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**THE MOTHER'S**  
**H Y M N B O O K :**

COMPILED  
From various Authors

SEP 22 1936

AND  
PRIVATE MANUSCRIPTS

FOR THE USE OF

**MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS,**

AND FOR

**Special Occasions**

OF

**SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.**

.....  
BY THOMAS HASTINGS.  
.....

NEW YORK :

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## PREFACE.

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THE great want of Hymns, of a devotional character, suitable to be sung at the meetings of maternal associations, first suggested the idea of the present publication. The plan of it was afterwards so enlarged, as to embrace a variety of Hymns for social and private use. A few of them, written by different hands, are now, for the first time, given to the public. The Hymns are arranged under distinct heads, for the greater convenience of selection; and a few very plain tunes are referred to, as general specimens of adaptation.

The reader will be pleased to learn, that the Hymns under the signature R., are from the pen of Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, of London, one of the English delegates, whose visit to this country, the year past, has afforded so much gratification to American Christians.

*New York, Nov., 1834.*

TO  
ALL CHRISTIAN MOTHERS  
AND ESPECIALLY  
TO THE NUMEROUS AND INTERESTING  
**Maternal Associations**

OF THE  
UNITED STATES,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

With the hope  
That it may contribute.

TO THE  
Spiritual Edification of Parents and Children  
of the present Generation.

THE COMPILER.



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## FAMILY DEVOTION.

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1. SEVENS—*Nuremburgh, "Rock of Ages."*

### Morning.

1 In this calm, impressive hour,  
Let my prayer ascend on high ;  
God of mercy, God of power,  
Hear me, when to thee I cry :  
Hear me from thy lofty throne,  
For the sake of Christ, thy Son.

2 With this morning's early ray,  
While the shades of night depart,  
Let thy beams of life convey  
Joy and gladness to my heart :  
Now o'er all my steps preside,  
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh ! what joy that word affords—  
'Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth.'  
King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
Send thy gospel heralds forth :

Now begin thy boundless sway,  
Usher in the glorious day.—*S. Songs.*

**2. SEVENS**—*Nuremburgh, "Rock of Ages."*

**Evening.**

1 Now from labor and from care  
Evening shades have set me free ;  
In the work of praise and prayer,  
Lord, I would converse with thee :  
Oh ! behold me from above,  
Fill me with a Savior's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,  
Wither all my earthly joys ;  
Nought can charm me here below  
But my Savior's melting voice :  
Lord, forgive, thy grace restore,  
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,  
For the mercies of this hour,  
For the Gospel's cheering ray,  
For the spirit's quick'ning power,



Grateful notes to thee I raise ;  
 Oh ! accept my song of praise.—*S. Songs.*

**3. S. M.**—*Clapton, Watchman, St. Thomas, Shirland.*

**Morning.**

ASKING FOR SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,  
 Thou Day-star from on high !  
 The sun itself is but thy shade,  
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy rising beams  
 Dispel the shades of night ;  
 And let the glories of thy love  
 Come like the morning light.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !  
 How dark and sad before !—  
 With joy we view the pleasing change,  
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 May we this life improve,  
 To mourn for errors past ;

And live this short revolving day,  
As if it were our last.—*Meth. Coll.*

**4. SEVENS—Pleyel's Hymn, German Air.**

**Evening.**

1 Softly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away ;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord I would commune with thee.

2 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;  
Then from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

*Epis. Coll.*

**5. SEVENS—Pleyel's Hymn, German Air.**

**Morning.**

1 Thou, O Lord, didst hear my cry,  
Thy protecting hand was nigh ;  
Peaceful slumbers thou didst shed  
On my weary, drooping head.

2 Gently, with the dawning ray,  
On my soul thy beams display ;  
Sweeter than the smiling morn  
Let thy cheering light return.—*Anon.*

6. S. M.—*Watchman, Clapton, Shirland.*

**Morning.**

- 1 Serene I laid me down  
Beneath his guardian care :  
I slept—and I awoke, and found  
My kind Preserver near.
- 2 Thus does thine arm support  
This weak, defenceless frame  
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
All worthless as I am ?
- 3 Oh ! how shall I repay  
The bounties of my God ?  
This feeble spirit pants beneath  
The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew  
 Devote, O Lord, to thee ;  
 And in thy service I would spend  
 A long eternity.—*Dwight.*

7. C. M.—*Retirement, Remembrance,*  
*Barby.*

**Evening.**

THANKS AND CONFESSION.

1 How great the mercies from above,  
 That compass me around ;  
 But oh ! how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found.

2 What have I done for him who died  
 To save my wretched soul ?  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as the minutes roll !

3 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
 To thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign,  
 To be renew'd by thee.

4 Sprinkled afresh by pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest ;  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Savior's breast.—*Anon.*

8. 7's & 6's.—*“From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains.”*  
**Evening.**

**Song of Redeeming Mercy.**

1 And now, while daylight closes,  
To bring the hour of rest,  
My spirit soft reposes  
On the Redeemer's breast :  
While on his aid relying,  
I shall not yield to fear ;  
Living, or dead, or dying,  
A Savior still is near.

2 He saw my soul in danger,  
Ere yet I knew his grace ;  
And bade me, once a stranger  
Behold his smiling face :

My heart for sin was mourning,  
I pray'd to be forgiven ;  
And soon to Jesus turning,  
I felt the joys of heaven.

3 He took away my sadness,  
And fill'd my soul with hope ;  
Oh ! then, with songs of gladness,  
My heart was lifted up :—  
Since then, I love and fear him,  
His blessing I implore ;  
And daily I draw near him,  
And feel his saving power

9. C. M.—*Retirement, Rochester, Peter-  
borough, Remembrance.*

**Morning or Evening.**

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend ;  
In thee are founded all my hopes,  
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys ;  
And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares  
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With his protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My wearied limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand, serene,  
Fears no approaching ill :  
For, whether waking or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.—*Anon.*

10. L. M.—*Uxbridge, Duke-Street, Sea-  
sons.*

### **Evening and Morning.**

1 My God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days:  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*Watts.*

**11. 7's & 6's.**—*“From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains.”*

**A Bright Sabbath Morning.**

1 The rosy light is dawning  
Upon the mountain's brow;  
It is the Sabbath morning—  
Arise and pay thy vow.  
Lift up thy voice to heaven  
In sacred praise and prayer,  
While unto thee is given  
The light of life to share.



2 The landscape lately shrouded  
By evening's paler ray,  
Smiles beauteous and unclouded  
Before the eye of day :  
So let our souls, benighted  
Too long in folly's shade,  
By thy kind smiles be lighted  
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters, streaming  
In crystal purity ;  
While earth with verdure teeming,  
Gives rapture to the eye !  
Let rivers of salvation  
In larger currents flow,  
'Till ev'ry tribe and nation  
Their healing virtues know.

12. C.M.—*Retirement, Dundee, Barby.*

**Sabbath Morning.**

1 Again the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,

Dispels the darkness of the night,  
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh ! what a night was that which wrapt  
A sinful world in gloom !

Oh ! what a Son, who broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;

Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.—*Barbauld.*

13. L M.—*Park-street, Rothwell, Luton.*

### Sabbath Evening Praise.

1 Lord of the Sabbath, thee we praise  
For all these holy, happy days,

To dying man in mercy giv'n,  
As foretastes of the bliss of heav'n.

2 We thank thee for the morning light,  
Follow'd by hours divinely bright ;  
We thank thee for the evening shade,  
For solemn meditation made.

3 We thank thee for that blest abode,  
The temple of the living God !  
We thank thee for the precious word  
And ordinances of the Lord.

4 But oh ! what praise to thee is due,  
That we are taught by faith to view  
A Savior, "crucified and slain,"  
Waking from death, on high to reign.

5 O Savior God, to whom are giv'n  
The realms of earth, the hosts of heav'n.  
Before thy glorious throne we fall,  
And worship thee as Lord of all.

14. L. M.—(6 lines)—*Pastoral Hymn,  
Wesley Chapel.*

**For those who regard Saturday  
Evening as Holy Time.**

1 Sweet is the last, the parting ray,  
That ushers placid evening in ;  
When with the still, expiring day,  
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :  
How grateful to the anxious breast,  
The sacred hours of holy rest !

2 Hush'd is the tumult of the day,  
And worldly cares and labors cease ;  
While soft the vesper breezes play,  
To hymn the glad return of peace :  
Delightful season ; kindly giv'n  
To turn the wand'ring thoughts to heav'n.

3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,  
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly  
things :  
And bear them to my heav'nly home

On faith and hope's celestial wings ;  
Till the last gleam of life decay  
In one eternal Sabbath day.

15. C. M.—*Retirement, Barby.*

**Secret Devotion.**

1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree ;  
And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made  
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God.

- 4 Then, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine ;  
And—all harmonious names in one—  
Blest Savior, thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love ;  
And praise, a boundless store,  
Shall echo through thy realms above,  
When time shall be no more.—*Cowper.*

16. C. M.—*Barby, Chester, Dunchurch.*

### Secret Prayer at Twilight.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care ;

And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear ;  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempest driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray

Be calm as this impressive hour  
And lead to endless day.—*Mrs. Brown*

17. C. M.—*Remembrance, Peterborough,  
Barby.*

### Children's Evening Hymn.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King,  
To bless this little throng ;  
And kindly listen while we sing  
Our pleasant evening song.

2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,  
Our lips together move ;  
O smile upon this little band,  
Unite our hearts in love.

3 We come to own the power divine,  
That watches o'er our days ;  
For this our feeble voices join,  
To God we give the praise.



4 May we in safety sleep to night,  
From every danger free ;  
For, Lord, the darkness and the light  
Are both alike to thee.

5 And when the rising sun displays  
His cheerful beams abroad ;  
Then shall our grateful morning lays  
Declare the love of God. *Anon.*

## SEASONS OF PERIL.

18. C. M.—*Barby, Dunchurch, Dundee.*

### Submission under Painful Anticipations.

1 The hour of deep solicitude,  
O Lord, is drawing nigh,  
When sorrows, like a raging flood,  
Shall lift their waves on high.

2 Oh ! then to feel thy powerful aid,  
To rest upon thine arm,  
To have my strength on Jesus staid,  
Mid danger and alarm !

