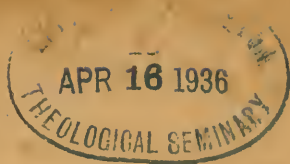




HYMNS



FOR

THE USE OF CHILDREN.



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H Y M N S

FOR

THE USE OF CHILDREN.

H Y M N I.

A general Hymn of praise to God.

- 1 **H**OW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His awful majesty?
- 2 How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will:
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
E'en from a feeble voice.

HYMN II.

The works of God in Creation.

- 1 **W**HO gave the sun his noon-day light?
Who taught the moon to shine by night?
Whose hand the sheet of heav'n unroll'd,
All set with stars like drops of gold?
- 2 Who gave the winds their course to know?
The ocean tides to ebb and flow?
And day and night preserve their bounds,
And changing seasons know their rounds?
- 3 Who could conceive the vast design?
Who could the grand machine combine?
Who stretch his hands from pole to pole,
And bid them on their centre roll?
- 4 Could man, with all his skill, compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows?
Or at his will ordain to be
The meanest insect that we see?
- 5 'Twas God who gave creation birth,
Who form'd this wond'rous globe of earth,
And breath'd throughout the mighty whole,
The likeness of a living soul.
- 6 Bow then to God, O all that live!
To God eternal praises give!
Who fashion'd by his mighty hand
Sun, moon, and stars, and sea and land.

HYMN III.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night;
 My secret thoughts and actions lie
 All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a fault that men commit,
 Nor wicked word they say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes which they have done
 Be read and publish'd there,
 Be all expos'd before the sun,
 While men and angels hear?
- 4 Oh let me then for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down ev'ry fault.



HYMN IV.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 **G**LORY to our heav'nly King!
 Bounteous Parent! thee we sing.
 Gratitude the strain inspires,
 Humble hopes, sincere desires.
 Thee we sing with loud acclaim,
 Praising thy all-glorious name.
- 2 God of glory! God of love!
 Lord of all the worlds above!
 Thee we bless for daily food,
 Thee we bless for ev'ry good.

- 3 More than all we praise thee, Lord,
 For the blessings of thy word,
 For the tidings Jesus brought,
 For the precepts Jesus taught.
- 4 Gracious Father, heav'nly King!
 Feeble lips presume to sing;
 Infant voices humbly raise
 Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

HYMN V.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God,
 For all his gifts to me?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more;
 For I have food, while numbers starve
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold!
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet
 And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 While some poor creatures scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head;
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While many early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal;
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

- 6 Are these thy favours day by day?
 Am I so highly blest?
 Then let me love thee and obey,
 And try to serve thee best.



HYMN VI.

Praise for birth and education in a Christian land.

- 1 **G**REAT God! to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong:
 My infant tongue shall lisp thy praise,
 And growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy grace alone I owe,
 That I was born on Christian ground,
 Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 How do I pity those who dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
 They know not heav'n, they fear not hell,
 Those endless joys, those dreadful pains.
- 4 What would the ancient Jewish kings
 And Jewish prophets once have giv'n;
 Could they have heard those glorious things,
 Which Christ, the Lord, reveal'd from heav'n?
- 5 How glad the heathens would have been,
 Who worshipp'd idols, wood, and stone,
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Or Jesus and his gospel known!
- 6 Thy glorious promises, O Lord!
 Kindle my hopes, and warm my heart.
 O teach me more to love thy word,
 And never from thy law to part.

- 7 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
 Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
 Nor will I run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

HYMN VII.

The nativity of Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd 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 seiz'd 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,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 "And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 "And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of Angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 "And to the earth be peace:
 "Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 "Begin, and never cease."

HYMN VIII.

The love of Jesus.

- 1 **S**EE how he lov'd, exclaim'd the Jews,
When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept;
My grateful heart the words shall use,
While on his life my eye is kept.
- 2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And call'd the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue;
Who, oft provok'd, yet ne'er revil'd,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he lov'd, who died for man;
Who labour'd thus and thus endur'd,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heav'n to man secur'd.
- 6 And shall such love not meet return?
Not prompt the conduct, move the breast?
Shall not our grateful bosoms burn,
To prove our love by ev'ry test?
- 7 Yes, our great master will we love,
Who ev'ry gen'rous feeling knew;
His faithful followers ever prove,
And keep his pattern still in view.

