

**BOOK of PRAISE**

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AV9-7131



*"Let all the people praise Thee, O Lord, let all the  
people praise Thee."*



Calgary Prophetic Bible  
Institute

BOOK OF PRAISE

*(His Name deserves our Praise)*



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Book Room.

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# SECTION 1.

1

## OLD HUNDRED

L.M.

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear His praise forth tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

2

## OLD HUNDRED

L.M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

"Make a joyful noise unto God,  
All ye lands:"

"Sing forth the honor of His Name:  
Make His praise, glorious."

Psalm 66:1,2.



O Worship the King,  
 All-glorious above;  
 O gratefully sing  
 His power and His love;  
 Our Shield and Defender,  
 The Ancient of days,  
 Pavilioned in splendour,  
 And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
 O sing of His grace.  
 Whose robe is the light,  
 Whose canopy, space;  
 His chariots of wrath  
 The deep thunder-clouds form,  
 And dark is His path  
 On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,  
 And feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust.  
 Nor find Thee to fail;  
 Thy mercies how tender,  
 How firm to the end,  
 Our Maker, Defender,  
 Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might!  
 Ineffable love!  
 While angels delight  
 To hymn Thee above,  
 Thy humbler creation,  
 Though feeble their lays,  
 With true adoration  
 Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

Ye servants of God,  
 Your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad  
 His wonderful name;

The name all-victorious  
 Of Jesus extol;  
 His kingdom is glorious  
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save;  
 And still He is nigh,  
 His presence we have;  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation  
 To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God  
 Who sits on the throne';  
 Let all cry aloud,  
 And honour the Son;  
 The praises of Jesus  
 The angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces,  
 And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,  
 And give Him His right,—  
 All glory and power,  
 All wisdom and might;  
 All honour and blessing,  
 With angels above;  
 And thanks never-ceasing,  
 And infinite love. Amen.

Sing to the Lord a joyful song;  
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;  
 To us His gracious gifts belong,  
 To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,  
 For daily help and nightly care,  
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
 And praise His name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great;  
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high—  
That inner life, which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die. Amen.

AJALON. (230) 7s, six lines

O give thanks to Him who made  
Morning light and evening shade;  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food;  
Quickener of our wearied powers;  
Guard of our unconcious hours.

O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship,  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father's love to man?

O give thanks to Him who came  
In a mortal, suffering frame—  
Temple of the Diety,—  
Came for rebel man to die;  
In the path Himself hath trod,  
Leading back His saints to God. Amen.

ST. MICHAEL. (317)

S.M.

Stand up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.

O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth forever more. Amen.

ALMSGIVING. (311)

8.8.8.4.

Let every voice for praise awake,  
Let every heart the joy partake;  
And with this truth sweet music make,  
Our God is love

How strong these words from heaven to cheer,  
To kindle love, to banish fear,  
And all things high and pure endear!  
Our God is love.

O Father, when the night is nigh  
That veils for ever earth and sky,  
Be this the heart's last melody,  
Our God is love.

Then, when the brief, low strain is o'er,  
This truth divine shall with us soar,  
And make sweet music evermore,  
Our God is love. Amen.

SANCTISSIMUS. (17) 12.10.12.10.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-  
fulness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.



Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;  
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

Amen.

19 MOSCOW. (19) 664.6664.

Glory to God on high!  
Let earth to heaven reply,  
'Praise ye His name';  
Angels His love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
And saints cry evermore,  
'Worthy the Lamb!'

All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name;  
We, who have felt His blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Spread His dear fame abroad;  
'Worthy the Lamb!'

Join, all the ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless;  
Praise ye His name;  
In Him we will rejoice,  
Making a joyful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
'Worthy the Lamb!' Amen.

22 ABRIDGE. (293) C.M.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus';  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For He was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

23

ST. ANNE. (36)

C.M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song;  
O may His love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue!

His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

Jesus, who left His throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die,—  
Was ever love like this?

O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song

25

NICAEA. (25) 11.12.12.10.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
Thee,  
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not  
see,

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,  
and sky, and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

MARYTON (30)

L.M.

O Love of God, how strong and true!  
Eternal and yet ever new;  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O Love of God, how deep and great;  
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;  
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,  
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

We read thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame,  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read Thy power to bless and save,  
E'en in the darkness of the grave;  
Still more in resurrection-light,  
We read the fulness of Thy might.

O Love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way  
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blest! Amen.

OMBERSLEY. (532)

L.M.

Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,  
Beaming through all Thy works  
Thy glory gilds the heaven above,  
And all the earth is full of Thee.

Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,  
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds, invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,  
But this we know, that where Thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought;  
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,  
They cannot be where Thou art not. Amen.

ST. ANNE. (36)

C.M.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER. (827)

8.7.8.7.

God is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.



Death and change are busy ever,  
Man decays and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is Wisdom, God is love. Amen.

41 AUGUSTINE (41) S.M.

O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name  
Whose favors are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness  
And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest,  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed. Amen.

SECTION 2.

God the Father.

49 BROCCO BANK. (206) C.M.

There is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is lie the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

53 BEDFORD. (53) C.M.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this earthly pilgrimage  
Has all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of our succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore. Amen.

54

DUNDEE. (55)

C.M.

Long as I live I'll bless Thy name,  
My King, my God of love,  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.  
Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.  
Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,  
And children learn Thy ways;  
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound Thy praise.  
The world is governed by Thy hands,  
Thy saints are ruled by love;  
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove. Amen.

57

IRISH (391)

C.M.

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.  
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.  
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.  
Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain. Amen.

61

HURSLEY. (664)

L.M.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear.  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.  
Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.  
When drooping pleasure turns to grief.  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.  
On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear;  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near. Amen.

64

PATER OMNIUM. (64) 8s, six lines.

God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;  
Alike they're needful for the flower;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.  
Can loving children e'er reprove,  
With murmurs, those they trust and love?  
Creator, I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to Thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.  
O ne'er will I at life repine;  
Enough that Thou hast made it mine,  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing with parting breath,  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done. Amen.



Salvation! O joyful sound!  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.  
 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door 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. Amen.

All that I was, my sin, my guilt,  
 My death, was all my own;  
 All that I am I owe to Thee,  
 My gracious God, alone.  
 The evil of my former state  
 Was mine, and only mine;  
 The good in which I now rejoice  
 Is Thine, and only Thine.  
 Thy grace that made me feel my sin,  
 Bade me in Christ believe;  
 Then, in believing, peace I found,  
 And now in Christ I live.  
 All that I am, e'en here on earth,  
 All that I hope to be  
 When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,  
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!  
 How pure the soul must be,  
 When, placed within Thy searching sight,  
 It shrinks not; but with calm delight  
 Can live, and look on Thee.

O how shall I, whose native sphere  
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
 Before the Ineffable appear,  
 And on my naked spirit bear  
 The uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise  
 To that sublime abode;—  
 An offering and a sacrifice,  
 A Holy Spirit's energies,  
 An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight  
 Of Majesty above;  
 The sons of ignorance and night  
 Can dwell in the Eternal Light,  
 Through the Eternal Love. Amen.

Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound  
 To rebel sinners doomed to die;  
 Publish the bliss the world around;  
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.  
 'Tis the rich gift of love divine;  
 'Tis full, out-measuring every crime;  
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,  
 And feel no change by changing time.  
 For this stupendous love of heaven,  
 What grateful honour shall we show?  
 Where much transgression is forgiven,  
 Let love with equal ardour glow.  
 By this inspired, let all our days  
 With various holiness be crowned;  
 Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,  
 In all abide, in all abound. Amen.

BOYLSTON (Sankey 117) S.M.  
 Grace, 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to my ear;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my wandering feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise. Amen.

WELLS. (826) 7s, six lines  
 When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When I stand with Christ on high,  
 Looking o'er life's history,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
 Not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,  
 Dressed in beauty not my own,  
 When I see Thee as Thou art,  
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
 Not till then, how much I owe.

E'en on earth, as through a glass,  
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass;  
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,  
 E'en on earth, Lord, make me know  
 Something of how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,  
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
 By the Spirit sanctified,  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
 By my love, how much I owe. Amen.

SECTION 3.  
 God the Son.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around:  
 'Fear not!' said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind;  
 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.

