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# GOSPEL HYMNS,

CHIEFLY

*Hymns*  
*12*

## FOR CHILDREN.

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“ Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast  
perfected praise.”—Matt. xx, 16.

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# GOSPEL HYMNS.

## HYMN I.

God is love ! delightful truth !  
In the sacred page reveal'd ;  
May it, from our earliest youth  
On our minds and hearts be seal'd.

God is love ! he sent his Son  
Us to save from endless woe ;  
O what more could God have done,  
His amazing love to show ?

God is love ! and when we read  
How he loved us in his word,  
Hard must be our hearts indeed,  
If we do not love the Lord.

Who so worthy of our love ?  
None on earth, and none in heaven :  
O, then, to the Lord above,  
Let our youthful hearts be given !

## HYMN II.

Does not the word of God declare  
That we are born in sin ?  
And thus that little children are  
Unholy and unclean ?

And how can God, the holy God,  
On sinful things look down ?  
Sure we must feel his iron rod  
And see his dreadful frown.

But stay, there is *One* blessed name,  
Which God himself has given,  
To save poor children from their shame,  
And lead them up to heaven.

The name of Jesus is the One  
By which the sinner lives ;  
God is well pleased in his Son  
And for his sake forgives.

Let little children trust his love,  
And Christ will condescend  
To feed his feeble lambs, and prove  
Their ever-faithful Friend.

### HYMN III.

God is love ! can this be true ?  
Yes, the Bible says it is :  
Children, let me ask of you,  
Have you ever thought of this,  
That God is love ?

God it was who sent his Son,  
His only Son, to bleed and die  
For sinners ruined and undone  
Aloud the wounds of Jesus cry  
That God is love !

God delights to pardon sin,  
Grace and mercy to bestow.  
Little children, though unclean,  
Come to him, and you shall know  
That God is love !

Every poor repenting child  
His arms are open to receive ;  
*To such* he says, with accents mild,  
“ Little sinner, now believe  
That God is love.”

## HYMN IV.

Why did the Son of God come down  
From the bright scenes of heavenly bliss?  
And lay aside his kingly crown,  
To visit such a world as this?

Why in a stable was he born,  
Who was the Lord of earth and sky?  
The object of reproach and scorn,  
Why did he suffer, weep, and sigh?

Why was he scourg'd and crucified,  
Who was so holy, kind, and good?  
Why did the soldiers pierce his side?  
Why flowed the water and the blood?

Why was he laid within the tomb?  
Among the dead why did he stay?  
Why did a mighty angel come  
And roll the heavy stone away?

Why did he from the dead arise,  
The very self-same flesh and bone?  
And then ascend above the skies,  
To sit again upon his throne?

Because his heart was full of love ;  
Because he pitied sinners so ;  
This made him leave his throne above,  
And come and suffer here below.

Poor sinners from their sins to save,  
Affliction, grief, reproach he bore ;  
That they might life and glory have,  
With sorrows he was covered o'er.

To save *them* from eternal pains,  
*He* lived and died a man of woes ;  
With God in glory now he reigns ;  
Triumphant over all his foes.

And though above the starry skies  
He sits the everlasting God,  
He hears the praises, prayers, and cries  
Of children purchased with his blood.

## HYMN V.

THERE's not a little flower that blows,  
The daisy, lily, or the rose,  
But doth a sermon preach :  
Each blade of grass, each spreading tree,  
Has got a voice for you and me,  
And may some lesson teach.



See, in the morning, how they stand,  
So bright and fair upon the land,  
    Perfuming all around ;  
See, in the evening of the day,  
Those flowers so sweet, and bright, and  
    Lie withered on the ground. [gay,  
'Tis thus with all things here below—  
So men and women come and go,  
    And little children too.  
How many little children die ;  
How many in their graves now lie,  
    Not half so old as we !  
Poor dying world !—and what becomes  
Of those within the silent tombs,  
    Where we so soon may dwell ?  
The body sleeps among the dead ;  
But ah ! the spirit—it is fled,  
    To heaven or to hell.  
Oh, awful thought ! should we delay  
To seek salvation, while we may  
    Salvation yet obtain ?  
In Christ there's mercy, life, and grace,  
And none who seek his blessed face.  
    Shall ever seek in vain.