3 When sudden anguish weighs me down,  
And I draw near to death,  
Let me not feel a Savior's frown  
In every lab'ring breath ;

4 But let me hear that gentle voice  
Which bids the waves "be still ;"  
Which makes the trembling heart rejoice,  
Anchor'd within the veil.

5 Myself to thee I now resign ;  
Lord, let thy will be done :  
Body and spirit still are thine,  
And thou art God alone.

19. 8's.—*Birmingham, Ludlow.*

**Resignation.**

1 Encourage my heart with thy smile,  
My ever unchangeable Friend ;  
Each season of darkness beguile,  
And let me exult in the end

2 'Tis better to suffer and die  
Beneath thy compassionate rod,  
Than feel my enjoyments run high,  
But never have thee for my God.

3 I would not contend with thy will,  
Whatever that will may decree ;  
But O may each trial I feel  
Unite me more firmly to thee.

20. 8's.—*Birmingham, Ludlow, Solitude.*

**A Promise.**

- 1 How sweet on thy bosom to rest,  
When nature's affliction is near!  
The soul that can trust thee is blest,  
Thy smiles bring deliv'rance from fear.
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declar'd,  
That those who will trust in his name,  
Shall in the sharp conflict be spar'd,  
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul—  
A messenger sent from the skies;  
An anchor when billows shall roll,  
A refuge when tempests arise.
- 4 O Savior, the promise fulfill,  
Its comfort impart to my mind;  
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will—  
To the cup of affliction resign'd.

*Searle.*

**21. L. M.—Luton, Repose.****The Lord notices all our Sor-  
rows.**

- 1 Yes, there is One above who knows  
The griefs which in the bosom lie ;  
Interprets every tear that flows,  
And reads the language of a sigh.
  
- 2 Think not the Lord from sorrow's 'plaint  
Will e'er avert a list'ning ear ;  
Think not that he, the spirit faint,  
With his rich grace will cease to cheer.
  
- 3 Rest then the burden of your grief  
On that kind arm which never fails ;  
Trust in that promise of relief  
Which to the sorrowing saint avails.

*Searle.*

22. L.C.M.—*Courtville, Warning Voice.*

**Consolations drawn from Past Mercies.**

- 1 O strange infirmity, to think  
That he will leave my soul to sink  
In darkness and distress :  
Who has appear'd in times of old,  
Who sav'd me while the billows roll'd,  
And cheer'd me with his grace.
- 2 What sweeter pledge could God bestow,  
Of help in future scenes of wo,  
Than grace already giv'n ?  
But unbelief, that hateful thing,  
Oft makes me sigh, when I should sing  
Of confidence in heaven. *Searle.*

23. 8's&7's—*Dismission, Harvest Hymn.*  
**Against Gloomy Thoughts.**

- 1 Why, when storms around you gather,  
Should your trembling spirit sink ?

Look to God your Heav'nly Father,  
And of his sweet promise think.

2 Fancy will be often painting  
Scenes in dark and fearful shade ;  
Yet why should thy soul be fainting,  
Of prospective woes afraid ?

3 Cease that dark anticipation ;  
Still let love and faith abound ;  
For the day of tribulation,  
Strength sufficient will be found.

4 God is love, and will not leave you,  
When you most his kindness need ;  
God is true, nor can deceive you,  
Though your faith be weak indeed.

*Searle.*

24. 7's.—*German Hymn.***Strength equal to the Day.***Deut. 33:35.*

- 1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To his gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon his word,  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promis'd needful grace—  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou may'st see ;  
This is still thy sweet relief—  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With thy promise full and free ;  
Faithful, positive, and sure,  
“As thy day, thy strength shall be.”



25. S. M.—*Aylesbury, St. Giles.*

**Prayer for Help.**

- 1 Dear Lord, before thy throne,  
Behold thy handmaid fall :  
Wilt thou not hear the secret groan,  
And listen when I call ?
- 2 Oppress'd, to thee I fly ;  
Thy promised help afford ;  
No other refuge is there nigh,  
But thine, Almighty Lord.
- 3 Now, in my low estate,  
Do thou remember me ;  
One smile my fear shall dissipate,  
And make the darkness flee.
- 4 Stretch out thy powerful arm,  
On thee my soul shall rest ;  
Speak, Lord, and sweet will be the calm  
Within my anxious breast.—*Searle.*

26. S. M.—*St. Thomas, Clapton, Dover,  
Conflict.*

**Christian Courage.**

1 Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismay'd;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
He will lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
The Lord will clear thy way;  
Wait thou on him, and soon thy night  
Shall end in joyous day.—*Anon.*

27. C. M.—*Dundee, Chester, Windsor.*

**God my Refuge.**

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,  
On thee, when sorrows rise—  
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
For thou alone canst heal;

Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call thee mine ;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

4 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope, attend thy will,  
And wait beneath thy feet.—*Steele.*

## RECOVERY FROM SICK- NESS.

28. S. M.—*Clapton, St. Thomas, Dover.*

1 Kindly the Lord appear'd  
In nature's trying hour ;  
My sinking soul his mercy cheer'd,  
I felt his strength'ning power.

40 RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

2 He found me on the bed  
Of languishing and pain ;  
Bade me on him recline my head,  
Nor seek his aid in vain.

3 I saw his mighty arm  
Stretched o'er the rolling wave :  
He snatch'd my life from threat'ning harm  
And show'd his pow'r to save.

4 How then can I refuse  
The tributary strain ?  
The Lord my wasted strength renews,  
And makes me well again.

5 O may my future days  
True gratitude display :  
Nor only speak, but live his praise,  
Through each revolving day.—*Searle*

29. L. M.—*Duke-street, Seasons.*

### Gratitude for Recovery.

1 Disdain not, O eternal King,  
To hear thy grateful handmaid sing ;  
O for a seraph's ardent flame,  
To celebrate thy glorious name !

2 To him who sav'd me from my fears,  
And wip'd away my falling tears ;  
Who in my weakness made me strong—  
To him I'll consecrate my song.

3 Awake, awake, and tune the lyre,  
Almighty love the song inspire ;  
O let me ne'er attempt in vain  
The pure and elevated strain.

4 Rais'd from the borders of the grave,  
I sing thy mighty power to save ;  
My rescued soul shall trust in thee,  
Through time and in eternity.—*Searle.*

30. C. M.—*Remembrance, Peterborough.*

**Song of Deliverance.**

- 1 The song of gratitude I'll raise  
Up to thy high abode,  
For thou hast fill'd my mouth with praise,  
My ever-gracious God.
- 2 Dangers were gath'ring round my head,  
The hour of conflict came ;  
What time my spirit was afraid,  
I trusted in thy name.
- 3 That hour of agony is past,  
Which many a life destroys ;  
Sorrow and anguish fled in haste,  
And left me to my joys.      - W
- 4 What shall I render to the Lord,  
Who brought me from the grave ;  
For ever be his name ador'd,  
For he is strong to save.

5 As upward waft those infant sighs,  
 My thoughts to heav'n ascend ;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude arise,  
 And praise shall never end.

31. C. M.—*Moravian Hymn, Remem-  
 brance.*

**Recovery from Sickness.**

1 My God, thy service well demands  
 The remnant of my days ;  
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
 But to renew thy praise ?

2 Thine arm of everlasting love  
 Did this weak frame sustain ;  
 When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,  
 And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head  
 On thy dear faithful breast ;  
 Pleas'd to obey my Father's call  
 To his eternal rest.

44 RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

4 Back from the borders of the grave  
At thy command I come ;  
Nor will I ask a speedier flight  
To my celestial home.

5 Where thou appointest my abode,  
There I would choose to be ;  
For in thy presence death is life,  
And earth is heav'n with thee.—*Anon.*

32. C. M.—*New Cambridge, Harleigh,  
Remembrance, Peterborough.*

**Confiding in God.**

1 To thee, my God, my heart shall bring  
The lively grateful song :  
Thy faithfulness I fain would sing,  
With rapture on my tongue.

2 Amid the glories of thy name,  
Thy truth exalted shines ;



And thou for ever art the same ;  
How gracious thy designs.

3 When, in the hour of deep distress,  
To thee, my God, I cry'd,  
Thy strength divine, 'mid helplessness,  
My fainting heart suppli'd.

4 And wilt thou all my hopes fulfill ?  
To thee the work belongs ;  
Let endless mercy guide me still,  
And tune my feeble songs.—*Steele.*

### BIRTHS.

33. 7's & 8's.—*Dismission.*

#### Thoughts on an Infant.

1 Mother bids thee, lovely stranger,  
Welcome to a world of care ;  
Where attends thee many a danger,  
Where awaits thee many a snare.

2 Sore disease will bid thee languish,  
Sorrow's night will often frown,  
Guilt will fill thy heart with anguish,  
And temptations cast thee down.

3 Yet indulge no dark surmises ;  
Hope shall build a fairer scene ;  
Many a blessing round thee rises,  
And thy visions are serene.

4 Oh ! may heav'n in love defend thee  
'Mid life's dangers and alarms ;  
And may blessings still attend thee  
Circled in a Savior's arms.—*Anon.*

34. C. M.—*Remembrance, Barby.*

### A Mother's Joys.

1 Say, while you press with growing love,  
The darling to your breast :  
And all a mother's pleasure prove,  
Are you entirely blest ?

2 Ah no . a thousand tender cares  
 By turns your thoughts employ ;  
 Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,  
 And grief succeeds to joy.

3 To God be all your cares resign'd,  
 Now on his bosom rest ;  
 No earthly comforts are design'd  
 To make you fully blest.—*Steele.*

35. 7's.—*Nuremburgh.*

**Pious Thoughts.**

1 Gentle stranger, fearless come,  
 To our quiet, happy home ;  
 Bud of being, beauty's flower,  
 Sprung to birth this smiling hour,  
 While upon thy form we gaze,  
 Grateful thoughts to heav'n we raise.

2 Nothing yet thine eyes can see  
 Of the world's dim mystery ;

Of the tumult and the strife  
That embitter human life—  
But thy Maker's eye can view  
Present scenes and future too.

3 Little can thy bosom know  
Of the joys and griefs that flow  
From a heart impure within,  
From a world defiled by sin :  
Yet if trembling life is spar'd,  
Heav'n in mercy be thy guard.