'To you, in David's town, this day  
 Is born, of David's line,  
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
 And this shall be the sign:  
 The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
 To human view displayed,  
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
 And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels praising God, and thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:  
 'All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
 Begin and never cease.' Amen.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth,  
 To touch their harps of gold:  
 'Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's all-gracious King!'  
 The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way,  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look up! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing:  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,  
 By prophet bards foretold,  
 When, with the ever-circling years,  
 Comes round the age of gold;  
 When peace shall over all the earth  
 Its ancient splendours fling,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing. Amen.

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 'Glory to the new-born King:  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.'  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as man with men to appear,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here.  
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 'Glory to the new-born King.'

Mild, He lays His glory by;  
 Born that man no more may die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth;  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us Thy humble home;  
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.  
 Hark! the herald angels sing,  
 'Glory to the new-born King.' Amen.

O come, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant;  
 O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;  
 Come and behold Him,  
 Born the King of angels;  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
 Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing in exultation;  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
 'Glory to God  
 In the highest';  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
 Born this happy morning;  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
 Word of the Father,  
 Now in flesh appearing;  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
 Amen.

87

REGENT SQUARE. (558) 87.87.87.

Angels from the realms of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
 Ye who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord descending  
 In His temple shall appear;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains:  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.  
 Amen.

95

GREEN HILL. (95)

C.M.

O mean may seem this house of clay,  
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;  
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

Our very frailty brings us near  
 Unto the Lord of heaven;  
 To every grief, to every tear,  
 Such glory strange is given.

But not this robe of flesh alone  
 Shall link us, Lord to Thee;  
 Not only in the tear and groan  
 Shall the dear kindred be.

Our own will be Thy life divine,  
 Thine image we shall bear;  
 With Thine own glory we shall shine,  
 In Thine own bliss shall share. Amen.

97

DIJON. 797)

7.7.7.7.

Sweeter sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name;  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.

When He came, the angels sung  
 'Glory be to God on high!'  
 Lord unloose my stammering tongue;  
 Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become  
 That He might the law fulfil,  
 Bleed and suffer in my room,—  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,  
 Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,  
 Every precious name in one,—  
 I will love Thee without end! Amen.



When I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God;  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

We sing the praise of Him who died,  
 Of Him who died upon the cross;  
 The sinner's hope let men deride,  
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
 In shining letters, 'God is love':  
 He bears our sins upon the tree,  
 He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away,  
 It holds the fainting spirit up;  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens every bitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
 It takes the terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light.  
 Amen.

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
 Turn not from His griefs away;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;  
 See the Lord of life arraigned;  
 O the wormwood and the gall!  
 O the pangs His soul sustained!  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete!  
 'It is finished!' hear Him cry:  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless clay;  
 All is solitude and gloom;  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is risen; He seeks the skies;  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For sinners such as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut His glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, His creatures sin.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
O Lord, I give myself away!  
'Tis all that I can do. Amen.

119

SANKEY. (129)

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Loose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die. Amen.

120

AURELIA. (478) 7.6., eight lines

O sacred Head! now wounded,  
With grief and shame bowed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thy only crown!  
How pale art Thou with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish,  
Which once was bright as morn!

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour;  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for Thee!

Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free!  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love. Amen.

123

ST. OSWALD. (123)

8.7.8.7.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I Glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime. Amen.

124

MARTYRDOM. (124)

C.M.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
 We love to hear of Thee;  
 No music's like Thy charming name,  
 Nor half so sweet can be.

O may we ever hear Thy voice  
 In mercy to us speak;  
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
 Thou great Melchizedek.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
 While in this world we stay;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
 When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 With all the ransomed throng,  
 Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song. Amen.

125

BOYLSTON. (Sankey 117)

S.M.

Not all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain;

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Takes all our guilt away;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of Thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand  
 And there confess my sin.

Believing, we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove;  
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

129

EASTER HYMN. (129) 7.4., eight lines.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah!  
 Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!  
 Who did once, upon the cross, Hallelujah!  
 Suffer to redeem our loss, Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Hallelujah!  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Hallelujah!  
 Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah!  
 Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah!

But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!  
 Our salvation hath procured; Hallelujah!  
 Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!  
 Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah!

Amen.

130

INNOCENTS. (432)

7.7.7.7.

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day!'  
 Sons of men and angels say:  
 Raise your joy and triumph high;  
 Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids his rise;  
 Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died our souls to save;  
 Where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
 Following our exalted Head;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Amen.

131

AUSTRIA.(475) 8.7., eight lines.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
He, who, on the cross a victim,  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield;  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Hallelujah to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory;  
Hallelujah to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Hallelujah! hallelujah  
To the Triune Majesty! Amen.

138

ST. BERNARD.(138)

C.M.

The golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of Glory is gone in  
Unto His Father's side.  
Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon God's face.  
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;  
Let Thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven.

That where Thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee. Amen.

139

REGENT SQUARE. (558) 87.87.47.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See the man of sorrows now  
From the fight returned victorious!  
Every knee to Him shall bow:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Crowns become the victor's brow.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station:  
O, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
King of kings, and Lord of lords! Amen.

144

ST. STEPHEN. (144)

C.M.

With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
It overflows with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour. Amen.

145 AURELIA. (478) 7.6., eight lines.

O Jesus, Lord most merciful,  
Low at Thy cross I lie;  
O sinners' Friend, most pitiful,  
Hear my bewailing cry.  
I come to Thee with mourning,  
I come to Thee in woe,  
With contrite heart returning,  
And tears that overflow.

O gracious Intercessor,  
O Priest within the veil,  
Plead, for a lost transgressor,  
The blood that cannot fail.  
I spread my sins before Thee;  
I tell them one by one;  
O, for Thy name's great glory,  
Forgive all I have done.

O, by Thy cross and passion,  
Thy tears and agony,  
And crown of cruel fashion,  
And death on Calvary  
By all that untold suffering  
Endured by Thee alone,  
O Priest, O spotless Offering,  
Plead, for Thou didst atone.

And in this heart now broken  
Re-enter Thou and reign;  
And say, by that dear token,  
I am absolved again;  
And build me up, and guide me,  
And guard me day by day;  
And in Thy presence hide me,  
And keep my soul alive. Amen

146

TRUST. (146) 8.8.8.6.

O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who, loving, lovest to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O plead for me.

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say, Thou hast washed them all away,  
Dear Saviour, plead for me. Amen.

148

BROCCO BANK. (206) C.M.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!

O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire;

May every heart confess Thy name  
And ever Thee adore;  
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss. Amen.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at His feet may fall,  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him with many crowns,  
 The Lamb upon His throne;  
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 All music but its own:  
 Awake, my soul, and sing  
 Of Him who died for thee,  
 And hail Him as the chosen King  
 Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Son of God  
 Before the world began;  
 And ye who tread where He hath trod,  
 Crown Him the Son of Man,  
 Who every grief hath known  
 That wrings the human breast,  
 And takes and bears them for His own,  
 That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,  
 Enthroned in worlds above;  
 Crown Him the King to whom is given  
 The wondrous name of Love;  
 Crown Him with many crowns,  
 As thrones before Him fall;  
 Crown Him, ye Kings, with many crowns,  
 For He is King of all! Amen.

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
 Thou didst suffer to release us;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring;  
 Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame;  
 By Thy merits we find favour;  
 Life is given through Thy name.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide;  
 All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side;  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
 There Thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give;  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise! Amen.

Saviour, blessed Saviour,  
 Listen whilst we sing;  
 Hearts and voices raising  
 Praises to our King;



All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee;  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sin forgiven;  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of,  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King. Amen.

154

ST. PETER. (154) C.M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

155

ABRIDGE. (293) C.M.

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe. Amen.

156

ST. AGNES (174) C.M.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
Bruises the serpent's head;  
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,  
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of His grace!  
 The arms of love that compass me  
 Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,  
 His saving truth proclaim;  
 'Tis all my business here below  
 To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!' Amen.

161 RUTHERFORD. (454) 7.6., 8 lines.

O Jesus, Friend unfailing,  
 How dear Thou art to me!  
 Are cares or fears assailing?  
 I find my strength in Thee.  
 Why should my feet grow weary  
 Of this my pilgrim way?  
 Rough though the path and dreary,  
 It ends in perfect day.

