

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S
HYMNAL.**

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL

A Companion Volume
to
William Gadsby's Selection

Intended for Children and Young People

2008

Gospel Standard Trust Publications
12(b) Roundwood Lane
Harpenden
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AL5 3BZ
England

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ISBN: 978-1-897837-38-2

Original edition printed 1973
Reprinted with supplement included 2002
Reset and reprinted 2008

Supplement available separately

CONTENTS

Hymns

Praise	1-16
God	17-26
The Lord Jesus	27-72
The Holy Spirit.....	73-78
Creation	79-86
Providence.....	87-94
Sin	95-102
The Gospel	103-112
The New Birth.....	113-115
Prayer	116-147
The Bible.....	148-156
Bible Narratives: Old Testament.....	157-205
Bible Narratives: New Testament	206-226
The Lord's Day	227-234
Warnings	235-257
Death and Eternity.....	258-269
Heaven.....	270-276
Seasons.....	277-289
General	290-312
Psalms	313-340
Graces.....	341-345
Supplement.....	346-395

PREFACE

It has long been felt desirable that an entirely new hymnbook for children and young people should be published, a hymnbook containing the best hymns from various selections. To this end many hymnbooks have been carefully searched for suitable hymns – new and old, well known and little known – this little hymnbook being the result.

The vital point that has constantly been in view is *soundness in the truth*. It is for this reason that a few of the very popular children's hymns have, after careful consideration, been omitted. For the same reason a few amendments have been made here and there; these have been kept as few as possible. *Simplicity of language* has been aimed at so that many of the hymns can be understood by even the smallest children. At the same time it has been borne in mind that the hymnbook will be used by teenagers, we trust in some cases where the work of grace is begun. Language of very high personal assurance has generally been avoided though just a few of our beautiful hymns, containing the language of assurance, appear.

One special feature of the hymnbook is the section on Bible narratives. An attempt has been made to find suitable hymns on all the important incidents, both of the Old and New Testaments. Many of these, though comparatively little known, were written by Newton and Cowper, and so are of high poetic quality. Also, a section containing paraphrases of some of the Psalms appears at the end, many having felt that the singing of Psalms is neglected among us.

As the Companion Tune Book contains no tune to several of the hymns, the Tune Book Committee is preparing a suitable supplement.

Acknowledgement is made to the National Christian Education Council for permission to use hymn 135, and to the Oxford University Press for hymn 144. Every effort has been made to check if a copyright exists. If any copyright has unknowingly been infringed, we regret this and will seek to rectify it in any future edition.

Grateful acknowledgement is made of the help received in various ways. Especial thanks are due to those friends who have spent many hours typing out the hymns for publication.

We desire that this hymnbook may be to the glory of God, and that it will come to be loved in our Sabbath schools as William Gadsby's Selection is in so many of our chapels. May our young people and children be divinely taught to sing praises to the Lord with heart and understanding, and at last be favoured to "join in the everlasting song, and crown Him Lord of all."

The Hymnbook Sub-Committee
January 1973

INTRODUCTION TO THE SUPPLEMENT

For a long time it has been felt that the value of our Young People's Hymnal would be increased by adding a Supplement containing well-known, well-loved hymns.

It will be noticed there are only a few children's hymns in the new Supplement, most of the suitable ones having already appeared.

The one point that needed careful consideration was that many of the best-loved hymns contain language of very high assurance. We believe it is right to include them (though a few of the exceedingly high expressions have been modified) because:

1. This is a Young People's Hymnal, not just a hymnbook for children, and is in fact on occasions used by older people also.

2. To exclude beautiful hymns like "Immortal honours" and "The sands of time" would impoverish the Supplement.

3. We trust that many will sing these hymns *as a prayer* where they dare not "claim a portion so divine."

In the interest of divine truth, a few words have been altered in some of the hymns.

Our desire is the honour and glory of God, and that young and old together may be taught by the Holy Spirit to sing "with the heart, and with the understanding also."

The Young People's Hymnal Sub-Committee
January 2002

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The hymns in the supplement are in alphabetical order.

