand.
Alleluia!
We march to the promised land.

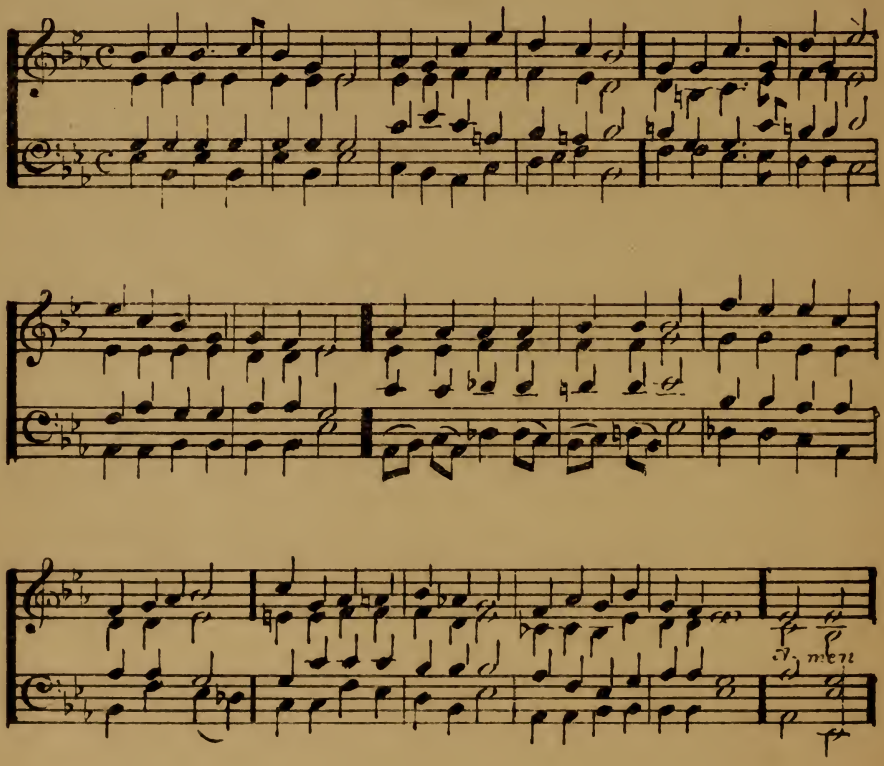
On every brow we bear a cross,
The sign of his precious blood;
That we may all things count but loss
All! for eternal good.
Alleluia, &c.

Watchful against our mortal foes
To stand in the evil day;
Satan and sin our march oppose,
Christ is our only stay.
Alleluia, &c.

A spotless robe; a glorious dress!
All white as the drifted snow!
A radiant crown of righteousness
Waits every conqueror's brow.
Alleluia, &c.

Then shall the righteous ever shine
In joy and gladness there.
And, like the sun in course divine,
Light and perfection share.
Alleluia, &c. Amen.

HYMN : VI :



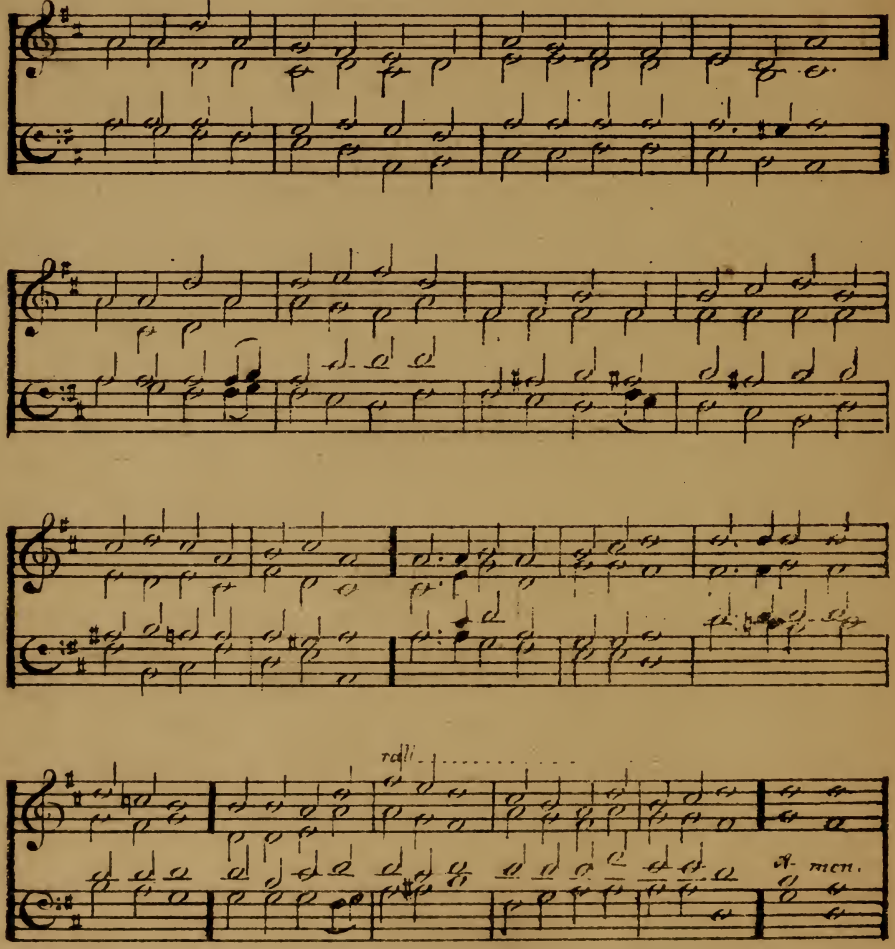
HYMN VI.

He is gone—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel's ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
Battle fought and victory won.

He is gone,—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be known.

He is gone—but not in vain,
Wait we till He comes again;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

HYMN. VII.



HYMN VII.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In thy beauty all-resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing:
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

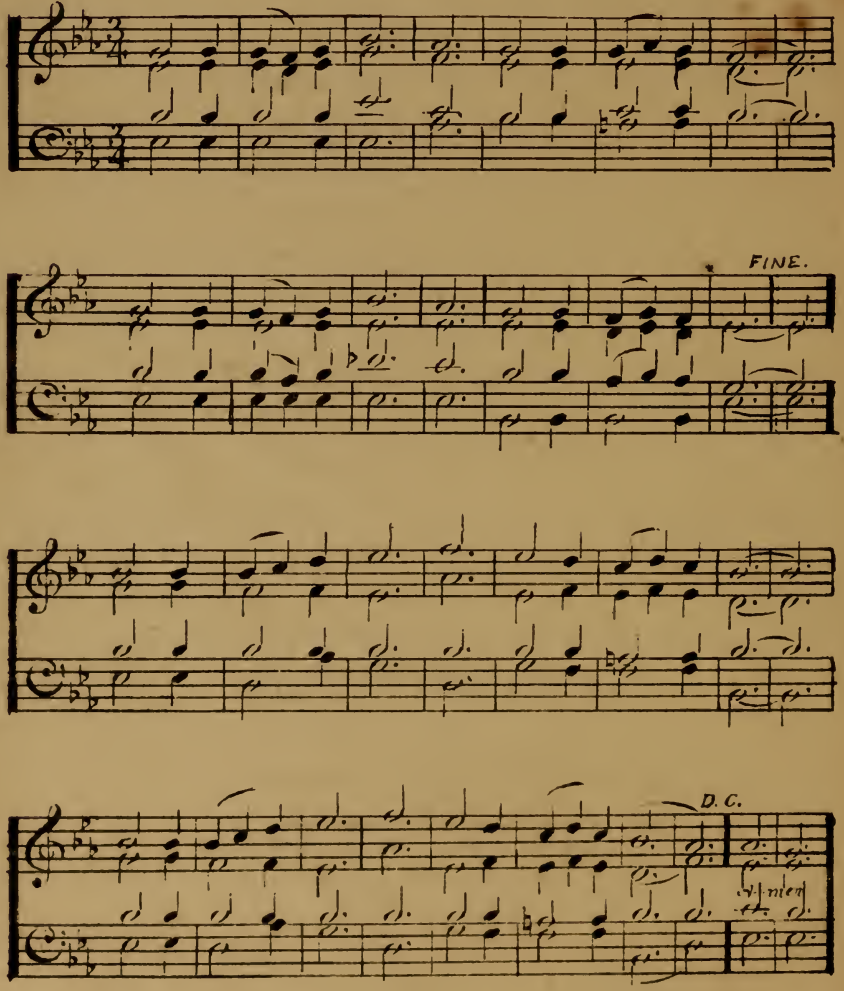
Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet.

Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion; clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne.
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with one accord.
Thee, my Master, and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored and owned.
Amen.

Hymn VIII



HYMN VIII.

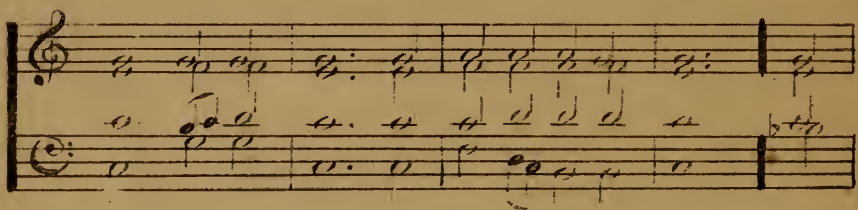
Sing a hymn to Jesus, when thy soul is sad ;
Tell it, too, to Jesus, if thy heart be glad.
If the work be sorrow, if the way be long,
If thou dread'st the morrow, tell it Him in song.
Though thy heart be aching for the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking with a tuneful psalm.

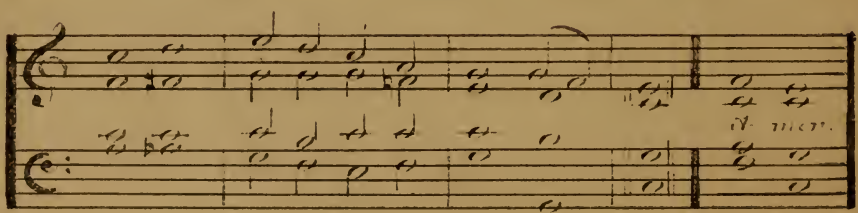
Jesus, we are lowly, Thou art very high ;
We are all unholy, Thou art purity.
We are frail and fleeting, Thou art still the same,
All life's joys are meeting in Thy blessed name.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, &c.

All Thy words are gracious, though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender, infinitely deep.
Time my soul shall never separate from Thee,
Thou the same for ever ; Man, yet Deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, &c.

Jesus, let me love Thee, infinitely sweet,
Though I be unworthy, bring me to Thy feet.
Yes, I love Thee, love Thee ! dwell within my heart,
And at last receive me to be where Thou art.
Sing a hymn to Jesus, &c.
Amen.

ϩⲩⲱⲛ . IX .





HYMN IX.

Peace, perfect peace ; in this dark world of sin
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed,
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ;
On Jesu's bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesu's keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, the day is closing now,
Jesus is with us, at His feet we bow.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours,
Jesus has vanquished deathand all its powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease ;
Jesus shall call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

ST. JOHN'S

CHURCH

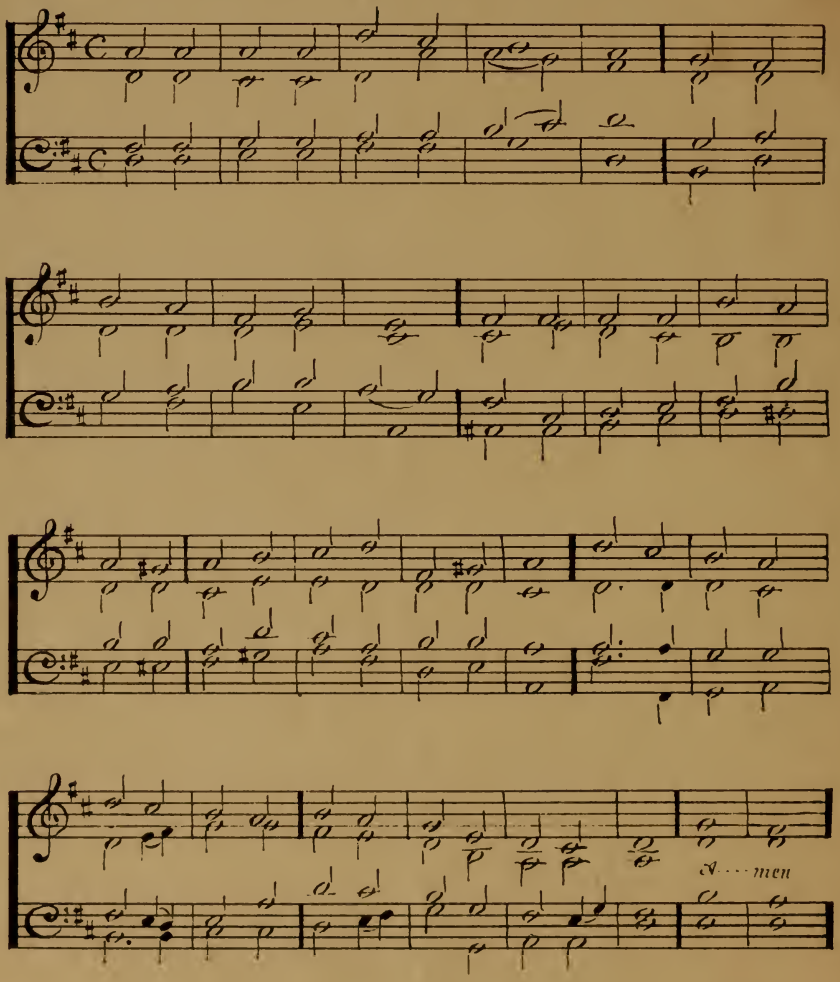
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

hymns and music

1886

ALFRED TUBB LITHO HUDD.ª

Hymn: I.