What fills my soul with gladness?  
 'Tis Thine abounding grace;  
 Where can I look in sadness,  
 But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
 My all is Thy providing;  
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
 In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,  
 No good wilt Thou withhold.

Why should I droop in sorrow?  
 Thou'rt ever by my side;  
 Why trembling dread the morrow?  
 What ill can e'er betide?  
 If I my cross have taken,  
 'Tis but to follow Thee;  
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
 Naught severs Thee from me.

For every tribulation,  
 For every sore distress,  
 In Christ I've full salvation,  
 Sure help and quiet rest.  
 No fear of foes prevailing,  
 I triumph, Lord, in Thee;  
 O Jesus, Friend, unfailing,  
 How dear art Thou to me! Amen.

162 AURELIA. (478) 7.6., 8 lines.

O Jesus, ever present,  
 O Shepherd, ever kind,  
 Thy very name is music  
 To ear and heart and mind;  
 It woke my wondering childhood  
 To muse on things above;  
 It drew my harder manhood  
 With chords of mighty love.

How oft to sure destruction  
 My feet had gone astray,  
 Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,  
 The Guardian of my way;  
 How oft, in darkness fallen,  
 And wounded sore by sin,  
 Thy hand has gently raised me,  
 And healing balm poured in.

O Shepherd good, I follow  
 Wherever Thou wilt lead;  
 No matter where the pasture,  
 With Thee at hand to feed;  
 Thy voice, in life so mighty,  
 In death shall make me bold;  
 O bring my ransomed spirit  
 To Thine eternal fold! Amen.

163 HOLLEY (163) L.M.

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,  
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light men;  
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good,  
 To them that find Thee, All in all!  
 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still;  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.  
 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
 Make all our moments calm and bright;  
 Chase the dark night of sin away,  
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

168

SANKEY. (871) 8.7., 8 lines.  
 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!  
 He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 He drew me with the cords of love,  
 And thus He bound me to Him;  
 And round my my heart still closely twine  
 Those ties which naught can sever;  
 For I am His, and He is mine,  
 For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!  
 All power to Him is given,  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to heaven.  
 Th' eternal glories gleam afar,  
 To nerve my faint endeavour;  
 So now to watch! to work! to war!  
 And then to rest for ever!

I've found a Friend, oh such a Friend!  
 So kind and true and tender,  
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
 So mighty a Defender;  
 From Him, who loves me now so well,  
 What power my soul can sever?  
 Shall life or death, or earth, or hell?  
 No; I am His for ever! Amen.

171

HURSLEY. (664)

L.M.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
 He justly claims a song from me;  
 His loving-kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruined by the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
 He saved me from my lost estate;  
 His loving-kindness, O how great!

Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
 But, though I have Him oft forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death. Amen.

174

ST. AGNES. (174) C.M.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
 O Joy of all the meek;  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is,  
 None but His loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity. Amen.

**178** REGENT SQUARE. (558) 87.87.47.

Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favoured sinners slain;  
 Thousand thousand saints attending  
 Swell the triumph of His train;  
 Hallelujah!  
 Jesus now shall ever reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty;  
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear;  
 All His saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air;  
 Hallelujah!  
 See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own;  
 O come quickly,  
 Hallelujah! come, Lord, come! Amen.

SECTION 4.  
**God the Holy Spirit.**

**185** ST. CUTHBERT. (185) 8.6.8.4.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
 His tender last farewell  
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
 A gracious willing Guest,  
 Where He can find one humble heart  
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
 And every victory won,  
 And every thought of holiness,  
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness pitying see;  
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
 And worthier Thee. Amen.

**187** HOLLEY. (163) L.M.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above;  
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;  
 O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose Thy way;  
 Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,  
Nor let us from His pasture stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there;  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

188

PENTECOST. (188)

L.M.

Spirit of Truth, indwelling Light,  
For ever in our souls abide;  
Open our eyes to see aright,  
Into all truth our footsteps guide.

Spirit of Comfort and of Love,  
Come to our hearts with soothing spell;  
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,  
With us for ever deign to dwell.

Sent from the Father by the Son,  
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,  
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,  
And we have Them in having Thee.

Peace that the world has not to give  
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will;  
Help Thou us more to Him to live,  
And with His Peace our spirits fill. Amen.

190

AJALON. (230)

7's, six ls.

Gracious spirit dwell with me;  
I myself would gracious be;  
And, with words that help and heal,  
Would Thy life in mine reveal;  
And, with actions bold and meek,  
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me;  
I myself would quiet be;  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way hath made;  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;  
I myself would mighty be;  
Mighty so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail;  
Ever by a mighty hope,  
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me;  
I myself would holy be;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good;  
And whatever I can be,  
Give to Him who gave me Thee. Amen.

191

RICHMOND. (543)

C.M.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make our hearts Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit come!

Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the dew; and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilising power.

Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above. Amen.

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
 Let us Thine influence prove,  
 Source of the old prophetic fire,  
 Fountain of light and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
 Thy prophets wrote and spoke;  
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,  
 Unseal the sacred book.

Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night;  
 On our disordered spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.

God, through Himself, we then shall know,  
 If Thou within us shine;  
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
 The depths of love divine. Amen.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Fill me with life anew,  
 That I may love what Thou dost love,  
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Until my heart is pure,  
 Until with Thee I will one will,  
 To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 Till I am wholly Thine,  
 Till all this earthly part of me  
 Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
 So shall I never die,  
 But live with Thee the perfect life  
 Of Thine eternity. Amen.

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,  
 Dawn upon this soul of mine;  
 Word of God, and inward Light,  
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine,  
 Glow within this heart of mine;  
 Kindle every high desire;  
 Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power Divine,  
 Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
 By Thee may I strongly live,  
 Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,  
 Still this restless heart of mine;  
 Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
 Stayed in Thy tranquility. Amen.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love,  
 Shed on us from above  
 Thine own bright ray;  
 Divinely good Thou art;  
 Thy sacred gifts impart,  
 To gladden each sad heart;  
 O come to-day.

Come, Light serene and still,  
 Our inmost bosoms fill;  
 Dwell in each breast;  
 We know no dawn but Thine;  
 Send forth Thy beams divine,  
 On our dark souls to shine,  
 And make us blest.

Come, all the faithful bless;  
 Let all who Christ confess  
     His praise employ;  
 Give virtue's rich reward,  
 Victorious death accord,  
 And, with our glorious Lord,  
     Eternal joy. Amen.

199

ST. GEORGE. (183) S.M.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
 Let Thy bright beams arise;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove;  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin;  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part  
 And new-create the whole. Amen.

#### SECTION 5.

#### The Holy Scriptures.

200

WARRINGTON. (114) L.M

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;  
 In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
     We read Thy name in fairer lines.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
 So, when Thy truth began its race,  
     It touched and glanced on every land.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renewed, in sins forgiven;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven.  
     Amen.

201

MARYTON. (30) L.M.

Let everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And writ the blessings in Thy word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
 Some solid ground to rest upon;  
 With long despair the spirit breaks,  
 Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree!  
 How wise and holy Thy commands!  
 Thy promises how firm they be!  
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise  
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
 I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 And bind the Gospel to my heart. Amen.

202

AURELIA. (478) 7.6. Eight lines.

O word of God incarnate!  
 O Wisdom from on high!  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging!  
 O Light of our dark sky!  
 We praise Thee for the radiance  
 That from the hallowed page,  
 A lantern to our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.



The Church from her dear Master

Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine;  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
O Teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace.  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face! Amen.

203

WINCHESTER OLD. (204)

C.M.

Father of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the blind and hungry come,  
And light and food receive;  
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,  
And taste and see and live.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

204

DUNDEE. (55)

C.M.

Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of Thy love,  
And keep Thy laws in sight,  
While through Thy promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest. Amen.

205

BROCCO BANK. (206) C.M.

Lamp to our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveller's way;

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True' manna from on high  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky;

Word of the ever-living God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?

Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts. Amen.

The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day. Amen.

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### SECTION 6.

#### The Christian Life—Gospel Call.

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 ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim;  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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.

The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face;  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. Amen.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, joined with power;  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and broken by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good. Amen.

Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear;  
 Hang not back through shame or fear;  
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call;  
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Welcome to the offered peace;  
 Welcome, prisoner, to release;  
 Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free;  
 Rise and come; He calleth thee.