4 Savior, from thy heav'nly throne  
Smile upon this little one ;  
Let thy spirit be its guide,  
Let its wants be well suppli'd ;  
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,  
Fit it for thy high abode.

36. C. M.—*Remembrance, Barby.*

**Blessings invoked on an Infant.**

1 Blessings attend thee, little one,  
Sweet pledge of mutual love !

On this new coast a stranger thrown,  
Directed from above.

2 O may the hand that hither led,  
For ever be thy guide ;

And may no sorrows round thee spread,  
Nor dangers press thy side.

3 Live to reward thy parents' heart,  
For every kindness giv'n :

And when earth's fleeting scenes depart,  
Rejoice with them in heav'n

*Bost. Spec.*

**CHILDREN DEDICATED  
TO GOD.**

**37. C. M.—***Remembrance, Peterborough.*

MATTHEW, 19: 14.

**1** Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,  
With transport all divine ;  
Thine image trace in every word,  
Thy love in every line.

**2** Methinks I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face ;  
While infants in thy tender arms  
Receive thy blest embrace.

**3** Oh ! take our offspring to thy care,  
Fill them with grace divine ;  
Dear Savior ! all we have and are  
Shall be for ever thine.—*Stennet.*

38. L. M.—*Uxbridge, Quito, Luton.*

**Asking for a Child's Sanctification.**

1 O Lord, encouraged by thy grace,  
We bring our infant to thy throne;  
Give it within thy heart a place,  
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Remove from it each stain of guilt,  
And let this child be sanctified;  
Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,  
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,  
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;  
The sum of our request is this—  
That it may love and fear thy name.

4 This infant we by faith commit  
To thy kind love and guardian care;  
We lay it at the Savior's feet;  
He will not let it perish there.—*Searle.*

39. S. M.—*Clapton, St. Thomas, Dover.*

**The Covenant.**

- 1 How great thy mercies, Lord,  
How bounteous is thy grace,  
Which in the cov'nant of thy love  
Includes our rising race.
- 2 The promise, how divine,  
To Abr'am and his seed;  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
"Supplying every need."
- 3 These children of our care  
We dedicate to God;  
We plead the promise in our prayer,  
We plead thy precious blood.
- 4 Thy goodness we adore,  
We sing thy matchless grace—  
The covenant for ever sure  
To thy believing race.

*Salisbury Coll.*



40. S. M.—*Clapton, Dover, St. Thomas,  
Cambridge.*

**Children brought to Christ.**

- 1 The Savior kindly calls  
Our children to his breast ;  
He folds them in his gracious arms,  
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim ;  
"The heirs of heav'n are such as these ;  
"For such as these I came."
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee :  
Imploring that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

*Epis. Coll.*

41. C. M.—*Retirement, New Cambridge,  
Peterborough.*

**Children not to be forbidden.**

- 1 Behold what condescending love  
Jesus on earth displays ;  
To little children he extends  
The riches of his grace.
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
To our forefathers giv'n ;  
Young children in his arms he takes,  
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,  
Nor dare the claim resist ;  
Since his own lips to us declare,  
Of such will heav'n consist.
- 4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts  
We give them up to thee :  
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,  
Thine may they ever be.—*Doddridge.*

42. C. M.—*Remembrance, Peterborough.*

**Children brought to Christ.**

MARK 10 : 14.

- 1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands  
With all-engaging charms :  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name ;  
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
"The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them now with thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee :  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine ;  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear—  
Ye children, seek his face ;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
Thy care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.—*Doddridge.*

43. L. M.—*Duke-street, Quito, Uxbridge,  
Seasons, Repose.*

**Dedication of a young Child in  
reference to the Ministry.**

1 Long as he lives he shall be thine :  
This cherish'd gift I now restore ;  
Nor longer call the treasure mine,  
Giv'n to my God for evermore.

2 Still firm in purpose and sincere,  
This dedication, Lord, shall stand  
The child shall now be doubly dear,  
As kept and guided by thine hand.

3 Let him be early taught of God ;  
Prepare him in the days of youth,

Amid the courts of thy abode  
To bear the messages of truth.

4 Be this the object of my heart,  
Be this the burden of my prayer,  
That he thy Gospel may impart  
To those who shall thy mercy share.

5 And may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,  
Help me in mem'ry to retain  
Each promise of thy holy word,  
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.

44. C. M. D.—*Moravian Hymn, Retirement, Bethel, Dunchurch.*

**Children not to be kept back  
from their Privileges.—MATT.  
10:14.**

“Forbid them not,” the Savior cried,  
“But suffer them to come”—

Ah! then maternal tears were dried,  
And unbelief was dumb.

[2 He took them in his arms, and smil'd ;  
He claim'd them as his own ;  
He bless'd them, and, in accents mild,  
Made his kind purpose known.]

3 "Forbid them not to come to me,  
"The blessing shall be giv'n ;  
"For, child-like shall the temple be  
"Of all the heirs of heav'n.

4 "Forbid them not to come to me,  
"Bring them, an off'ring pure ;  
"The promise is to thine and thee ;  
"The covenant is sure.

"Forbid them not, whene'er thou hold  
"Communion with thy God ;

“But plead for mercies manifold,  
“Through my atoning blood.

6 “Forbid them not, from day to day,  
“Parental discipline ;  
“At home, abroad, and by the way,  
“The Gospel light must shine.

7 “Forbid them not the house of prayer,  
“Where all my followers meet ;  
“For I will deign to bless them there,  
“From heaven’s high mercy-seat.”

8 Lord, we believe and we obey,  
We bring them at thy word :  
Be thou our children’s strength and stay,  
Their portion and reward.

*West Recorder.*

## INSTRUCTION.

45. SEVENS.—*Pleyel's Hymn, German Air.*

**Asking for Divine Assistance in  
teaching Children.**

1 Lord, assist us by thy grace  
To instruct our infant race ;  
Grant us wisdom from above,  
Fill us with a Savior's love.

2 Let us in thy peace abide,  
In thy promises confide,  
While our seed with ready zeal,  
Learn of us to do thy will.

3 May we teach them day by day,  
In the house and by the way,  
When they rise or go to rest,  
Till thy truth shall make them blest.



4 While in childhood's tender age  
They unfold the sacred page,  
May they see in every line,  
Kindling rays of light divine.

5 Precious Savior, hear our prayer,  
We commit them to thy care ;  
Be their Shepherd and their guide,  
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

46. SEVENS.—*Pleyel's Hymn, German  
Air, Norwich.*

**Confession, and Prayer for As-  
sistance.**

1 Grant us wisdom, gracious Lord,  
To instruct our children dear ;  
And thy special aid afford,  
While for them we kneel in prayer.

- 2 Oh ! how ignorant and weak !  
How imperfect in our zeal !  
Guilty, while to Heav'n we speak—  
Jesus, Lord, our pardon seal !
- 3 Help us still our work of love  
Daily, hourly, to pursue ;  
While thy Spirit from above  
Shall our children's souls renew.
- 4 For this blessing now we plead,  
Send thy Holy Spirit down ;  
Smile on us and on our seed,  
Make thy power and glory known.
- 5 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer,—  
We are thine, for ever thine :  
Take these children to thy care,  
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

- 47. SEVENS.**—*Pleyel's Hymn, German Hymn, Preparation.*

**Children Exhorted.**

- 1 Children, listen to the Lord,  
And obey his gracious word ;  
Seek his love with heart and mind,  
Early seek, and you shall find.
- 2 Sorrowful, your sins confess,  
Plead his perfect righteousness ;  
See the Savior's bleeding side ;  
Come—you will not be denied.
- 3 For his worship now prepare,  
Kneel to him in fervent prayer ;  
Serve him with a perfect heart,  
Never from his ways depart.

48. SEVENS.—*Pleyel's Hymn, Norwich.*

**Prayer for Conversion and  
Sanctification of Children.**

1 God of mercy, hear our prayer  
For the children thou hast giv'n ;  
Let them all thy blessing share,  
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

2 In the morning of their days  
May their hearts be drawn to thee ;  
Let them learn to lisp thy praise  
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise—  
Sinful habits unsubdu'd ;  
Then to thee we lift our eyes,  
That their hearts may be renew'd.

4 Cleanse their souls from ev'ry stain,  
Through the Savior's precious blood ;

Let them all be born again,  
And be reconcil'd to God.

5 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;  
Bend thine ever-gracious ear ;  
While on thee our souls rely,  
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

49. C. M.—*Remembrance, Bethel, Barby.*

### **The Young exhorted.**

1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see his face,  
Is sure his love to gain ;  
And those that early seek his grace,  
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see ?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

*Doddridge.*

50.C. M.—*Moravian Hymn, Retirement.***The All-seeing God.**

- 1 Almighty God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin which we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy awful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment day.
- 3 And must the crimes which we have done  
Be read and publish'd there—  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie;  
Upward I dare not look.  
Pardon my sins, O God most high,  
And blot them from thy book

5 Remember all the dying pains  
Which my Redeemer felt ;  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear  
T' indulge a sinful thought,  
Since the great God can see and hear,  
And punish every fault.— *Watts.*

51. C. M.—*Peterborough, Windsor.*

**A little Child's Confession.**

1 Lord, I confess before thy face,  
How guilty I have been ;  
Look down from heav'n, thy dwelling place,  
And pardon all my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,  
My passion and my pride ;  
The wicked words I dar'd to say,  
And wicked thoughts beside.



- 3 I cannot lay me down to rest  
In quiet on my bed,  
Until with shame I have confess'd  
The naughty things I've said.
- 4 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,  
And change this wicked heart—  
O grant me grace in future time  
To act a better part.—*Am. Tract. Mag.*

## MEETINGS OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.\*

52. S. M.—*Dover, Clapton, Watchman.*

### Invocation.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

\* Other heads will be found to contain appropriate Hymns for such occasions, where any thing occurs of a special character.—*See Index.*

2 Convince us of our sin ;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wond'ring view reveal  
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul—  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts a flame  
Of never-dying love.—*Hart.*

53. C. M.—*Dundee, Barby.*

### Invocation.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys:  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,  
At this poor dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Savior's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.—*Watts.*

54. L. M.—*Quito, Uxbridge, All Saints.*

**Prayer Meeting.**

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

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

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise  
To things unseen beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;  
O rend the heav'ns, in love descend,  
And let the skies in mercy bend.—*Cowper.*

55. L. M.—*Uxbridge, Duke-street, Luton.*

MATTHEW, 18 : 20.