## HYMN VI.

How carefully the shepherds keep  
Their flocks within their sight ;  
So Jesus watches o'er his sheep,  
And guards them day and night.

The shepherd numbers, twice a day,  
The flock beneath his care ;  
He knows if any go astray,  
Or sick or dying are.

So Jesus reckons one by one,  
And numbers all his sheep ;  
He knows if but a lamb is gone  
For he doth never sleep.

The flocks of men are bought with gold  
And grass is all their food ;  
The sheep and lambs of Jesus' fold  
Are purchased with his blood.

## HYMN VII.

Who holds me with his mighty arm,  
And keeps me day by day from harm ?  
Who guards me while I sleep at night,  
And bids me wake with heart so light ?

Who gives me health, and clothes, and  
food,  
And lets me want for nothing good ?  
'Tis God, the God who dwells above,  
That does it all—for "God is *Love*."

Who made the sun that shines so bright ?  
And stars that sparkle through the night ?  
Who made the grass that clothes the  
ground,  
And trees and flowers that bloom around ?

Who made those shining drops of dew,  
That rainbow bright, those skies so blue ?  
'Twas God, the God who dwells above,  
That made them all—for "God is *Love*."

Who gave the blessed book to me,  
To tell me what I ought to be ?  
Who calls a little sinful child,  
In words so sweet, and voice so mild ?

Who bids me come to Christ and live,  
And he will all my sins forgive ?  
'Tis God, the God who dwells above,  
That speaks it all—for "God is *Love*."

## HYMN VIII.

ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's  
Costly, free, and knows no end ;  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood ?  
But the Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed ;  
Jesus is a friend in need.

## HYMN IX.

Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night !  
Darkness covers all the sky !  
Rocks are rending at the sight !  
Children, can you tell me why ?  
What can all those wonders be ?  
Jesus dies on Calvary !

Nailed upon the cross, behold,  
How his tender limbs are torn !  
For a royal crown of gold,  
They have made him one of thorns !  
Cruel hands that dare to bind  
Thorns upon a brow so kind !  
See ! the blood is flowing fast  
From his head, and pierced side,  
Hark ! he now has breathed his last,  
With a mighty groan he died !  
Children, shall I tell you why,  
Jesus condescends to die ?  
He who was a King above,  
Left his kingdom for a grave,  
Out of pity and of love,  
That poor sinners he might save !  
Down to this sad world he flew,  
For poor sinners such as you !  
You were helpless, lost, and weak,  
You deserved his holy frown :  
But he came your souls to seek,  
And to save you hastened down.  
Listen, children,—this is why  
Jesus condescends to die.

## HYMN X.

**JESUS** is the Saviour's name,  
Down from heaven in love he came ,  
He redeemed our sinful race,  
Suff'ring in the sinner's place.

What a costly sacrifice,  
While upon the cross he dies !  
While he bore our sins away  
On the great atoning day !

## HYMN XI.

**HERE'S** a message of love  
Come down from above,  
To invite little children to heaven.  
In God's blessed book,  
Poor sinners may look,  
And see how all sin is forgiven.

For there they may read  
How Jesus did bleed,  
And die for his dear little ones  
How clean he first makes them,  
And afterwards takes them  
To be his own daughters and sons.

And then when they die,  
He takes them on high,  
To be with him in heaven above ;  
For so kind is his heart,  
That he never will part  
From a child that has tasted his love.

And O ! what delight,  
In heaven so bright,  
To see the dear Saviour's face ;  
On his beauty to gaze,  
And sing to his praise,  
For ever in that happy place.

## HYMN XII.

O MERCY ! how sweet is the sound  
To the prisoner appointed to die ;  
“ O mercy ! where may it be found ? ”  
Don't you think the poor prisoner would  
cry ?

But suppose that none answer his prayer,  
And that pity and help there is none ;  
While the judge and the jury declare,  
He must die for the crimes he has done.

Then trembling with shamo and with  
fear,

To the scaffold he next would be led :—  
But suppose some kind friend to appear,  
Who should offer to die in his stead.

Ah ! where shall we find such a friend,  
So loving, so noble, so true,  
Whose kindness should even extend  
To death and to infamy too ?