All ye weary and distressed,  
 Welcome to relief and rest;  
 All is ready, hear the call,  
 There is ample room for all.

O the virtue of that price,  
 That redeeming sacrifice!  
 Come, ye bought, but not with gold,  
 Welcome to the sacred fold. Amen.

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild restless sea,  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'

Jesus calls us from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store,  
 From each idol that would keep us,  
 Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil and hours of ease,  
 Still He calls in cares and pleasures,  
 That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

Souls of men! why will ye scatter  
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
 Foolish hearts! why will ye wander  
 From a love so true and deep?

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
 Like the wideness of the sea;  
 There's a kindness in His justice,  
 Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
 Are more felt than up in heaven;  
 There is no place where earth's failings  
 Have such kindly judgment given.

For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measures of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at His word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord. Amen.

'Come unto Me, ye weary,  
 And I will give you rest,'  
 O blessed voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to hearts oppressed!  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
 Of joy that hath no ending,  
 Of love which cannot cease.

'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
 And I will give you light.'  
 O loving voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to cheer the night!  
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
 And we had lost our way;  
 But morning brings us gladness,  
 And songs the break of day.

'Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
 And I will give you life.'  
 O cheering voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to aid our strife!  
 The foe is stern and eager,  
 The fight is fierce and long;  
 But Thou hast made us mighty,  
 And stronger than the strong.

'And whosoever cometh,  
 I will not cast him out.'  
 O welcome voice of Jesus,  
 Which drives away our doubt;  
 Which calls us, very sinners,  
 Unworthy though we be  
 Of love so free and boundless,  
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.

218

RUTHERFORD. (454) 7.6., Eight lines.

O Jesus, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast-closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting  
 To pass the threshold o'er;  
 Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
 His sacred name who bear;  
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep Him standing there.  
 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,  
 And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred;  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate!  
 O Jesus, Thou art pleading,  
 In accents meek and low,  
 'I died for you, My children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?'

219

O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door;  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore! Amen.

INVITATION. (219) 6s., Eight lines.

Come to the Saviour now,  
 He gently calleth thee;  
 In true repentance bow,  
 Before Him bend the knee.  
 He waiteth to bestow  
 Salvation, peace, and love,  
 True joy on earth bestow,  
 A home in heaven above.  
 Come, come, come!

Come to the Saviour now,  
 He suffered all for thee,  
 And in His merits thou  
 Hast an unfailing plea.  
 No vain excuses frame;  
 For feelings do not stay;  
 None who to Jesus came  
 Were ever sent away.  
 Come, come, come!

Come to the Saviour now,  
 Ye who have wandered far,  
 Renew your solemn vow,  
 For His by right you are;  
 Come like poor wandering sheep,  
 Returning to His fold,  
 His arm will safely keep,  
 His love will ne'er grow cold.  
 Come, come, come!

221

WILTSHIRE. (221)

C.M.

The Saviour calls; let every ear  
 Attend the heavenly sound;  
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,  
And can you yet delay?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;  
To Thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,  
And drink and never die. Amen.

223

HOLLEY. (163)

L.M.

Behold a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before,  
Has waited long, is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,  
With whom He condescends to dwell.

Admit Him ere His anger burn,  
Lest He depart and ne'er return;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,  
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—  
To reign, and with no partial sway;  
Thoughts must be slain that disobey. Amen.

224

STEPHANOS. (224) 8.5.8.3.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,  
Be at rest.'

58

'Hath He marks to lead to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
In His hands and feet are wound prints  
And His side.'

'If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?'  
Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.

'If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?'  
Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.

'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?'  
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, 'Yes!' Amen.

225

MELITA. (725) 8., Six lines.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates;  
Behold the King of Glory waits,  
The King of kings is drawing near,  
The Saviour of the world is here;  
Life and salvation doth He bring,  
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing.

O blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!  
O happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King in triumph comes!  
The cloudless Sun of joy He is  
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

Redeemer, come! I open wide  
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!  
Let me Thine inner presence feel,  
Thy grace and love in me reveal;  
Thy Holy Spirit guide me on,  
Until the glorious crown be won! Amen.

59

SECTION 7.  
The Call Accepted.

227

BELMONT. (376) C.M.

How sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.  
But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
Ho! ye despairing sinners come,  
And trust upon the Lord.  
To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.  
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All. Amen.

228

TALLIS ORDINAL. (466) C.M.

When, wounded sore, the stricken heart  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only hand, a pierced hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.  
When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.  
'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief;  
His heart is touched with all our joys,  
And feels for all our grief.  
Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;  
Unseal that cleansing tide;  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in Thy wounded side. Amen.

230

AJALON. (230) 7s., Six lines.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

231

MARYTON. (30) L.M.

No more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear His name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to His cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
O may my soul be found in Him,  
And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before Thy throne;  
But faith can answer Thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done. Amen.

233

ROCKINGHAM (113) L.M.

237

Lord, I was blind, I could not see  
In Thy marred visage any grace;  
But now the beauty of Thy face  
In radiant vision dawns on me.

Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear  
The thrilling music of Thy voice;  
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,  
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

Lord, I was dead, I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;  
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,  
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb speak,  
The dead to live; an lo, I break  
The chains of my captivity Amen.

234

ST. BEES. (301) 7.7.7.7.

238

Sinful, sighing to be blest;  
Bound, and longing to be free;  
Weary, waiting for my rest;  
'God be merciful to me!'

Goodness I have none to plead;  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need;  
'God be merciful to me!'

62

There is One beside the throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone;  
'God be merciful to me!'

He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be;  
He's my all, and for His sake,  
'God be merciful to me!' Amen.

AUGUSTINE. (41) S.M.

Oppressed with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear,  
Opposed by many a mighty foe;  
But I will not despair.

I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin;  
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

I need not fear my foes,  
I need not yield to care,  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

In my Redeemer's name,  
I give myself to Thee;  
And, all unworthy as I am,  
My God will cherish me. Amen.

BOYLSTON (Sankey 117) S.M.

Not what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs and tears,  
Can bear my awful load.

63



Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak;  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bondage break.

I bless the Christ of God,  
I rest on love divine;  
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine. Amen.

239

ST. MICHAEL. (317)

S.M.

Come and rejoice with me!  
For once my heart was poor,  
And I have found a treasury  
Of love, a boundless store.

Come, and rejoice with me!  
For I was wearied sore,  
And I have found a mighty arm  
Which holds me evermore.

Come, and rejoice with me!  
For I have found a Friend  
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,  
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of His love;  
And He had loved so long,  
With love so faithful and so deep,  
So tender and so strong. Amen.

243

AGNUS DEI. (243) 8.8.8.6.

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

245

BARTON. (439) 7.6.7.6.

In full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only  
And evermore to be.

O Son of God who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone;  
And all I have, and am, Lord,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus,  
O make my heart, Thy throne!  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

O come and reign, Lord Jesus,  
Rule over everything;  
And keep me always loyal  
And true to Thee, my King. Amen.

Now I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;  
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
 Before the world's foundation slain;  
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay  
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!  
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee;  
 Covered is my unrighteousness,  
 My soul from condemnation free,  
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.

Fixed on this ground would I remain,  
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain  
 When earth's foundations melt away,  
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love. Amen.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 'Come unto Me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My breast';  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary and worn and sad,  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 'Behold I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live';  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 'I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright';  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done. Amen.

O Saviour, I have nought to plead,  
 In earth beneath or heaven above,  
 But just my own exceeding need  
 And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,  
 Exceeding great but quickly o'er,  
 The love, unbought, is all Thine own,  
 And lasts for evermore. Amen.

Beneath the cross of Jesus  
 I fain would take my stand—  
 The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
 Within a weary land;  
 A home within the wilderness,  
 A rest upon the way,  
 From the burning of the noontide heat,  
 And the burden of the day.

There lies beneath its shadow,  
 But on the farther side,  
 The darkness of an awful grave  
 That gapes both deep and wide;  
 And there between us stands the cross,  
 Two arms outstretched to save,  
 Like a watchman set to guard the way  
 From that eternal grave.

Upon the cross of Jesus  
 Mine eyes at times can see  
 The very dying form of One  
 Who suffered there for me;  
 And from my smitten heart, with tears,  
 Two wonders I confess—  
 The wonders of His glorious love,  
 And my own worthlessness. Amen.

