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SELECT HYMNS

FOR YOUTH.

“Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth.”



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1834.

SELECT HYMNS FOR YOUTH.



HYMN I.

Praise to God.

ALMIGHTY God, who dwellest high,
Where mortals cannot gaze,
If Thou wilt listen, we will try
To sing a hymn of praise.

Angels adore Thee, and rejoice—
Such praise to Thee belongs ;
But wilt thou hear our feeble voice,
Amid their lofty songs ?

Our thoughts are vain, our hearts are hard,
And poor the thanks we pay ;
O how unworthy Thy regard
Is all that we can say !

Our feeble powers can never rise
 To praise Thee as we ought ;
 For thou art great, and good, and wise,
 Beyond our highest thought.

The happy souls who dwell on high
 Can tell Thy glories best :
 And may we enter, when we die,
 The mansions of the blest !



HYMN II.

True Religion.

'TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity ;
 If the SAVIOUR is my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.



HYMN III.

Mercy of God.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue ;
 Thy free grace alone from the first to the last,
 Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,
 Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
 But thro' Thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
 And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.



HYMN VI.

The Bible.

THIS is a precious book indeed !
 Happy the child that loves to read !
 'Tis God's own will which he has given
 To show our souls the way to heaven !

It tells us how the world was made ;
 And how good men the Lord obey'd ;
 There his commands are written, too,
 To teach us what we ought to do.

It bids us all from sin to fly,
 Because our souls can never die :
 It points to heaven, where angels dwell ;
 And warns us to escape from hell.

But, what is more than all beside,
 The Bible tells us JESUS died !—
 This is its best its chief intent,
 To lead poor sinners to repent.

Be thankful, children, that you may
 Read this good Bible every day.



HYMN VII.

The Child's Grave.

What is this little grassy mound,
 Where pretty daisies bloom?
 What is there lying under ground!
 —It is an infant's tomb.

When blooming youth is snatch'd away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

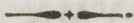
While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh! may this truth imprest
 With awful pow'r—"I too must die!"
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour ;
 To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this alarming scene
 May ev'ry heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain
 Which calls to watch and pray.

Oh ! let us fly to JESUS fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

Great God ! thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's all trying hour.



HYMN VIII.

A General Prayer.

FATHER, ador'd in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
 Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love ;
 And earth like heav'n, obey thy will.

LORD ! make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins that we forsake :
 O ! let us thy forgiveness share,
 As other men of ours partake.

Evils beset us ev'ry hour ;
 Thy kind protection we implore ;
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r :
 Be thine the glory evermore !



HYMN IX.

Brotherly Love.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the LORD,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part?
 May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes fix above:
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through ev'ry bosom flow;
 And union sweet and dear esteem,
 In ev'ry action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
 His bosom glow with love.



HYMN X.

Morning Song.

BEHOLD the sun adorns the sky,
 And darts his cheering rays on high !
 From east to west, in glorious march,
 He gilds the wide expansive arch.

The warbling larks in triumph mount,
 And all the scenes of morn recount ;
 While sounding groves and valleys ring
 With praise to heaven's eternal King.

Begin, my soul, the morning song ;
 Let thankfulness inspire thy tongue !
 The kindness of thy God proclaim,
 And tell the wonders of His name.

Sing how His hand thy life defends,
 And for thy guard his angel sends.
 In grateful praise His name adore,
 Till fleeting days shall be no more.

Yes, O my God, Thy glorious name,
 My soul shall ever more proclaim ;
 I'll bear thy kindness on my heart,
 While memory performs its part.



HYMN XI.

Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known
 His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins how great their sum !

Lord give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since God will not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in his love.



HYMN XII.

Death of a School Fellow.

DEATH has been here and borne away
A brother from our side,
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we he died.

Not long ago he filled his place,
 And stood with us to learn,
 But he has run his mortal race,
 And never can return.

Perhaps our time may be as short,
 Our days may fly as fast,
 O LORD! impress this solemn thought---
 That this may be our last.



HYMN XIII.

An Evening Hymn for a little Family.

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

Before thy sacred footstool, see,
 We bend in humble pray'r,
 A happy little family,
 To ask thy tender care.

We come to own the Pow'r divine
 That watches o'er our days;

For this our feeble voices join
 In hymns of cheerful praise.

May we in safety sleep to night,
 From ev'ry danger-free :
 Because the darkness and the light
 Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays
 His cheerful beams abroad,
 Then shall our morning hymn of praise,
 Declare thy goodness LORD.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand---
 Our lips together move ;
 Oh! smile upon this little band,
 And join our hearts in love.