HYMN 1.

f Come, Thou mighty Prince and Saviour,
Pour Thy Spirit from above,
Come in all Thy grace and favour,
Let the world Thy goodness prove.
O'er the nations
Reign in all Thy truth and love.

p Sin and darkness still oppressing
Fill the earth with grief and woe:
f Jesus, with Thy richest blessing
Make its joy and peace o'erflow;
Heavenly Shepherd
Safely tend Thy flock below.

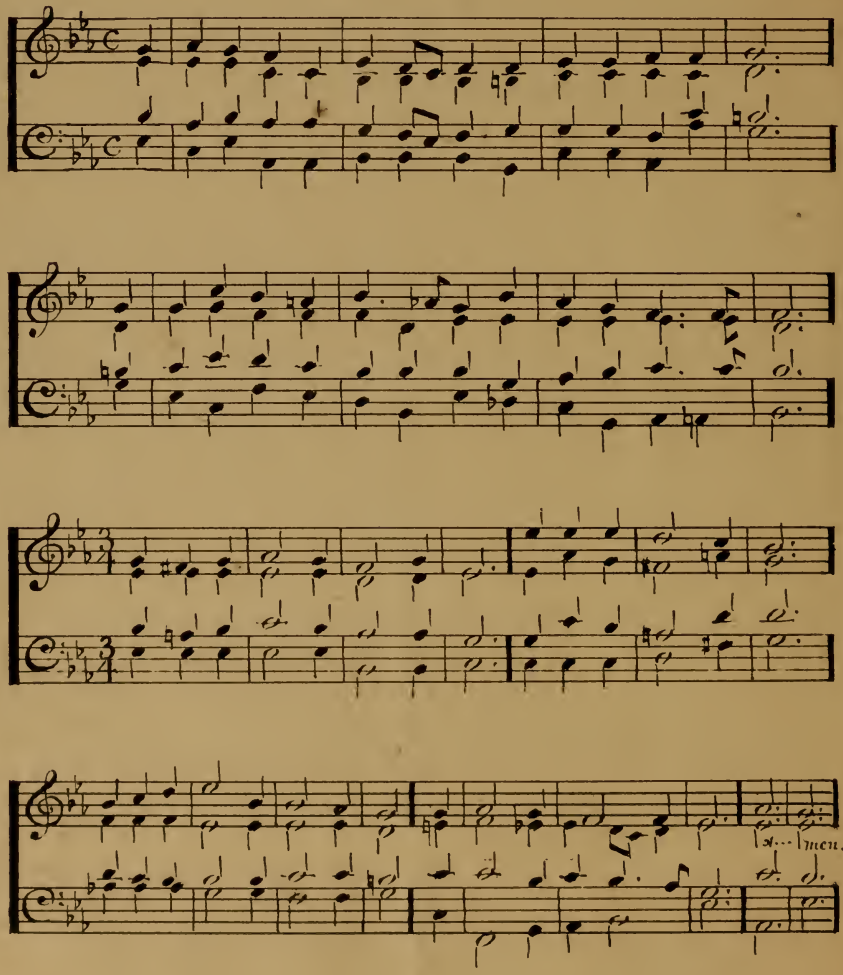
p Break the tempter's cruel power,
By Thine all-commanding might;
Thou, Thy Church's shield and tower,
Cloud by day, and fire by night,
Guide Thy chosen
To Thine everlasting light.

f Lord of life, and light, and glory,
King of righteousness and peace,
Come, fulfil the ancient story
Of Thy boundless realm of grace;
Streams of mercy
Onward flow, and still increase.

ff Sing in joyful expectation,
Sing the Lamb who once was slain;
Sing ye saints His great salvation,
Raise your sweetest, loudest strain
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall for ever reign.

Amen.

HYMN II



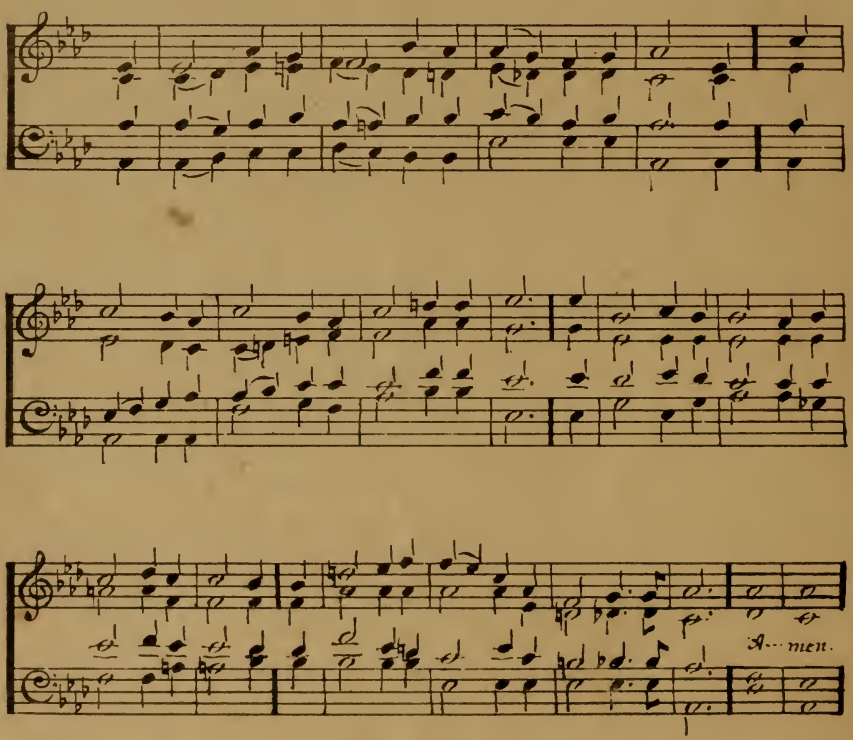
HYMN II.

f Awake! Behold your risen Lord
Triumphant o'er the grave;
The gates of death yield at his word,
He rises, strong to save.
Hail, blest Redeemer, Prince of peace
Whom heaven and earth obey;
Sorrow and care and sin shall cease
Beneath Thy gracious sway.

He lives who once was crucified
To cleanse us from our sin;
The gates of heaven are opened wide
Believe;—and enter in.
He lives the Lamb for sinners slain,
He reigns enthroned above;
ff Awake your sweetest, loftiest strain
And sing His matchless love.

He lives, He lives for evermore
And all His saints shall live
Their glorious Saviour shall adore,
And endless praises give.
Lord Jesus, draw our hearts to Thee;
Enrich with grace divine;
Thy true disciples may we be,
With Thee in glory shine. Amen.

HYMN. III.



HYMN III.

For all that we see of the earth in its beauty,
For what is above in the glorious sky,
For blessings that come in the pathway of duty,
ff Receive now, dear Saviour, our praises, on high.

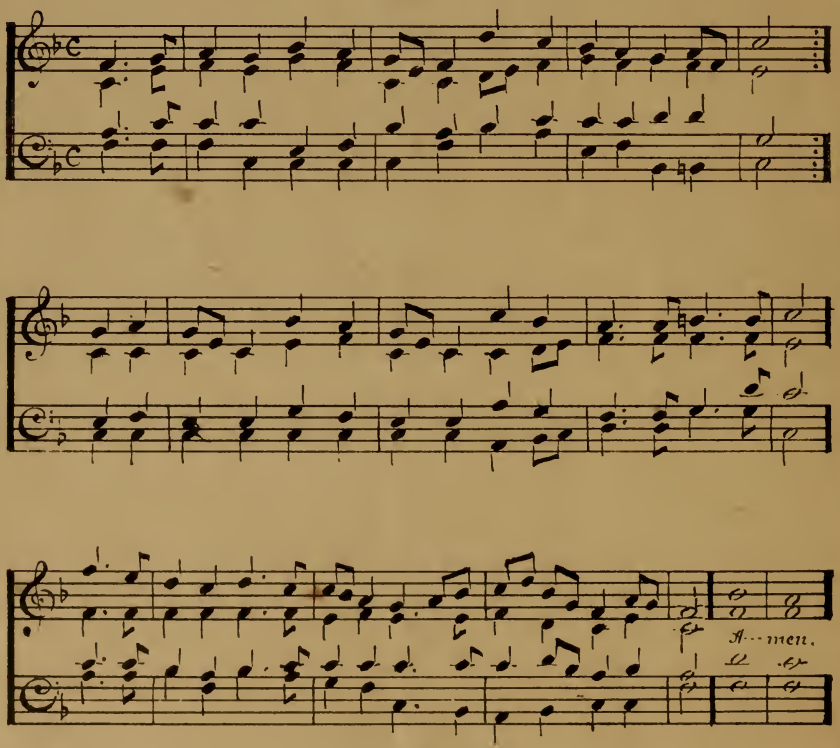
f For day with its brightness, (*p*) for night with its silence.
For hill, vale, and stream, that is hurrying by.
f For sweet sounds that greet us, for sights as they gladden,
ff Receive now, dear Saviour, our praises, on high.

f For loved ones around us, for homes still so peaceful,
p For sleepers in Jesus, to Him brought so nigh,
We miss them, yet often we feel they are near us,
ff Receive then, dear Saviour, our praises, on high.

f But chiefly for all that in love Thou hast given,
Redemption, which only Thine offering could buy,
p For sweet rest that comes now, a foretaste of heaven,
ff Receive our glad praises, dear Saviour, on high.

ff Blest Trinity, dwelling for ever in brightness,
O help us thus daily thy praise to resound,
Let earth and high heaven to Thee give the glory,
For souls freely ransomed, for lost ones now found. Amen.

HYMN. IV.



HYMN IV.

f Peace the joyful tidings telling,
Spread abroad o'er land and sea ;
Grateful hearts, the chorus swelling,
Kept from war and battle free.

God of love, Thy truth revealing,
Shine upon our native isle,
Prince of peace, its sorrows healing,
O'er the world in mercy smile.

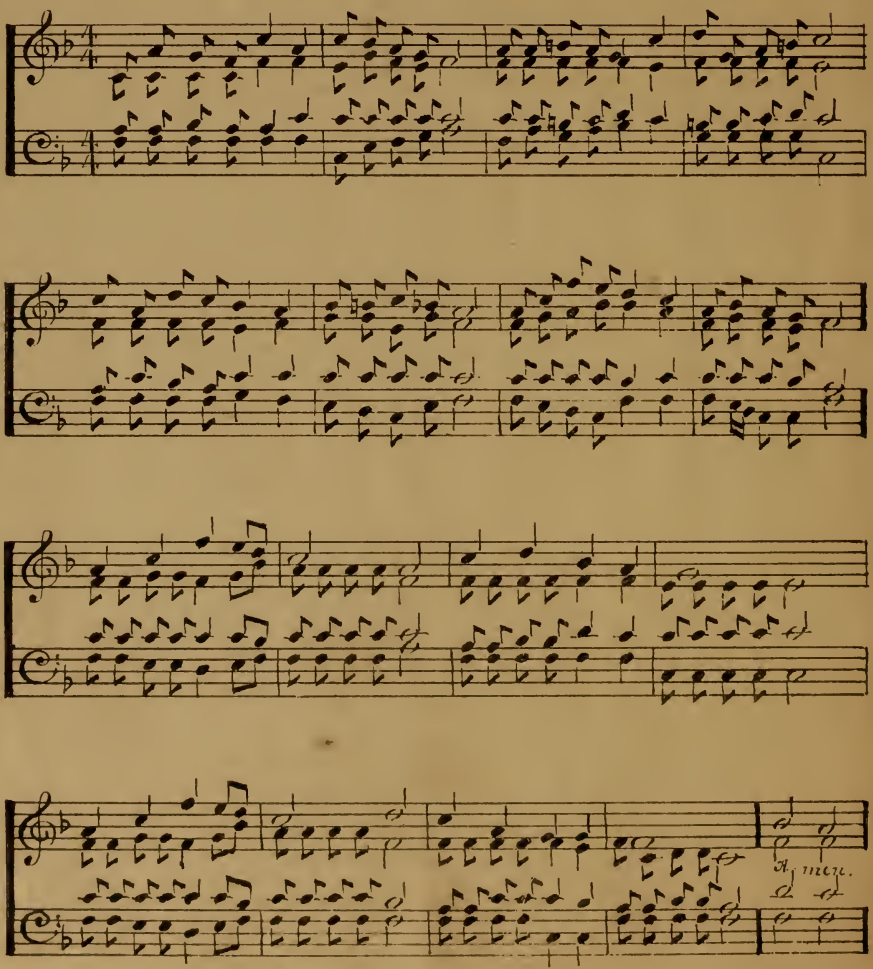
Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Peace through all the earth proclaim;
Go to every tribe and nation,
Preach your Saviour's glorious Name.

p Peace of heart for sin forgiven,
Peace through Christ's atoning blood,
Peace on earth, the gift of heaven,
Peace with man, and peace with God.

Prince of Peace, Thy Spirit's blessing
Pour upon us from above ;
May we all, Thy grace possessing,
Live to Thee, and dwell in love.

May thy holy gospel never,
Never from its triumphs cease,
ff Till the Church complete shall ever
Rest with Thee in perfect peace.
Amen.

HYMN. V.



HYMN V.

f We are little children,
Marching on our way,
To that happy kingdom,
Where 'tis always day;
There dark clouds ne'er gather
O'er its sunlit sky,
All is brightly shining
In that land on high.

CHORUS.

Trebles only.

ff In that happy kingdom,
Clad in bright array,
Touching golden harp strings
Through eternal day.