# SECTION 8.

## Cry for Grace and Help.

252

BREMERTON. (794) 6.5.6.5.  
 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God most high,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children's cry.

Give us holy freedom,  
 Fill our hearts with love,  
 Draw us, holy Jesus,  
 To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,  
 Be Thyself the Way,  
 Through terrestrial darkness,  
 To celestial day.

Jesus, Meek and gentle,  
 Son of God most high,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children's cry! Amen.

253

NEARER HOME. (447) S.M.D.  
 Jesus, my strength, my Hope,  
 On Thee I cast my care,  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.  
 Give me on Thee to wait,  
 Till I can all things do,  
 On Thee, almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

I want a godly fear,  
 A quick-discerning eye,  
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the temper fly;  
 A spirit still prepared,  
 And armed with jealous care,  
 For ever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto prayer.

I rest upon Thy word;  
 The promise is for me;  
 My succour and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee;  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

254

MARYTON. (30) L.M.

Grant us Thy light, that we may know  
 The wisdom Thou alone canst give;  
 That truth may guide where'er we go,  
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

Grant us Thy light, that we may see  
 Where error lurks in human lore,  
 And turn our doubting minds to Thee,  
 And love Thy simple word the more.

Grant us Thy light, that we may learn  
 How dead is life from Thee apart;  
 How sure is joy for all who turn  
 To Thee an undivided heart.

Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,  
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
 In Thee to find the open gate  
 To deathless home and endless day. Amen.

We have not known Thee as we ought,  
 Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power;  
 The things of earth have filled our thought,  
 And trifles of the passing hour;  
 Lord, give us light Thy Truth to see,  
 And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
 Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;  
 Thy presence we have coldly sought,  
 And feebly longed Thy face to see;  
 Lord, give a pure and loving heart  
 To feel and know the Love Thou art.

We have not served Thee as we ought;  
 Alas! the duties left undone,  
 The work with little fervour wrought,  
 The battles lost, or scarcely won!  
 Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,  
 For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight. Amen.

Father, hear the prayer we offer;  
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
 But for strength, that we may ever  
 Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever by still waters  
 Would we idly quiet stay;  
 But would smite the living fountains  
 From the rocks along the way.

Be our Strength in hours of weakness,  
 In our wanderings be our Guide;  
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
 Father, be Thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,  
 Storm or sunshine be our share;  
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
 Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Dear Lord and Master mine,  
 Thy happy servant see;  
 My conqueror, with what joy divine  
 Thy captive clings to Thee!

I would not walk alone,  
 But still with Thee, my God,  
 At every step my blindness own,  
 And ask of Thee the road.

The weakness I enjoy  
 That casts me on Thy breast;  
 The conflicts that Thy strength employ  
 Make me divinely blest.

Dear Lord and Master mine,  
 Still keep Thy servant true;  
 My Guardian and my Guide Divine,  
 Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

My Conqueror and my King,  
 Still keep me in Thy train,  
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring  
 When Thou return'st to reign. Amen.

Show me myself, O holy Lord;  
 Help me to look within;  
 I will not turn me from the sight  
 Of all my sin.

Just as it is in Thy pure eyes  
 Would I behold my heart,—  
 Bring every hidden spot to light,  
 Nor shrink the smart.

Not mine, the purity of heart  
 That shall at last see God;  
 Not mine, the following in the steps  
 The Saviour trod;

Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight  
 Thou has vouchsafed to me;  
 And, humbled to the dust, I shrink  
 Closer to Thee;

And if Thy love will not disown  
 So frail a heart as mine,  
 Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,  
 But keep it Thine! Amen.

## SECTION 9.

### Fellowship with God.

269

BELMONT. (376) C.M.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer  
 Then humbly fall before His feet  
 For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea;  
 With I venture nigh:  
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
 And such, I find am I.

Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
 That, sheltered near Thy side,  
 I may my fiercest accuser face,  
 And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
 To bear bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead Thy gracious name. Amen.

270

DUNDEE. (54) C.M.

I would commune with Thee, my God;  
 E'en to Thy seat I come:  
 I leave my joys I leave my sins,  
 And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,  
 With sunlight in my soul;  
 I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
 I hear the thunders roll;

But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
 Beneath these glorious skies;  
 And to the height on which I stand,  
 Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

O this is life! O this is joy!  
 My God, to find Thee so!  
 Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
 And all Thy love to know! Amen.

271

SAWLEY. (271) C.M.

Speak to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
 While here o'er earth we rove;  
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
 The kindling of Thy love.

With Thee conversing, we forget  
 All time and toil and care;  
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
 If Thou, my God, art here.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face;  
 'Tis all I wish to seek;  
 To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
 And hear Thee inly speak.

Let this my every hour employ,  
 Till I Thy glory see;  
 Enter into my Master's joy,  
 And find my heaven in Thee. Amen.

272

ST. STEPHEN. (144) C.M.

Made lowly wise, we pray no more  
 For miracle and sign;  
 Anoint our eyes to see within  
 The common, the divine.

No longer in our helplessness,  
As pilgrims worn and weak,  
In hopes to reach Thy presence, Lord,  
Some far-off shrine we seek.

We turn from following Thee afar  
And in unwonted ways,  
To build from out our daily lives  
The temples of Thy praise.

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,  
To hearts of old were dear,  
What joy should mingle with the faith  
That feels Thee ever near! Amen.

274 IRISH. (391) C.M.

O for a closer walk with God.  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame:  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

278 BEULAH. (823) 6.4.6 4.

Walking with Thee, my God,  
Saviour benign,  
Daily confer on me  
Converse divine;  
Jesus, in Thee restored,  
Brother and holy Lord,  
Let it be mine!

Walking with Thee, my God,  
Like as a child  
Leans on his father's strength,  
Crossing the wild;  
And by the way is taught  
Lessons of holy thought,  
Faith undefiled.

Walking in reverence  
Humbly with Thee;  
Yet from all abject fear  
Lovingly free;  
E'en as a friend with friend,  
Cheered to the journey's end,  
Walking with Thee! Amen.

280 WOOLWICH (195) S.M.

Still, with Thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be;  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when dawn comes in  
And calls me back to care;  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart;  
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
 Abiding I would be;  
 By day, by night, in life, in death,  
 I would be still with Thee. Amen.

283 RAYNOLDS. (452) 11.10.11.10.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;  
 Fairer than the morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with Thee; as to each new-born morning  
 A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,  
 So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,  
 Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.  
 Amen.

#### SECTION 10.

#### Holiness and Love.

287 HORSLEY. (287) C.M.

Our Father, hear our longing prayer,  
 And help this prayer to flow,  
 That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,  
 May live in us and grow.

For lowly hearts shall understand  
 The peace, the calm delight  
 Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,  
 A pleasure in Thy sight.

Give us humility, that so  
 Thy reign may come within,  
 And when Thy children homeward go  
 We too may enter in.

Hear us, our Saviour; ours Thou art,  
 Though we are not like Thee;  
 Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,  
 Large, lowly trusting free. Amen.

288 BELMONT. (376) C.M.

O for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free;  
 A heart that sprinkled with the blood  
 So freely shed for me;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect and right, and pure and good  
 A copy, Lord of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new best name of Love. Amen.

290 ST. AGNES. (174) C.M.

We praise and bless Thee gracious Lord,  
 Our Saviour kind and true,  
 For all the old things passed away,  
 For all Thou hast made new.

Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
 The work Thou hast begun;  
 Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,  
 In Thine own ways to run.

Ah! leave us not; from day to day  
 Revive, restore again;  
 Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
 Our enemies restrain.



So shall we faultless stand at last  
 Before Thy Father's throne;  
 The blessedness for ever ours,  
 The glory all Thine own! Amen.

291

DUNDEE. (55)

C.M.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt own  
 Thy darkness passed away,  
 Because that light hath on thee shone  
 In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light, and sin, abhorred,  
 Shall ne'er defile again;  
 The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord  
 Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly His  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, so shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love  
 His Spirit only can bestow  
 Who reigns in light above. Amen.

292

ABRIDGE. (293)

C.M.

My God, I love Thee, not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby;  
 Nor because they who love Thee not  
 Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace;

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
 Should I not love Thee well?  
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
 Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
 Nor seeking a reward;  
 But as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever-loving Lord.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing,  
 Because Thou art my loving God,  
 And my redeeming King. Amen.