PRAISE

1

C.M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thy endless praise.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

2

8.7.4.

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;

PRAISE

Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height, adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race;
Praise Him, praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

3

7s.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day.

PRAISE

God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

4

L.M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

5

C.M.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
The dear Redeemer's praise,

PRAISE

The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 Jesus, the Name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

3 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6

6.6.8.4.D.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.

2 The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!

PRAISE

Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be!
Jehovah! Father! Great I AM!
We worship Thee!”

3 Before the Saviour’s face
The ransomed nations bow,
O’erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb!

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
“Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”
They ever cry.
Hail! Abraham’s God, and mine!
I’d join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

7

L.M.

1 Praise ye the Lord! ’tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works unite
To make this effort our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom’s vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

PRAISE

- 3 Sing to the Lord, extol Him high,
Who spreads the clouds around the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 But saints are lovely in His sight;
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear;
And looks, and loves His image there.

8

7.7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Little children, join to sing
Glory, glory to our King;
Christ is risen from the dead,
Crowns unfading wreath His head.
He is Conqueror o'er the grave!
Mighty to redeem and save!
- 2 Now behold Him high enthroned,
Mercy beaming from His face,
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace;
Little children, join to sing
Glory, glory to our King.
- 3 Jesus, on us deign to shine,
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;

PRAISE

May we with the blest combine,
Share their joy and swell their songs;
And with hearts and voices sing
Glory, glory to our King.

9

L.M.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;

PRAISE

His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

10

S.M.D.

- 1 Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own:
 Awake, blest soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Son of God
 Before the world began.
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
 Crown Him the Son of Man,
 Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
 That we in Him may rest.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
 For those He came to save;
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
 And lives, that death may die.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above,

PRAISE

Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

11

7s.

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

PRAISE

- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

12

L.M.

- 1 O bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies!
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.

13

8.7.D

- 1 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May we sing Thy glorious Name?
Lord of all the vast creation,
High in honour, power, and fame;
Children though we be, and sinful,
Wilt Thou, Lord, our song disdain?

PRAISE

Children praised Thee in the temple;
We would praise Thee, Lord, again.

2 Child of sorrows once was Jesus,
Mean His lot, His mother poor;
Love like His should sure amaze us,
Who can tell the griefs He bore?
Oft the day He spent in troubles;
Oft the night in secret prayer;
Sinners, whom He loved so dearly,
Little thought what love was there.

3 All His holy ways mistaken,
All His gracious words denied;
Stretched upon the cross, forsaken,
There He bowed His head and died.
'Twas to save His saints from dying,
He did suffer on the tree;
If upon His blood relying,
Who so happy, Lord, as we?

14

C.M.

1 Creatures, now all your voices raise,
And join me in my song,
It is my Maker's wondrous praise,
Should now employ my tongue.

2 But O, this tongue so fitly made,
To sound His Name abroad,
Is far less able, without aid,
Than birds to praise the Lord.

PRAISE

- 3 The wind and tempest, moon and sun,
The powers of earth and sea,
Can better praise the Three-in-One
Than a poor child like me.
- 4 They never did their God offend,
Sin does our powers destroy,
Mankind is dumb because of sin
In every girl and boy.
- 5 But should the dear Redeemer speak,
And take our guilt away,
Our tongues, like angels, no more weak,
Shall praise Him more than they.

15

8.7.D.

- 1 Once in shouts of lofty praises,
Jewish children hailed their King,
Made old Salem's glorious temple
With their glad Hosannas ring.
While from infant lips ascended
Notes of joy and words of praise,
Jesus bowed His ear with pleasure,
Glad to hear their simple lays.
- 2 Jesus now, enthroned in glory,
Stoops to hear when children sing;
If they're brought indeed to know Him,
And to own Him as their King;
If, convinced of their own vileness,
To His cross for refuge flee;
On His blood their hopes reposing,
Peace they taste at Calvary.