Yet this is what Jesus has done,  
For sinners as wretched as we ;  
He came from his glorious throne,  
To set condemn'd criminals free.

To the prison and judgment he came,  
And stood in the prisoner's place ;  
From smiting, and spitting, and shame,  
He hid not his heavenly face.

He breath'd not a word of complaint,  
When by sinners to Calvary led,  
As a lamb to the slaughter he went,  
And died in the criminal's stead.



## HYMN XIII.

Is Jesus dead ? No; he is gone  
Above the shining skies,  
To sit a Priest upon his throne,  
And plead his sacrifice.

A Priest must always to his God  
Some costly offering bring ;  
So Christ in heaven presents his blood,  
That ever precious thing.

His wounded hands the Saviour shows,  
His feet and pierced side,  
And pleads his groans and pangs for those  
For whom he bled and died.

The Father smiles upon the Son,  
Well pleas'd his wounds to see ;  
Owns the great work that Christ has done,  
And sets poor sinners free.

Jesus, the Priest, for ever lives  
To plead for souls above ;  
And God the Father still forgives,  
For God, indeed, is love.

## HYMN XIV.

Do any ask the heavenly road,  
The shining way that leads to God ?  
Then hear the blessed Jesus say,  
“ Believe on me, *I am the way.*”

Do any wish the truth to learn,  
The good from evil to discern ;  
To shun the tempter in their youth ?  
The Saviour says, “ *I am the Truth.*”

Do any feel the plague of sin,  
Satan and death at work within ?  
Jesus can quell the mortal strife,  
For Jesus says, “ *I am the life.*”

## HYMN XV.

WHAT a strange and wondrous story  
From the book of God is read,  
How the Lord of life and glory  
Had not where to lay his head.

How he left his throne in heaven,  
Here to suffer, bleed, and die ;  
That our souls might be forgiven,  
And ascend to God on high !

## HYMN XVI.

AND was the Saviour once a child,  
A little child like me?  
And was he humble, meek, and mild,  
As little ones should be?

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?

Because he came not then to reign,  
As sovereign here below;  
He came to save our souls from sin  
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did the Son of God most high,  
Consent a man to be?  
And did that blessed Saviour die  
For sinners such as we?

And did my Saviour freely give  
His life for sinful men?  
What! did he die that we might live?  
O, how he loved us then!

## HYMN XVII.

'Twas God who made the sun,  
And sent him on his way ;  
Who still enables him to shine,  
And make the cheerful day.

'Twas God who made the moon  
To cheer the gloomy night,  
And when the heat of day is gone  
To shed her softer light.

'Twas God who sent the rain  
To nourish well the ground,  
And make the flowers spring up again,  
And choicest fruits abound.

'Twas God who gave His Son  
To save our guilty race ;  
And for the sufferings He hath borne,  
We now enjoy his grace.

'Twas God who gave his word  
To be our constant guide ;  
If we obey this sure record,  
We want no rule beside.

## HYMN XVIII.

**THERE** is a way that's very broad,  
'Tis called the way of sin ;  
We all by nature choose this road,  
And thousands walk therein.

Sinners, both men and women, tread  
This way, and love it well ;  
Nor will they stop, although it lead  
To misery, death, and hell.

How many children are there, too,  
Who choose this dreadful road ;  
Boldly their wicked course pursue,  
Nor fear the wrath of God !

There is a little, narrow way,  
Which is so very strait,  
That few, the Bible says, are they  
Who enter at the gate.

This is the blessed way that leads  
Direct to heaven above :  
Here the dear flock of Jesus feeds,  
And walks in peace and love.

**His little lambs here safely rest,  
Secure from fears and harms,  
Leaning upon their Saviour's breast,  
Or carried in his arms.**

**Come, all ye children, then, who long  
To taste such love as this :  
Forsake the wretched sinful throng,  
And choose the way of peace.**

## **HYMN XIX.**

**CHRIST is the heavenly, living bread,  
On which God's family are fed ;  
Faith is the mouth which eats this food  
And feasts upon his flesh and blood.**

**This bread such nourishment supplies,  
The soul that eats it never dies ;  
For whoso on the Lord believes,  
Eternal life at once receives**

**Let little children taste and try  
This bread which cometh from the sky ;  
A sweet repast it will afford  
To all who know and love the Lord.**

## HYMN XX.

COME let us search God's holy word,  
And see what we can find  
About that loving, gracious Lord,  
The Saviour of mankind.