HYMN XIV.

Shortness of Life.

HOW short is the life of a man !
 How soon his frail life must decay !
 At best but the length of a span,
 And fades like a short winter's day.

In youth, how forgetful he seems
 Of age that's still hurrying on ;
 At length he awakes from his dreams,
 But ah ! his best moments are gone !

Then, hurry'd away with his cares,
 His life is but labor and pain:
 Old age is the garment he wears ;
 He wishes for youth, but in vain.

Let youth, then, no longer delay,
 Since time makes so rapid a flight;
 If you work while it's call'd to-day,
 You may hail the approach of to-night.



HYMN XV.

Christ's regard to Children.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd 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 GLORY came.

We bring them, LORD, by fervent pray'r,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock with pleasure hear,
 Ye children seek his face ;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of His grace.



HYMN XVI.

Repentance.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble cry ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's melting eye ;

Bow'd low before Thy throne of grace,
 We wretched wanderers, mourn ;
 Thyself has bid us seek thy face,
 Thyself has said, "Return."

O! shine on each benighted heart !
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let Thy Spirit's aid impart
 A taste of joys divine !



HYMN XVII.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
 In nature's smiling bloom,
 Ere age arrive, and, trembling, wait
 Its summons to the tomb,—

Remember thy Creator God ;
 For Him thy hours employ ;
 Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
 Thy confidence, thy joy.

He shall defend and guide thy course
 Through life's uncertain sea :
 'Till thou art landed on the shore
 Of bless'd Eternity.

Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
 The path of heavenly truth,
 The earth affords no lovelier sight
 Than a religious youth.

HYMN XVIII.

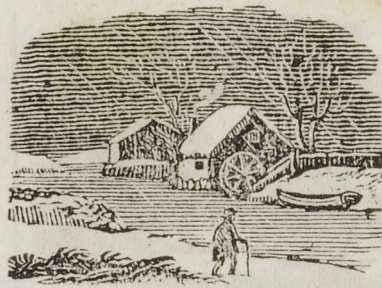
For the last day of the Year.

This year is just going away,
 The moments are finishing fast ;
 My heart hast thou nothing to say,
 Concerning the time that is past ?
 Now, while in my chamber alone,
 Where God will be present to hear,
 I'll try to remember and own,
 The faults I've committed this year.

How often I rose from my bed,
 And did not remember a pray'r ;
 Or if a few words I have said,
 My thoughts have been going elsewhere !
 Ill temper, and passion, and pride,
 Have griev'd my dear parents and thee,
 And seldom I've heartily tried
 Obedient and gentle to be !

But, Lord, thou already hast known
 Much more of my folly than I ;
 There is not a fault I can own,
 Too little for God to descry :
 Yet hear me, and help me to feel
 How wicked and weak I may be :
 And let me not try to conceal
 My faults, e'en the smallest, from thee.

This year is just going away,
 The moments are finishing fast ;
 Look down in Thy mercy, I pray,
 And pardon the faults of the past :
 And as soon as another begins,
 So help me to walk in Thy fear,
 I may not with follies and sins
 Disfigure and waste a new year.



HYMN XIX

The Call of Gratitude.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
 The daisy and cowslip appear !
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtle that shades the gay bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall MAN, the great master of all,
 The only inseusible prove ?
 Forbid it fair Gratitude's call !
 Forbid it, Devotion and Love !

The LORD, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My heart shall rejoice in my God !



HYMN XX

God in Creation.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
 Through earth and air, and seas, and skies,
 See, from the clouds His glory breaks,
 When the first beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious Name.

Unbounded goodness, power divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display ;
 And bless the hand that made them shine,
 With varied charms profusely gay.

For man and beast, here daily food,
 In wide, diffusive plenty grows ;
 And there, for drink, the chrystal flood,
 In streams, sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling streams and softening showers,
 The vegetable race are fed ;
 And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
 Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
 Above the weak attempts of art ;
 Their bright, inimitable dyes,
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
 And trace Creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of THE GOD,
 And bow before Him and adore.

HYMN XXI.

On sitting down to Meals.

When at my meals I take my seat,
 My thoughts to Heaven I raise,
 That I may favored be to eat,
 With gratitude and praise.

This grateful sense of bounteous good,
 Such humble feelings spread ;
 That while I eat my outward food,
 My soul has heavenly bread.

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