1 Where two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obed'ient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 There will the precious Savior be,  
To bless the little company ;  
There to unveil his smiling face,  
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word :  
Now send the Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

*Stennet.*

56. C. M.—*Peterborough, New Cambridge.*

MATTHEW, 18: 20.

1 Wherever two or three may meet,  
To worship in thy name,  
Bending beneath thy mercy seat,  
This promise they may claim:

2 Jesus in love will condescend  
To bless the hallowed place;  
The Savior will himself attend,  
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright th' assurance! gracious Lord,  
Fountain of peace and love,  
Fulfill to us thy precious word,  
Thy loving kindness prove.

4 Our offspring to thine arms we bring;  
Receive our infant race;  
O tune their lips thy love to sing,  
And fill their hearts with grace.

57. C. M.—*Dundee, Clarendon.***Prayer that Children may live  
for God.**

1 Great God, we would to thee make known  
Each fond maternal care ;  
For this we come before thy throne,  
And bring our children near.

2 We ask not riches, honor, fame,  
Or aught the world can give ;  
May they but glorify thy name,  
And for thy kingdom live.

3 This is the burthen of our prayer,  
And when from us they're riven,  
May they be objects of thy care,  
And heirs, at last, of heaven.

*Mrs. Brown.*

58. C. M.—*Dunchurch, Dundee, Chester.***Prayer for Children.**

- 1 Within these quiet walls, O Lord,  
 A fond maternal band  
 Have met, thy goodness to record,  
 And seek thy guiding hand.
- 2 Oft when we talk, our burning hearts  
 Break from the earth away ;  
 While faith its hc'ly strength imparts,  
 And hope its heav'nly ray.
- 3 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain  
 Hath gain'd thy listening ear,  
 O ! Savior, now in mercy deign  
 Our ardent cry to hear.
- 4 'Tis for our children, Lord, we plead,  
 Dear objects of our care :  
 Dangers on every side are spread ;  
 Save them from every snare.



5 O thou blest Guardian ! walk beside  
Life's river as it rolls ;  
Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,  
And cleanse and save their souls.

59. C. M.—*Dunchurch, Dundee, Barby.*

**Asking Spiritual Blessings for  
Children.**

1 O Lord, behold us at thy feet,  
A needy sinful band ;  
As suppliants round the mercy-seat,  
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,  
The children thou hast giv'n :  
Where should we go in time of need,  
But to the God of heav'n ?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,  
Amid the worldly strife ;

But in the all-prevailing name,  
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quick'ning grace  
To make them pure in heart ;  
That they may stand before thy face,  
And see thee as thou art.

60. S. M.—*Clapton, Watchman, Shir-*  
*land.*

### **Asking Spiritual Blessings for Children.**

1 Great God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race,  
And make their youthful spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace.

2 O what a vast delight,  
Their penitence to see !  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed ;  
O bring that soul-reviving hour,  
Which makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,  
Confess the Savior's name ;  
And follow on to know the Lord ;  
Nor fear reproach or shame.—*Fellows.*

61. S. M.—*Aylesbury, St. Giles.*

**Prayer for the Sanctification of  
the Young.**

1 Great God, with heart and tongue,  
To thee aloud we pray,  
That all our children, while they're young,  
May walk in wisdom's way.

2 Now in their early days,  
Teach them thy will to know ;

O God, thy sanctifying grace  
On every heart bestow.

3 Make their defenceless youth  
The object of thy care ;  
Cause them to choose the way of truth,  
And flee from every snare.

4 Their hearts to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine ;  
Unite them to thyself alone,  
And make them wholly thine.—*Anon.*

62. C. M.—*Remembrance, Barby, Dun-  
dee, Peterborough.*

**“First gave themselves to the  
Lord.”**

1 Come, let us join ourselves to God,  
In everlasting bands ;  
And seize the blessings he bestows,  
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us share, without delay,  
The covenant of his grace ;  
Nor shall the years of distant life  
Its memory e'er efface.

3 O may our rising offspring haste  
To seek their father's God ;  
Nor e'er forsake the happy path  
Their father's feet have trod.

*Montgomery's Coll.*

63. C.M.—*Retirement, Moravian Hymn,  
Barby, Peterborough.*

### **Covenant with Abraham.**

1 How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abr'am and his seed ;  
" I'll be a God to thee and thine  
" Supplying every need."

2 His promise to the seed he loves,  
Through ages shall endure ;

The Angel of the cov'nant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great father giv'n ;  
He takes young children in his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out our children's name. *Watts.*

64. S. M.—*Clapton, Aylesbury, Watchman, St. Giles.*

### **Pleading the Promises.**

1 O God of Abr'am, hear  
The parent's humble cry,  
In cov'nant mercy now appear  
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love,  
In mercy thou hast giv'n,  
That we through grace may faithful prove,  
In training them for heav'n.

3 O grant thy Spirit, Lord,  
Their hearts to sanctify ;  
Remember now thy gracious word ;  
Our hopes on thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,  
The penitential sigh ;  
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,  
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are thine,  
We give them back to thee ;  
O lead them by thy grace divine,  
Along the heav'nly way.

65. C. M.—*Retirement, Remembrance,  
Barby.*

**An abiding Covenant.**

2 SAM. 23 : 5.

1 My God, the cov'nant of thy love

Abides for ever sure ;

And in its matchless grace I feel,

My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee

As nature could desire ?

To nobler joys than nature gives

Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,

My Father art become ;

Jesus my guardian and my friend,

And heav'n my final home,

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,

For all that will is love ;



And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above. *Doddridge.*

66. S. M.—*Aylesbury, St. Giles, Watchman.*

### Asking for Spiritual Mercies on Children.

1 Thou God of sovereign grace,  
In mercy now appear,  
We long to see thy smiling face,  
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,  
O Shepherd of the flock!  
And wash the stains of guilt away  
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 Thy saving health impart,  
O Comforter divine;  
Now make these children pure in heart  
Make them entirely thine.

4 To-day in love descend,  
O come this precious hour ;  
In mercy now their spirits bend  
By thy resistless power.

5 Our lab'ring bosoms bleed  
Till thou our griefs dispel ;  
Sure is the covenant we plead,  
In all things order'd well.

6 Low bending at thy feet,  
Our offspring we resign :  
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,  
And high thy glories shine.

**67.** L. M.—*Uxbridge, Quito, Repose.*

**Children committed to the Good  
Shepherd.**

1 Dear Savior, if these lambs should stray  
Beyond thy blest enclosure's bound,

And lur'd by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are thine ;  
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;  
Think that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
Remember all the pray'rs and tears  
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more ;  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

*Hyde.*

68. 8's and 7's.—*Dismission, "Parting Soul."*

**Confession of Covenant breaking.**

1 Lord, we bow with deep contrition,  
Low before thy throne of grace;  
Hear us in thy kind compassion,  
While we seek thy smiling face.

2 Where, but to a bleeding Savior,  
Should we come for life and peace?  
Nothing but thy boundless favor,  
Can our burden'd souls release.

3 Thou hast witness'd our transgression,  
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;  
Witness now our deep confession,  
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

4 Ah, this sin of cov'nant breaking !  
 Canst thou, wilt thou, Lord, forgive ?  
 Shall we hear thy mercy speaking ?  
 Canst thou bid us look and live ?

5 Pardon, peace, and consolation,  
 At thy bleeding cross we see :  
 There we take an humble station,  
 There our children bring to thee.

69. C. M.—*Windsor, Reading, Dundee.*

**Pleading in reference to un-  
 godly Children.**

GENESIS, 17 : 18.

1 How did the pious Abr'am pray  
 For an ungodly son !  
 My soul in this accepted day,  
 Would make his prayer my own.

2 He could not clasp a sinful child,  
And lift no prayer above ;  
And shall *my* offspring be exil'd  
From God my Father's love ?

3 Shall cruel spirits drag them down  
To darkness and despair,  
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,  
To dwell for ever there ?

4 O Lord! the dreadful scene forbid,  
And let our faith revive ;  
If Abr'am might for Ishmael plead,  
The chosen seed may live.

*Dobell.*

**70. C. M.—***Remembrance, Peterborough,  
Retirement.*

**Praise from Lips of Infancy.**

PSALM 8.

- 1 Out of the mouth of infancy  
O Lord, perfect thy praise ;  
And let each heart, inspir'd by thee,  
Its early incense raise.
- 2 Then shall the church arise and sing,  
When infant lips reveal  
The love of Christ, our gracious King,  
And at his footstool kneel.
- [3 When they with gentle accent speak  
Of thy atoning blood ;  
The flinty hearts of men will break,  
Their souls submit to God.]

4 When glad hosannas shall ascend  
From children's feeble voice,  
No enemies shall dare offend,  
Or interrupt the joys.

5 When shall the heav'nly song arise  
Our drooping hearts to cheer?  
Stoop down in mercy from the skies,  
And bring salvation near.

6 The work, O Lord, is wholly thine;  
Begin this precious hour,  
And let the Spirit all divine  
Exert his saving power.



**EARLY PIETY.**

**71. C. M.**—*Dunchurch, Dundee, Barby.*

**“Teach us to pray.”**

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
Thy grace betimes impart ;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my infant heart.

2 A helpless creature I was born,  
And from the birth I stray'd :  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy's aid.

3 But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain ;  
And fit my soul with him to live  
Where he shall ever reign.

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

5 For those who early seek his face,  
Shall taste his wondrous love ;  
And he will guide them by his grace,  
To dwell with him above.

*S. S. Union Coll.*

72. S. M.—*Watchman, Shirland.*

### **Self-dedication of a Child.**

1 Lord, I would come to thee,  
A sinner all defil'd ;  
O take the stain of guilt away,  
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,  
And feel a Savior's love ;

Thy blood can make my spirit clean,  
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock  
I need the Shepherd's care ;  
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,  
And pastures green prepare

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine ;  
Still keep me in thy fear ;  
Now fill my heart with grace divine ;  
Bring thy salvation near.

