Sabbath school songs

Lowell Mason
SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS:

or

HYMNS AND MUSIC SUITABLE FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

By Lowell Mason.

Prepared for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and revised by the Committee of Publication.

Boston:
Massachusetts Sabbath School Society,
Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.
1850.
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BY LOWELL MASON.

Professor in the Boston Academy of Music, Editor of the Choir,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

The design of this book is to furnish at a small expense a sufficient variety of Hymns and Tunes for all the purposes of Sabbath Schools.

The music will be found very simple and easy, and in general of a lighter or more melodious character than is usual in common psalm tunes. Experience proves that music of this kind is more pleasing than that of a heavier or slower character, and that it is calculated to make the exercise of singing in Sabbath Schools more interesting and useful.

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Awake! awake! Your bed forsake—To God your praises pay; The morning sun is clear and bright.

How precious is the sacred light! With songs of love Praise God above:

It is the Sabbath day—It is the Sabbath day.
Awake! awake!
Your bed forsake—
To God your praises pay;
The morning sun is clear and bright—
How precious is the sacred light!
With songs of love
Praise God above—
It is the Sabbath day.

Before the morn
Awaked the dawn,
The blessed Saviour rose;
He conquered death and left the grave,
While soft across the placid wave,
The morning star
Shone forth afar;
And vanquished all his foes.

The angels bright,
From worlds of light,
To greet his rising came;
The prince of life with joy they view,
While heaven its glories o'er him threw;
Then haste to fly
Above the sky
Their raptures to proclaim.
DIALOGUE HYMN.

"Children—can you tell us why?"

Question—by teachers.

Treble.

Children—can you tell us why Jesus came from heaven to die?

Base.

Reply—by children.

Girls—First Treble.

Teachers—yes—for us he came: Oh! how precious is his name.

Girls, or Boys—Second Treble.

The Base here is to be sung only to the last stanza.

Note.—In the fourth stanza, second line, viz: "Saviour! teach our hearts to bow;" the boys or children who sing the second part, may sing the Base an octave higher; as if it was written upon the Treble staff.
Teachers. Children—can you tell us why
Jesus came from heaven to die?

Children. Teachers—yes—for us he came:
Oh! how precious is his name!

2

Teachers. Children—have you learnt to know
What return to him you owe?

Children. Teachers—we our hearts must give,
Love—obey him while we live.

3

Teachers. Children—will he you receive
If you on his name believe?

Children. Teachers—boundless is his grace
If we early seek his face.

4

Teachers. Children—ask his mercy now;

Children. Saviour! teach our hearts to bow:

Both. Hear—oh hear us, Lamb Divine!
Make us all forever thine!
"Sing, my soul, his wondrous love."

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who, from yon bright world above.

Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man, extends his grace.

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright world above,
Ever watchful o’er our race,
Still to man, extends his grace,
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

Heaven and earth by him were made;
Worlds are by his sceptre sway'd:
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood;
He, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

O my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.
With humble heart and tongue.

With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray.

Oh! bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the living way.
With humble heart and tongue,
   My God, to thee I pray:
Oh! bring me now, while I am young
   To thee, the living way.

Make an ungarded youth
   The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
   And fly from every snare.

My heart, to folly prone,
   Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
   And make me wholly thine.

Oh! let thy word of grace
   My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days
   My treasure and my joy.

To what thy laws impart
   Be my whole soul inclined;
Come, Saviour, dwell within my heart,
   And sanctify my mind.
"Sweet spices they brought, on their star-lighted way."

The woman at the sepulchre. Mark 16: 1-14.

First Treble.

Sweet spices they brought, on their star-lighted way.

Second Treble.

And came to the grave by the dawning of day.
Sweet spices they brought, on their star-lighted way,
And came to the grave by the dawning of day.

'But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?'
They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes, stole

The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone—
Oh hail, ye disciples, this bright sabbath-morn.

May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,
And fill every bosom with piety's flame.

Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain;
Nor Sabbath's, so peaceful, be useless and vain.
"Where do children love to go?"

First Treble.

Where do children love to go, When the wintry tempests blow;

Second Treble.

What is it attracts them so? 'Tis the Sabbath School.
1
Where do children love to go,
When the wintry tempests blow;
What is it attracts them so?
'Tis the Sabbath School.

2
Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the Sabbath School.

3
When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Every eye from slumber wakes—
What so happy, children makes?
'Tis the Sabbath School.

4
Where do pious teachers stay—
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day?
In the Sabbath School.

5
Where are we so kindly taught,
God should rule in every thought;
What the blood of Christ has bought;
In the Sabbath School.