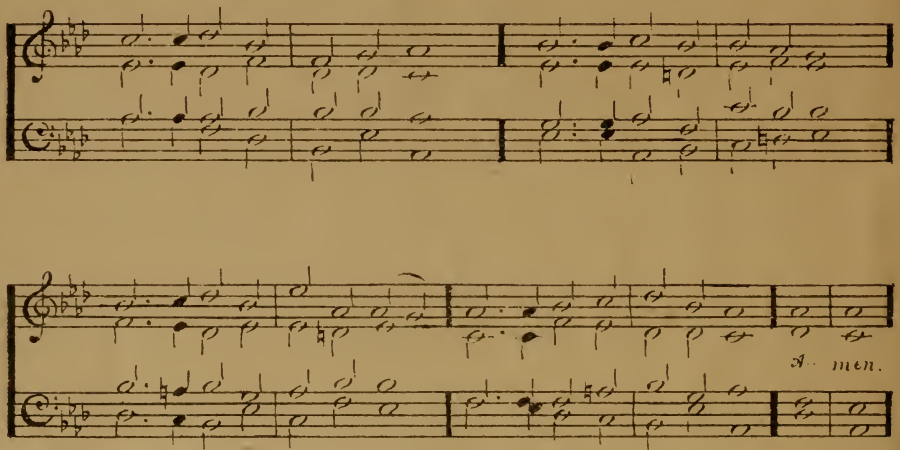
Alto, Tenor, Bass.

In that happy kingdom with its joys untold,
Waving palms of vict'ry, wearing crowns of gold;
In those glorious mansions, clad in bright array,
Touching golden harp-strings, through eternal day.

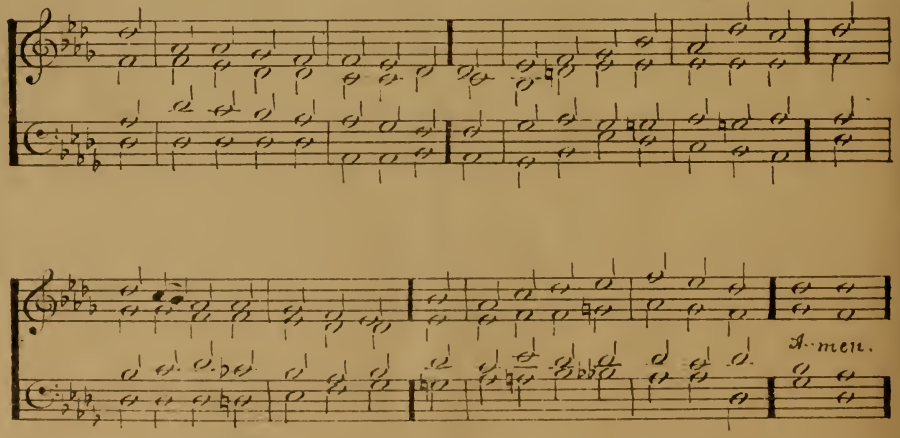
f There are little children
Clad in robes of white,
On their little foreheads
Crowns all shining bright;
And their little fingers
Pass o'er harps of gold,
Giving praise to Jesus,
Safe, within the fold.
In that happy kingdom.

f Soon we'll reach that kingdom
And its glories share.
If to meet the Saviour
We on earth prepare;
Jesus then will welcome,
For He once did say,
Bid the little children
Not to stay away.
In that happy kingdom.

Hymn. VI.



Hymn. VII.



HYMN VI.

p God of glory. God of love,
Look upon us from above
Now Thy waiting children own
With a blessing from Thy throne.

In Thy covenant of grace,
Grant to each, O Lord, a place;
In Thy book of life enrolled;
Kept secure within Thy fold.

f See the beauteous rainbow bright
Span the cloud with heavenly light;
O'er the tempest made to shine,
Pledge of truth and love divine.

p So when cloud and storm appear,
Jesus, may we find Thee near;
Let the bow within the cloud
Fix our hope on Thee, O Lord.

May Thy Spirit to each heart,
Light, and love, and peace impart;
Holy peace through sin forgiven,
Love to Thee. and light from heaven.

f When in glory Thou shalt come,
Gathering Thy people home;
ff May we join their holy lays
To Thine everlasting praise. Amen.

HYMN VII.

ff The Lord is King! Lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From shore to shore the shout shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

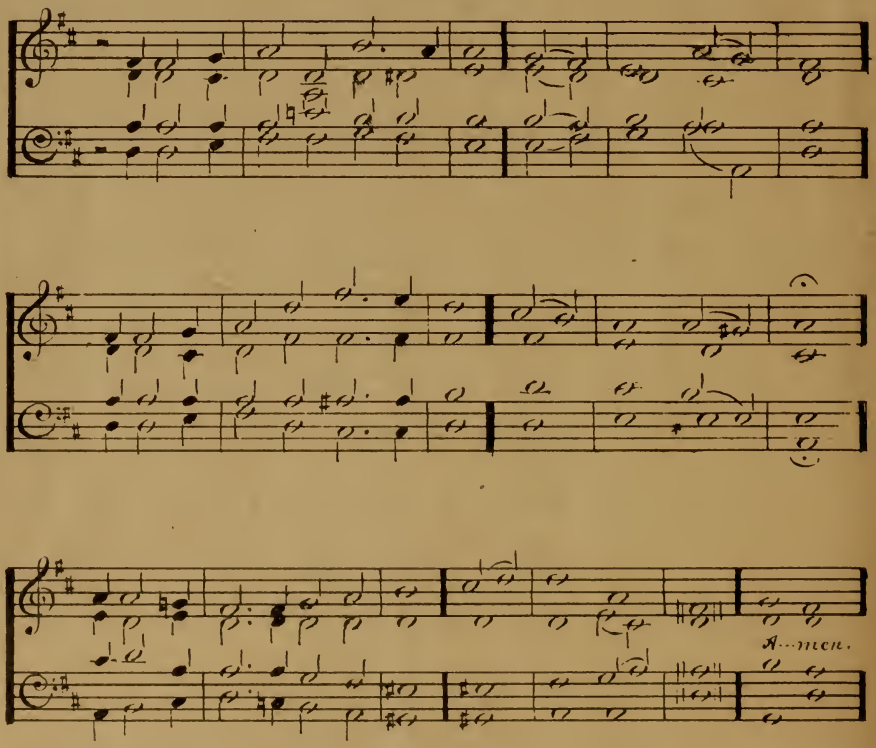
f The Lord is King! Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises.

ff He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains,
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And Jesus at the Father's side,
Your loving Lord, the crucified,

f Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

Because His wisdom rightly guides,
His gracious providence provides,
ff For ever may His children sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."
Amen.

Hymn VIII



HYMN VIII.

f My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light.
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right,

I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

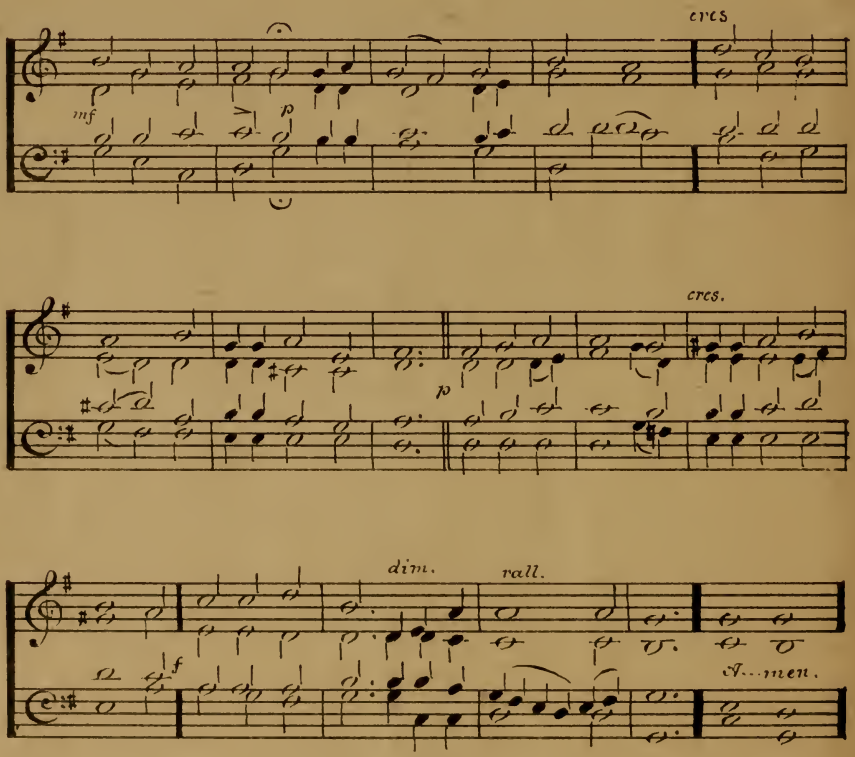
I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
p That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou, who knowest. Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
f So that we see. gleaming on high.
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our
souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

HYMN IX



mp We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus; for life's hand hath rested,
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow;
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus, the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace,
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

We would see Jesus; other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers,
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus; sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus; sense is all we're needing
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
f Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Hymns & Music

FOR

St. JOHN'S CHURCH

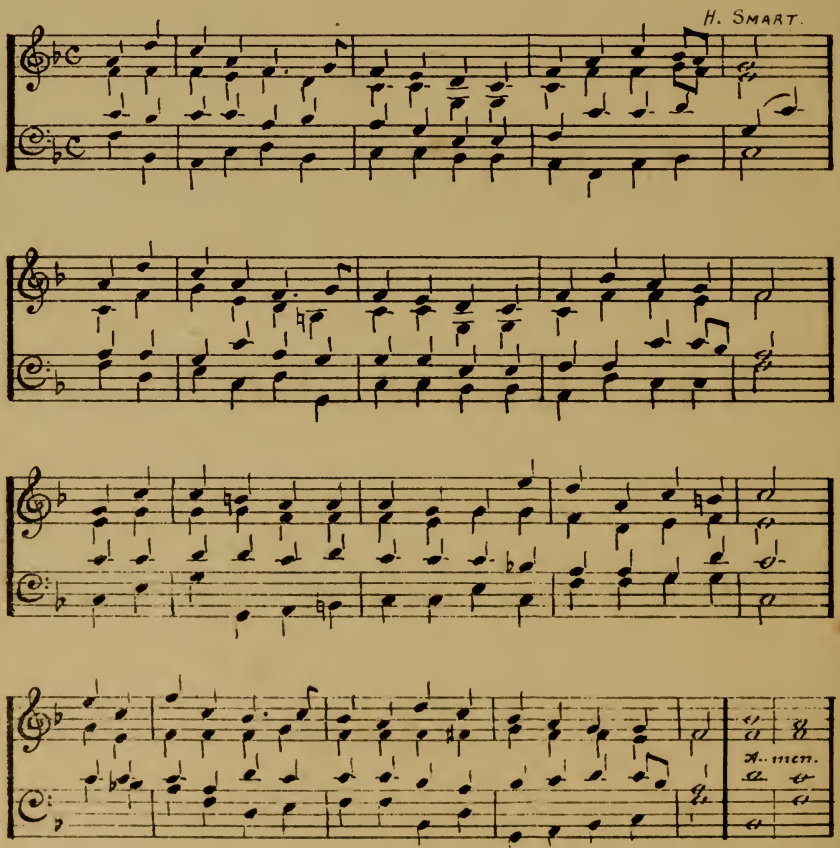
SUNDAY SCHOOLS

ANNIVERSARY, 1887.

HUDDERSFIELD:

ALFRED JUBB, PRINTER, STATION STREET, HUDDERSFIELD.

HYMN. I.



HYMN I.

Heavenly Father, we adore Thee
For thine ever watchful care;
As Thy children bow before Thee,
Graciously accept our prayer.
For the realms our Sovereign ruleth
Where the sun doth ever shine:
Sun of Righteousness, shine o'er them
With Thy radiancy divine.

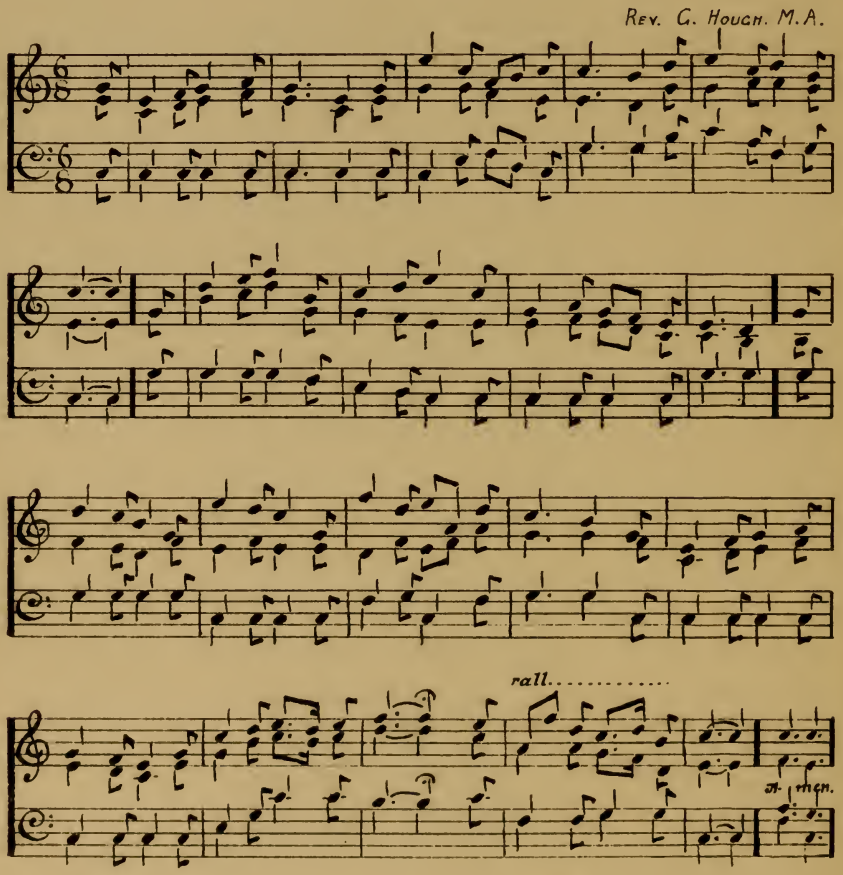
Lord, as one we join to praise Thee
For our ruler's Jubilee;
Be Thou still her Guard, Defender;
Keep her from all danger free.
Let her sceptred might be wielded
In the cause of righteousness;
Thus may all oppressed be shielded,
And Thy goodness, Lord, confess.