73. L. M.—*Uxbridge, Duke street.*

### **The Infant's Prayer.**

1 Though we are simple, weak and young,  
The Lord will listen when we pray ;  
For never from the infant's tongue  
Did Jesus turn his ear away.

2 No, he assists the humble prayer,  
 Grants the importunate request ;  
 Tells us, that, should we trust his care,  
 He'll ever make us truly blest.

3 O may his love renew our hearts,  
 And consecrate our fleeting days,  
 And when our life on earth departs,  
 Eternal life be spent in praise.

*Am. Tr. Mag.*

74. C. M.—*Peterborough, Remembrance,  
 Dunchurch.*

### **The little Pilgrim.**

1 There is a path that leads to God,  
 All others go astray ;  
 Narrow and difficult the road,  
 But Christians love the way.

2 It leads through this dark world of sin,  
 Where many a snare is cast ;

But upright souls that walk therein,  
Will come to heav'n at last.

3 How shall an infant pilgrim dare  
This dang'rous path to tread?  
Do I not need a Shepherd's care,  
To be securely led?

4 Lord, condescend to be my guide,  
O let me never stray :  
Uphold my footsteps, lest I slide,  
Or wander from my way.

5 Then I may go without alarm,  
And trust his word of old :  
'The lambs he'll gather with his arm,  
'And lead them to the fold.'

*S. S. Hymn Book.*

75. C. M.—*Remembrance, Rochester.*

### Infant Aspirations.

- 1 Almighty God, while earth and heav'n  
Thy power and skill proclaim ;  
Wilt thou permit a child to sing  
The honors of thy name ?
- 2 May children aim at themes so great,  
Or raise their notes so high,  
When seraphs, low beneath thy feet,  
In self-abasement lie ?
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy employ  
O may they never rove !  
Where can I find sublimer joy,  
Than in this work of love ?
- 4 Great God, thou art my hope and  
strength,  
To thee my spirit flies

While the glad tribute of my voice  
 In grateful song shall rise.

5 Joyful I give myself to thee,  
 And in thy name confide ;  
 Jesus, my Lord, my Savior be,  
 My Father, friend, and guide.

76. H. M.—*Weymouth, Bethesda.*

**“ Forbid them not.”**

1 “ Forbid them not to come !”  
 It is the Savior’s voice :  
 And now in childhood’s bloom,  
 We tremble and rejoice.  
 Subdue our hearts, O Lord, to thee ;  
 Let every soul thy temple be.

2 “ Forbid them not to come !”  
 Ye tender parents hear :  
 The child in nature’s gloom  
 Intreats your ardent prayer.

O take us to the mercy-seat,  
And lay us down at Jesus' feet.

**77.** 8's—*Birmingham, Solitude.*

**Self-consecration of a little  
Child.**

1 O Jesus, delight of my soul,  
My Savior, my Shepherd divine ;  
I yield to thy blessed control ;  
My body and spirit are thine.  
Thy love I can never deserve  
That bids me be happy in thee ;  
My God and my King I will serve,  
Whose favor is heaven to me.

2 How can I thy goodness repay,  
By nature so weak and defil'd ?  
Myself I have given away ;  
O call me thy own little child.



And art thou my Father above ?

Will Jesus abide in my heart ?

O bind me so fast with thy love,

That I never from thee shall depart.

*Union Minstrel.*

## SICKNESS.

78. 7's—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

**Son of David, hear !**

1 When the heart is sad within,  
Burden'd with the weight of sin ;  
When the spirit sinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

2 When our heads are bow'd with wo,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn our children dear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

3 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed affection's tear :  
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

*Heber's Coll.*

79. 7's and 6's.—“*From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains,*” *Ashfield.*

### **In Sickness.**

1 Before thy footstool kneeling,  
To thee, O Lord, we cry ;  
While for thy gift of healing  
We raise our voice on high :  
Diseases and afflictions  
Thy ready servants are ;  
Chastisements and corrections  
To quicken us in prayer.

2 We own our guilt and folly,  
But thou canst still forgive ;  
And thou, most high and holy,  
Canst bid the sick revive :  
Though now cast down in sorrow,  
In darkness and distress,  
Joy may return to-morrow,  
Through thy restoring grace.

3 As suppliants now before thee,  
In thy great name we plead ;  
Physician, we adore thee,  
And trembling ask thine aid :  
Before thy footstool kneeling,  
To thee, to thee we cry ;  
Send down thy gift of healing,  
On thee our souls rely.

*S. Songs.*

80. 8's.—*Birmingham, Ludlow.*

*(The same subject.)*

- 1 How frail are these bodies of clay!  
How soon all their vigor is lost!  
They flourish in beauty to-day,  
To-morrow they mingle with dust.
- 2 So flowers in the morning may rise,  
Unfolding their leaves to the sun;  
While the breath of each zephyr that sighs,  
May blast them, and soon they are gone.
- 3 Afflictions spring not from the ground,  
Diseases our Sovereign obey;  
His hand can heal every wound,  
Or fill us with death and dismay.
- 4 We lie at thy sovereign control,  
O Lord, in this hour of distress

Physician of body and soul,  
Send down thy recovering grace

5 Oh! speak, and the dear one shall live,  
Jehovah, almighty to save!

At thy voice e'en the dead shall revive,  
And triumph at last o'er the grave.

81. L. M.—*Quito, Uxbridge, Luton.*

**For a sick little Child.**

1 Almighty God, I'm very ill;  
But cure me, if it be thy will;  
For thou canst take away my pain,  
And make me strong and well again.

2 Let me be patient all the day,  
And mind what those who nurse me say;  
And grant that all I have to take,  
May do me good, for Jesus's sake.

*American Tract Society.*

82. C. M.—*Peterborough, Remembrance.*

**Gratitude of a little Child for its  
Recovery.**

1 I thank the Lord who lives on high,  
He heard an infant pray,  
And cur'd me, that I should not die,  
And took my pains away.

2 O let me love, and serve thee too,  
As long as I shall live ;  
And every naughty thing I do,  
I pray thee to forgive.

*Amer. Tract Mag.*

83. S. M.—*Clapton, Watchman, Dover.*

**The Lord is piteous.**

1 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name

Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd by every breath ;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send our souls to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the plain,  
They wither in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

*Watts.*

**DEATH.**

84. L. M.—*Repose, Quito, Kingsbridge.*

**Death of an Infant.**

1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,  
Frail smiling solace of an hour ;  
So soon our transient comforts fly,  
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,  
To heal the anguish of the heart ?  
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh,  
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Bid gentle patience smile on pain,  
Till dying hope shall live again ;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye ;  
And faith points upward to the sky.

*Steele.*



85. C. M.—*Reading, Dundee, Dunchurch.*

**On the Death of a Child.**

1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour ;

How soon the vapor flies !

Man is a tender, transient flower,

That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his withering wintry arms,

And beauty smiles no more :

Ah ! where are now those rising charms

Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,

When what we now deplore

Shall rise in full immortal prime,

And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease then, fond nature, cease thy tears ;  
 Thy Savior dwells on high :  
 There everlasting spring appears,  
 There joys shall never die.

*Steele.*

86. C. M.—*Reading, Dundee, Windsor.*

**Death of a Child.**

1 Alas ! how chang'd that lovely flower,  
 Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart !  
 Fair, smiling comfort of an hour,  
 How soon we're call'd to part !

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign  
 That God whose ways are love ?  
 Or vainly cherish anxious pain  
 For one that rests above ?

3 No, let me rather humbly pay  
 Obedience to thy will ;

And with my inmost spirit say,  
The Lord is righteous still.

4 The darkest nights and loudest storms  
Of earth will soon be o'er ;  
Then upward with th' angelic forms,  
We'll rise to weep no more.

*Knight.*

87. 8's & 7's.—*Dismission, "Parting  
Soul."*

**Resignation on the Death of  
an Infant.**

1 Now, O Lord, to thee submitting,  
We the tender pledge resign :  
And thy mercies ne'er forgetting,  
Own that all we have is thine.

2 Rest, sweet babe, in gentle slumbers,  
Till the resurrection morn ;  
Then arise to join the numbers  
Who its triumphs shall adorn.

3 Though thy presence was endearing,  
 Though thy absence we deplore,  
 At the Savior's bright appearing,  
 We shall meet to part no more.

*Anon.*

88. 8's & 7's.—*Dismission, "Parting  
 Soul."*

'**“ Weep not for me.”**

1 Why lament the Christian dying?  
 Why indulge in tears or gloom?  
 Calmly on the Lord relying,  
 He can greet the opening tomb.

2 What if death, with icy fingers,  
 All the fount of life congeals?  
 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,  
 'Tis not death his spirit feels.

3 Though for him thy soul is mourning,  
 Though with grief thy heart is riv'n

While his flesh to dust is turning,  
 All his soul is filled with heav'n.

4 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,  
 Now forbid his longer stay ;  
 See him rise o'er death victorious ;  
 Angels beckon him away.

5 Hark ! the golden harps are ringing ;  
 Sounds unearthly fill his ear :  
 Millions now in heaven singing,  
 Greet his joyful entrance there.

*S. Songs.*

**89.** 7's & 4's.—*Gethsemane.*

### **Support in Death.**

1 When the vale of death appears,  
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,  
 Light me through the darksome way :  
 Break the shadows.  
 Usher in eternal day.

2 Upward from this dying state,  
Bid my waiting soul aspire ;  
Open thou the crystal gate,  
To thy praise attune my lyre :  
Then triumphant,  
I will join th' immortal choir. *Gems.*

90. C. M.—*Retirement, Chester, Barby,  
Dundee.*

**A Daughter at her Mother's  
Grave.**

1 The relics of departed worth,  
Lie shrouded here in gloom ;  
And here with aching heart I mark  
My own dear mother's tomb.

2 Oh ! as upon her peerless grave  
I fix my weeping eyes,  
How many fond remembrances  
In quick succession rise !

- 3 Again I see her gentle form,  
As when in infant days,  
And childhood's early sportive years,  
She guarded all my ways.
- 4 Again her kind maternal voice  
Falls on my list'ning ear,  
As when she taught my youthful soul,  
The God of love to fear.
- 5 Father of Heav'n, my mother's God!  
Before thy blissful seat,  
Among the glorious heirs of light,  
May I that mother meet.
- 6 There may I see her happy face,  
And hear her gentle voice;  
And, gladden'd by thy smiling face,  
Through endless years rejoice.