PRAISE

- 3 Soon the hour of death is coming,
 Soon before Jehovah's face
All must stand to hear their sentence;
 Happy those who're saved by grace;
They shall join the host of heaven,
 And their glad Hosanna sing
To the Lord of life and glory,
 Jesus Christ, their Saviour King.

16

C.M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
 Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye souls redeemed of Gentile race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 Throughout this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 We too, amid the sacred throng,
 Low at His feet would fall,

PRAISE

Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

GOD

17

C.M.

- 1 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee!
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thy immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears –
Great God! there's nothing new!
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee!

GOD

18

11.12.12.10.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
 see;
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth
 and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

19

C.M.

- 1 Holy and reverend is the Name
 Of our eternal King;
 “Thrice holy Lord!” the angels cry;
 “Thrice holy,” let us sing.
- 2 Holy is He in all His works,
 And truth is His delight;

GOD

But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from His sight.

- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His Name,
Whom words nor thought can reach,
A broken heart shall please Him more
Than the best forms of speech.

20

C.M.

- 1 None is like God, who reigns above,
So great, so pure, so high;
None is like God, whose Name is love,
And who is always nigh.
- 2 In all the earth there is no spot
Excluded from His care;
We cannot go where God is not,
For He is everywhere.
- 3 He sees us when we are alone,
Though no one else can see;
And all our thoughts to Him are known,
Wherever we may be.

21

L.M.

- 1 Among the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch He keeps
O'er every thought of every soul.

GOD

- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone,
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell,
He fills the earth, the air, and sea;
I must within His presence dwell,
I cannot from His anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee, He shows me where,
To Jesus Christ 'tis safe to fly;
For those who seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

22

L.M.

- 1 I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature, too,
And all day long He looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.
- 2 He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see me if I sin.
- 3 O how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And had them always in His sight?
- 4 If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do;

GOD

And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

- 5 Then when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
O may I always think of this,
I'm not too young for God to see.

23

C.M.

- 1 Where'er I am, whate'er I do,
Cannot concealèd be,
For God from His exalted throne,
Does always look at me.
- 2 The secret thought within my heart
No mortal eye can see;
But God beholds it moving there;
He always looks at me.
- 3 I cannot from His presence go,
Nor from His Spirit flee;
He is Himself in every place,
And always looks at me.
- 4 If I am led to fear Thy name,
To love and worship Thee;
Then will the words delight afford;
"God always looks at me."

24

C.M.

- 1 God is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?

GOD

Yes, that He can; I need not fear;
He'll listen unto mine.

2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?

Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?

Yes; though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?

Yes; all I have to eat and wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?

Yes; all who seek Him shall one day
Dwell with Him in the sky.

25

C.M.

1 Great God, how wonderful art Thou
In all Thy works and ways,
To Thee should all Thy creatures bow,
And meditate Thy praise.

2 The summer's heat, the winter's cold,
The seasons all proclaim,
As each their various scenes unfold,
Thy goodness still the same.

GOD

- 3 Thy mighty hand, Thy watchful care,
Direct each fleeting hour,
And nature's countless forms declare
Thy wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 But in the Saviour's work divine,
We learn the wondrous plan,
Where justice, love, and mercy join
To save rebellious man.

26

112th.

- 1 Great God of wonders, all Thy ways,
Are matchless, Godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace,
More Godlike and unrivalled shine;
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's Name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

GOD

- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This Godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

THE LORD JESUS

27

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 “Fear not!” said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 “To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 “All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!”

28

His Birth

8.7.7.

- 1 Once in royal David's city,
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 Where a mother laid her baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all;
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall;
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 May our eyes at last behold Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child, so dear and gentle,
 Is the Lord in heaven above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.
- 4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
 When like stars His children crowned,
 All in white shall wait around.

29

His Birth

7s.D.

- 1 Hark! the herald-angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King,

THE LORD JESUS

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

30

His Birth

Irregular

- 1 O come, all ye faithful, joyful and
triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him, born the King of
angels,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!
- 2 God of God, Light of light,
Lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb,
Very God, begotten not created;
O come let us adore Him, etc.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,

THE LORD JESUS

Glory to God, in the highest;
O come let us adore Him, etc.

- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy
morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore Him, etc.

31

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 And was the Saviour once a child,
A little child like me?
And was He humble, meek and mild,
As little ones should be?
- 2 O why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright?
And why not leave His fair abode,
To come with power and might?
- 3 Because He came not then to reign
As sovereign here below;
He came to save man's soul from sin,
Whence all his sorrows flow.
- 4 And did the Son of God most high,
Consent a Man to be?
And did that blessed Saviour die
For sinners such as we?
- 5 And did the Saviour freely give
His life for sinful men?
Yes, Jesus died that souls might live;
Oh, how He loved them then!

32

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 “Glory to God,” the angel said,
 “Good tidings lo! I bring;
 In David’s city is a Babe,
 Your Lord and Saviour-King.
- 2 “Glory to God, and peace on earth,
 Good will to man is shown;
 Let heavenly joy at Jesus’ birth
 Be through the nations known.”
- 3 “Glory to God,” let man reply,
 “For Christ the Lord is come;
 Behold Him in a manger lie,
 A stable is His home.
- 4 “Glory to God for love so mild;
 How wonderful the plan,
 That Jesus once became a child,
 To save rebellious man.”
- 5 “Glory to God!” let saints on earth
 Join in the heavenly song,
 And praise Him for the Saviour’s birth
 In every land and tongue.

33

His Birth

7s.

- 1 Shepherds keeping watch by night,
 Saw around a glorious light,
 Heard an angel’s voice proclaim,
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 Soon by many a heavenly tongue,
“Glory be to God,” was sung;
“Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
- 3 O how great the Saviour’s love,
Thus to leave His throne above!
All to suffer guilt and shame,
He was “born in Bethlehem.”
- 4 Christians can with joy give praise
For this condescending grace,
This doth set their hearts in flame,
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

34

His Birth

8.7.4.

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o’er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation’s story,
Now proclaim Messiah’s birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o’er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son,

THE LORD JESUS

Evermore your voices raising
To the eternal Three-in-One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

35

His Birth

L.M.

- 1 Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes:
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ Child lieth there.
- 2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!
- 3 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.
- 4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more their silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 6 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given;

THE LORD JESUS

While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

36

His Birth

8.7.

- 1 Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning;
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

37

His Birth

148th.

- 1 We'll sing, in spite of scorn;
Our theme is come from heaven:

THE LORD JESUS

To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
The sweetest news that ever came
We'll sing, though all the world should
blame.

2 The long expected morn
Has dawned upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing His birth:
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 O! 'tis a lofty theme,
Supplied by angels' tongues!
All other objects seem
Unworthy of our songs;
This sacred theme has boundless charms,
It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,
Of grace to guilty man;
No wisdom, Lord, but Thine
Could form the wondrous plan;
Where peace and righteousness embrace,
And justice goes along with grace.

5 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round His throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone!
'Tis meet His saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

THE LORD JESUS

38

His Birth

11.10.

- 1 What star unknown, with ardent lustre beaming,
Fires all the eastern skies with wondrous light?
Ne'er till this day across the darkness gleaming
Did rays so brilliant pierce the veil of night.
- 2 To Bethlehem Ephratah pointing ever,
O'er Judah's hills those rays their glory fling,
And guide true worshippers in their endeavour
To find the Christ, and kneel before their King.
- 3 Scorn if thou wilt, proud world, the Saviour
lowly;
Despise Immanuel stooping from above;
But we will triumph in His advent holy,
And hail the abounding greatness of His love.
- 4 O, bright and morning star, shine forth
victorious;
Within our hearts thy heavenly light display;
Reveal the Saviour in His coming glorious,
And guide our footsteps in His holy way.

39

His Birth

C.M.

- 1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring;
And celebrate, with one accord,
The birthday of our King,
- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore our infant God.

