

**HYMNS COMPOSED CHIEFLY
ON THE ATONEMENT
OF CHRIST AND REDEMPTION
THROUGH HIS BLOOD**

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Hymns Composed Chiefly on the Atonement of Christ and Redemption Through His Blood by
Miss Clare Taylor

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H Y M N S

COMPOSED CHIEFLY ON

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST,

AND

REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD.

BY

MISS CLARE TAYLOR.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

1 John, i. 7.

"Victorious Lamb, of Thee I'll sing,
Of thy meek, lowly suffering,
How Thou a servant's form didst take,
Whose Voice the heaven and earth shall shake."

Hymn I.

London :

DANIEL SEDGWICK, 81, SUN STREET, BISHOPSGATE;
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXV.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

THE hymns contained in this volume are the productions of an esteemed Christian lady, a member of the Church of England, who resided at Westminster during the early part of the last century. She departed this mortal state in February, 1778. Her will directs that her remains "be privately and decently buried in the Parish Church of St. Mary Mildred, in the Poultry, London." In her youthful days it pleased God to lay his afflicting hand upon her, which was the means whereby her soul and body were consecrated to His service, as the following lines of one of her unpublished hymns testify :—

Left I was by my dear mother,
Without father, sister, brother;
In the world almost a stranger,
And my soul of hell in danger.
But my body, being sickly,
In my heart was settled quickly;
Soon will be pronounced my sentence,
And I forced to give attendance.
Thus my conscience was affrighted;
I was wandering and benighted,
Nor knew I which way to take to,
Or could find one guide to speak to.

This bearing the yoke in her youth was attended with most happy results, and was the means of bringing her into the fellowship of the excellent of the earth, amongst whom may be named Lady Huntingdon, Maria Theresa Stonehouse, Bishop Gambold, Count and Countess Zinzendorf, James Hutton, John Cennick, John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, and other honoured servants of God.

The first appearance of Miss Taylor's hymns was in the Moravian Collection, 1742, and they have been retained through all the editions and some of them are in the last, edited by James Montgomery.

It was customary with the early Moravian Brethren, who had the ability, to compose hymns, or translate

them from the German originals, many of which translations were the work of the Sisterhood, the original German hymn-books being brought over to this country by the early Moravians: the hymns and translations thus made were carefully laid by, and when a new selection was produced, some of the best of these hymns were inserted. The hymns of Miss Taylor thus appeared in the various selections from 1742 to 1789.

Miss Taylor's original compositions contained 169 hymns, only 83 of which are now known to exist. The first eighteen in this volume were extracted by a friend from the original manuscript, probably with a view of publication in the last century. Those from page 32 to the end of the volume have appeared in the various editions of the Moravian collections, Lady Huntingdon's, and others of the last century.

Hymn xx. is a translation of one of John Angelus's hymns from the German.

Miss Taylor continued through life a firm friend to the Moravian brethren, and not content with furnishing hymns for their solace, she left to the Moravian cause four hundred pounds at her death.

London, June, 1865.

LIST OF TRANSLATORS OF HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

John Christian Jacobi ... 1722	John Holmes..... 1826
John Wesley 1739	Peter La Trobe 1826
Philip Henry Molther... 1742	Frances Elizabeth Cox... 1841
Charles Kinchin 1742	Henrietta Joan Fry 1842
William de la Motte ... 1742	Eleanor Fortescue 1843
Ludolph Ernst Schlicht, 1742	John Anderson 1846
Abraham Reineke..... 1746	Arthur Tozer Russell ... 1851
John B— Gussenbauer, 1746	John Hunt..... 1853
John Gambold 1754	J—e B—th—k 1853
John Haberkorn 1760	Richard Massie..... 1854
George Tranecker..... 1769	Henry Mill 1856
Andrew Parminter 1789	Catherine Winkworth... 1856
John Antey 1801	F. William Gotch 1856
John Hartley 1801	Catherine B— Dunn ... 1857
Louis Renatus West ... 1809	Elizabeth Charles..... 1858
Ellis Cornelia Knight ... 1812	E— F— Bevan 1859
John Bowring 1825	— Walker 1860

HYMNS

On the Sufferings of Christ.

Hymn I.