*Miss B---r.*

91. L. M.—*Kingsbridge, Windham,  
Quito.*

**The Widow and Fatherless.**

- 1 O thou that art the widow's God,  
A Father to the fatherless,  
We bow beneath thy chast'ning rod  
This hour of conflict and distress.
- 2 Parent and husband, thou hast borne,  
In silence to the op'ning tomb ;  
Pity the lov'd ones, Lord, that mourn,  
Whose spirits now are fill'd with gloom.
- 3 We plead for those bow'd down with grief  
Members of this maternal band ;  
Where shall we go to seek relief,  
But to thy kind, indulgent hand ?
- 4 The hand that chastens us can heal,  
O God of faithfulness and love !



In mercy, now thy grace reveal,  
A Father's loving kindness prove.

5 O thou that art the widow's God,  
A father to the fatherless,  
Now hearken from thy high abode,  
And deign to answer us in peace.

92. C. M.—*Windsor, Dundee.*

### For a Dying Child.

1 My heav'nly Father, I confess,  
That all thy ways are just ;  
Although I faint with sore distress,  
And now draw near the dust.

2 How soon my little strength has fled !  
My life will soon be past :  
O smile upon my dying bed,  
And love me to the last.

3 Once did the blessed Savior cry,  
"Let little children come :"

On this kind word I would rely,  
Since I am going home.

4 O take this guilty soul of mine,  
That now will soon be gone,  
And wash it clean, and make it shine  
With heav'nly garments on.

5 Be pleas'd to grant an easy death,  
If 'tis thy holy will ;  
And bid the struggles of my breath  
And all my pains be still.

6 My heav'nly Father, hear my prayer,  
Accept my feeble praise ;  
And let me quickly meet thee where  
A nobler song I'll raise.—*Am. Tr. Soc.*

**CONSOLATION IN AFFLIC-  
TION.**

**93.** L. M.—*Repose, Quito, Kingsbridge.*

**Submission under the Loss of  
Friends.**

- 1 The God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When his own children fall around,  
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought,  
Should with our moving passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget,  
Th' Almighty, ever living Friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills,  
Our mortal bodies soon must fail

Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

4 Our Father, God, to thee we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,  
And on thy cov'nant love and truth,  
Our sinking spirits shall depend.

*Scott.*

94. C. M.—*Dundee, Barby, Chester, Re-  
membrance.*

### **Resignation in Afflictions.**

1 It is the Lord ; my soul be still,  
And bow before the throne ;  
O let me now submissive feel,  
And say, "Thy will be done."

2 It is the Lord, whose chast'ning hand  
Has fill'd the cup of wo :  
The shaft of death, by his command,  
Has struck the fatal blow.

3 It is the Lord, who kindly gave,  
That takes the gift away ;  
'Tis sin that dooms us to the grave,  
In his appointed way.

4 It is the Lord, and he is good,  
Unchangeably the same :  
Though sorrow rises like a flood,  
I'll bless his holy name.

95. 8's & 7's.—“ *Parting Soul,*” *Dis-*  
*mission.*

**“ Thy will be done.”**

1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding,  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
Let us, at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, “ Thy will be done.”

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,  
Though afflicted, not alone ;

Thou didst give, and thou hast taken ;  
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3 Fill us now with deep contrition ;  
Take away these hearts of stone :  
While we all, with true submission,  
Meekly say, thy will be done.

4 Though to-day we're fill'd with mourning,  
Mercy still is on the throne ;  
With thy smiles of love returning,  
We can sing, thy will be done.

5 To thine arms the child was given ;  
Thou hast taken but thine own ;  
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,  
Evermore thy will be done.

96. L. M.—*Surry, Quito, Kingsbridge.*

**Why weep for departed Saints ?**

1 Why weep for those, frail child of wo,  
Who've fled, and left thee sorrowing  
here ?

Triumphant o'er their latest foe,  
They glory in a brighter sphere.

2 Why weep for them ? beside thee now  
Perhaps they watch with guardian care ;  
Witness thy tears that freely flow,  
While *they* the bliss of angels share.

3 Or round their Father's throne above,  
With raptur'd voice his praise they sing ;  
Or on his messages of love  
They journey with unwearied wing.

4 *They* weep no more ; their voices raise  
The song of triumph high to God ;  
And would'st thou join their song of praise,  
Walk humbly in the paths they trod.

*Anon.*

97. 8's & 7's.—“*Light of those,*” “*Love Divine.*”

**For a Sister mourning the loss  
of a Child.**

1 Hast thou lost a child most precious ?

'Tis thy Father brings thee low :

'Mid th' affliction he is gracious,

Pitying while he deals the blow :

Sister, lift thine eye above thee ;

'Tis from thence the rod descends :

He must chasten, if he love thee :

Kiss the hand that is a Friend's.

2 He would bring the wand'rer near him,

Cause the contrite tear to flow :

Take the draught, and love and fear him,

Though the cup be fill'd with we,



We can only share thy sadness,  
 Mingling sighs and tears with thine ;  
 He can give celestial gladness,  
 Quench the fire, and yet refine.

3 O there is no cross, no fetter,  
 While we bear the yoke of love :  
 Crushing makes the fragrance sweeter ;  
 Sorrows point to rest above.  
 Drooping mourner, can'st thou languish  
 Near the great Consoler's feet ?  
 He can give thee joy for anguish ;  
 Seek him at the mercy-seat.

6

98. 8's & 7's.—“*Happy soul,*” “*Love Divine.*”

### **Weep not for the Departed.**

1 O ye mourners, cease to languish  
 O'er the grave of those ye love ;

Pain and death, and night and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

2 While in darkness ye are straying,  
Lonely in the deep'ning shade,  
Glory's brightest beams are playing  
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

4 Light and peace at once deriving  
From the hand of God most high;  
In his glorious presence living,  
They shall never, never die.

*Collier.*

99. S. M.—*Aylesbury, Clapton, Dover.*

**Affliction blessed.**

1 How tender is thy hand,  
O thou beloved Lord!  
Afflictions come at thy command,  
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod  
That chasten'd us for sin !  
How soon we found a smiling God  
Where deep distress had been !

3 A Father's hand we felt,  
A Father's heart we knew ;  
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,  
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief ;  
We thought of Jesus' love ;  
A sense of pardon brought relief,  
And bade our pangs remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,  
And in his strength confide :  
For ever be his name ador'd,  
For there is none beside.

100. S. M.—*Clapton, Watchman, Shir-  
land.*

**Afflictions profitable.**

- 1 Sweet fruits afflictions bring ;  
Like those on Aaron's rod ;  
They bud and bloom divinely fair,  
Which proves them sent of God.
- 2 He takes the rod in hand,  
With pity in his heart,  
That every stroke his children feel,  
May quick'ning grace impart.
- 3 Those blessings in disguise  
Compensate all our pain :  
Our losses, crosses, groans and tears,  
We count them all but gain.

4 Faith finds each promise sure ;  
 Hope looks within the veil ;  
 Love bears the discipline divine,  
 And cleaves to Jesus still.

5 Thus by the grace of God,  
 Our everlasting Friend,  
 Our chastisements and sorrows here  
 Will soon in glory end. *Dobell.*

**101. C.M.--***Remembrance, Peterborough.*

**Joy in God.**

1 O Lord, I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend ;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dry'd,  
 Thy fullness is the same ;

May I with this be satisfy'd,  
And glory in thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who has a fountain near,  
A fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear ?

4 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee ;  
I must have all things and abound,  
While God is God to me.

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
I triumph and adore ;  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

*Dr. Ryland.*

**102.** C. M.—*Dunchurch, Barby, Re-  
membrance*

**Submission.**

**1** O Lord, my best desires fulfill

And help me to resign

Life, health and comfort to thy will,

And make thy pleasures mine.

**2** Why should I shrink at thy command?

Thy love forbids my fears;

Why tremble at the gracious hand

That wipes away my tears?

**3** No, let me rather freely give

What most I prize to thee:

Thou never hast a good withheld

Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,  
 Shall be my rich supply ;  
 What more I want, or think I do,  
 Let wisdom still deny.

*Cowper (S. Lyr.)*

**103.** C. M. D.—*Retirement, Riverston.*

**“ They that sow in tears shall  
 reap in joy.”**

1 There is an hour of hallow'd peace  
 For those with care oppress'd ;  
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall  
 And all be hush'd to rest. [cease,  
 'Tis then the soul is free'd from fears  
 And doubts that here annoy ;  
 Then they that oft had sown in tears,  
 Shall reap again in joy.



2 There is an hour of sweet repose,  
 When storms assail no more ;  
 The stream of endless pleasure flows  
 On that celestial shore :  
 There purity with love appears,  
 And bliss without alloy ;  
 There they that oft had sown in tears,  
 Shall reap eternal joy.

*Tappan.*

**104. C. M.**—*Barby, Dunchurch, Dundee.*

### **The Request.**

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at thy throne of grace  
 Let this petition rise :

2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;

The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

105. 8's.—*Birmingham, Solitude.*

#### In Darkness.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness to me!  
His name yields the richest perfume,  
And softer than music his voice;  
His presence can banish my gloom,  
And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Dear Lord! if indeed thou art mine,  
And thou art my sun and my song;  
Say why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dull clouds from the sky.  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or bid me soar upward on high,  
Where winter and storms are no more.  
*Newton.*

106. C. M.—*Spring, Remembrance.*

### **Spring Spiritualized.**

1 At length the opening spring has come,  
How joyous is the scene!  
The air is fill'd with rich perfume;  
The fields are dress'd in green.

2 I see my Savior, from on high,  
Break through the clouds and shine;

No creature now more blest than I,  
No heart more glad than mine,

3 Thy word bids all my hopes revive,  
It overcomes my foes ;  
It makes my drooping graces thrive,  
And blossom like the rose.

4 Thus, Lord, a monument I stand  
Of what thy grace can do ;  
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,  
The changing seasons through.