Bless, O God, our favoured nation,
True religion still increase;
Let Thy Name be ever precious,
Nourish us with heavenly grace.
Earthly ruler, prince and princess,
High and lowly, young and old,
GraciousShepherd watch Thou o'er them
Keep them safe within Thy fold.

Let Thy kingdom be extended,
Through our Sovereign's guardian sway,
And the Queenly throne defended
As we loyally obey
Her, to whom, Thou King of nations
Hast the throne and empire given;
Bind all hearts in holy union,
Breathe on all the peace of heaven.

King of heaven, enthroned in glory,
Jesus, at the Father's side,
Spirit source of purest wisdom,
Evermore her counsels guide;
And when earthly thrones have fallen
Earthly kingdoms passed away,
Bring her to the heavenly mansions
Crowned with glory, Lord, for aye.
Amen.

HYMN. II.



HYMN II.

We love the holy Sabbath,
The day Jehovah blest;
When first these heavens and earth appeared
In beauteous order dressed;
No sin the fair creation stained,
No sorrow yet was known;
But all was love and joy and peace,
Around the heavenly throne.

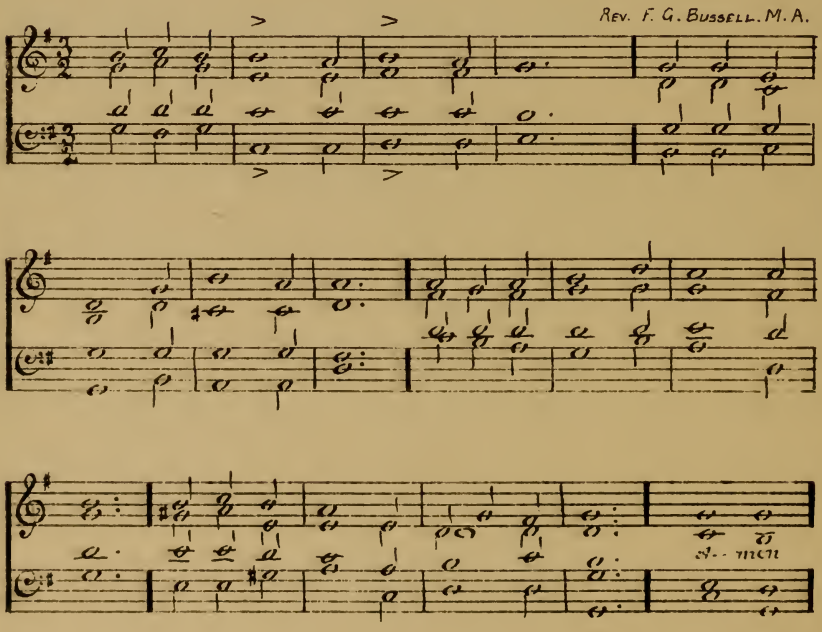
We love the holy Sabbath,
The day that God hath given,
To cheer us in this world of toil,
And train our souls for heaven.
Dear are its hours of sacred rest,
And sweet the Sabbath bell,
That calls us to the house of prayer,
His truth and grace to tell.

We love the holy Sabbath,
When Jesus burst the grave;
For us He died,—for us He rose,—
We sing His power to save.
This day reveals His glorious name,
It bids us learn His love,
It leads us to His throne of grace,
It points to joys above.

O may we love the Sabbath
Through all our future days;
And ever spend its sacred hours
To our Redeemer's praise.
Thine everlasting Sabbath comes,
The Paradise restored;
O make us meet its joys to share
For ever with the Lord. Amen.

: HYMN : III :

Rev. F. G. Bussell. M. A.



HYMN III.

Come to me, Lord, when first I wake,
As the faint lights of morning break,
Bid purest thoughts within me rise,
Like crystal dew-drops to the skies.

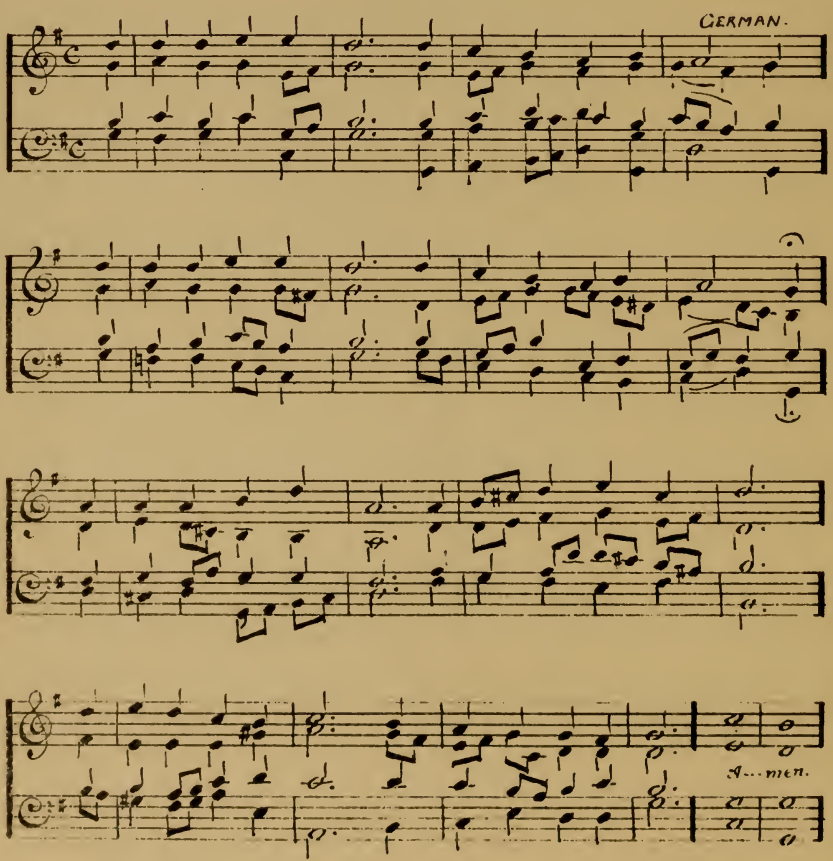
Come to me in the hour of noon,
Or earthly things will but too soon
Remove the comforts of Thy grace,
And hide the light of Thy dear face.

Come to me in the evening shade,
And, if my heart from Thee hath strayed,
Oh, bring it back, and from afar
Smile on me like Thine evening star.

Come to me in the midnight hour,
When sleep withholds its soothing power;
Let my lone spirit find its rest,
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Come to me through life's varied way,
And when its pulses cease to play,
Then, Saviour bid me come to Thee,
That where Thou art, Thy child may be.
Amen.

HYMN IV.



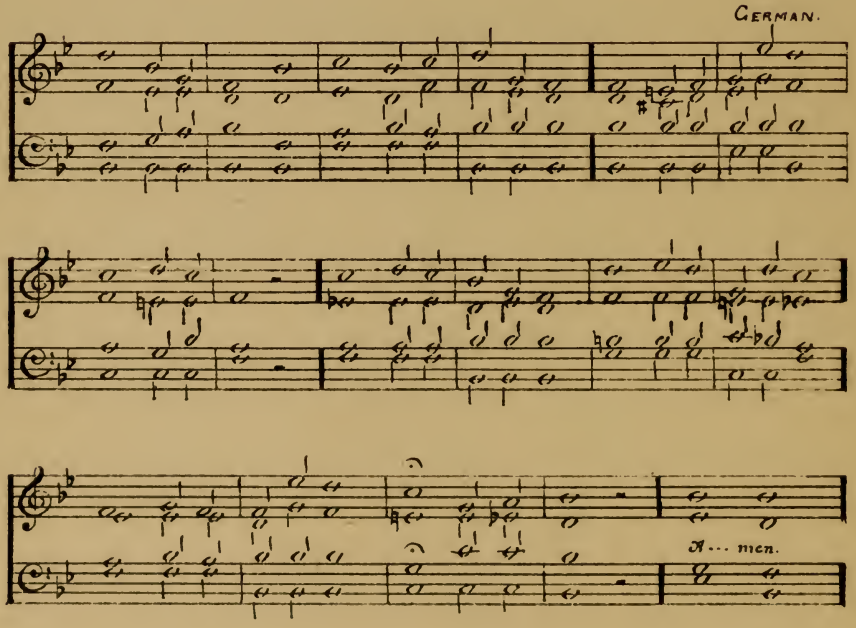
HYMN IV.

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done
In Whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us.
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Spirit blest
Reigning in highest heaven.
The one Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

HYMN V



HYMN V.

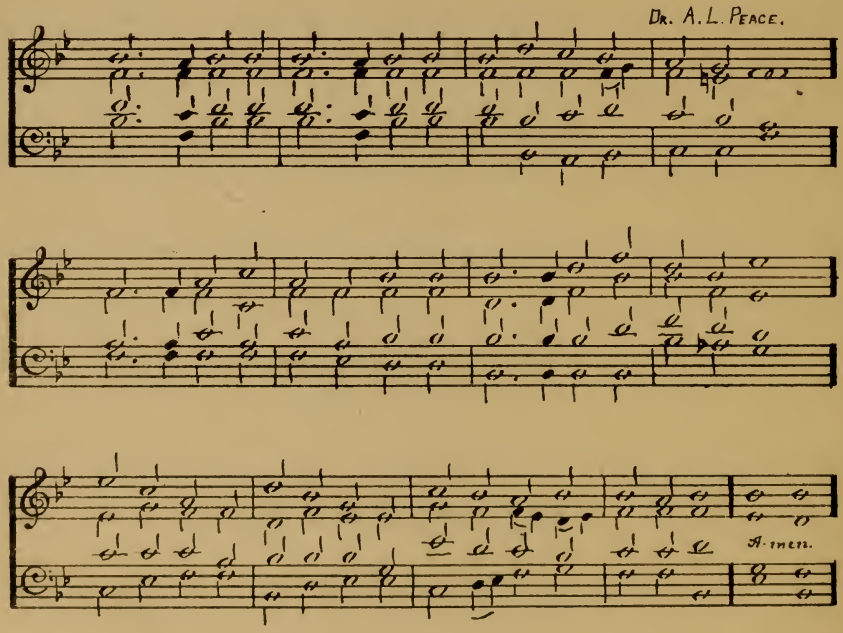
Lord do not leave me:
I'm but a little child;
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But Thou art strong and wise,
Whatever ill arise,
Beneath Thy watchful eyes,
Danger is gone.

O gentle Jesus,
Thou wast Thyself a child,
Holy, and pure, and mild,
Blessing and blest.
Still dost Thou children love,
And in Thy home above,
When from this earth they move
Givest them rest.

Come then, dear Saviour,
I would be ever Thine!
Take this poor heart of mine,
Make it Thine own!
Under Thy sheltering wing,
Safe from each deadly thing,
I would for ever cling
To Thee alone.

Since Thou wilt guide me
Gladly I come to Thee,
Thus ever safe to be
Holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Brought to the golden street,
Where all who love Thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand. Amen.

HYMN VI



HYMN VI.

Little children, praise the Saviour,
He can hear you from above ;
Praise Him for His great salvation !
Praise Him for His boundless love !
Sweet hosannas,
To the name of Jesus sing.

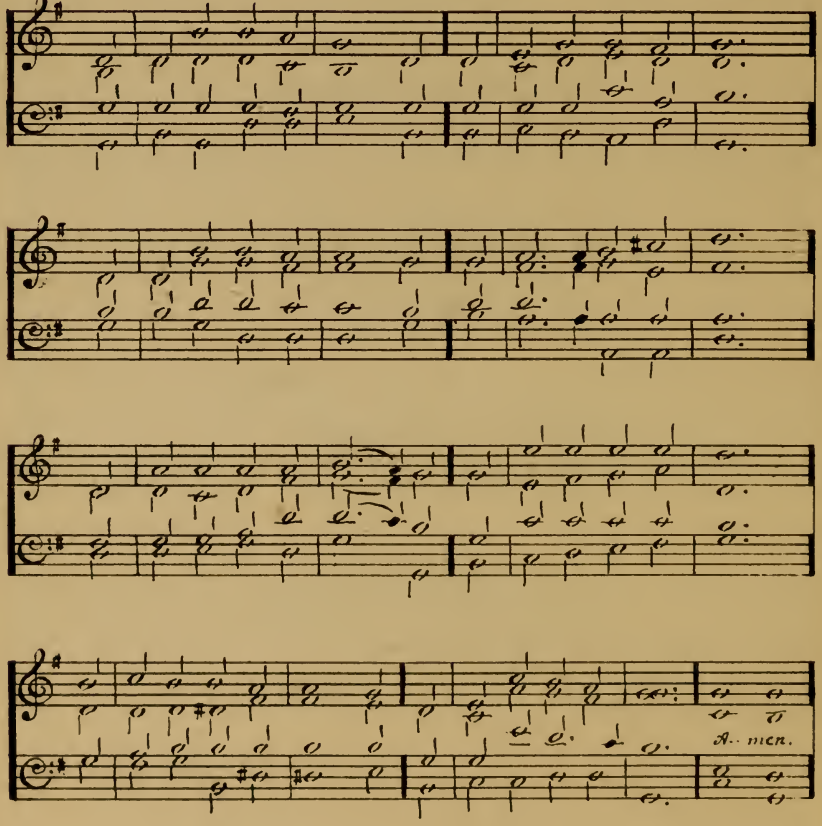
When He left His throne in glory,
When He sojourned with us here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear,
Sweet hosannas,
To the name of Jesus sing.