- 1 **V**ICTORIOUS Lamb, of thee I'll sing,
Of thy meek, lowly suffering ;
How thou a Servant's form didst take,
Whose voice the Heav'n and Earth shall shake.
- 2 Immanuel, a Saviour came,
And fully paid each Debt and Claim,
Which poor insolvent Sinners bound,
When Blood ran out from his side's Wound.
- 3 His dying Words will me discharge :
If Satan can my Guilt enlarge,
I'll not deny what I have done,
But tell him I'm redeem'd and won.
- 4 While to the slaughter'd Lamb I cleave,
Such Stratagems can ne'er deceive ;
While I within his Wounds will lie,
Approach me, dares no Enemy.
- 5 Peacefully here, O may I rest !
Here to remain for me is best,
And for all those who Sinners are ;
The Saviour takes of such due care.
- 6 On his vile Treatment will I think,
Till I shall all enamour'd sink
Each day more deep into his Wounds,
Where Grace and Happiness abounds,

- 7 His miserable Life will guide,
And teach me what shall e'er abide
Within my Heart, and keep it low,
That I may follow him also.
- 8 My Ransom Price was his pure Blood :
The Man who paid it is my God ;
A Mystery indeed profound,
It was a Lamb receiv'd the Wound !
- 9 A Lamb was sacrific'd for me ;
A Lamb was nail'd upon the Tree ;
A Lamb has wash'd me in his Blood ;
This holy Lamb is the true God.
- 10 Well may I then of this Lamb boast ;
Whoe'er believes shall ne'er be lost,
No ; for not one shall ever die,
But live with him eternally.
- 11 The Lamb was slain, and swam in Gore,
The Lamb is God ! I him adore,
That he would humbled be to pay
With Blood my Debts, and for me pray.
- 12 Dear Jesus, fix this in my Heart,
And root and ground me in thy Smart ;
Subdue and wash out all that's mine,
Lamb, may thy Image in me shine.

Hymn II.

- 1 **D**EAR slaughter'd Lamb of God once slain,
Give all of us to know thy Pain,
When on the Earth thou felt'st each Smart,
When all our Sins lay on thy Heart.
- 2 This Day anew we give our Hearts,
Because thou hast endur'd such Smarts ;

We thank and praise thee for it all,
Tho' our own Strength is very small.

- 3 And when thou wert a little Child,
Thou wert also quite poor and mild,
And in a Manger was thy Bed,
Thou Lord and God, and only Head.
- 4 Thou as a poor mean Child wast born,
And wast conceiv'd in Mary's Womb,
But quite as other Children came,
In all Points quite the very same.
- 5 Make this quite clear in ev'ry Heart,
That in the World thou felt'st such Smart;
And if thou wert not such a Lamb,
What would become of Sinful Man.
- 6 O take us all this Day afresh,
And deck us with thy Righteousness;
And make us all quite happy here
In that dear Wound, bor'd with a Spear.
- 7 And now, O dearest Lamb, I pray,
Take all our Hearts on thy Birth-day,
And take them all, and make them clean
From all our Self and all our Sin.
- 8 O keep our Hearts from ev'ry Sin,
And make them in thy Blood quite clean;
And dip them in thy precious Blood,
For thy own Mercy's sake, O God!

Hymn III.

- 1 **O** LAMB, Lamb, Lamb! that blessed Name
Fills all my Soul with Grief and Shame,
To think that ever I can still
Take Part with those who did thee kill.

- 2 Ah, have I yet so strange a Heart,
To act so traitorous a Part
'Gainst thee, who for my Sins didst die,
As e'er in Deeds thee to deny !
- 3 For Mercy, Mercy, Jesus, I
Must as a guilty Sinner cry ;
I must fly to thee for thy Blood ;
My Righteousness is in that Flood.
- 4 For every Sickness and Distress,
There's Balsam, which can heal and bless,
In that rich Flood all is contain'd,
Which Jesus by his Death has gain'd.
- 5 Thither my Heart delights to go,
With all its Misery and Woe ;
For should I from that Fountain run,
I must be filthy and undone.
-

Hymn IV.

- 1 **M**EEK slaughter'd Lamb, to thee I lift my eyes,
Who never dost a helpless Soul despise :
To thee I look, to thee, I will complain,
Till every Thought thy Grace in me restrain.
- 2 O holy Lamb ! before thy flaming Eyes,
My Heart uncover'd at thy Throne now lies :
I do not wish one Spot from thee to hide,
But pray thy Presence may with me abide.
- 3 Depart not from me ; O Lord ! leave me not ;
Whilst thee I have, thy Blood will cleanse each
Thy Grace will conquer my unruly Will, [spot,
And at thy Word all Tumults must be still.
- 4 Leave me not, Jesus ! tho' I oft offend ;
Let not my Punishment so far extend :