HYMNS
FOR
New-Year's-Day.
M.DCC.L.

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HYMNS

FOR

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

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I.

Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise
To God, who lengthens out our days,
Who spares us yet another year,
And let us see his goodness here;
Happy, and wise, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to Him.

How
2 How often, when his Arm was bar’d,
Hath He our sinful Israel spar’d!
Let them alone his mercy cried,
And turn’d the vengeful bolt aside,
Indulg’d another kind reprieve,
And strangely suffer’d us to live.

3 Laid to the root with conscious awe,
But now the threatening axe we saw,
We saw, when Jesus step’d between,
To part the punishment and sin,
He pleaded for the blood-bought race,
And God vouchsaf’d a longer space!

4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh’d
We trembled, while the remnant pray’d:
The Father heard his Spirit groan,
And answer’d mild It is my Son!
He let the prayer of faith prevail,
And mercy turn’d the hovering scale.

5 Merciful God, how shall we raise
Our Hearts to pay Thee all thy praise?
Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone,
Our lives shall make thy goodness known,
Our souls and bodies shall be thine,
A living sacrifice divine.

6 I and my house will serve the Lord,
Led by the Spirit, and the word;
We plight our faith, assembled here,
To serve our God th’ ensuing year,
And vow, when time shall be no more,
Thro’ all eternity t’ adore.
II.

1  Ye worms of earth arise,
   Ye creatures of a day,
Re deem the time, be bold, be wise,
   And cast your bonds away,
Shake off the chains of sin,
   Like us, assembled here,
With hymns of praise to usher in
   The acceptable year.

   The year of gospel-grace
Like us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
   Your proffer'd liberty.
Pardon and peace are nigh,
   Which every soul may prove;
The Lord, who now is passing by,
   Makes this the time of love.

2  Saviour, and Lord of all,
Thy proffer we receive,
Obedient to the gospel call
   That bids us turn, and live:
Our former years misspent,
   Though late, we deeply mourn.
And softened by thy grace repent,
   And to thy arms return:

With fear, and grief, and shame
   Our folly we bemoan,
But wonder at the patient Lamb,
   Who let us still alone:

A 3  Thy
Thy patience lifts us up,
Thy free unbounded grace,
And all our fear is lost in hope,
And all our grief in praise.

3 To Thee, by whom we live,
Our praise and lives we pay,
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant give,
And shout to see thy day:
Thy day of saving grace,
Thy consecrated year,
When the bright fun of righteousness
Doth to our world appcar.

Risen, we know, thou art
With healing in thy wings,
We feel, we feel it in our heart
The life thy presence brings!
The seal, and earnest this
Our pardon we receive,
And look with Thee in glorious bliss
Eternally to live.

III.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know
To earth’s remotest bound
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom’d sinners, home!

Jesus,
New-Year's-Day.

2 Jesus, our great high-priest,  
   Hath full atonement made;  
   Ye weary spirits rest,  
   Ye mournful souls be glad.  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
   The all-atoning Lamb!  
   Redemption in his blood  
   Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4 Ye slaves of sin, and hell,  
   Your liberty receive,  
   And safe in Jesus dwell,  
   And blest in Jesus live:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have fold for nought  
   Your heritage above  
   Shall have it back unbought,  
   The gift of Jesus's Love:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
   The news of heavenly grace,  
   And saved from earth, appear  
   Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return to your eternal home.
IV.

1 All praise to the Lord Whose trumpet we hear, Which speaks in his Word The festival year: The loud proclamation Of freedom from thrall, And gospel-salvation Is publish'd to all.

2 The year of release Ev'n now is begun, And pardon, and peace With Jesus sent down: Eternal Redemption Thro' Him we obtain, And present exemption From passion and pain.

3 Ye spirits enslav'd, Your liberty claim, Believe, and be sav'd Thro' Jesus's name; That infinite lover Of sinners embrace, And gladly recover His forfeited grace.

4 With joyfulest news Your prisons resound, Your fetters are loose, Your souls are unbound:
Resume the possession
For which ye were born,
From Satan's oppression
To Heaven return.

COME, let us anew
Our Journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, 'till the Master appear;
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love:

Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The Arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and Eternity's here!

O that each in the day
Of His coming might say
' I have fought my way thro',
'I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do'!
O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word.
' Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!'
VI.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky
   The God of ages praise,
   Who reigns enthron'd on high,
   Antient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
   We cumbred long the ground,
   No fruit of holiness
   On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
   To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
   Cried, Let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
   From God obtain'd the grace,
   Who therefore hath bestowed
   On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
   Break up our fallow ground,
   And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound,

O let
New-Year's-Day.

O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

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VII.

1 SING to the great Jehovah’s praise!
All praise to Him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
Whose Providence has brought us thro’
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care,
To Thee presenting thro’ thy Son
Whate’er we have, or are.
Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus’ steps we go
To see thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee;
’Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand Sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of Heaven.

F I N I S.