When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.
Sweet hosannas,
To the name of Jesus sing.

In the heavenly home in glory
Angels raise their songs on high :
Saints, ten thousand times ten thousand,
Sound His praises through the sky.
Sweet hosannas,
To the name of Jesus sing !
Amen.

HYMN VII.

Rev. T. R. Matthews.



HYMN VII.

O Christ, Thou hast ascended,
  Triumphantly on high,
By angel guards attended,
  The armies of the sky.
Let earth tell forth the story,
  Rejoicing now to own,
Emmanuel in glory,
  Ascends the heavenly throne.

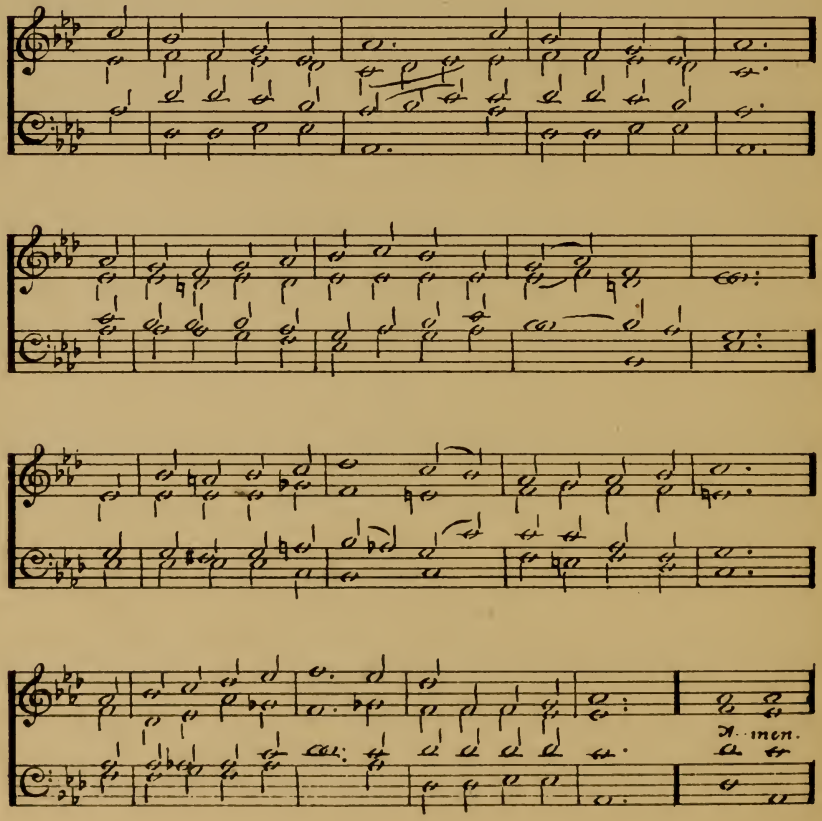
Heaven's gates unfold above Thee;
  But canst Thou, Lord, forget,
Thy servants here who love Thee,
  And think upon Thee yet?
Nay; on Thy breast engraven
  Thou bearest every name:
Our Priest in earth or heaven
  Eternally the same.

There, there Thou standest pleading,
  The virtue of Thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
  Our Advocate with God.
Our scenes of fiery trial,
  The joy, or pressing care,
Excite Thy deep compassion,
  Thine all prevailing prayer.

Oh, for the priceless merit
  Of Thy redeeming cross,
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit,
  And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavour,
  In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with Thee for ever,
  Where joys shall never end.

Amen.

HYMN. VIII.



HYMN VIII.

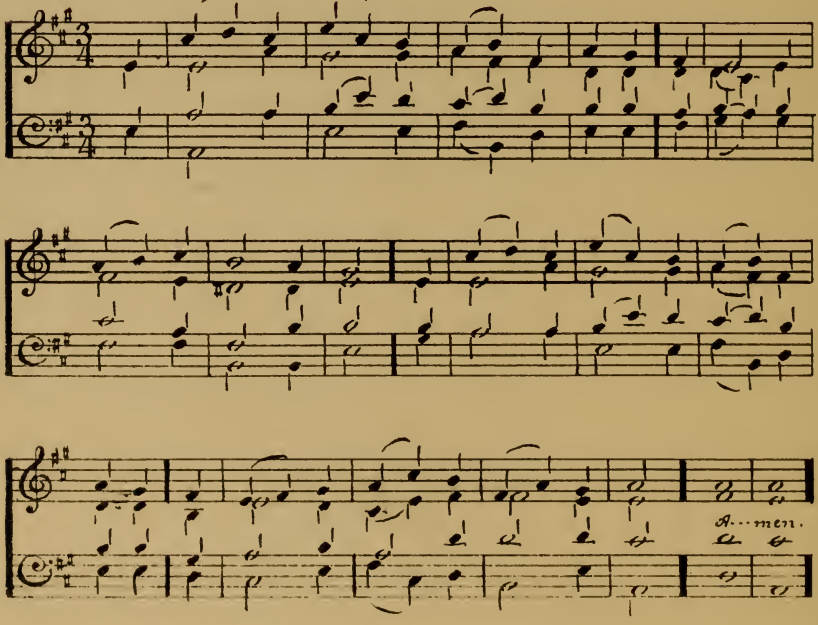
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
  However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
  Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be, or rough,
  It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
  Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,
  I would not if I might.
Choose Thou for me, my God :
  So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
  With joy or sorrow fill.
As best to Thee may seem ;
  Choose Thou my good or ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
  My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
  My poverty or wealth,
Not mine, not mine the choice
  In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
  My wisdom and my all.

Amen,

HYMN IX



HYMN IX.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like this world's empires pass away,
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
Amen.

Hymns & Music

FOR

St. JOHN'S CHURCH

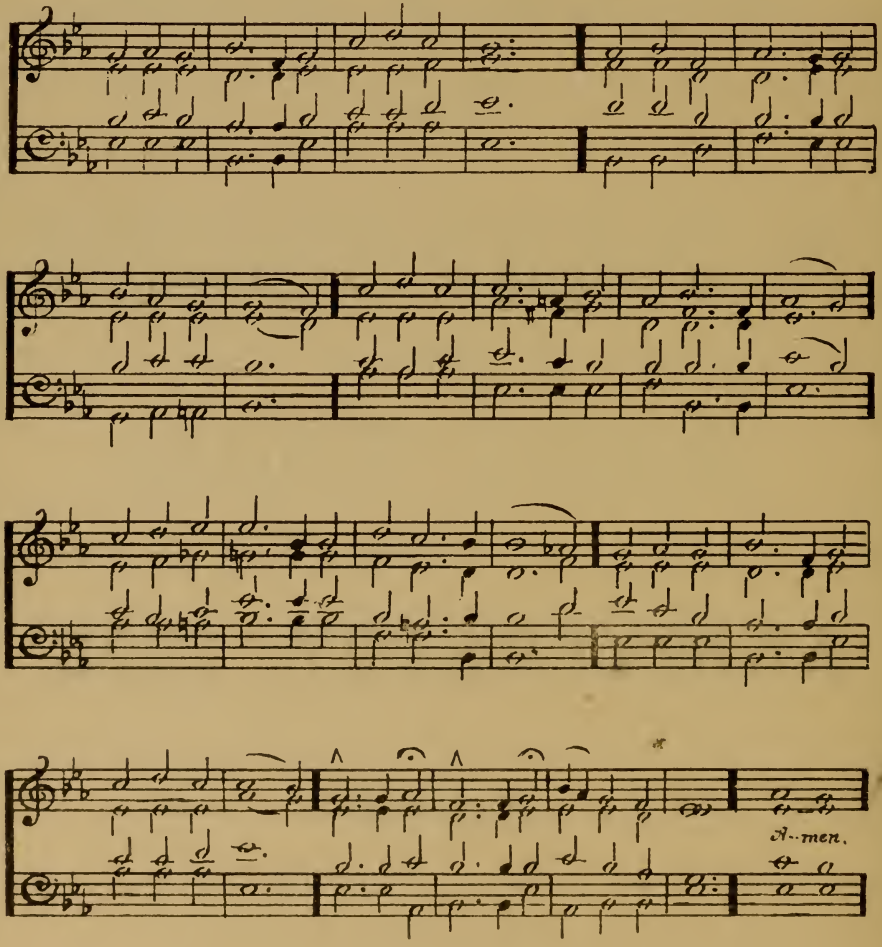
Sunday Schools

ANNIVERSARY, 1888.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

HUDDERSFIELD:
ALFRED JUBB, PRINTER, STATION STREET.

HYMN. I.



HYMN I.

Just as I am dear Lord, bringing no plea,
Only Thy precious blood, once shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come now to Thee,
With all my sinfulness burdening me;
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

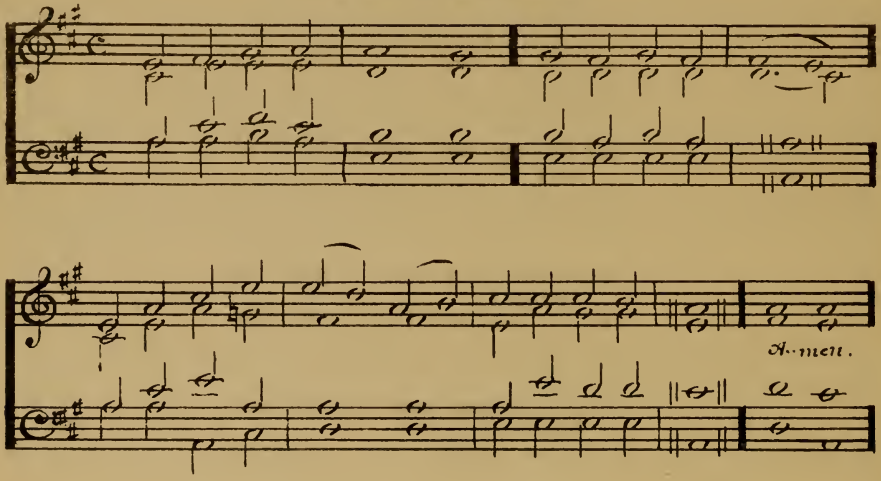
Just as I am, dear Lord, though tossed about
With many a conflict fierce, with many a doubt;
Dark brooding fears within, war from without;
Where shall my spirit turn? Wilt Thou cast out?
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

Just as I am, dear Lord, poor, wretched, blind;
Riches and comfort give, light to the mind;
All that I deeply need, in Thee I find,
Who in Thy grace and power art unconfined.
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

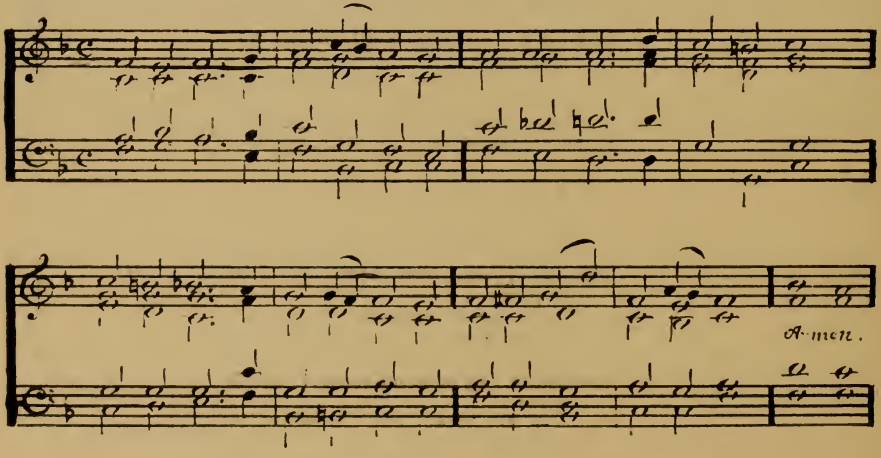
Just as I am, dear Lord, Thou wilt receive,
And the glad welcome give, Thou wilt relieve,
Pardon and peace impart, since I believe
Thou art the Christ of God, in Thee I live.
Just as I am, dear Lord, far from my home,
Drawn by Thy promises, Saviour, I come.

Just as I am, dear Lord, Thy love unknown
Has every barrier now broken down;
Thus to be Thine, O Lord, yea, Thine alone,
Washed in Thy precious blood, owned as a son.
Not as I was, dear Lord, brought near my home,
Saved by Thy boundless grace, Saviour, I come. Amen.

HYMN: II



HYMN: III



HYMN II.

Jesus high in glory,
  Lend a listening ear ;
When we bow before Thee,
  Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
  Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
  When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
  Weak and apt to stray ;
Saviour guide and keep us
  In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning
  Watch us day by day ;
Help us now to love Thee ;
  Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us
  To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
  " Saviour, Lord, we come."
Amen.

HYMN III.

