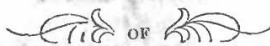


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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

HUDSON COUNTY

TWO HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY



# The Reformed Dutch Church,

AT

BERGEN, N. J.,

DECEMBER 2d, A. D., 1860.

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## HYMN I.

(To be sung by the Congregation and Sabbath School.)

Oh, may our hearts, our souls be stirr'd  
To humble, grateful praise,  
While we rehearse in cheerful songs  
God's wond'rous works and ways.

More than two hundred years ago,  
When this good land of ours  
Was cover'd with a mighty growth  
Of forest trees and flowers ;

When red men, savage hordes, were here  
In undisputed sway,  
Whose darken'd minds were ne'er illum'd  
With one bright Gospel ray ;

Who wander'd thus o'er hill and dale,  
Their own, their native sod,  
Till there appeared a race of men  
Who knew and worshiped God ;

'Twas then, two hundred years ago,  
The ground on which we stand  
Was consecrated to the Lord  
By that bold Christian band.

They fell'd the oaks which, rudely piled,  
Yet pointed to the skies,  
And prov'd a dwelling where He deign'd  
In glory to arise ;\*

\*The first edifice was a rude structure of logs. Over.

And beams of light and truth from thence  
Diffus'd their genial rays,  
'Till many hills and many vales  
Were vocal with his praise.

Now lofty spires and massive walls,  
And costly altars bear  
Inscriptions to the King of Kings,  
Who made that Church his care.

Two hundred years, and budding still  
Is that illustrious vine  
From whose deep root fresh offshoots spring  
And clust'ring tendrils twine.

Now guard it, Saviour, let it be,  
Through all succeeding time,  
A glorious, a fruit-bearing tree,  
Refreshing ev'ry clime.

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#### HYMN II.

(To be sung by the Sabbath School.)

This jubilant, this happy morn,  
Awakes our souls to praise—  
And loud, and louder still we'll sing,  
And Hallelujahs raise.

The poor, depriv'd, the hapless race  
Who peopled first this spot—  
Where are they now?—All pass'd away,  
All buried and forgot:—

And who are we?—Why stand we here  
The privileg'd, the bless'd?  
Why may we in these Courts appear,  
And have our wants express'd?—

The Sabbath School, The Sabbath School,  
'Tis here our voices blend,  
And mingle with the loftier songs  
Which from the Church ascend.

This Ancient Church, whose fost'ring care  
We all have felt and own,  
And whose deep int'rests now we'll bear  
Before our Father's throne.  
To each department, ev'ry mind,  
Lord grant all needed grace,  
Till work and Praise are finish'd here,  
And we behold Thy face.

HYMN III—BEAUTIFUL ZION.

(To be Sung by the Sabbath School.)

Beautiful Zion, built above,  
Beautiful city that I love,  
Beautiful gates of pearly white,  
Beautiful temple—God its light :  
He who was slain on Calvary  
Opens those pearly gates to me.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,  
Beautiful angels clothed in white,  
Beautiful strains that never tire,  
Beautiful harps through all the choir ;  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there ;  
Thither I press with eager feet,  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing,  
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,  
Beautiful home of perfect peace ;  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see ;  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

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HYMN IV.

(To be Sung by the Congregation and Sabbath School.)

To the Ancient of days,  
Him whose works and whose ways  
Our highest conceptions exceed,  
Who guided and kept us,  
Who foster'd and bless'd us,  
Through every dark hour of need,

We'll raise now our banners  
And shout our hosannahs,  
Till echo responsive shall tell,  
That the God we adore  
Is our God evermore,  
And in Him all fullness doth dwell.