HYMN IX.

Christmas Hymn.

- 1 **E**XULTING, rejoicing, hail the happy morn-
ing,
The morn of the day when our Christ was born!
Angels of mercy, who his birth attended,
O bear our loud Hosannahs through the sky!
- 2 Salvation proclaiming to the guilty nations,
He comes in the glory and power of God.
Angels of mercy, who his steps attended,
O bear our loud Hosannahs through the sky!
- 3 Devoted, submissive, on the cross expiring,
He bows to the will of his Father, God.
Angels of pity, who his death attended,
O bear our loud Hosannahs through the sky!



HYMN X.

Death and Resurrection of Jesus.

- 1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around.
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and say,
How high your great deliv'rer reigns;
Tell how he rose to endless day
And led the monster, death, in chains.

- 4 Say: "Live for ever, glorious king!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster: "where's thy sting!
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave!"

HYMN XI.

New-Year's Hymn.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixt in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream.
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to old and young;
 Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
 And when life's short course is run,
 Take us to thy house above.

HYMN XII.

A morning Hymn.

- 1 **M**Y God, thou mak'st the sun to know
 His proper hour to rise,
 And to give light to all below,
 Dost send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires nor stops to rest,
 But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The bus'ness of the day;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heav'nly way.
- 4 Give me O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days
 Has all been spent in vain.



HYMN XIII.

An evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE evening shades again draw nigh,
 Which, like a curtain, veil the sky;
 The labour of the day is o'er,
 The day is fled that comes no more!
- 2 What we have thought, and said, and done,
 Or how our course of duty run,—
 All lies before his holy eyes,
 Who all our secret thoughts espies.

- 3 Our follies and our sins forgive,
And let us in thy favour live.
And for the blessings of the day,
Accept the sacrifice we pay.
- 4 Still may thy providential care
Preserve from ev'ry fatal snare;
And from the perils of the night
Defend us by thy sov'reign might.
- 5 When death, like sable night, shall come,
And call us to our endless home,
May we be found in peace with thee,
And wake in blest eternity.

HYMN XIV.

The word of God, the best guide of youth.

- 1 **T**HE morn of life, how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hopes illumine each opening day,
And brightens ev'ry view!
- 2 Youth's ardent minds, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspect no ills that may await,
Nor yield a thought to fear.
- 3 But slippery is the path they tread,
In pleasure's dangerous way;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 4 How shall they, then, their course pursue,
Through life's uncertain road?
What friendly hand will point their view,
To duty and to God?

- 5 In God's own word the way is sure,
 And clear to ev'ry eye;
 It leads us in a path secure
 To brighter worlds on high.
- 6 Oh be this word our constant guide,
 Our steadfast hope and trust!
 This ne'er can fail, though all beside
 Shall mingle with the dust.



HYMN XV.

Delay dangerous.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, mortal, to be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is she to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, mortal, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN XVI.

Early Religion.

- 1 **H**APPY the child, whose early years
 Receive instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To serve the Lord betimes;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God! to thee,
 May we ourselves resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see,
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ our youngest breath;
 Thus we're prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

HYMN XVII.

Steadfastness and Watchfulness implored.

- 1 **O** GOD! my strength, my hope!
 On thee I cast my care;
 With humble confidence look up
 To thee who hearest pray'r.
 Grant me on thee to wait,
 The work assign'd fulfil;
 Oh may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Father's will!
- 2 Give me a sober mind,
 A quick discerning eye,
 The first approach of sin to find,
 And all temptation fly;—
 A spirit still prepar'd,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.
- 3 Thy will may I pursue,
 To thee in all things rise;
 And all I think and say and do,
 Be one great sacrifice.
 Fill me with godly fear,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give!

 HYMN XVIII.
Confidence in God our Father.

- 1 **O** GOD, on thee we all depend,
 On thy paternal care;
 Thou wilt the father and the friend
 In ev'ry act appear.