THE LORD JESUS

- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view!
Let none His weakness scorn;
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume
The place where Christ is laid;
A stable serves Him for His room,
A manger is His bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,
(O ignorance extreme!)
For other guests, of various sorts,
Had room; but none for Him.
- 6 But see what different thoughts arise
In our and angels' breasts;
To hail His birth they left the skies,
We lodged him with the beasts!
- 7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heavenly powers;
If sinless innocence be theirs,
Redemption all is ours.

40

His Birth

10s.

- 1 Ye souls redeemed with Jesus' precious blood,
Proclaim the grace of your incarnate God;
Sing that amazing, boundless, matchless love,
Which brought the Lord of glory from above.
- 2 Mary's first-born was God and Man in one;
David's own God, and David's blessed Son.

THE LORD JESUS

Well might the angels wing their way to earth,
To celebrate so glorious a birth.

- 3 They sang, with new surprise and fresh delights,
Glory to God, in all the angelic heights;
Surrounded with God's glory, in a blaze
To heaven they fly, the incarnate God to praise.
- 4 Shall angels sing the honours of His Name,
And sinners, saved by grace, silent remain?
Good God, forbid! inflame us with Thy love,
And set our grovelling minds on things above.
- 5 This God-like mystery we will gladly sing,
And own the virgin's Babe our God and King;
Jehovah Jesus, we will Thee adore,
And crown Thee Lord of all for evermore.

41 *His Person* 7.7.8.8.7.7.

- 1 Who is He in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord! the King of glory!
At His feet we humbly fall –
Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!
- 2 Who is He in deep distress
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 3 Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

THE LORD JESUS

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

6 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

7 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

8 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

42

His Person

L.M.

1 What wonders in the Saviour meet,
His head, His hands, His side, His feet,
Present to the astonished view
Eternal glories ever new.

2 Poor and despised, yet rich and loved;
Humbled to death, His throne unmoved;
A servant, and a sovereign Lord;
Reviled and murdered, yet adored.

3 Pardon and life are His to give,
He died that all His church might live;

THE LORD JESUS

Became accursed, yet deigns to bless;
He is the Lord their Righteousness.

4 He had not where to lay His head,
Although the worlds were by Him made;
He hungered, yet He thousands fed;
Sinless, and yet for sin He bled.

5 The Father's co-eternal Son,
The Friend of sinners (though undone);
The Portion all believers crave,
He's Man to suffer, God to save.

43

His Person

7.6. Iambic.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus.
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

2 I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor:
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.

4 I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

44

His Work

11s.

- 1 Christ could not be hid! for the sinner would
haste
Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's feast,
To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed with
her tears
His feet, who had loved her, and silenced her
fears.
- 2 Christ could not be hid! for the blind and the
lame,
His love and His power would together
proclaim;
The dumb would speak out, and the deaf would
recall
The Name of that Jesus, who healèd them all.
- 3 Christ could not be hid! for around Him would
press
The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress;
And faith, by the hem of His garment, would
prove
What virtue there issued from Him who is love.
- 4 Christ could not be hid! for the widow of Nain
Would point to the son, now restored her again;
Would say 'twas His love, His compassion and
grace
Gave back that lost son to a mother's embrace.

45

His Work

7.6.

- 1 The Author of salvation,
The Saviour meek and mild,

THE LORD JESUS

Once took a lowly station,
Became a little child.

2 In infancy a stranger,
How mean was His abode!
His cradle was a manger,
Himself the Son of God.

3 No stain of sin nor folly,
Could ever cloud His brow;
His heart, so pure and holy,
With love did ever glow.

4 And when His foes assailed Him,
He sought but to forgive;
When to the cross they nailed Him,
He died that they might live.

46

His Work

C.M.

1 When Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose a humble birth;
Alike unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.

3 Safe from the world's alluring charms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie!

THE LORD JESUS

4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.

5 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing!

47 *His Work* 104th

1 How great is the love which Jesus hath shown,
He came from above, from heaven's bright
throne,
That He might deliver poor sinners from hell,
And take them for ever in glory to dwell.

