

245
HYMNS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

OF THE

BAPTIST CHURCHES,

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND:

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H Y M N S .

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday School, how dear to me!
Within thy walls I love to be,
My youthful heart with joy is full
When I am in the Sunday School—
The Sunday School.

'Tis here that I am taught to read
God's holy word, and feel the need
Of quickening grace and pard'ning love,
To fit me for yon heaven above—
In Sunday School.

'Tis here that I am taught to pray,
And love God's holy Sabbath-day;
To sing his praise and learn his will,
And all my duties to fulfil—
In Sunday School.

'Tis here I learn that Christ has died,
That he for me was crucified;
That he my precious soul has bought:
These blessed truths I here am taught—
In Sunday School.

O let our songs and praises rise
Like grateful incense to the skies,
For that rich grace, so free, so full,
That brought us to the Sunday School—
The Sunday School.

O! COME, LET US SING!

O come, let us sing!
 Our youthful hearts now swelling
 To God above, a God of love—

O come, let us sing!
 Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
 With high emotions rise to thee,
 In heavenly melody—
 O come, let us sing!

O swell, swell the song,
 His praises oft repeating:
 His Son he gave our souls to save—
 O swell, swell the song.
 The humble heart's devotion bring,
 Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
 And make the welkin ring
 With sweet-swelling song.

We'll chant, chant his praise—
 Our lofty strains now blending;
 A tribute bring to Christ our King,
 And chant, chant his praise.
 Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
 'Tis finish'd, then he meekly cried,
 And bow'd his head and died—
 Then chant, chant his praise!

All full chorus join,
 To Jesus condescending
 To bless our race with heavenly grace,
 All full chorus join!
 To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
 And Holy Spirit reconciled
 By Christ, the meek and mild,
 All full chorus join!

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MSL

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

Now be the gospel banner,
 In every land unfurled :
 And be the shout Hosanna,
 Re-echoed through the world,
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

What though th'embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine ?
 His arm, throughout their regions
 Shall soon resplendent shine :
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
 Thy triumph shall be glorious—
 Thy empire still increase.

Yes—thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings,
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings ;
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise ;
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

CLOSING HYMN.

Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing,
 While thy praise we humbly sing,
 Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
 Nothing worthy can we bring ;
 Yet thy book of love hath taught us,

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Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear,
For the sake of Him who bought us,
We may call, and thou wilt hear.

What a boon to us is given,
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of heaven
Hears our wants and will supply.
Weak and sinful, O how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

Bless, O Lord, this happy meeting,
While we stay and when we go,
Here our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join thy praise below;
But all earthly unions sever,
All their pleasures quickly fly,
O for grace to praise thee ever,
In that better world on high.

CALL OF THE BELL.

Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling!
"Come! oh come!"
Weary ones, where'er you wander,
"Hither come!"
Louder now and deeper pealing,
On the heart that voice is stealing,
"Come, no longer roam!"
Now again its tones are pealing,
"Come! oh come!"
In the sacred temple kneeling,
"Seek thy home!"

Come, and round the altar bending,
 Love the place where God descending
 Calls the spirit home.

Still the echoed voice is ringing,
 "Come! oh come!"
 Every heart pure incense bringing,
 "Hither come!"
 Father, round thy footstool bending,
 May our souls, to heaven ascending,
 Find in thee their home.

THE SABBATH MORN.

The Sabbath morn is breaking,
 The Sabbath bells are waking,
 Our homes with joy forsaking,
 To join the Sabbath school.
 Shout, shout, shout,
 We hail the Sabbath school,
 Shout, shout, shout,
 And hail the Sabbath school.

How joyful is the meeting,
 Each other kindly greeting,
 Sweet hymns of praise repeating,
 While in the Sabbath school.
 Shout, shout, &c.

'Tis here we join in singing
 The songs of love redeeming,
 Our little offerings bringing,
 Hosannas to our King.
 Shout, shout, &c.

Our teachers we'll remember;
 Ten thousand thanks we render
 For thoughts of us so tender,
 While in the Sabbath school.
 Shout, shout, &c.

But ah! life's sunny morning,
 With all its sweets adorning,
 Like early blossoms falling,
 Will soon have passed away.
 Shout, shout, &c.

Then may we all remember
 To strive our hearts to render,
 While now so young and tender,
 To Christ, our Heavenly King.
 Shout, shout, &c.

EXCELLENCY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

While each wretched heathen nation
 Nothing knows, O Lord, of thee,
 In this happy land, salvation
 Richly is revealed to me.

What a blessing, what a treasure,
 I possess in thy dear word!
 There I read, with holy pleasure,
 Of the love of Christ, my Lord.

God's blest word reveals the Saviour,
 Sinful children deeply need;
 Oh! what mercy, love and favor,
 That for sinners Christ should bleed!

Oh! the blessedness of knowing
 Christ, the tender Saviour's love,
 Freely on a child bestowing
 Grace and mercy from above.

Heavenly Father! give thy Spirit
 To each child who looks to thee;
 May we thy rich grace inherit!
 May we like our Saviour be!

FOR A RURAL CELEBRATION.

The freshly blooming flowers,
 To thee sweet offerings bear;
 And cheerful birds in shady bowers,
 Sing forth thy tender care.