- 2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
 Thou wilt our wants supply;
 Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
 And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
 And wisdom guides his love.
 To thine appointment we submit,
 And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
 With cheerful hearts we trust;
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want, while God provides;
 What he allots, is best;
 And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

HYMN XIX.

Against profane swearing.

- 1 **A** NGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God!
 And sinners must lament in hell,
 Who mock the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy awful glorious name!
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!
- 3 Our hearts shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above.
 'Tis that great God, whose pow'r we fear;
 That heav'nly Father, whom we love.

- 4 If our companions grow profane,
 We'll leave their friendship, when we hear
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

HYMN XX.

Mocking at sin.

- 1 **W**HO laughs at sin, laughs at his Maker's
 frowns,
 Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his head,
 Laughs at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
 Who but for sin had never wept or bled.
- 2 Who laughs at sin, laughs at the num'rous woes,
 Which have the guilty world so oft befel;
 Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throes,
 At all the spoils of death and pains of hell.
- 3 Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,
 Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles,
 Dares, at his soul's expense, his fancy please,
 Affronts his God, himself of bliss beguiles.
- 4 Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt and shame,
 Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind;
 For so absurd a fool there wants a name,
 Expressive of a folly so refined.

HYMN XXI.

The Christian rule.

- 1 **T**HUS said Jesus—"Go and do
 As thou wouldst be done unto."
 Here thy perfect duty see,
 Duty, God requires of thee.

- 2 Wouldst thou then rejoice to find
Others gen'rous, just, and kind?
Think upon these words, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others then and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all his children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

HYMN XXII.

Filial duty.

- 1 **C**HRIST whom angels love and fear,
Subject to his parents here,
Did to us the pattern give,
How we ought with ours to live.
- 2 When he was a little child,
He was tractable and mild,
Ever watchful to fulfil
All his parents' righteous will.
- 3 Let us in his footsteps tread,
To each selfish passion dead,
Striving always to obey
Those who under God bear sway.

- 4 Teachers, masters, let us love,
 All their just commands approve;
 Let us, above all, fulfil
 God our heav'nly Father's will.

HYMN XXIII.

- 1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say;
 With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful woes
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,
 To him who breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
 How hateful is his name!
 Who thus his parents shall despise,
 Will bring himself to shame.
- 4 But those who worship God, and give
 Their parents honour due,
 Here on this earth belov'd shall live,
 And live in heaven too!

HYMN XXIV.

Vanity.

- 1 **H**OW proud we are, how fond to show
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
 That very clothing long before.

- 2 The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I;
 Let me be drest fine as I will,
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.
- 3 Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest dress.
- 4 No more shall worms with me compare;
 This is the raiment angels wear;
 The son of God, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.
- 5 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
 It takes no spot, but still refines;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 6 In this on earth would I appear;
 Then go to heav'n and wear it there.
 God will approve it in his sight;
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.



HYMN XXV.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward;
 And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour which God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n,
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 Then the great work we have to do,
 Let us with all our might pursue;
 And wisely ev'ry hour employ,
 That faith and hope may turn to joy.



HYMN XXVI.

Youth admonished.

- 1 **U**NTHINKING mortals, ye must die;
 Behold the king of dread
 Prepar'd to let the arrow fly,
 Which ranks you with the dead.
- 2 Your youth and strength will nought avail
 To guard you in that day;
 All wealth and honour then will fail,
 All beauty fade away.
- 3 The finest nerves will be unstrung,
 And ev'ry motion die;
 Silent the captivating tongue,
 And dim the sparkling eye.
- 4 O could we realize the scene,
 And view the change as near!
 This world would then appear more vain—
 The next employ our care!
- 5 May we in waiting posture stand,
 Prepar'd to take our flight;
 When gentle death, with friendly hand
 Shall change our faith to sight.

HYMN XXVII.

Children parting, after receiving Instruction.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Father, hear our humble pray'r;
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain.
May we, if we live, be brought,
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be giv'n;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and when in heav'n.



HYMN XXVIII.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

HYMN XXIX.

Luther's Judgment Hymn.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created.
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul! to meet him.

THE END.