2 O did He come down to rescue my soul
From God's dreadful frown and Satan's control?
He came to deliver all who to Him fly,
He'll take them for ever to glory on high.

48 *His Work* 11s.

1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet were once nailed to the
tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me.

2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!

THE LORD JESUS

When weak He supports them, when erring He
guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

- 3 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
His glory is for them, their home is above,
And Jesus will fetch them to dwell in His love.

49

Baptism

C.M.

- 1 Behold the Prince of glory go
To be baptized by John;
While Jordan's honoured waters flow,
Around God's Holy One.
- 2 Though many memorable things
Distinguished Jordan's shore;
It never had the King of kings,
Beneath its waves before.
- 3 The Holy Spirit like a dove,
Comes with His pinions spread,
Down from the shining realms of love,
And settles on His head.
- 4 Now speaks the Father from His throne,
(Be earth and heaven amazed),
"Jesus is My beloved Son,
In whom I am well pleased."

50

His Death

11.8.

- 1 Come, children, and learn of the infinite grace
Of Jesus, in coming to die;

THE LORD JESUS

He left His bright throne, that all-glorious place,
His beautiful home in the sky.

2 O! think of the Lamb, who on Calvary died,
And died for such sinners as we;
The thorns on His brow, and the spear in His
side,
When He suffered and bled on the tree.

3 Ah! never was sorrow so bitter as this,
The anguish He suffered below;
The dear Son of God had done nothing amiss;
For others He tasted such woe.

4 O! think of His love, when He gave up His life
For sinners so guilty as we;
'Twas for them He finished the conflict and
strife;
'Twas for them He bled on the tree.

5 Dear little ones, think, is it nothing to you,
The tale of His wonderful grace?
He'll come in the clouds; will you joyfully view,
Or tremble to look on His face?

6 O may you be led to the Saviour who died,
And died for such sinners as we;
Find shelter from wrath in His once riven side,
Find health in His wounds on the tree.

51

His Death

L.M.

1 Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a Man and die;

THE LORD JESUS

And in the Bible we may see,
How very good He used to be.

- 2 He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them too,
The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died,
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died, and this is why
He came to be a Man and die:
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That souls might have their sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin,
So for His people Jesus said,
He'd bear the punishment instead.

52

His Name

C.M.

- 1 'Twas God who gave the precious Name
Of Jesus to His Son,
Because He knew His gracious work
By Him would well be done.

THE LORD JESUS

- 2 The Name of Jesus Saviour means;
And such He is indeed
To all who feel the weight of sin,
And peace and pardon need.
- 3 His Name was Jesus when on earth,
His Name is Jesus now;
And God declares that to that Name
All heaven and earth shall bow.

53

His Name

8.6.8.6.8.8.7.

- 1 There is a Name which fills with praise,
The countless hosts of heaven,
And there are some to whom the joy
Of naming it is given;
Who, even in their childhood learn
Towards the cross their eyes to turn
And love the Name of Jesus.
- 2 There is a Name which sweetly tells
Of some great wonder done,
And makes the heart which knows it glad,
Though other joys he's none;
For then his life, his hope begins,
And then he finds that all his sins
Were put away by Jesus.
- 3 There is a Name which children's lips
Most happily can use,
As soon as truly in their hearts
Is hid the gospel news;
For all that's present, all that's past,

THE LORD JESUS

And every good from first to last,
They then receive from Jesus.

- 4 There is a Name which, often used,
Yet never, never tires;
And in the blessed sound of which
The dying saint expires,
Who thinks of Calvary and longs,
With sweeter note and ceaseless songs,
To praise the Name of Jesus.

54

His Name

8.7.

- 1 There's a Name, the Name of Jesus,
Far above all other names;
All in heaven delight to hear it,
All delight to hold its claims.
- 2 Ruined sinners learn its meaning,
And rejoice with those above,
Find it more than all things precious,
Taught of God that Name to love.
- 3 Many name the Name of Jesus,
Strangers to its power still;
Who they are that love Him truly,
He who reads the heart can tell.

55

His Name

C.M.

- 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.