See there how humble was his birth,  
No bed but straw or hay ;  
Though he was Lord of all the earth,  
He in a manger lay.

So lowly was he at the first ;  
And as he older grew,  
Cold, hunger, weariness, and thirst,  
The Lord of glory knew.

But poor and wretched as he seem'd,  
His mighty actions showed,  
Though little by the world esteem'd,  
He was the Son of God.

He heal'd the sick, and raised the dead,  
The deaf and blind he cur'd ;  
At his command the devils fled,  
The sea obeyed his word.

And when he was, by sinners' hands,  
Scourged, crucified, and slain,  
He brake asunder all their bands,  
And rose to life again.

Should you not love a Lord so kind,  
And fear a God so great ?  
And they who wait on him will find,  
'Tis not in vain to wait.

## HYMN XXI.

CHRIST is merciful and mild ;  
He was once a little child ;  
He, whom heavenly hosts adore,  
Lived on earth among the poor.

Every bird can build its nest ;  
Foxes have their place of rest ;  
He, by whom the world was made,  
Had not where to lay his head.

He who is the Lord most high,  
Then was poorer far than I,  
If I love him I shall be  
Rich to all eternity.



## HYMN XXII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### HYMN XXIII.

HARK ! a still small voice is heard  
Gently speaking from above ;  
'Tis the great Redeemer's word,  
'Tis the message of his love.  
Hear the call to you addressed,  
Ye who would be truly blessed.

“ Those who, with devoted mind,  
Seek in early life my face,  
Shall my lasting favour find,  
And enjoy my richest grace,  
Early, then, while yet I wait,  
Seek me, ere it be too late.”

## HYMN XXIV.

**THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save, [tongue  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
Lies silent in the grave.

## HYMN XXV.

**GOD** who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.

God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,  
Able to make us wise and blest ;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

## HYMN XXVI.

**THIS** is the day of glorious news,  
As well for Gentiles as for Jews ;  
The happy day on which 'twas said,  
The Lord is risen from the dead.

That blessed Jesus who was slain,  
This day arose to life again ;  
And on the earth once more appear'd  
As many children may have heard.

Let all who love the Lord rejoice,  
And bless his name with cheerful voice ;  
This day was made his praise to speak,  
The first and best of all the week.

## HYMN XXVII.

Is there a little sinner here,  
Who mourns because of sin ;  
And sees with grief, and shame and fear,  
How wicked he has been ?

Is there a little aching heart,  
Which does its vileness feel  
And groans beneath that deadly smart  
Which none but Christ can heal ?

Is there a little soul that pants  
To taste redeeming grace,  
And longs to pour out all its wants  
Before the Saviour's face ?

Fear not, poor little trembling thing,  
With cruel scorn to meet ;  
To Christ your sins and sorrows bring  
And lay them at his feet.

He is a kind and gracious Lord,  
Love fills his gentle breast ;  
"Come unto me," is his own word,  
"And I will give you rest."

Think how he answer'd praying Paul,  
And sinking Peter too ;  
And so, if you for mercy call,  
He'll hear and answer you.

### HYMN XXVIII.

WHAT led the Son of God  
To leave his throne on high,  
To shed his precious blood,  
To suffer and to die ?  
His pure unbounded love to us  
Led him to die and suffer thus.

## HYMN XXIX.

A LITTLE ship was in the sea,  
It was a pretty sight ;  
It sailed along so pleasantly,  
And all was calm and bright.

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The shore was near at hand ;  
And those on board, with hearts at rest,  
Thought soon to reach the land.

When lo ! a storm began to rise,  
The wind blew loud and strong ;  
It blew the clouds across the skies,  
It blew the waves along.

O ! how that little ship was tossed,  
It filled with water fast ;  
It seemed as though it must be lost,  
And would go down at last :

And all but One were sore afraid  
Of sinking in the deep ;  
His head was on a pillow laid,  
And he was fast asleep.