*Newton.*

**107.** C. M.—*Chester, Retirement.*

**Name of Jesus.**

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
It calms the troubled breast :  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

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

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

108. L. M.—*Uxbridge, Quito, Repose.*

**Communion desired.**

1 O that I could for ever dwell,  
With Mary, at my Savior's feet,

And view the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat

2 The world shut out from all my view,  
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss,  
Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,  
A life of penitential love ;  
When most my follies I despise,  
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 When all I am I clearly see,  
And freely own with deepest shame,  
When the Redeemer's love to me,  
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake ;  
Then rise to God within the veil,  
And of eternal joys partake.—*R.*

109. C. M.—*Windsor, Reading, Con-  
trition.*

**Penitence.**

- 1 O thou whose tender mercy hears  
    Contrition's humble cry ;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
    From sorrows weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace  
    A wretched wanderer mourn :  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
    Hast thou not said—return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
    To drive me from thy feet ?  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
    This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,  
    Without one cheering ray

Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way !

5 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine :  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

*Steele.*

**110.** C. M.—*Dundee, Barby, Dunkirk.*

### **Quickening Grace.**

1 O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame ;  
And light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left a cheerless void  
The world can never fill.



- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

*Cowper.*

**111.** H. M.—*Bethesda, Weymouth.*

**Desiring the presence of Christ.**

- 1 Come, my Redeemer, come,  
And deign to dwell with me.

O make my heart thy home,  
And bid thy rivals flee :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Why should the world presume  
To occupy thy throne ?  
Come, and thy right assume—  
I would be thine alone :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Exert thy mighty power,  
And banish all my sin ;  
In this auspicious hour,  
Bring all thy graces in :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

4 Rule thou in every thought  
And passion of my soul,

Till all my powers are brought  
Beneath thy full control ;  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

5 Then shall my days be thine,  
And all my heart be love,  
And joy and peace be mine,  
Such as are known above :  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.—*R.*

**112.** C. M.—*New Cambridge, Peter-  
borough.*

### **Gospel Blessings.**

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.— *Watts.*

113. S. M.—*Clapton, St. Thomas, Dover.*

### **Prayer for all Lands.**

1 O Lord of sovereign grace,  
We bow before thy throne,  
And plead, for all the human race,  
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,  
The knowledge of thy ways ;  
And let all lands with joy record  
The great Redeemer's praise.

**114.** S. M.—*Clapton, St. Thomas, Dover.*

**The same subject.**

1 Thy name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honors spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchang'd no more.—*Watts.*

**115.** C. M.—*Aithlone.*

**Prayer for a dying World.**

1 God of the nations, bow thine ear,  
And listen to our fervent prayer,  
Through thy beloved Son :

Build up the kingdom of his grace  
Amid the millions of our race,  
And make thy wonders known.

2 Send forth the heralds in his name,  
Bid them a Savior's love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
Till every land shall hear the sound,  
And send the joyful echoes round  
Amid the shades of death.

3 O let the nations rise and bring  
Their off'rings to th' Almighty King,  
And trust in him alone ;  
Renounce their idols, and adore  
The God of gods for evermore,  
Upon his lofty throne.

4 The dying millions then shall prove  
The matchless power of bleeding love,  
And feel their sins forgiv'n ;

Shall join the convert's joyful throng,  
And raise on high redemption's song,  
Along the path to heav'n.

**116.** 7's & 6's.—“*From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains.*”

### **The Storm.**

1 How fierce the lightning blazes !  
I hear the thunder's roar ;  
Hark, how the wind arises,  
While clouds their waters pour !  
But in the Lord confiding,  
Our souls feel no alarm,  
For he himself is riding  
Upon the angry storm.

2 The light'nings are his arrows,  
The thunders are his voice ;  
Yet e'en the feeblest sparrows  
May safe in him rejoice.

The clouds, and winds, and waters,  
Obey his sovereign word ;  
Let Zion's sons and daughters  
Adore th' Almighty Lord.

3 When lightnings red are streaking,  
A Father's arm is bared ;  
When thunders loud are speaking,  
A Father's voice is heard :  
The foes that flee before him,  
Can never feel his grace ;  
While children that adore him,  
Shall see his smiling face.

**117.** C. M.—*Reading, Chester.*

**Light of God's Countenance.**

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights ;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.



2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.

118. 7's & 6's.—“ *From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains.*”

**Human Frailty.**—PSALM 39.

1 O what is earthly pleasure,  
Compar'd with thy rich grace !  
Lord, teach me how to measure  
The remnant of my days ;  
How brief is my existence,  
How frail a thing is man ;  
And grant me thine assistance,  
This feeble life to scan.

2 How soon the hours of gladness  
That cheer us on our way,  
Are chang'd to gloom and sadness,  
Or fill'd with deep dismay !  
Man, in his best condition,  
Is vanity and dust ;  
Soon past the fleeting vision,  
Then he gives up the ghost.

3 Earth's treasures quickly leave us,  
Its honors ne'er endure ;  
Its pleasures but deceive us,  
Its hopes are insecure :  
But Lord, while time so fleeting  
Is fill'd with many a snare,  
My soul on thee is waiting—  
I'll trust thy guardian care.

**119.** C. M.—*Remembrance, New Cambridge, Peterborough.*

**“ Watch and Pray.”**

1 The Savior bids us watch and pray,  
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,  
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray  
To those who seek its power.

2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
O Christian! hear his voice to-day,  
Obedience is your life.

3 The Savior bids us watch and pray,  
For soon the hour will come  
That calls us from the earth away,  
To our eternal home.

4 The Savior bids us watch and pray,  
O hear the Shepherd's voice!

And follow where he leads the way,  
To heav'n's eternal joys.

120. S. M.—*St. Thomas, Dover, Watchman.*

### The Christian Warfare.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly day by day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thy armor down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.—*Heath.*

121. C. M.—*Remembrance, Peterborough.*

**A Birth-day.**

- 1 Swift as the winged arrow flies,  
My time is hast'ning on ;  
Quick as the lightning from the skies,  
My wasting moments run,
- 2 My follies past, O God, forgive,  
My every sin subdue ;  
And teach me henceforth how to live,  
With glory in my view.
- 3 'T were better I had not been born,  
Than live without thy fear ;  
For they are wretched and forlorn,  
Who have their portion here.
- 4 But thanks to thine unbounded grace,  
That in my early youth,

I have been taught to seek thy face,  
And know the way of truth.

5 O let thy spirit lead me still,  
Along the happy road ;  
Conform me to thy holy will,  
My Father and my God.

6 Another year of life is past ;  
My heart to thee incline,  
That if this year should be my last,  
It may be wholly thine.—*Anon.*

**122.** L. M.—*Quito, Luton, Duke-street.*

### **The New-Year.**

1 Look back, my soul, what hast thou done  
Thy tender offspring to improve ?  
What, through the year whose course has  
run,

**To win them to a Savior's love ?**

- 2 Has kind instruction been distill'd,  
From morning's dawn till evening's shade?  
Were hours of relaxation fill'd  
With usefulness that ne'er betray'd
- 3 Has discipline held fast the rein,  
With prudent, firm, yet gentle hand,  
Those infant vices to restrain,  
That sought thy counsel to withstand?
- 4 And hast thou thine own weakness felt,  
Thy constant need of help divine?  
And when in secret thou hast knelt,  
Has faith declar'd each promise thine?
- 5 Hast thou besought the Lord to bring  
Thy tender offspring to his feet?  
That they might own their Sovereign King,  
Confessing that his love is great?
- 6 Hast felt that they were not too young  
His pard'ning mercy to receive?

And mingle in the convert's song?  
And feeling, could'st thou still believe

7 Look back, my soul, impartial trace  
The scenes of the departed year;  
Implore forgiveness, seek for grace,  
And heav'n in mercy heed thy prayer.

*Mother's Magazine.*

123. TUNE—"They have gone to the  
land."

### **Education of Pious Youth.**

For the last Thursday in February.

1 Wake, mothers of Israel! O hasten to  
plead  
For the Spirit of grace to descend;  
The word has gone forth, and the faithful  
have need



Of your prayers, the great cause to defend.

Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heav'n,

From hearts all united in one,

That wisdom and grace to our youth may be giv'n,

And strength for the race they must run.

2 O'er the green hills of science, O Spirit, preside,

And send down thy heavenly show'rs:

Let holiest dews on those tendrils abide,

And moisten the germs and the flow'rs.

Pour salt in these fountains, shed light on these halls,

Bid Shiloh's pure waters be there,

Till the tide of salvation, surrounding these walls,

Rolls high in the breezes of prayer.

3 From the youth of our country shall  
armies arise,

The Gospel of peace to proclaim ;

O'er the land and the seas the glad mes-  
sage that flies,

Shall re-echo Immanuel's name.

Wake, mothers in Israel, O wrestle and  
pray,

While incense is wafted on high ;

For the hands that in faith are uplifted to-  
day,

Shall prevail with the realms of the sky.

*Mother's Magazine.*

124. C. M.—*Peterborough, Harleigh,  
Clarendon.*

**Rejoice with trembling.**

1 I was a groveling creature once.

Fast cleaving to the earth,

And wanted spirit to renounce

The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,  
And sent me from above,  
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,  
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
And there delighted stand,  
To view beneath a shining sky,  
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain  
Hath promised it to me ;  
The length and breadth of all the plain,  
As far as faith can see.

5 O, from this glorious privilege,  
Lord, save me, or I fall ;  
Standing upon the mountain's edge,  
To thee for help I call.

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,  
My strength is not my own ;  
Then let me lean upon his word,  
And none will cast me down.—*Cowper.*

125. C. M.—*Retirement, Rochester, Peterborough.*

**The Host of God passing into  
Heaven.**

1 One family we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

2 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
 This solemn moment fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.

4 Dear Savior, be our constant guide,  
 Then, when the word is giv'n,  
 Bid death's cold stream and flood divide,  
 And land us safe in heav'n.

*C. Wesley.*

**126.** 8's peculiar.—*Solitude.*

**Heaven desired.**

1 O lend me the wings of a dove,  
 To fly from these regions of wo;  
 My hopes and my joys are above,  
 And thither my spirit would go.  
 I long with my Savior to rest,  
 Beyond the assault of my foes,  
 And lean with a smile on his breast;  
 No pillow can yield such repose.

