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Seven Hymns

FOR

THE PRESENT TIME.

BY

J. DENHAM SMITH.

✓



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Hymns for the Present Time.

THE PRESENT AWAKENING.

OH, sweet the cry !—He's coming nigh !
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by :"
Blest welcome sound to all around,
That thousands have redemption found.

He's come ! He's near ! to still all fear ;
He bids the multitude draw near :
All God, and heaven, and glory bright,
He's come to give—His true delight.

Behold, He stands with piercéd hands ;
('Tis only enmity withstands ;)
"My life," He says, "I've given for thee ;
Oh, sinner, my salvation see !"

'Twas sweet that cry, "He passeth by!"
But now the Lord Himself is nigh:
One look of faith, and He'll delay;
Oh, sinner, take that look to-day!

Else soon He leaves—'tis sin deceives;
'Tis o'er thy unbelief He grieves;
How dreadful, when this time has past,
If thou shouldst slight Him to the last!

For soon that cry, that piercing cry—
"The Judge of all the earth draws nigh!"
Ah, then the flame which doth consume
Will be thy long eternal doom!

But, lo! He lingers still to bless,
To show Himself God's righteousness;
To show our sins, which once He bore,
Can now condemn our souls no more.

'Twas sweet the cry, "He passeth by!"
But sweeter that—He lingers nigh!
One look of faith, He'll still delay;
Oh, sinner, take that look to-day!





FIRST MEMORIES.

Tune, *Danube River.*

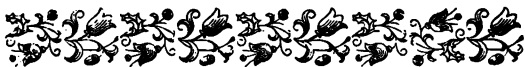
DO you recall the blessed word,
Can you forget it ever,
When listening to the Truth—the Lord—
We each believed together?
I oft since then have heard the same,
But never, oh no, never,
Can I forget the time when *first*
We saw the Lord together!

Do you recall the hymns they sang?
Can you forget them ever?
The scene with such sweet music rang,
Like heaven and earth together!

I oft since then have heard the same,
But never, oh no, never
Can I forget the joyous strain
We raised with them together !

Do you recall the gladsome throng ?
Can you forget it ever ?—
The multitude we mixed among,
The Lord's true hosts together ?
I oft since then have seen the same,
But never, oh, no, never
Can I forget their sweet "*Amen*"—
The deep response together !

Do you recall the heavenly frame ?—
Can you forget it ever,
We felt while telling out the Name
We first believed together ?
I oft since then have told the same,
But never, oh no, never
Can I forget the new-born flame
Of joy we felt together !



JOY IN HEAVEN.

O H, what joy ! what praise ascending !
Joy to see a son return !

Thousand, thousand friends attending

God's unmeasured grace to learn :

Depths of mercy, boundless mercy,

They through us in Him discern.

Oh, what rapturous hallelujahs

In our Father's home above !

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

O'er th' embraces of His love.

Wondrous welcome, God's own welcome,

May the chief of sinners prove !

Sweet melodious strains ascending,

All around a mighty flood ;

Servants, friends, with joy attending ;

Oh, the happiness of God !

Grace abounding, all transcending,

Through a Saviour's precious blood.

Rags exchanged for costly treasure,
Shoes, and ring, and heaven's best robe ;
Gifts of *love* which knows no measure :
Who can tell the heart of God ?
All His loved ones, His redeemed ones,
Perfect are in His abode.

Blesséd feast of God, securing
All our souls could ever need ;
Meat divine for aye enduring,
God Himself on Christ doth feed !
Wondrous union, full communion,
Precious fellowship indeed.

Oh, may I, this feast enjoying,
Seated at the Father's board,
All my ransomed powers employing,
Glory only in the Lord !
There remaining, and confiding,
Sweetly resting on His word.



LIFE IN CHRIST.

MY harp was strung, and every tone
That swept its chords breathed Christ alone :
Its music poured forth Jesu's name ;
I loved to celebrate His fame.

I thought no happiness so great ;
What sweeter bliss or higher state ?
Light, life, and joy, and love divine,
Filled up this once dead soul of mine.

The half I knew could not be told,
Much more the Spirit did unfold ;
I saw, beyond all prayer or thought,
To what a height the Lord had brought.