**“Master, we perish ! Master, save !”**

**They cried—their Master heard ;  
He rose—rebuked the wind and wave,  
And stilled them with a word.**

**He to the storm says, “Peace, be still ;”  
The raging billows cease ;  
The mighty winds obey his will,  
And all are hushed to peace.**

**They greatly wondered !—so may we,  
And ask, as well as they,  
Who could this glorious Person be,  
Whom winds and seas obey ?**

**O ! well we know, it was the Lord,  
Jesus, the sinners’ Friend,  
Whose care of those who trust his word,  
Will never, never end.**

### **HYMN XXX.**

**WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
Pity in his bosom reigned ;  
Sympathy he loved to show,  
Nor the meanest suit disdained.**

Round him throng'd the blind, the  
lame,  
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed,  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely blest.

He could make the leper whole ;  
Thousands at a meal he fed ;  
Winds and waves could he control,  
By a word he raised the dead.

Listening sinners round him press'd,  
While he taught the way to bliss ;  
Even enemies confess'd,  
"No man ever taught like this."

Children once to him were brought  
His benignant power to prove ;  
Some disciples harshly thought  
Their intrusion to reprove :—

"Suffer them to come," said he,  
Hinder not their free access :  
Children shall my kingdom see—  
Children I delight to bless."



## HYMN XXXI.

**PLUNG'D** in a gulph of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and (oh ! amazing love !)  
He came to our relief.

Leaving the shining courts above,  
In this dark world he bled,  
Died for our sins upon the cross,  
And dwelt among the dead.

Oh ! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break ;  
Well may each rescued sinner learn  
The Saviour's praise to speak.

## HYMN XXXII.

**SEE**, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
With all engaging charms ;  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.

“Permit them to approach,” he cries,  
“Nor scorn their humble name :  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.”

He leads them to the heavenly streams,  
Where living waters flow ;  
And guides them to the fruitful fields,  
Where trees of knowledge grow.

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

### HYMN XXXIII.

THE Lamb of God ! O lovely words !  
How tender and how meek !  
The sweetest title of the Lord's  
A child can learn to speak.

What is so gentle and so mild,  
So harmless as a lamb ?  
Just such is Jesus to the child  
Who loves his holy name.

A lamb is pure and spotless too,  
Its wool is soft and clean ;  
The Lamb of God is pure as snow,  
And undefil'd from sin.

His blood can wash and save from hell  
Poor little girls and boys ;  
And make them fit in heaven to dwell,  
In everlasting joys.

### HYMN XXXIV.

WHAT tho' I'm but a child ;  
And little can discern ;  
Christ is a teacher meek and mild,  
And bids me come and learn.

When Jesus dwelt below,  
The infants he caress'd ;  
He pray'd for them, and bless'd them too,  
And surely they were bless'd.

Then let me not delay  
To learn the road to heaven ;  
For Jesus tells me he's the way,  
And grace is freely given.

## HYMN XXXV.

SEE how the lame, the halt, the blind,  
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,  
Come to the Friend of sinners kind,  
And freely all receive their cure :  
To whom did he his help deny ?  
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by ?  
Did not his word the fiends expel,  
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead ?  
Did he not all their sickness heal,  
And satisfy their every need ?  
So now, whate'er your sin may be,  
The blood he shed will set you free.

## HYMN XXXVI.

SHEPHERDS keeping watch by night,  
Saw around a glorious light,  
Heard an angel then proclaim,  
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"  
Soon by many a heavenly tongue,  
" Glory be to God " was sung,  
" Peace on earth, good will to men,"  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

Joyful tidings to mankind!  
Richest grace they now may find ;  
Children, too, this grace may claim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem !

O ! how great his grace and love,  
Thus to leave his throne above ;  
Thus to bear our guilt and shame,  
And be born in Bethlehem !

## HYMN XXXVII.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee !

'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive my soul," he cries :  
See where he bows his sacred head,  
He bows his head and dies !