2 How pleas'd and how blest should I be  
To gaze on his beauteous face ;  
While love and compassion to me  
Lend every expression a grace ;  
No cloud should bewilder my sight,  
No sigh from my heart should arise ;  
But fill'd with extatic delight,  
All tears should be wip'd from my eye.

3 Ah, then I should cease to offend  
The Savior I love and adore ;  
His grace, without limit or end,  
Should reign in my heart evermore.  
All pure as the angels above,  
Each thought should exult in his name ;  
Each passion resign'd to his love,  
With rapture his praise should proclaim.

*R*

127. 8's and 7's — "*Happy Soul,*" Grenville.

### Joyful Hope.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine :  
Think what Jesus did to win thee ;  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine :

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer ;  
Heav'n's eternal day 's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days :  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Gems.*

128. 8's.—*Birmingham, Bleecker-street.*

**Longing to be with Christ.**

1 To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;

O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.

2 My Savior, whom absent I love,  
Whom not having seen I adore ;

Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and pow'r.

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;

O strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,

When array'd in thy lories I shine,



Nor grieve any more by my sins  
The bosom on which I recline ;

5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,  
And round me thy brightness be pour'd ;  
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,  
Whom not having seen I ador'd.

*Cowper.*

**129.** 8's and 5's.—*Salem, Oakham.*

### **Joy in God.**

1 Rejoice in the Lord,  
Believe in his word,  
Confide in his mercy and grace ;  
His throne shall endure,  
His promise is sure ;  
In him shall the righteous have peace.

2 Thrice happy are they,  
Who his precepts obey,

Who delight in the joy of their God :  
 Their joy shall increase,  
 And their trials shall cease,  
 As they enter the heavenly abode.

3 What scenes will arise  
 As they pass through the skies !  
 What rapture their bosoms will fill !  
 As their harps they employ,  
 In the fullness of joy,  
 On the height of some heavenly hill.

*S. Songs.*

**130.** 7's (*six lines*)—*Nuremburgh, 'Rock of Ages.'*

### **Christ, the Rock.**

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee,

Let the water and the blood  
From thy wounded side that flow'd,  
Be of sin the perfect cure :  
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal ~~no~~ languor know,  
This for sin could not atone—  
Thou must save, and thou alone.  
In my hand no price I bring—  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne :  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

*Toplady.*

**131** 8's and 7's.—*Grenville*, "*Happy Souls.*"

**Pilgrims.**

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,  
Through this lonely vale of tears,  
Through the changes yet decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
'Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

*S. Songs.*

132. L. M.—*Repose, Duke-street, Ux-  
bridge, Luton.*

### **Public Worship on the Sabbath.**

1 Blest hour, when mortal man aspires  
To hold communion with his Lord;  
To raise to heav'n his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er the anxious breast,  
When all whose hearts and voices join,  
Proclaim the holy day of rest.

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws  
nigh,

Well pleas'd his people's voice to hear  
To list the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour ; for where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are giv'n :  
And mortals find his earthly courts,  
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

*MS.*

**133.** C. M.—*Remembrance, Peterborough, New Cambridge.*

### **Meeting of Friends.**

1 Come, let us strike our harps afresh  
To great Jehovah's name ;  
Sweet be the accents of our tongues  
When we his love proclaim.

- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were call'  
In pain awhile to part ;  
'Tis by his care we meet again,  
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserv'd  
Our feet from every snare ;  
And blest the goodness of the Lord,  
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O may the Spirit's quick'ning power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal in works of love  
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away,  
Soon shall our wand'rings cease ;  
And with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace.—*R.*

**134.** 7's.—*Pleyel's Hymn, Norwich***At parting.**

- 1 For a season call'd to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend,  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer ;  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
Sweeten every cross and pain,  
And our wasting lives prolong,  
'Till we meet on earth again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
Songs of gladness shall be reared ;  
And our souls should praise the Lord,  
Who our poor petitions heard.

*Newton.*



135. C. L. M.—“*The Adieu,*” or, “*Go watch and pray.*”

### Parting with Friends.

1 To thee, when call'd awhile to part,  
With friends or kindred dear ;  
To thee we raise each drooping heart,  
And tell each rising fear :  
For thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,  
To hear thy children when they cry.

2 The Lord in mercy condescends  
To those who ask his love ;  
Calls them his children and his friends,  
And writes their names above :  
His bending ear, his smiling face,  
Are present at the throne of grace.

3 As children of a Father's care,  
Thy blessing we implore ;  
As friends of Jesus, we would share  
Thy presence evermore :  
'Tis this alone can cheer the soul,  
And every rising grief control.

4 If thou art with us when we part  
With friends or kindred dear,  
To fill with joy each drooping heart,  
And banish every fear !  
How easy then to bid adieu,  
For Jesus smiles, and heav'n is true.

*S. Songs.*

136. S. M.--*Watchman, Shirland.*

**Christian Fellowship.**

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love ;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;

But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

*Fawcett.*

**137.** 8's, 7's and 4's.—*Grenville, Dis  
mission.*

### **Dismission.**

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace

Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away ;  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay ;  
May we ready  
Rise and reign in endless day.

*Anon.*

138. C. M.—*Dundee, Windsor, Chester.*

**Penitence and Hope.**

1 Dear Savior, when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of thy grace,  
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.

2 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
The penitential sigh,  
Confirm the kind forgiving word  
With pity in thine eye.

3 Then shall the mourner at thy feet  
Rejoice to seek thy face ;  
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,  
Thy condescending grace.

*Steele.*

139. C. M.—*Retirement, Chester, Barby.*

**Love to Christ desired.**

- 1 Thou lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word -  
I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 2 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
And sin and sorrow rise,  
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
My fainting breast supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene  
Is clouded o'er with pain;

My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
O come with blissful ray,  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love ;  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.

*Steele.*

**140.** 8's.—*Solitude, Bleecker-street.*

### **A Missionary's Death.**

1 Weep not for the saint that ascends  
To partake of the joys of the sky ;  
Weep not for the seraph that bends,  
With the worshipping chorus on high.



- 2 Weep not for the spirit now crown'd  
With the garland to martyrdom giv'n,  
O weep not for him, he has found  
His reward and his refuge in heav'n.
- 3 But weep for their sorrows, who stand  
And lament o'er the dead by his grave!  
Who sigh when they muse on the land  
Of their home, far away o'er the wave—
- 4 And weep for the nations that dwell  
Where the light of the truth never shone;  
Where anthems of peace never swell,  
And the love of the Lamb is unknown.
- Anon.*

**141. C. M.—*Dunchurch, Retirement.***

1 While here I sit  
At Jesus's feet,  
Amid the vale of tears:

I'll trust his grace,  
And sing his praise,  
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be  
That I shall see  
My Savior face to face?  
For ever prove  
His boundless love,  
And endless anthems raise?

3 The thought shall still  
My musings fill,  
By cares and sorrows prest;  
The blessed hope  
Shall lift me up—  
The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears  
To wipe the tears  
From every pilgrim's eye.

What tongue can tell  
The joys they'll feel  
Throughout eternity !

*S. Songs.*

142. 7's.—*Pleyel's Hymn, German Air.*

### **Public Worship on the Sabbath.**

1 Soft and holy is the place  
Where the light that beams from heav'n,  
Shows the Savior's smiling face,  
With the joy of sin forgiv'n.

2 There with one accord we meet,  
All the words of life to hear,  
Bending low at Jesus's feet,  
Worshipping with godly fear.

3 Let the world and all its cares,  
Now retire from every breast ;

Let the tempter and his snares,  
Cease to hinder or molest.

4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,  
Fairest type of heav'n above,  
Purest joy thy scenes afford  
To the heart that's tun'd to love.

*S. Songs.*

**143.** L. M.—*Quito, Repose, Luton.*

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer;

The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern : make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

*Watts.*

**144.** 8's.—*Solitude, Birmingham.*

**Looking to Christ.**

1 Dear Savior, attend to my prayer,  
That seeks for relief in a sigh ;  
Fain would I deposit my care,  
On "the Rock that is higher than I."  
My fears and my sorrows abound ;  
The storm of affliction runs high ;  
And safety alone can be found  
In "the Rock that is higher than I."

2 My foes have encircled my way ;  
Unable to stand or to fly,  
I look with distress and dismay  
To "the Rock that is higher than I."  
My sins and transgressions appear,  
And tell me that vengeance is nigh ;  
O hide me from all that I fear,  
In "the Rock that is higher than I."

3 Perplex'd, overwhelm'd, and oppress'd,  
I scarcely can utter a cry ;  
Dear Savior ! come, lead me to rest  
On "the Rock that is higher than I."  
Then I'll smile in the midst of my woes,  
And cast a fond look to the sky,  
And shout with my foot on my foes,  
To "the Rock that is higher than I."

*R.*

145. C. M.—*Dundee, Windsor.*

**A Look from the Cross.**

- 1 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agony and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,  
But all my tears were vain ;  
Where could my trembling soul be hid,  
For I the Lord had slain.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive ;

This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die, that thou may'st live.

5 "Thus while my death thy sin displays,  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals thy pardon too !"

*Newton.*



**DOXOLOGIES.****L. M.—No. 1.**

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,  
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

**L. M.—No. 2.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**C. M.**

To God the Father, God the Son,  
Your grateful voices raise ;  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Ascribe immortal praise.

C. M.—*Double.*

The God of mercy be ador'd,  
 Who calls our souls from death,  
 Who saves by his redeeming word,  
 And new-creating breath :  
 To praise the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit all-divine ;  
 The One in Three, and Three in One,  
 Let saints and angels join.

## S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

## 7's.

To the Father, to the Son,  
 To the Spirit, three in one,  
 Let the highest praise be giv'n  
 By the sons of earth and heav'n.

## H. M.

To God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise ;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise :  
With all our pow'rs,  
Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing,  
While faith adores

## 8's and 7's.

May the grace of Christ our Savior,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above :  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8's, 7's and 4's.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the Spirit, join'd in glory,  
On the same eternal throne :  
    Endless praises  
To Jehovah, three in one.

7's and 6's.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Eternal praise be giv'n,  
By all that earth inherit,  
And all that dwell in heav'n :  
Thou triune God ! before thee  
Our inmost souls adore :  
Who art and hast been worthy,  
And shalt be evermore.





Memorandum

Sept

1913

7/7