6
May we ever love this day
More than all our sports and play.
Love to read, and sing, and pray—
In the Sabbath School.
"Our Father in heaven."

Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name! May thy kingdom holy On

earth be the same! Oh give to us daily our portion of bread;

It is from thy bounty That all must be fed.
1

Our Father in heaven,
   We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
   On earth, be the same!
Oh give to us daily
   Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
   That all must be fed.

2

Forgive our transgressions,
   And teach us to know
That humble compassion
   Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
   From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
   Forever—Amen.
"Sweet is the work, O Lord."

Sweet is the work, O, Lord. Thy glorious name to sing.

To praise and pray, to hear thy word. And grateful offerings bring.
1
Sweet is the work, O Lord,
   Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
   And grateful offerings bring.

2
Sweet—at the dawning light,
   Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
   Still on the theme to dwell.

3
Sweet—on this day of rest,
   To join in heart and voice,
With those, who love and serve thee best,
   And in thy name rejoice.

4
To songs of praise and joy,
   Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
   Eternally in heaven.
Lo! he comes, 'tis Zion's king.

Lo! he comes, 'tis Zion's king—Rejoice ye whom his grace has saved;

Let the saints together sing, "Hosanna—Hosanna to the Son of David," "Hosanna—Hosanna to the Son of David."
HYMN 9.

Lo! he comes, 'tis Zion's king—
Rejoice ye whom his grace has saved;
Let the saints together sing,
"Hosanna to the Son of David."

2

Though in lowly guise a king,
And long his people were enslaved;
Freed by him they now may sing,
"Hosanna to the Son of David."

3

Strike, ye saints, a cheerful string,
Your king for you all dangers braved;
Were ye mute, the stones would sing,
"Hosanna to the Son of David."

4

Heaven's high arches soon shall ring.
While angels join with all the saved;
And while both together sing,
"Hosanna to the Son of David."
Endless praises To our Lord!

Endless praises To our Lord! Ever be his name adored!

Ev - er be his name a - dored!
HYMN 10.

Endless praises
To our Lord!
Ever be his name-adored!

2
Angels crown him,
Crown the Lamb!
He is worthy—praise his name.

3
Saints adore him,
Sound his fame,
You he saves from endless shame.

4
Saints and angels,
Jointly sing,
Glory, glory to our king
“In Zion’s sacred gates.”

In Zion’s sacred gates, Let hymns of praise begin.

There acts of faith and love, In ceaseless beauty shine.

In mercy there Where God is known, Before his throne With songs appear.
HYMN 11.

In Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin;
There acts of faith and love
In ceaseless beauty shine
   In mercy there
   Where God is known,
   Before his throne
   With songs appear.

2

In heavenly courts above,
Ye angels lift your voice;
Let golden harps resound,
Let happy saints rejoice.
   The glories sing,
   That ever shine
   With pomp divine
   Around your King.
"Remember thy Creator."

Remember thy Creator, While youth's fair spring is bright, Before thy cares are

greater, Before comes age's night; While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While

stars the darkness cheer; While life is all before thee, Thy great Creator fear.

This tune is taken by permission from "The Choir" — a new collection of Church Music.
HYMN 12.

Remember thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright:
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer;
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2

Remember thy Creator,
Before the dust returns
To earth—for 'tis its nature—
And life's last ember burns;
Before, with God who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
HE cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.
"Thine holy day's returning."

Thine holy day's returning, Our hearts exult to see, And, with devotion burning, Ascend, great God! to thee. To-day with purest pleasure Our thoughts from earth withdraw:

We search for heavenly treasure, We long my holy law.
HYMN 13.

Thine holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see,
And, with devotion burning,
Ascend, great God! to thee.

To-day with purest pleasure
Our thoughts from earth withdraw
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2

We join to sing thy praises,
O God, of Sabbath day!
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing—
Inspire us with thy love;
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.
HYMN 14.

When shall the voice of singing
    Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
    With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
    And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
    In righteousness to reign?

Then from the craggy mountains,
    The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
    Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
    Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
    In one eternal sound!

HYMN 15.

From Greenland's icy mountains
    From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
    Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
    From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
    Their land from error's chain.
2

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?—
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?—
Salvation!—oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4

Waft—waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.
HYMN 16.

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.

2

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.

3

Say, gay one, is thy 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 then lament forever
The ruin of thy soul
HYMN 17.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
    Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
    His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
    To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
    And rule in equity.

2
He shall come down like showers
    Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
    Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
    Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
    From hill to valley flow.

3
For him shall prayer unceasing,
    And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
    A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
    His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
    His name to us is—Love.
“There remaineth a rest to the people of God.” Heb. 4. 9.

Soon will set the Sabbath sun; Soon the sacred day be done;

But a sweeter rest remains, Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
HYMN 18.