But soon he broke death's envious chain,  
With triumph he arose,  
An now, with glory crown'd, he reigns  
Victorious o'er his foes.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

**BEHOLD, the Redeemer is come !**

**He came with unspeakable love ;  
Performing the wonderful plan  
Devis'd in his wisdom above.**

**Compassion and pity are join'd  
In Jesus, the sinner's best friend ;  
The cripple, the deaf, and the blind,  
The helpless, he deigns to attend.**

**The widow is made to rejoice ;  
He speaks and all creatures obey ;  
The dead hear his powerful voice,  
And Satan releases his prey.**

**The cities and villages hear  
The gospel he came to proclaim,  
The fruits of his labour appear,  
And thousands rejoice in his name.**

**Then why do not sinners now flee  
To Jesus for pardon and grace ;  
There is mercy for you and for me,  
For all who in truth seek his face.**

## HYMN XXXIX.

**LIKE** as the days of Noah were,  
So shall they also be,  
When Christ, the Son of Man, shall come,  
Whom every eye shall see.

Before the flood, they ate, they drank,  
And married day by day ;  
And knew not, till the flood was come,  
And took them all away.

So now men live, and buy, and sell,  
And peace and safety cry,  
Not knowing in their unbelief,  
That Christ the Lord is nigh.

The ark, the ark, and it alone,  
Was safety in the flood,  
So Jesus, and no other name,  
Saves sinners by his blood.

All in the ark were very safe,  
For God had shut them in ;  
So all Christ's sheep are in his hand,  
And none can pluck from him.

## HYMN XL.

JESUS only he can give  
Peace and comfort while we live,  
Jesus only can supply  
Boldness if we're called to die ;  
If in him you now believe,  
He will then your soul receive ;  
And he will your treasure be  
Here and through eternity.

## HYMN XLI.

YE that pass by, behold the man,  
The Man of griefs condemned for you ;  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.  
See how his back the scourges tear  
While to the bloody pillar bound,  
His holy body tortured there,  
See ! how the blood streams from each  
wound.  
See there his temples crown'd with thorn.  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet pierced through and  
torn,  
The fountain flowing from his side.



Where is the King of Glory now?  
The everlasting Son of God!  
For us he hangs his languid brow,  
And faints beneath sin's heavy load!  
Beneath our load of sin he dies;  
This fill'd his soul with pains unknown:  
This caused those awful groans and cries,  
This kill'd the Father's only Son!

### HYMN XLII.

ON Calvary's cross the Saviour died,  
Then in the grave was laid;  
But long he did not there abide,  
His power was soon displayed.  
The massy stone—the watchful guard,  
Could not him there confine;  
He, like a mighty conquering Lord,  
Arose by power divine.  
Thus to the human race he proved,  
He was the mighty God:  
And that the souls he freely loved,  
Were purchased by his blood.

## HYMN XLIIL

**CHILDREN!** you have gone astray,  
Far from God, and peace, and heaven:  
Would you leave that dangerous way?  
Would you have your sins forgiven?  
Christ can all your sins forgive;  
Look to Jesus, look and live!

**Children!** you have sinful hearts!  
Jesus Christ can make you whole;  
He can cleanse your inward parts,  
Sanctify and save your soul.  
Jesus a new heart can give;  
Look to Jesus, look and live!

**Children!** you may shortly die;  
Jesus died, your souls to save;  
If you to the Saviour fly,  
You shall live beyond the grave.  
Life eternal he will give;  
Look to Jesus, look and live!

## HYMN XLIV.

**CHILDREN,** think on Jesu's love,  
Who he was and what he bore;  
He was one with God above,  
Blest o'er all for evermore.

Was his love not very great  
When he left his throne on high,  
When he stooped to our low state,  
And on Calvary's cross did die ?

See, he hangs o'erwhelmed in tears,  
Rack'd with torture—bathed in blood,  
Children, this for you he bears,  
'Tis to bring your souls to God.

May then all your future breath  
Rise to him in praise and love ;  
May you, through his pains and death,  
Reach his glorious throne above.

## HYMN XLV.

TO-MORROW—is it, do you say,  
That you intend to seek the Lord ?  
O, think !—'tis dangerous to delay  
Accepting Jesus and his word.

To-morrow—what can it afford,  
Beyond the blessings of to-day ?  
*This* is the time to seek the Lord ;  
Embrace it, children, while you may.