The fields on every side,
 The trees on every hill,
 The glorious sun, the rolling tide,
 Proclaim thy wonders still.

"THE SABBATH BELL."

The Sabbath bell! how sweet to me,
 The day the Saviour rose;
 The day when we may seek his face,
 And in his arms repose.

To-day he calls us all to come,
 He bids us all draw near;
 He offers heaven for our home,
 And wipes away each tear.

“O, WHO HATH BLESSED !”

Oh! who hath bless'd our youthful days,
 With parents, home, and friends?
 Our Heavenly Father, from whose throne
 Each gift of good descends.
 Then praise him with heart and voice,
 To whom all praise belongs;
 O, praise Him! in Him rejoice,
 With swelling, grateful songs!

O! who hath taught our youthful hearts
 The way of truth and peace?
 Our Heavenly Father, from whose hand
 The blessings never cease.
 Then praise Him, with heart and voice,
 To whom all praise belongs;
 O, praise Him! in Him rejoice
 With swelling, grateful songs!

O! who hath shed upon our world
 A Saviour's precious grace?
 Our Father, God, who sent his Son
 To raise our fallen race.
 Then praise Him with heart and voice,
 To whom all praise belongs;
 O, praise Him! in Him rejoice
 With swelling, grateful songs!

LIFE RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY.

As flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hasting to the sea;

So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going,
Where calls of mercy cease.

As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day ;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
The darkness of the grave ;
And death is just before us—
God takes the life he gave.

Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament forever
The ruin of thy soul.

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

Tell me the tale of the friends that you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago!
Tell me of those by whose side you have roved,
Long, long ago, long ago!
Who were the children you met in your play?
Long, long ago, long ago!

Say were your schoolmates as blithe and as gay,
Joyous as those I have been with to-day?

What were the pleasures you gathered at home,
Long, long ago, long ago!
What were the meadows enticed you to roam?
Long, long ago, long ago!
Told by the friends that to you were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago!
Mother, sweet mother, why starteth that tear?
Tell me the tales you delighted to hear.

CELEBRATION.

Come join our celebration,
With hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion,
Your sweetest notes employ.
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here ;
In purpose all united,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.

Thanks to the God of Heaven,
Kind guardian of our race!
For all the favors given,
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday schools enjoyed.

Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection,
He causes to abound
In those who are watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

May God, with many a blessing,
 Reward their toil and care,
 And hear them while addressing
 His throne in fervent prayer;
 And may his love constraining,
 Our youthful spirits bow,
 And grace forever reigning,
 Our inmost souls endow.

OPENING AND CLOSE OF CLASSES.

Joyful, joyful, joyful be our numbers,
 Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay,
 Swell the strain to music's sweetest murmurs,
 Every heart now hail the festal day.
 Bursting forth the soul-enlivening lay,
 Hail, O hail this festal day.

1. From the hill and valley far away,
 We come with merry greetings in our lay.
2. Yearly as our festal day rolls round,
 We hail it ever with harmonious sound.
3. Golden hours have fled like a spell,
 And now we're called to part and bid farewell.
4. Give the hand of friendship ere we part,
 May heaven now embalm it in each heart.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of salvation, wide opens the door,
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.

The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth,
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools.

DAY OF REST.

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
To the world in kindness giv'n,
Welcome to this care-worn breast,
As the beaming light from heav'n.

Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run,
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.

Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O how great thy blessings are!

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
With thy influ'nce all divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blest
To this sinful heart of mine.

WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

We won't give up the Bible—
 God's holy book of truth,
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth,
 The lamp which sheds a glorious light
 O'er every dreary road,
 The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
 And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth.

We won't give up the Bible,
 For it alone can tell
 The way to save our ruined souls
 From being sent to hell.
 And it alone can tell us how
 We can have hopes of heaven—
 That through the Saviour's precious blood,
 Our sins may be forgiven.

We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible;
 But if ye force away
 What is as our own life-blood dear,
 We still with joy could say:
 The words that we have learned while young,
 Shall follow all our days;
 For they're engraven on our hearts,
 And you cannot erase."

We won't give up the Bible, &c.

We won't give up the Bible—
 We'll shout it far and wide;
 Until the echo shall be heard

Beyond the rolling tide.
 Till all shall know that we, though young,
 Withstand each treach'rous art;
 And that from God's own sacred word
 We'll never, never part!
 We won't give up the Bible, &c.

LIFE A SUMMER'S DAY.

This life is but a summer's day,
 Of shadows and of light,
 Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
 And soon give place to night.
 Fair childhood is the early dawn,
 And youth the morning gay;
 Manhood's the noon so quickly gone,
 And age the evening ray.

But life eternal, who can tell
 How long it shall endure?
 The righteous shall forever dwell
 In mansions bright and pure.
 The hours of childhood and of youth,
 Of manhood and of age,
 Should in the love of sacred truth
 The inmost soul engage.

This life was given us to prepare
 For that which is to come:
 O may I gain admittance there,
 And find a heavenly home!
 And will the Lord my sins forgive
 Through his redeeming love,
 And bid me to his glory live,
 And write my name above?