Not only born a child, an heir,
Of all things infinitely fair,
But *one* with Him, the glorious Head,
The Christ who liveth, and was dead !

Since then no higher place I need,
Or higher life, this life instead !
No ; but the lowlier now I fall,
The more is Christ my "All in all."

'Tis *not* His gracious work in me,
'Tis *not* my holiness, I see ;
'Tis *not* His service, or the Word,
But of *Himself* I boast—THE LORD !

Oh, this is height, beyond all thought—
The height to which in Christ I'm brought !
And this gives holiest walk on earth,
To live this life of heavenly birth.

My harp—thus strung—its echoes sound,
And vibrate in each heart around ;
Its music breathes no other name
But *Jesus, Jesus*,—still the same !



CONFLICT AND REST.

O GLORIOUS, changeless One ! to trace
The sweet restorings of Thy grace
Is simply to proclaim Thee good
Amidst each dark vicissitude !

Full oft, alas ! with humbling smart,
I've felt how dreadful was this heart ;
Have known 'twas vile, and only sin,
And prayed for utter change within.

Such prayer, alas ! though surely heard,
Was quite unanswered—not a word ;
For self within was still as vile,
The heart abhorrent all the while.

How dear to me Thy changeless grace,
The smile of Thine unclouded face !
As Thou hast said, " Not changed in thee,
But judged, yea, crucified in Me."

'Twas thus I saw upon the cross
That death had purged my hellish dross :
Not death in me ; the death was Thine ;
The full discharge from sin is mine.

Thus, too, I know my Saviour God ;
I'm free to tread the heavenward road ;
Free now to dwell within the vail,
Where self and sin no more assail.

'Tis thus, dear Lord, I would abide,
Close sheltered, dwelling at Thy side ;
As branch with vine, to live *from* Thee,
Thy life alone to live *in* me !

Thus may my soul be " dead to sin ;"
No other death have I within :
Thus may I yield my powers to God,
As one who's sanctified through blood.



THE GRAVE, AND GLORY.

YES, we sorrow at the tomb ;
But the resurrection soon !
Soon the Lord Himself will say,
“ Haste, belovéd ; come away.”

Oh, what change ! what sweet surprise !
Seeing JESUS as we rise ;
Seeing, too, each loved one there,
Joyous meeting in the air !

“ Little while ” the grave in trust
Keeps secure their sleeping dust ;
“ Little while ”—that dust will rise
Glorious, fitted for the skies.

('T were a clouded mystery,
Ne'er again their face to see ;
Not to know them, though we meet,
Each one at the Saviour's feet !)

More than fondest heart can dream
Will be our delight in Him,
When we shall together prove
All the sweetness of His love.

Freed from present sin and care,
We shall quickly gather there ;
Bodies changed ! or raised from tomb !
All in incorruption soon !

Glory, glory to the Son,
Who hath Satan's work undone !
Who hath thus to sinners given
Immortality and heaven !



A HOME SONG.

RISE up, and hasten ! my soul, haste along !
And speed on thy journey, with hope and
with song ;

Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view,
A little more of toiling, and then to earth adieu !

Come then, come ! and raise the joyful song,
Ye children of the wilderness ; our time cannot be long.
Home, home, home ! oh, why should we delay ?
The morn of heaven is dawning ; we're near the break
of day.

Why should we linger when heaven lies before ?
Earth's fast receding, and soon will be no more ;
Its joys and its treasures which once here we knew,
Now never more can charm us with such a goal
in view.

Loved ones in Jesus have passéd on before ;
Resting in glory, they weary are no more :
Desert-toils are ended, nothing now but joy ;
And praises loud ascending their ever glad employ.

No condemnation ! blessed is the word ;
No separation ! for ever with the Lord. [stain,
By His blood He bought them, washed their every
With rapture now they praise Him, the Lamb
that once was slain.

Soon we shall join them ; see Him with these eyes ;
Sing hallelujahs triumphant in the skies :
He will be with us, who loved us long before,
And Jesus, precious Jesus, is ours for evermore.

Come then, come ! and raise the joyful song,
Ye children of the wilderness ; our time cannot be long.
Home, home, home ! oh, why should we delay ?
The morn of heaven is dawning ; we're near the break
of day.

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