## HYMN XLVI.

**BEHOLD** the Lamb of God, who bears  
The sin of all the world away !  
A servant's form he meekly wears,  
He sojourns in a house of clay !  
His thoughts, and words, and actions  
prove,  
His life and death,—that God is love

See where the God incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring creatures  
home :  
He all day long spreads out his hands ;  
“ Come, weary souls, to Jesus come !  
Ye all may hide you in my breast ;  
Believe. and I will give you rest.

“ Ah ! do not of my goodness doubt ;  
My saving grace for all is free ;  
I will in no wise cast him out  
That comes a sinner unto me ;  
I can to none myself deny ;  
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why ? ”

● HYMN XLVII.

To Jacob's well a woman came,  
For water from a neighbouring town,  
A stranger there, unknown his name,  
Had, faint and weary, sat him down.

He meekly said, "give me to drink,"  
As water from the well she drew ;  
Ah ! little did that woman think  
The tribute that to him was due.

He asked for water, but had she  
Known that the Lord of life was  
there,  
For his salvation full and free,  
Had been her own, her earnest  
prayer.

From his own lips the truth she  
learned,  
From his own love the gift receiv'd ;  
And in the Stranger's form discern'd  
The Lord in whom she now believ'd.

Children, that kind and gracious Lord  
Is just as full of love to you ;  
Come unto him, believe his word,  
And you shall love and praise him  
too.

## HYMN XLVIII.

THOUGH I am young, I have a soul  
The world can never buy ;  
And, while eternal ages roll,  
It will not, cannot die.

For it must soar to worlds on high,  
Where happy spirits dwell :  
Or, buried with the wicked, lie  
Deep in the grave of hell.

The soul, by blackening sin defiled,  
Can never enter heaven,  
'Till God and it be reconciled,  
And all its sins forgiven.

'Till it be pure from all its stains,  
In perfect righteousness ;  
Saved by the Saviour's dying pains,  
Renewed by sov'reign grace.

## HYMN XLIX.

**SINNERS** who wandered far from God  
For you Christ suffer'd pain ;  
For you he spilt his precious blood :  
And shall he bleed in vain ?  
Sinners, for you his life he paid ;  
Your basest crime he bore :  
Your sins on him were fully laid,  
That you might sin no more.  
So full of love to earth he came,  
That you might come to heaven ;  
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,  
And all your sin's forgiven.

## HYMN L.

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.

## HYMN LI.

JESUS ascends on high,  
And sits upon his throne ;  
Angels and seraphs round him fly,  
And all his greatness own.

Still for the young he prays,  
And blesses them above ;  
“ Forbid them not,” he kindly says,  
And offers them his love.

His heart is still the same :  
To him may children fly,  
His gracious promise still may claim,  
And on his word rely.

## HYMN LII.

ADAM, by one transgression, lost  
God's gifts and favours too ;  
By him came death, with all its woes,  
Entailed on me and you.

But O ! how gracious and how kind  
Was our Creator, God,  
To give his dear, his only Son,  
To bear our heavy load.



True pity and compassion dwelt  
In the Redeemer's breast,  
Who undertook the sinner's cause,  
To make us truly blest.

To Adam was the grace reveal'd  
The woman's promised seed ;  
And all, who in Immanuel trust,  
Are from destruction freed.

### HYMN LIII.

JESUS can all our sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain ;  
Can fit our souls with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.

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

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

## HYMN LIV.

OUR father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell ;  
And we, his children, thus were brought  
To death and near to hell.

'Twas God that sent his only Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

## HYMN LV.

SEE ! another week is gone,  
Quickly have the minutes pass'd ;  
That we enter now upon,  
May, to some here, prove their last.  
Mercy hitherto has spared,  
But have mercies been improved  
Let us ask, are we prepared,  
Should we be this week removed ?

If from guilt and sin set free,  
By the faith of Jesu's blood ;  
Welcome then the call will be,  
To depart and dwell with God.

## HYMN LVI.

MAN had no sorrow, knew no shame,  
When first he from his Maker came ;  
Good, wise, and happy—all was well ;  
But Satan tempted—and he fell.

Behold ! his Son the Father gave ;  
The Son descends, and dies to save ;  
The Spirit next to earth comes down,  
The wondrous work of love to crown

Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Conspire to seek and save the lost :  
How vast the love of God to man !  
How perfect and how wise the plan !

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