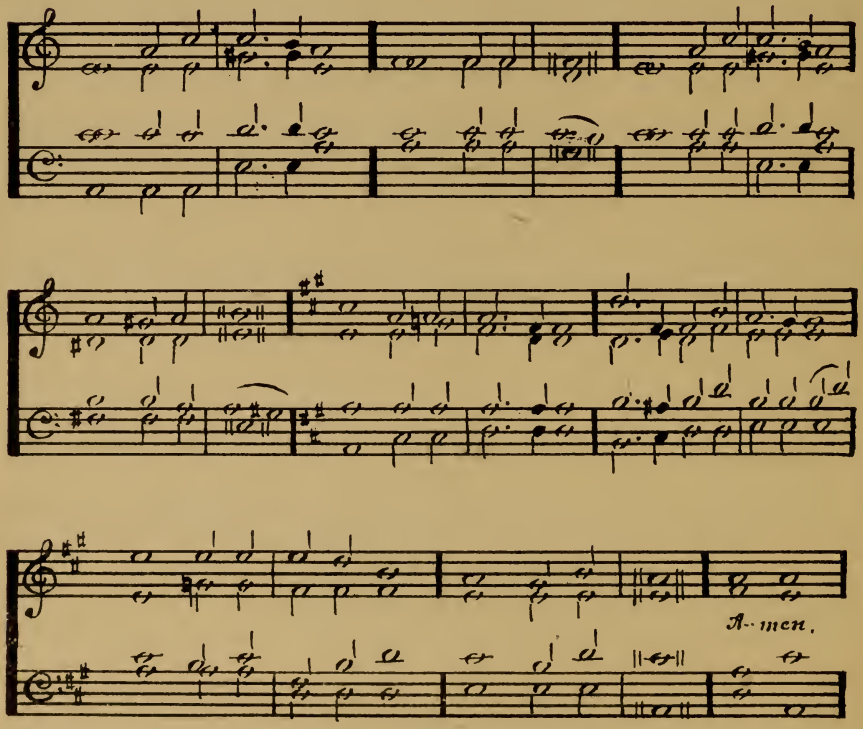
Lord, a little band and lowly,
  We are come to sing to Thee ;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
  Oh, how solemn we should be.

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 records in heaven the story
  Of our thoughts and actions too.

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

:HYMN:IV:



HYMN IV.

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

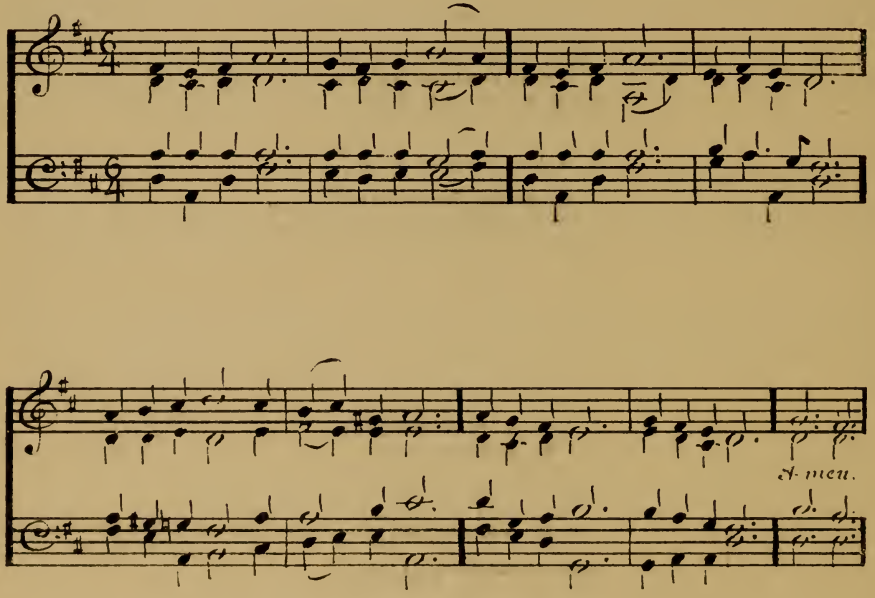
Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch;
Be ye as men that wait
Ever at their Master's gate,
E'en though he tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all:
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray;
Would ye his heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as we struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise:
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise. Amen.

HYMN. V.



HYMN V.

Lord cause Thy face on us to shine;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
To love Thine earthly dwelling-place.

O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease;
One in our faith and one our Lord,
One body, spirit, hope, reward.

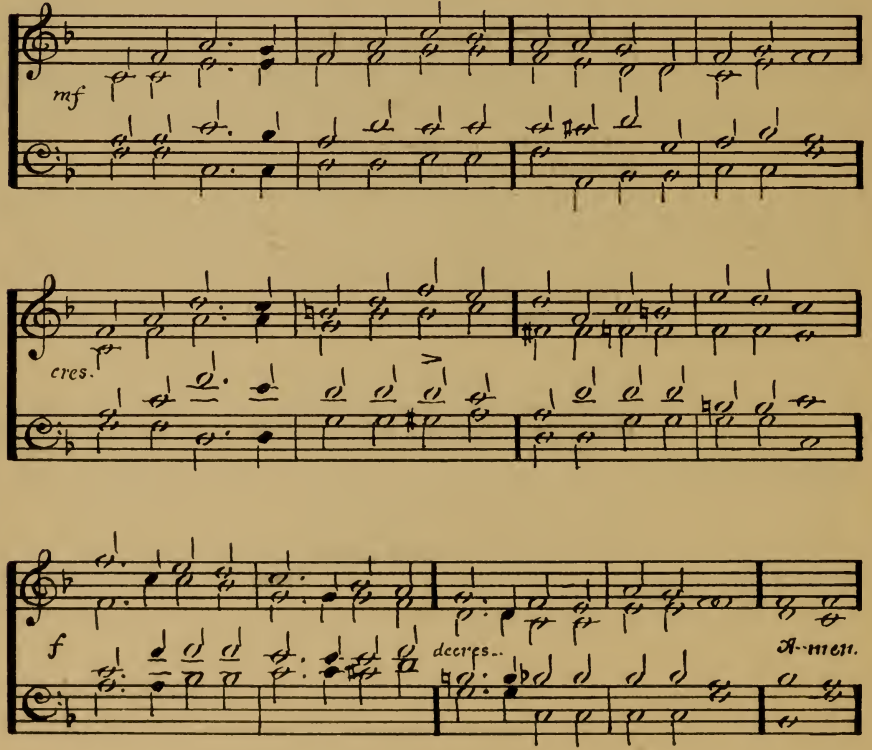
O let us one communion be,
One with each other, one in Thee.
Bless those whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things.

Let many, in the judgment day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Bless those who teach and those who hear.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Amen.

HYMN VI



HYMN VI.

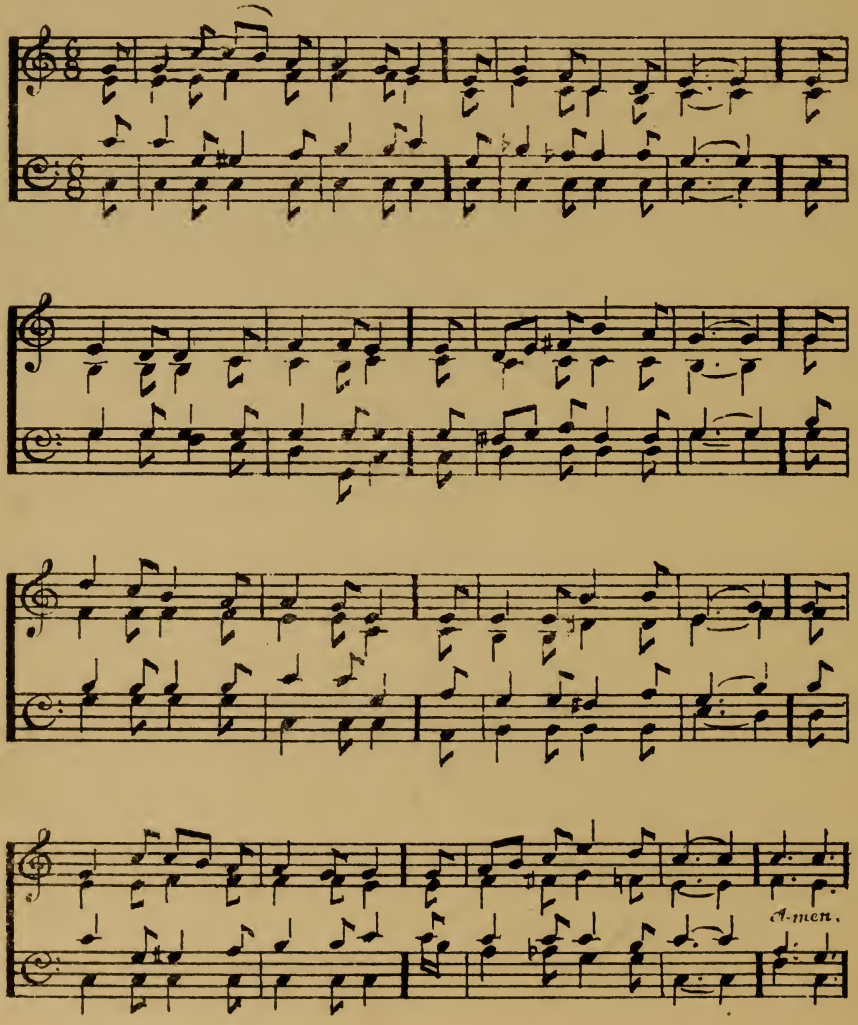
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak and let Thy servants hear.
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,
In Thy presence evermore.

Praise the Father, throned in heaven,
Praise the everlasting Son ;
Praise the Spirit freely given ;
Praise the blessed Three in One.
Hallelujah !
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

: HYMN : VII :



HYMN VII.

How happy every child of grace
  Whose sins are all forgiven,
The earth is not his resting place
  He seeks the home in heaven.
Hidden indeed from mortal sight
  Yet, still by faith we see
The land of peace, the saints' delight,
  Rest for eternity.

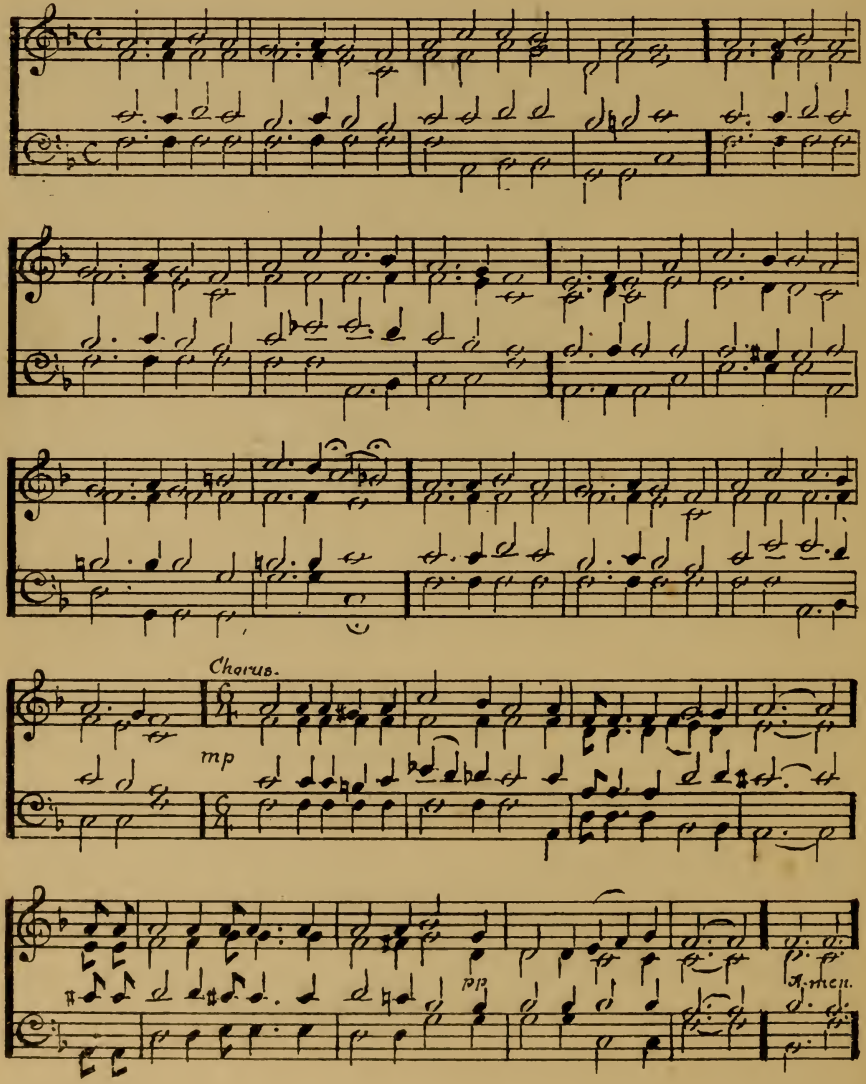
As strangers in the world below
  We calmly sojourn here,
Enough for us to clearly know
  Jesus can quell our fear.
Earth's sorrows in a moment end,
  Its joys as soon are past,
But, O ! the bliss to which we tend
  For evermore shall last.

To that Jerusalem above
  With singing we repair :
While in the flesh, our hope and love,
  Our heart and soul are there.
There the exalted Saviour stands,
  The merciful High Priest,
And still extends His wounded hands
  To take us to His breast.

What is there here our soul to stay
  Or draw us from our home,
Since angels beckon us away,
  And Jesus bids us come.
Shall friends beloved in Christ retain
  Us in this vale of woe ?
E'en them let love of Christ constrain
  Heaven's peace and joy to know.

So, should we suddenly remove
  That hidden life to share,
We should not lose our friends above,
  For one in glory there,
In praise of Jesus we shall join
  His boundless love proclaim,
And through eternity combine
  To bless His saving Name. Amen.

: HYMN : VIII :



HYMN VIII.

Evensong is hushed to silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of David, God most high !
Thou who in the home so lowly
Didst the toil and labour know,
In our weariness and weakness
Ever succour us below.
We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin ;
But there is a city with streets of gold,
And all is peace within.

How are we to reach that city,
Whose delights no tongue can tell?
By the faith that looks to Jesus,
Who sat weary by the well.
Very sinful we confess it,
Jesus wash our sins away,
Take us to Thy fold in glory,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
We are weary, &c.

When we enter that bright city,
What the vision we behold ?
Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold.
Are the many mansions empty ?
Lone the terraces so fair ?
Jesus and His angels pace them ;
How He longs to see us there.
We are weary, &c.

There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again ;
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow death or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence
And the hour of rest is nigh ;
Lighten thou our darkness Jesu,
Son of David,—God most high !
We are weary, &c.