1
Soon will set the Sabbath sun;
Soon the sacred day be done;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns

2
Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Borne upon the breeze sublime;
Kind our teachers are to-day;—
In the school we love to stay.

3
But a music, sweeter far,
Breathes where angel-spirits are
Higher far than earthly strains—
Where the rest of God remains.

4
Shall we ever rise to dwell,
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5
Yes:—that rest our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see—
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
"Let us sing with joyful strain."

Let us sing with joyful strain, God delights to hear;

Let his praises ring again, God, our God is here!

God, our God is here!
HYMN 19.

Let us sing with joyful strain,
God delights to hear;
Let his praises ring again,
God, our God is here!

2

All I think, and do, and say
To my God is known;
He beholds me all the day,
From his heavenly throne.

3

Oh! 'tis easy to be good,
When our God is near;
Sinful pleasures we despise—
For our God is here.

4

Night may come, and twinkling stars
Deck heaven's canopy—
There's an eye that never sleeps;
God can always see.

5

Peace, and health, and every joy
Meet us far and near;
'Tis our God, who gives us all,
God is ever here.
"Praise to thee, thou great Creator."

Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue: Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.
HYMN 20.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
  Praise to thee from every tongue:
Join, my soul, with every creature,
  Join the universal song.

2
Father! Source of all compassion!
  Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation!
  Praise him for his love divine.

3
For ten thousand blessings given.
  For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
  Sound Jehovah’s praise on high.

4
Joyfully on earth adore him,
  Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
HYMN 21. WESTERN. S. M.

1. Behold the morning sun Begins his glorious way:

2. But where the gospel comes, It spreads diviner light,

His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey.

It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

3
How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4
My gracious God, how plain,
Are thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
HYMN 22.

1 I hear thy word with love,
   And I would fain obey;
Lord, send thy Spirit from above
   To guide me, lest I stray.

2 Warn me of every sin,
   Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
   Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

3 While with my heart and tongue,
   I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
   My Saviour, and my God.

HYMN 23.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
   That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
   And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
   And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
   And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
   Where God my Saviour's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
   Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
   In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise, and soar away,
   To everlasting bliss.
1. While in the tender years of youth, In nature's smiling bloom,
   Ere age arrive, and trembling wait Its summons to the tomb;

2. Remember thy Creator, God;
   For him thy powers employ;
   Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
   Thy portion, and thy joy.

3. He shall defend and guide thy course
   Through life's uncertain sea,
   Till thou art landed on the shore
   Of blest eternity.
HYMN 23.

1 Once more we keep the sacred day,
    That saw the Saviour rise;—
Once more we tune our joyful song,
    To him who rules the skies.

2 Oh, may the God, who gave our lives,
    And thus far led us on;
Be pleased to train our youthful minds
    To know and love his Son.

    Teach us thy way while here we learn
    To read thy heavenly word;
Bless all the kind instructions given,
    And make us thine, O Lord.

HYMN 26.

1 How precious is the book divine,
    By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
    To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
    In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
    And quells our rising fears.
HYMN 27. WALLEY. C. M.

1 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Redeemer’s throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued, His rightful claim to own.

2 Let deep repentance, faith and love, Be joined with godly fear; And all my conversation prove My heart to be sincere.
HYMN 28.

1 Great God! the dawn of opening life
   Has proved thy guardian care;
Oh! may we through all future years,
   Thy grace and goodness share.

2 Now may we give ourselves to thee
   And in thy name confide;
   And wilt thou, Lord, forever be
   Our Father, Friend and Guide

HYMN 29.

1 The Saviour calls—let every ear
   Attend the heavenly sound;
   Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear;
   Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
   Here, streams of bounty flow;
   And life, and health, and bliss impart,
   To banish mortal wo.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
   That gracious voice obey;
   'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys—
   And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;
   To thee let sinners fly,
   And take the bliss thy love imparts,
   And drink—and never die.
HYMN 30.  UXBRIDGE.  L. M.

Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away:

Now, let our noblest passions rise With ardor to their native skies.

2
Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3
Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er-
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.
HYMN 31.

1
Great Saviour! who didst condescend
Young children in thine arms to take,
Still prove thyself the children's friend,
And save us for thy mercy's sake.

2
While in the slippery paths of youth,
Be thou our guardian—thou our guide;
That we directed by thy truth,
May never from thy precepts slide.

3
To read thy word our hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart:
O Saviour! let us all be thine!
Take full possession of each heart.

HYMN 32.

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.
2
Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3
In holy duties let the day—
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!
M. Shuckburgh Cole
16th Sept 1910
To J. Symonds
Dying 1910
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