

**HYMNS FOR PUBLIC  
WORSHIP, USED IN  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,  
CAMDEN NEW TOWN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649473434

Hymns for Public Worship, Used in St. Paul's Church, Camden New Town by A. R. G. Thomas

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**A. R. G. THOMAS**

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WORSHIP, USED IN  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,  
CAMDEN NEW TOWN**



# HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP,



USED IN

St. Paul's Church, Camden New Town;

SELECTED AND COMPILATED

BY THE

REV. A. R. G. THOMAS, M.A.

SECOND THOUSAND.

LONDON:  
WARREN HALL & CO., CAMDEN TOWN.

1862.

147. g. 81.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

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## H Y M N S.

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1.

SABBATH NEW.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress!  
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,  
For who thy ransom dare gainsay?  
Fully absolv'd through thee I am  
From sin and curse, from guilt and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then, I shall have but one plea,  
That "Jesus liv'd and died for me."

2.

ST. ANN'S.

God is a Spirit, just and wise;  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

In spirit and in truth alone  
We must present our prayer;  
The formal hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.

Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,  
Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And grant us now to pray and praise  
In singleness of heart!

3.

VIENNA.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word can ne'er be broken  
Form'd thee for his own abode;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

Here the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all dread of want remove:  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows, their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age!

Saviour, if in Zion's city  
Thou record our worthless name,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
We may well endure the shame;  
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joy and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.



4.

ANGEL'S HYMN.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
 On whom our hopes of heav'n depend!  
 No; when we blush, let shame prevail,  
 That we so much in rev'rence fail!

Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, we may  
 When we've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no souls to save.

Till then—nor is our boasting vain—  
 Till then, we boast a Saviour slain;  
 This only glory by us claimed,  
 That he is not of us ashamed.

5.

BELMONT.

O LORD, our best desire fulfil,  
 And help us to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
 And yield our own to thine!

Why should we shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids our fears?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
 That wipes away our tears?

Wisdom and mercy guide our way,  
 Shall we resist them both?  
 We, the blind creatures of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth!

But ah ! our inward spirit cries,  
Still bind us to thy sway !  
Else the next cloud that veils our skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

6. NEW CAMBRIDGE.

SALVATION ! Oh, the joyful sound !  
Melodious to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm to every wound,  
A cordial for our fears. *Resp.*

Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
In death's dark gloom we lay ;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound !

Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !  
To thee the praise belongs :  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues !

7. ST. JAMES'S.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display ;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray !

Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise !

---

Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease;  
The wounded spirit heal!

8.

WARRHAM.

AND do we hope to be with Him  
Who on the cross resign'd his breath,  
Who died, a victim, to redeem  
His people from eternal death?

Then should the question oft recur,  
What do we more than others do?  
How do we show that we prefer  
The things above to those below?

As pilgrims on their journey home,  
'Tis thus believers should be found,  
Who seek a city yet to come,  
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

'Tis thus the ransomed prove their birth;  
'Tis thus they glorify their Lord;  
To others they resign the earth,  
And hasten to their bright reward.

9.

EATON.

O BLESSED Comforter! now come;  
Induce the peace thy grace imparts;  
Fix thou in us thy constant home,  
And take possession of our hearts:  
Thus, make our souls thy loved abode,  
The temples of indwelling God!