Hymns & Music

FOR

St. JOHN'S CHURCH

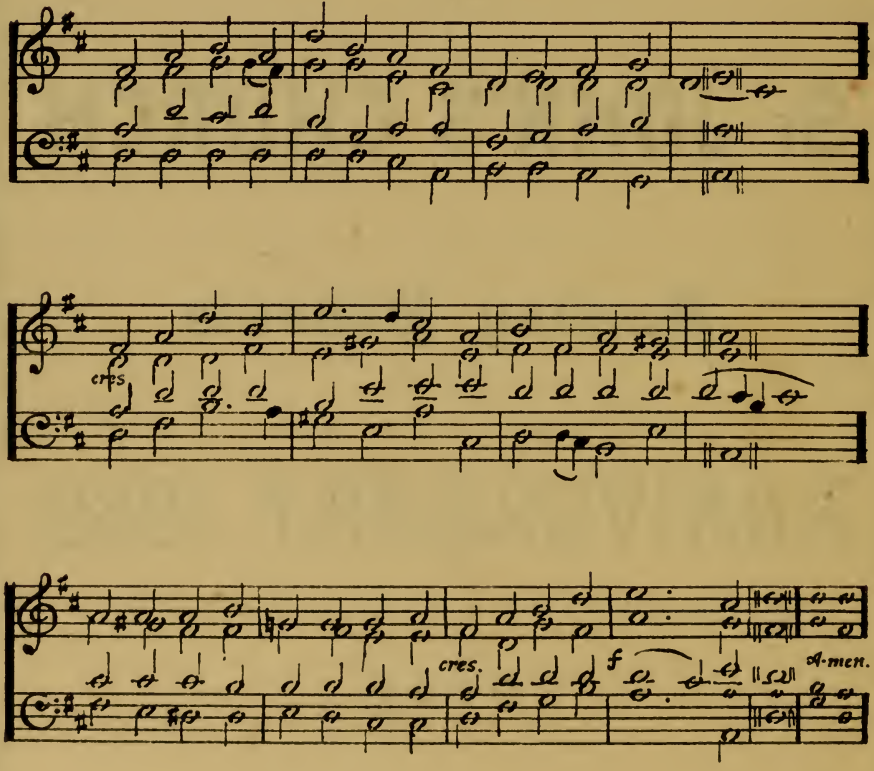
Sunday Schools

ANNIVERSARY, 1889.

✠✠✠✠

HUDDERSFIELD:
ALFRED JUBB, PRINTER, STATION STREET.

Hymn i.



HYMN I.

f Angel-voices, ever singing,
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel-harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day or night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee
Lord of might!

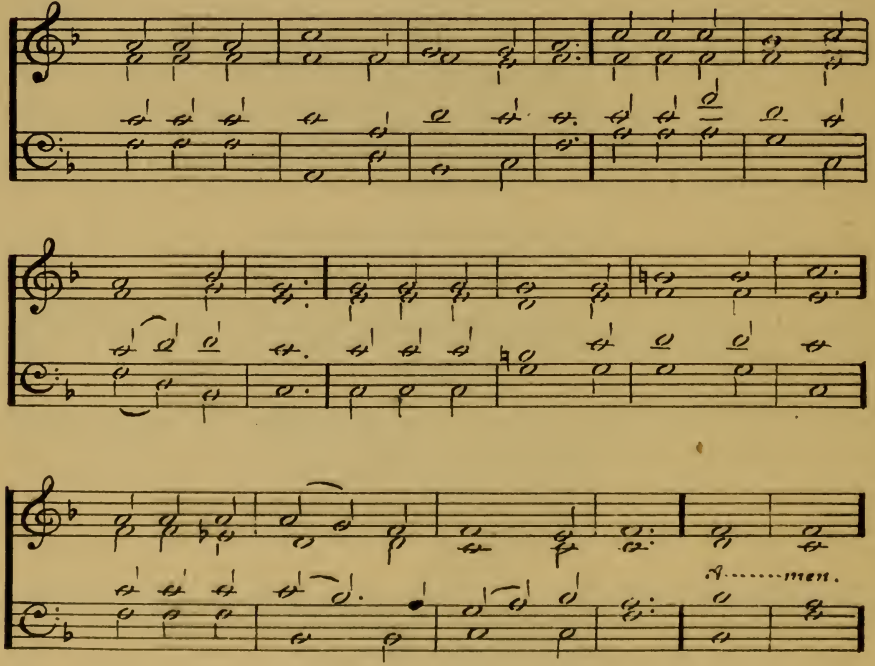
mf Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,—
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
dim Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
cr. Yea, we can!

f Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,
For Thy praise design:
So Thy purpose, Lord, fulfilling,
Thus made willing,
All combine.

mf In Thy House, Great God, we offer,
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thy acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Psalmody.

f Honour, glory. might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
ff Of the best that thou hast given
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee. Amen.

Hymn ii.



HYMN II.

mf Great God, who hid from Mortal sight;
Dost dwell in unapproached light,
Before whose Throne with veiled brow,
Thy sinless angels trembling bow.

dim A while in darkness here below
We lie oppressed with sin and woe;
cr But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase the night of gloom away.

The day prepared for us by Thee,
The day reserved for us to see;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

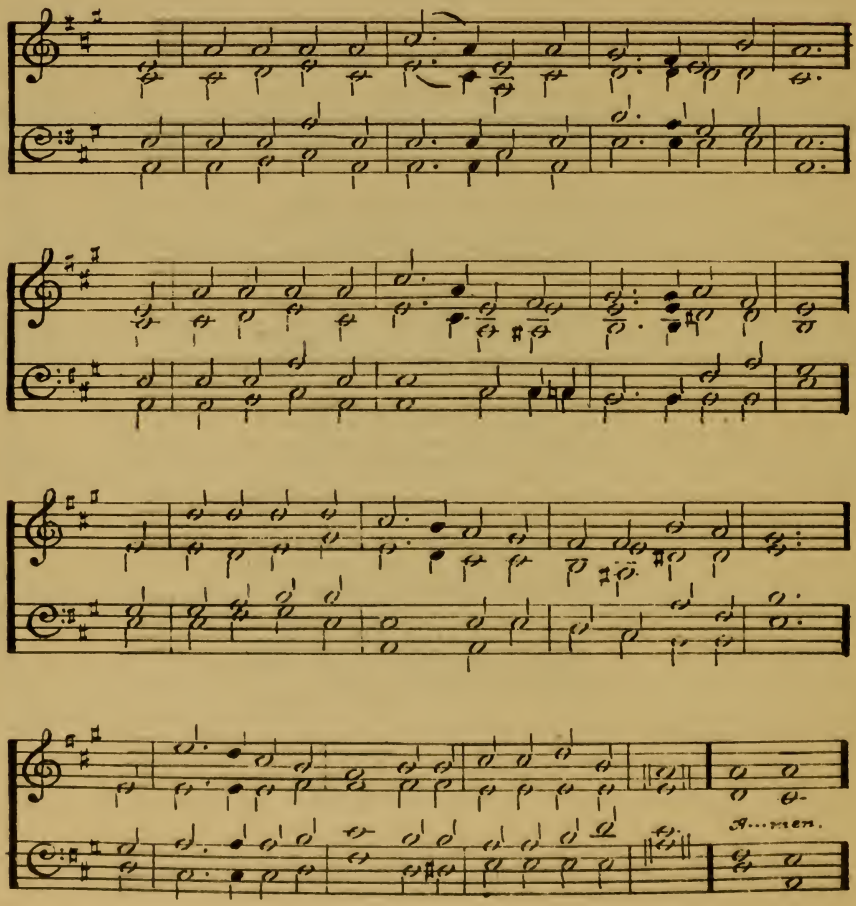
p Too long, alas! it still delays,
It lingers yet, that day of days:
The flesh with all its load of sin,
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

cr Then, from these earthly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore;
Its blissful task for evermore.

mf All bounteous Trinity! prepare
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,
That our brief daytime, used aright,
May issue in eternal light.

Amen.

Hymn iii.



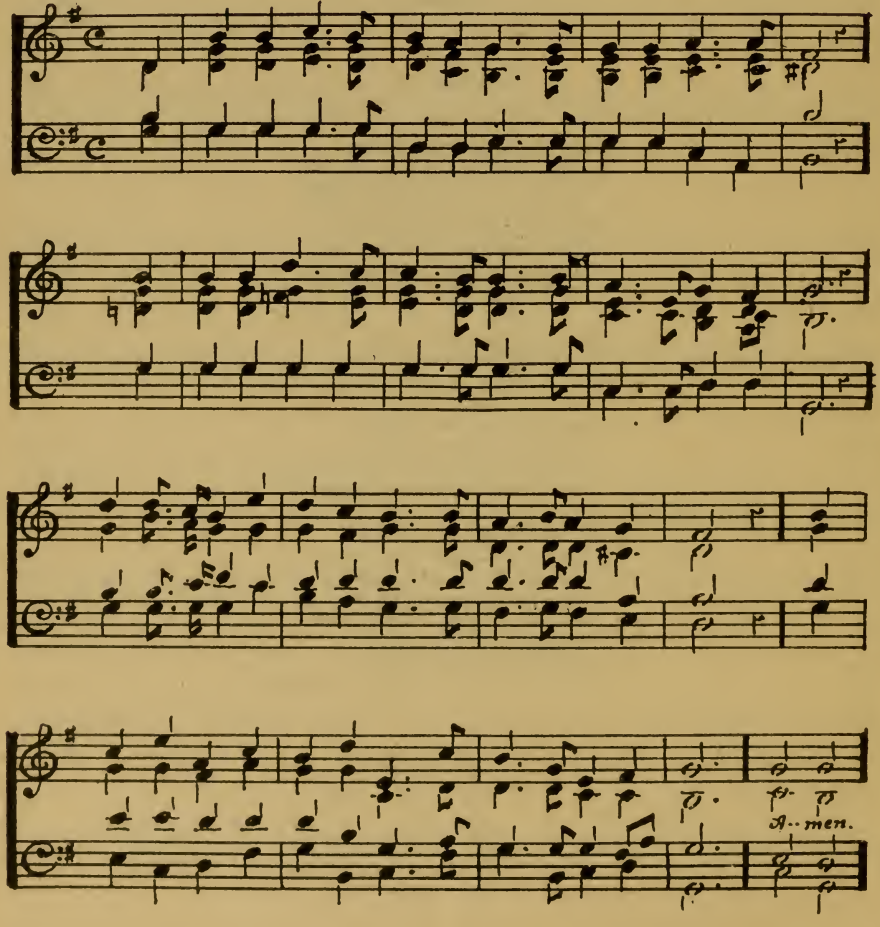
HYMN III.

f My song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days,
He fills my cup with blessings
And tunes my heart to praise.
My song shall be of Jesus
The precious Lamb of God,
p Who gave himself, my ransom,
And bought me with His blood.

f My song shall be of Jesus.
When sitting at His feet,
mf I call to mind His goodness,
In meditation sweet ;
cr My song shall be of Jesus
Whatever may betide;
'Tis His free grace that saves me,
And keeps me near His side.

f My song shall be of Jesus,
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of everlasting day ;
mf And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Paradise,
ff A song of praise to Jesus
Shall then for ever rise. Amen.

Hymn iv.



HYMN IV.

mf Oh, what is heaven? The seat of bliss
The abode of God is there.
And living waters ever flow,
Whilst fragrance fills the air.
p For there are flowers which never fade,
Fresh beauties meet the eye,
f The tree of life, restored to man,
Shall all his need supply.

mf Oh, what is heaven? There Jesus dwells,
The Shepherd of the sheep;
Each folded lamb He ever leads,
And each doth safely keep.
f The sheep from danger now preserved,
Sustained in pastures green;
No want, no weakness ever known,
His perfect love is seen.

p Oh, what is heaven? The Spirit there
Breathes on each ransomed soul:
'Twas He that drew the soul to God,
f 'Tis He, whilst ages roll,
Will see the impress of His grace,
The tokens of His power
To rescue from man's fallen race,
In Satan's trying hour.

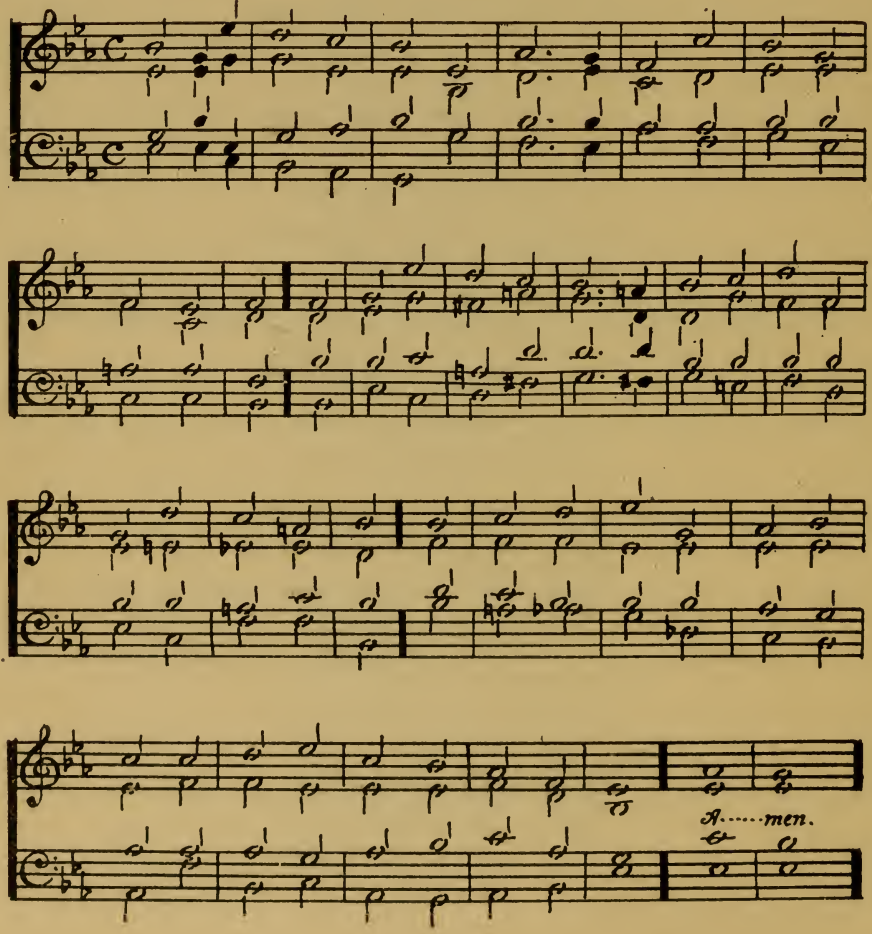
mf Oh, what is heaven? Eye seeth not,
Nor heart of man can know
f What are the glories centred there,
Around, above, below.
The Father, Son, and Spirit dwell,
In gracious power revealed;
For ever banished mortal care!
Sin's wound for ever healed!

p Lord, fit me for that blessed home,
Oh, draw me by Thy love,
Cleanse from the guilt of every sin:
pp O Spirit from above
Descend and sanctify my heart
To do the Father's will;
cr. Then take me hence to bear my part
With saints on Zion's hill.

Amen.

G.E. Wilson

Hymn v.



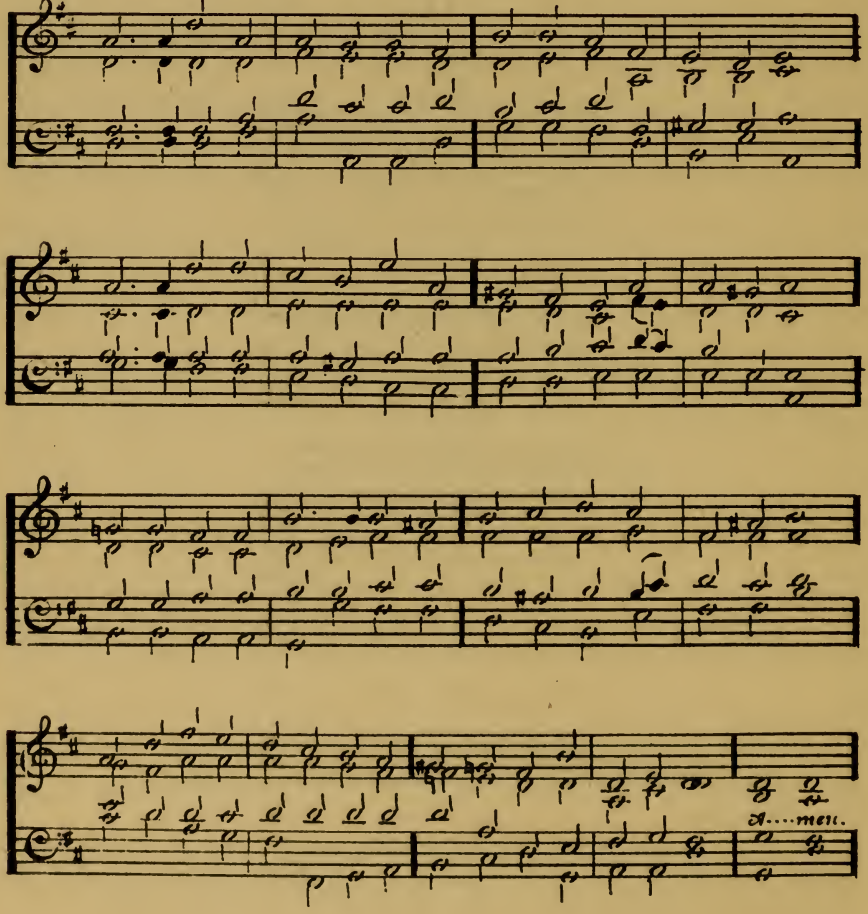
HYMN V.

mf Captain of Israel's host and Guide
Of all who seek their home above,
p Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;
f Our end, the glory of the Lord.

p By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not want throughout our way;
cr As free from danger as from fear,
While Thine omnipotence is near.

f Blest Trinity of love and power,
dim We flee to Thee lest foes assail;
O shield as in temptation's hour,
Let not the water floods prevail,
ff Then glory, Father, ever be
To Son and Spirit, One with Thee.
Amen.

Hymn vi.



HYMN VI.

ff Alleluia! Alleluia! Let us all our voices raise
In a hymn of holy gladness, Christ the King of glory praise.
f He has triumphed over Satan, captive led captivity;
Every foe by him is vanquished; now He reigns as Lord on high.

ff Alleluia! Alleluia! (*f*) Let the Church His grace record,
Telling forth the wondrous story of her now ascended Lord.
f Jew and Gentile bow before Him; His the kingdom, His the power,
p Seek His mercy, plead His merits; this is the accepted hour.

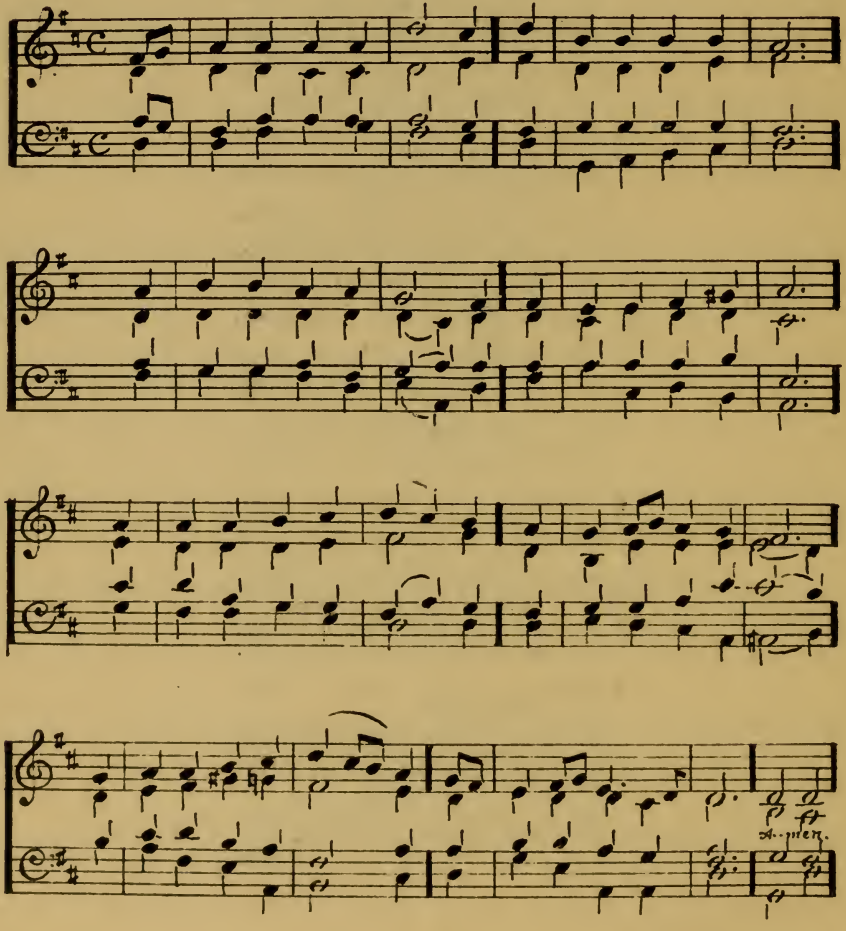
f Alleluia! Alleluia! Jesus, as our Priest on high,
Now within the vail is pleading: we with boldness may draw nigh,
p And our sorrows, and our burdens, we may cast upon the Lord,
Who, in every time of trial, will His sympathy afford.

ff Alleluia! Alleluia! Jesus shall return again,
Thousand thousand saints attending, evermore with Him to reign;
mf Lift we up our eyes to heaven, faith discerns His glorious face,
f We will welcome Jesus coming, coming in His power and grace.

ff Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory to the Saviour give;
His own arm has brought salvation; we with Him for ever live;
Glory to the Holy Spirit, gracious Gift to men sent down,
God the Father, Son and Spirit, Thee with praises we would crown.
Amen.

G.E. Wilson

Hymn viii.



HYMN VII.

mf Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself thy leader
Shall all thy foes subdue.
p His love foresees Thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with Bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

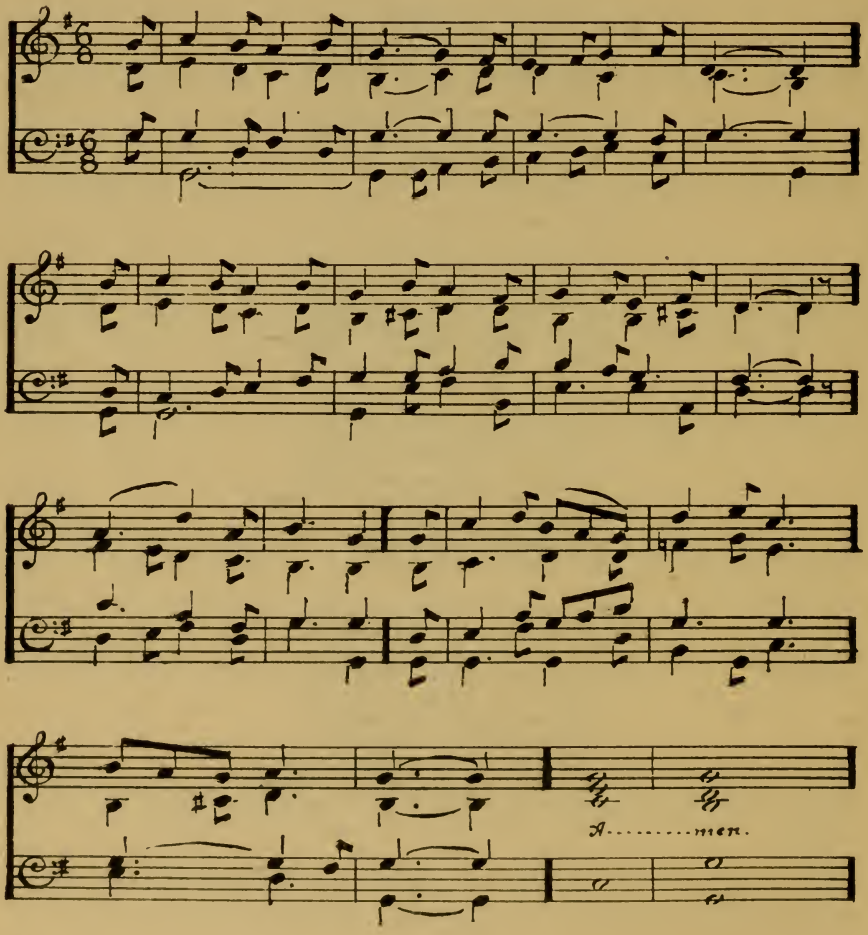
mf Go forward, Christian soldier;
Fear not the secret foe;
For more o'er thee are watching
Than human sense can know,
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

f Go forward, Christian soldier;
r Nor dream of peaceful rest,
cr Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heaven is all possessed;
mf Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
f And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

f Go forward, Christian soldier;
dim Fear not the approaching night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
mf The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth
Thy dangers all are past;
Then ask the gracious Savour
To keep thee to the last.

Amen.

Hymn viii



HYMN VIII.

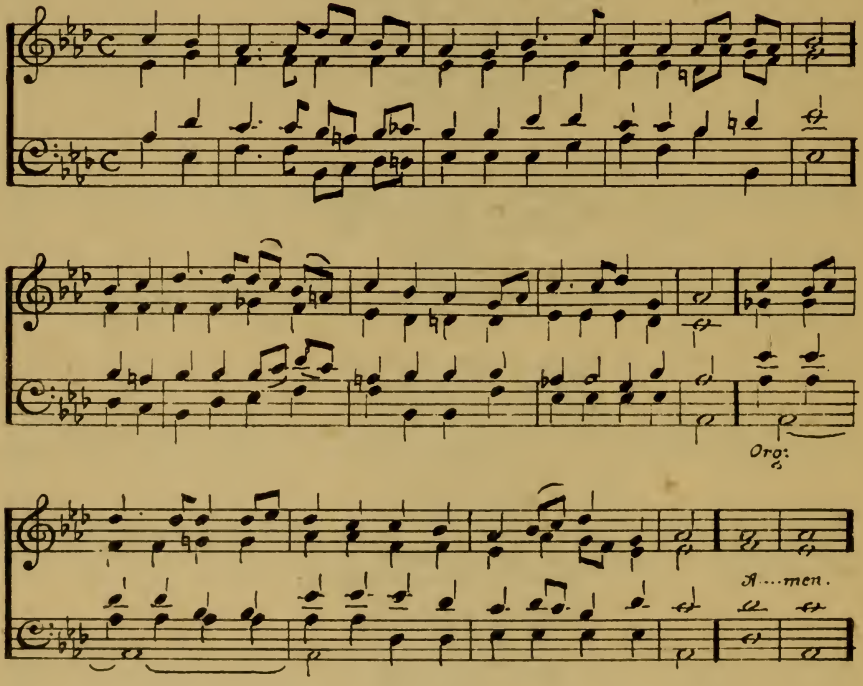
f Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God ;
ff Alleluia !
mf They love to sing
To God their King
f Alleluia !

mf But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise ;
cr We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise ;
f Alleluia !
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia !

p O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To little ones impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
f Alleluia !
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia !

mf O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around ;
f Our voice with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound ;
ff Alleluia !
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia ! Amen.

Hymn ix.



HYMN IX.

p Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may we be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended;
From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
mf Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

p Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,—
Mingled stream of blood and water
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
cr And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thine own still waters glide.

mf Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Keep our spirits pure and bright;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Finding thus Thy burden light.

mf Taught to lisp the holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing,
f Both with lips and heart unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
ff Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.
Amen.