293

IRISH.

(391)

C.M.

Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
 Behold my heart and see,  
 And turn each cherished idol out  
 That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my soul?  
 Then let me nothing love;  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.

Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
 I would disdain to feed?  
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
 I fear Thy cause to plead?

Thou know'st I love Thee, O my Lord;  
 But O I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love Thee more. Amen.

294

BROCCO BANK. (206)

C.M.

O wherefore, Lord doth Thy dear praise  
 But tremble on my tongue?  
 Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise  
 A full triumphant song?

Each sin I cast away shall make  
 My soul more strong to soar;  
 Each work I do for Thee shall wake  
 A strain divine the more.

My voice shall more delight Thine ear  
 The more I wait on Thee;  
 Thy service bring my soul more near  
 The angelic harmony.

O wherefore swells so sweet above  
 The everlasting hymn?  
 Thy will they work, Thy law they love,—  
 Those tuneful seraphim. Amen.

295

DUNDEE.

(55)

C.M.

Though lowly here our lot may be,  
 High work have we to do;  
 In faith and trust to follow Him  
 Whose lot was lowly too.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
 And loving deeds may be,—  
 A stream that still the nobler grows  
 The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,  
 However tried and pressed,  
 In God's clear sight high work we do,  
 If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
 With rays of glory bright;  
 Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
 Into a crown of light. Amen.

296

MARTYRDOM.

(124)

S.M.

My God, I love Thee for Thyself,  
 All creature things above;  
 Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts  
 I praise;—But Thee I love.

My God, I seek Thee for Thyself;  
 Besides, I ask not aught;  
 If Thee Thyself I do not find,  
 All that I find is naught.

If Thou deniest me Thyself,  
 Whate'er Thou givest me,  
 Empty and void, I languish still  
 And grieve unceasingly.

Give me to find, O gracious God,  
 Thee as my final end;  
 To Thee, in constancy of love,  
 Eternally to tend. Amen.

299

ST. MICHAEL.

(317)

S.M.

Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things Thee to see;  
 And what I do in anything,  
 To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,  
 While still to Thee I tend;  
 In all I do, be Thou the way,  
 In all, be Thou the end.

All may of Thee partake;  
 Nothing so small can be  
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
 Greatness and worth from Thee.

If done beneath Thy laws,  
 E'en servile labours shine;  
 Hallowed is toil if this the cause,  
 The meanest work divine. Amen.

300

BOLYSTON (Sankey 117)

S.M.

Blest are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see their God;  
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord who left the heavens,  
 Our life and peace to bring,  
 To dwell in lowliness with men,  
 Their Pattern and their King:—

He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart,  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Choose the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
O give the pure and lowly heart,—  
A temple meet for Thee! Amen.

302 ST BEES. (301) 7.7.7.7.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

'I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

306 ELLERS (433) 10.10.10.10.

Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art,—  
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,  
And still the tempest of my throbbing breast.

Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon cross;  
Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon tomb;  
All meaner love is perishable dross,  
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

Girt with the love of God on every side,  
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,  
I work or wait, still following my Guide,  
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,  
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;  
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod;  
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

Amen.

307 ST. AGNES (306) 10.10.10.10.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die,—  
Gently and silently to pass away,  
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,  
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil;  
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;  
Each day renew, remould the stubborn will;  
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,  
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,  
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;  
Be this my highest and holiest joy.

Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call  
Summon my spirit to its heavenly home. Amen.

314 MELITA (725) 8s., Six ls.

O Love, who formedst me to wear  
The image of Thy Godhead here;  
Who soughtest me with tender care  
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in time wast slain,  
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe;  
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,  
 That we eternal joy might know;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once shalt bid me rise  
 From out this dying life of ours;  
 O Love, who once above yon skies  
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to Thee. Amen.

315 HULL. (180) 886.886.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by thee?  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart;  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet;  
 Be this my happy choice;  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice. Amen.

316 ABRIDGE. (293) C.M.

My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!

In darkest shades, if He appear,  
 My dawning is begun;  
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,  
 And He my rising Sun.  
 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To embrace my dearest Lord.  
 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Should bear the conqueror through. Amen.

# SECTION 11.

## Joy in God and Christ.

317 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

Behold what wondrous grace  
 The Father hath bestowed  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God.

Nor doth it yet appear  
 How great we must be made;  
 But, when we see our Saviour here,  
 We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure;  
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

I would no longer lie  
 A slave beneath the throne;  
 My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
 And Thou the kindred own. Amen.

318 SANKEY. (823) S.M.D.

Come, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne;

Chorus—We're marching to Zion  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion.  
 We're marching onward to Zion  
 The beautiful City of God.

Let those refuse to sing  
 That never know our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad;

The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

### 322                      UNSEARCHABLE JOY.    (322)    8s., 8 ls.

There is an unsearchable joy,  
 In seasons of conflict and woe,  
 Which nothing but sin can destroy,  
 And nothing but Christ can bestow;  
 There's a light which illumines and cheers  
 The lone and the desolate place,  
 And gilds the dark valley of tears  
 With the rainbow of covenant grace.

There's a strength that upholdeth the weak,  
 There's a hand which releases the bound,  
 There's a promise for all who would seek,  
 There's a glory for all who have found.  
 There's a rock that all storms can withstand,  
 An anchorage safe for the tossed,  
 For the wrecked, there's a lifeboat at hand,  
 A Saviour for them that were lost.

Though the harbour be hidden from sight  
 By the billows of conflict and sin,  
 Yet the lifeboat is steering aright,  
 And will bear us triumphantly in.  
 The promise hath ever sufficed,  
 That nothing shall hurt or appal;  
 We have ventured our all upon Christ,  
 And have proved Him sufficient for all.

Amen.

### 327                      HOLLINGSIDE                      (327)    7s.,    8 ls.

Jesus Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine;  
 Now hear me while I pray;  
 Take all my guilt away;  
 O let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love for Thee  
 Pure, warm and changeless be,  
 A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll.  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 O bear me safe above,  
 A ransomed soul. Amen.

I give my heart to Thee,  
 O Jesus most desired!  
 And heart for heart the gift shall be,  
 For Thou my soul has fired;  
 Thou hearts alone wouldst move,  
 Thou only hearts dost love;  
 I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
 O Jesus most desired!

What offering can I make,  
 Dear Lord, to love like Thine?  
 That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take  
 A human form like mine!  
 'Give Me thy heart, My son';  
 Lord, Thou my heart hast won;  
 I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
 O Jesus most desired.

Here finds my heart its rest,  
 Repose that knows no shock,  
 The strength of love that keeps it blest  
 In Thee, the riven Rock;  
 My soul is girt around,  
 Her citadel hath found;  
 I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
 O Jesus most desired! Amen.

I lay my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God;  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 From the accursed load;  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in His blood most precious,  
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;  
 All fulness dwells in Him;  
 He heals all my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem;  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on His breast recline;  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes,  
 His name abroad is poured. Amen.

**332** SURSUM CORDA. (362) 64.64.10.10.

I lift my heart to Thee,  
 Saviour Divine;  
 For Thou art all to me,  
 And I am Thine,  
 Is there on earth a closer bond than this,  
 That 'my Beloved's mine, and I am His'?

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,  
 I all things owe;  
 All that I have and am,  
 And all I know,  
 All that I have is now no longer mine,  
 And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.

How can I, Lord, withhold  
 Life's brightest hour  
 From Thee; or gathered gold,  
 Or any power?  
 Why should I keep one precious thing from  
 Thee,  
 When Thou has given Thine own dear Self  
 for me?

I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
 Me in Thy love,  
 Until death's holy sleep  
 Shall me remove  
 To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,  
 Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.  
 Amen.

**333** MELITA. (725) 8s., Six ls.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,  
 Show forth in me Thy saving power;  
 Still be Thine arm my sure defence,  
 Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
 In weakness be Thy love my power;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died. Amen.

**334** AUSTRIA. (475) 8.7., Eight ls.

Love Divine, all loves excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown;  
 Jesus Thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
 Visit us with Thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find Thy promised rest,  
 Take away the love of sinning,  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see Thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in Thee,  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

335

AGNUS DEI. (213) 8.8.8.6.

O holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
 The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;  
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
 By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,  
 Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
 When, as the branches to the vine,  
 My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,  
 Here have I found a place of rest;  
 An exile still, yet not unblest  
 While I can cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;  
 What can disturb me, who appal,  
 While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
 Saviour, I cling to Thee? Amen.

340

ST. AGNES. (174) C.M.

O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me  
 And all things else recede;  
 My heart be daily nearer Thee  
 From sin be daily freed.

More of Thy glory let me see,  
 Thou Holy, Wise, and True!  
 I would Thy living image be,  
 In joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above,  
 Hold me by strength divine;  
 Lord, let the glow of Thy great love  
 Through my whole being shine.

Make this poor self grow less and less,  
 Be Thou my life and aim;  
 O make me daily, through Thy grace,  
 More meet to bear Thy name. Amen.

## SECTION 12.

### Praise in Sorrow and Affliction.

344

ALMSGIVING. (311) 8.8.8.4.

My God and Father, while I stray  
 Far from my home in life's rough way,  
 O teach me from my heart to say,  
 'Thy will be done.'

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
 Let me be still and murmur not,  
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
 'Thy will be done.'

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
 Submissive still would I reply,  
 'Thy will be done.'

If I shouldst call me to resign  
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
 I only yield Thee what was Thine;  
 'Thy will be done.'

Should pining sickness waste away  
 My life in premature decay,  
 My Father, still I strive to say,  
 'Thy will be done.'



Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
    'Thy will be done.'

Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
    'Thy will be done.' Amen.

345

WENTWORTH. (345) 8.4., Six ls.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
    The earth so bright,  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
    Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
    Noble and right.

I thank Thee more that all our joy  
    Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
    That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
    And not our chain.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou has kept  
    The best in store  
We have enough, yet not too much,  
    To long for more;  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
    Not known before. Amen.

349

BROUGHTON. (Pres. 506) 6.6.6.6.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
    However dark it be;  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
    Choose out the path for me.  
I dare not choose my lot;  
    I would not if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
    So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
    My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
    My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice  
    In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
    My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

350

AJALON. (230) 7s., Eight ls.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;  
    Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art;  
    Make me as a weaned child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
    Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
    Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide  
    Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
    Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
    On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise  
    Fears to stir a step alone,  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
    As my Father, Guard, and Guide. Amen.

362

SOUTHGATE (362) 84.84.8884.

Through the love of God our Saviour  
    All will be well;  
Free and changeless is His favour,  
    All, all is well.  
Precious is the blood that healed us,  
    Perfect is the grace that sealed us,  
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;  
    All must be well.

365

STEPHANOS (224) 8.5.8.3.

Dost thou bow beneath the burden  
Of a crushing care?  
Bring it to the feet of Jesus,—  
Lay it there.

What they need? He can supply it.  
Longing? He can grant;  
In Him is exhaustless fulness  
For each want.

Was there ever one that sought Him  
Yet to be denied?  
Hope has in His gracious presence  
Never died.

Who has ever found Him faithless?  
Who has found Him weak?  
Multitudes His mighty praises  
Joyful speak. Amen.

367

ELLERS. (433) 4.6., Eight ls.

Show pity, Lord;  
For we are frail and faint;  
We fade away,  
O list to our complaint!  
We fade away  
Like flowers in the sun;  
We just begin,  
And then our work is done.

Show pity, Lord;  
Our souls are sore distressed;  
As troubled seas  
Our natures have no rest;  
As troubled seas  
That, surging, beat the shore,  
We throb and heave,  
Ever and evermore.

Show pity, Lord;  
Our grief is in our sin;  
We would be cleansed,  
O make us pure within!  
We would be cleansed,  
For this we cry to Thee;  
Thy word of love  
Can make the conscience free.

Show pity, Lord;  
Inspire our hearts with love,—  
That holy love  
Which draws the soul above;  
That holy love  
Which makes us one with Thee,  
And with Thy saints,  
Through all eternity. Amen.

368

FRANCONIA. (804) 65., Eight ls.

In the hour of trial,  
Jesus, pray for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;

When Thou see'st me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm,—  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice;  
Then, upon Thine altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may alter,  
Faith shall drink the cup. Amen.

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### SECTION 13.

#### Peaceful Trust.

373

ST. PETER. (154)

C.M.

My Saviour, on Thy word of truth  
In earnest hope I live;  
I ask for all the precious things  
Thy boundless love can give.

It is not as Thou wilt with me,  
Till, humbled in the dust,  
I know no place in all my heart  
Wherein to put my trust;

Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,  
Cast down but not dismayed,  
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand,  
In tender mercy laid.

And, while I wait for all Thy joys  
My yearning heart to fill,  
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
And at Thy feet sit still. Amen.

375

BELMONT. (376)

C.M.

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
Deep as the unfathomed sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast,—

That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial-way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee;

O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee. Amen.

376

MARTYRDOM. (124)

C.M.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail cries,  
The world confess its sin.

I dimly guess, from blessings known,  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments, too, are right.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be,  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on Thee! Amen.

379 LEOMINSTER. (446) S.M.D.

Say not, my soul, 'From whence  
 Can God relieve my care?'  
 Remember that Omnipotence  
 Has servants everywhere.  
 But if as weak and poor  
 Thou seekest charity,  
 Christ may come knocking at thy door,  
 And ask relief of thee.

God's help is always sure,  
 His methods seldom guessed;  
 Delay will make our pleasure pure,  
 Surprise will give it zest.  
 His wisdom is sublime,  
 His heart profoundly kind;  
 God never is before His time,  
 And never is behind.

Hast thou assumed a load  
 Which few will share with thee,  
 And art thou carrying it for God,  
 And shall He fail to see?  
 Be comforted at heart,  
 Thou art not left alone;  
 Now, thou the Lord's companion art;  
 Soon thou wilt share His throne. Amen.

380 HURSLEY. (664) L.M.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Our little systems have their day;  
 They have their day and cease to be;  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we cannot know;  
 For knowledge is of things we see;  
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before. Amen.

381 MARYTON. (30) S.M.

Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing  
 In sweet security we rest,  
 And fear no evil earth can bring;  
 In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good, whose tidal flow  
 The motions of Thy will obeys;  
 And death is good, that makes us know  
 The Life divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,  
 And so Thy perfect peace to win;  
 And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,  
 Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,  
 But trust the love that saves to guide;  
 The grace that yields so rich a store  
 Will grant us all we need beside. Amen.

382 REST. (70) 86.886.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
 Forgive our foolish ways;  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind;  
 In purer lives, Thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word  
Rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
O still small voice of calm! Amen.

383 ST. MARGARET. (383) 86.886

O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

384 ST. BEES (301) 7.7.7.7.

Day by day the manna fell;  
O to learn this lesson well!  
Still, by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

'Day by day,' the promise reads;  
Daily strength for daily needs;  
Cast foreboding fears away,  
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand;  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.

O to live with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude;  
Strong in faith, exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer! Amen.

386 PAX TECUM (386) 10.10

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.  
Amen.

# SECTION 14.

## Service and Consecration.

387 INVITATION (219) 6s. Six ls.

Thy life was given for me,  
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
That I might ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
Thy life was given for me;  
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know;  
Long years were spent for me;  
Have I spent one for Thee?

And Thou hast brought to me,  
Down from Thy home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love;  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;  
What have I brought to Thee?

O let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blend,  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;  
I give myself to Thee! Amen.

391 IRISH (391) C.M.

Fountain of good, to own Thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,  
When all the worlds are Thine?

Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
Delight to do Thy will,  
Each others' burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.

To Thee our all devoted be,  
In whom we move and live;  
Freely we have received of Thee  
As freely may we give.

Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
O may we minister to them,  
And in them, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

392 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be;  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust O Lord, from Thee.

O, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be,—  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

393 HURSLEY. (664) L.M.

O Thou who camest from above,  
The pure, celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And, trembling, to its source return  
In humble love and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work and speak and think for Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete. Amen.

395 WHITBURN. (395) L.M.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou has sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.

396 WHITBURN. (395) L.M.

Go, labour on; spend and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises:—what are men?

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight cry, 'Behold, I come!' Amen.

397 OMBERSLEY. (532) L.M.

My gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side. Amen.

398 ST. BEES. (301) 7.7.7.7.

Take my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own;;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

399

ST. GERTRUDE. (415) 6.5. Twelve ls.

Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers,  
Other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side?  
Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who for Him will go?  
By Thy call of mercy,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour we are Thine.

Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown and palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior-psalm;  
But for love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died;

He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side.  
By 'Thy love constraining,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side  
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful  
For our Captain's band,  
In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold;  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true and bold.  
Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy grace divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine. Amen.

401

HULL. (180) 886.886.

Not, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,  
Thy wonders to past ages shown,  
Make our glad spirits glow;  
Our eyes behold Thy works of might;  
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;  
The Living God we know.

We joy not only to be told,  
How with Thy saints and seers of old  
Thou madest sweet abode;  
We of Thy presence bright can tell;  
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;  
We feel the Living God.

Thou settest us each task divine;  
We bless that helping hand of Thine,  
This strength by Thee bestowed;  
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,  
Thine own the cause, Thine own the might;  
We serve the Living God.



O, more than satisfy our need;  
 Our most divine desires exceed;  
 Our daily Quickener be;  
 Thou living God, possess us still;  
 Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,  
 Our blessed life in Thee! Amen.

402 RESCUE. (402) 11.10. Six ls.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave:  
 Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.  
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;  
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;  
 He will forgive if they only believe.  
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;  
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;  
 Strength for Thy labour the Lord will provide;  
 Back to the narrow way patiently win them;  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.  
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;  
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save. Amen.

403 INVITATION. (219) 6s. Eight ls.

Shine Thou upon us, Lord,  
 True Light of men, to-day;  
 And through the written word  
 Thy very self display;  
 That so from hearts which burn  
 With gazing on Thy face,  
 The little ones may learn  
 The wonders of Thy grace.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,  
 In all we say of Thee;  
 According to Thy word  
 Let all our teaching be;  
 That so Thy lambs may know  
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
 Where'er He leads them go,  
 And in His love rejoice.

Live Thou within us, Lord;  
 Thy mind and will be ours;  
 Be Thou beloved, adored,  
 And served with all our powers;  
 That so our lives may teach  
 Thy children what Thou art,  
 And plead, by more than speech,  
 For Thee with every heart. Amen.

404

ST. BERNARD. (138)

C.M.

Lord, give us light to do Thy work,  
 For only, Lord, from Thee  
 Can come the light by which these eyes  
 The work of truth can see.

The way is narrow, often dark,  
 With lights and shadows strown;  
 We wander oft, and think it Thine,  
 When walking in our own.

O send us light to do Thy work,  
 More light, more wisdom give;  
 Then shall we work Thy work indeed,  
 While on earth we live.

The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord;  
 It is Thy race we run;  
 Give light, and then shall we do  
 Be well and truly done. Amen.

Work for, the night is coming;  
 Work through the morning hours;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling;  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work while the day grows brighter,  
 Under the glowing sun;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill the bright hours with labour,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming;  
 Under the sunset skies,  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er. Amen.

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
 At eve hold not thine hand;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
 The late or early sown;  
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
 When and wherever strown.

Thou canst not toil in vain;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God, is come,  
 The angel reapers shall descend,  
 And heaven cry 'Harvest Home.'

Amen.

Of when of God we ask  
 For fuller, happier life,  
 He sets us some new task  
 Involving care and strife;  
 Is this the boon for which we sought?  
 Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

This is indeed the boon,  
 Though strange to us it seems;  
 We pierce the rock and soon  
 The blessing on us streams;  
 For when we are the most athirst,  
 Then the clear waters on us burst.

We dig the wells of life,  
 And God the waters gives;  
 We win our way by strife,  
 Then He within us lives;  
 And only war could make us meet  
 For peace so sacred and so sweet. Amen.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,  
 Working hard, and waiting long;  
 Afterward, the golden reaping,  
 Harvest-home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,  
 Stone by stone to carve and bring;  
 Afterward, the perfect beauty  
 Of the palace of the King.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
Wounded heart, unequal strife;  
Afterward, the triumph given,  
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,  
Unexplained and tedious now;  
Afterward, the service holy,  
And the Master's 'Enter thou!' Amen.

413

MARYTON. (30) L.M.

Father, though storm on storm appear,  
Let not our faith forego her hold;  
Deliver us from craven fear,  
And make us steadfast, firm, and bold.

Out of our weakness make us strong,  
Arm us as in the ancient days;  
Loose in Thy cause each stammering tongue,  
And perfect, e'en in us, Thy praise.

Come, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord;  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come!  
Be mindful of Thy changeless word,  
And make the faithful soul Thy home.

If we can witness, Lord, for Thee,  
Let us despise our fleeting breath;  
Give us the opening heaven to see,  
And make us faithful unto death. Amen.

414

BARTON. (439) 7.6.7.6.

God is my strong salvation;  
What foe have I to fear?  
In darkness and temptation  
My light, my help is near.

Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul, with courage wait,  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate.

His might thine heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace. Amen.

416

ST. GERTRUDE. (415) 65. Twelve ls.

Onward! Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before;  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle  
See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

Onward! Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

Onward then, ye people!  
 Join our happy throng;  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song,  
 'Glory, praise, and honour  
 Unto Christ the King!'
   
This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward! Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before. Amen.

417 SAMOS. (417) 7.7.7.3.

Christian, seek not yet repose,  
 Hear thy guardian angel say,  
 'Thou art in the midst of foes:  
 Watch and pray.'

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
 Wear it ever, night and day;  
 Ambushed lies the evil one:  
 Watch and pray.

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
 Him thou lovest to obey;  
 Hide within thy heart His word,  
 'Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on that alone  
 Hung the issue of the day;  
 Pray, that help may be sent down:  
 Watch and pray. Amen.

418 ST. ANNE. (36) C.M.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigour on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
 That calls thee from on high;  
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my honours down. Amen.

419 IRISH. (391) C.M.

Are we the soldiers of the cross,  
 The followers of the Lamb?  
 And shall we fear to own His cause,  
 Or blush to speak His name?

No! we must fight if we would reign;  
 Increase our courage, Lord;  
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they're slain;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And shall with Jesus reign.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

423 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
 And put your armour on,  
 Strong in the strength which God supplies  
 Through His eternal Son.

Stand, then, in His great might,  
 With all His strength endued;  
 And take, to arm you for the fight,  
 The panoply of God.

To keep your armour bright,  
 Attend with constant care;  
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
 And watching unto prayer.

Then, having all things done,  
 And every conflict passed,  
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
 And stand complete at last. Amen.

NEW YORK. 7.6.

Eight ls.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Ye soldiers of the cross;  
 Lift high His royal banner;  
 It must not suffer loss;  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army shall He lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you,  
 Ye dare not trust your own;  
 Put on the gospel armour,  
 Each piece put on with prayer;  
 Where duty calls or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song.  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of Glory,  
 Shall reign eternally. Amen.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
 Though thy path be dark as night;  
 There's a star to guide the humble;—  
 'Trust in God, and do the right.'

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely; strong or weary,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,  
 Perish all that fears the light!  
 Whether losing, whether winning,  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion,—  
 Fiends may look like angels bright;  
 Trust no custom, school or fashion;  
 Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight;  
 Cease from man, and look above thee;  
 Trust in God and do the right. Amen.

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## SECTION 15.

### Divine Guidance.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us  
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
 For we have no help but Thee;  
 Yet possessing every blessing,  
 If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.  
 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
 Love with every passion blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy;  
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

428 DISMISSAL. (611) .. 87.87.47.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me, till I want no more.  
 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield,  
 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

430 SANDON. (430) 10.4.10.4.10.10.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.  
 Amen.

432 INNOCENTS (130) 7.7.7.7.

Children of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and we  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, you sons of light;  
 Zion's city is in sight;  
 There our endless home shall be,  
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only Thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

433 ELLERS. (433) 10.10.10.10.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;  
 Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,  
 And doubts appal, and sorrow still increase;  
 Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,  
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

435 WINCHESTER OLD. (203) C.M.

Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause His own;  
The hope that's built upon His word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

Though unperceived by mortal sense,  
Faith sees Him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defence;  
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as He overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love His name  
Shall triumph in Him too. Amen.

437

EWING. (468) 76. Eight ls.

In heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here;  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed.

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack;  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where the dark clouds have been;  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me. Amen.

438

AUSTRIA (475) 8.7. Eight ls.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise;  
Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
O the vast, the boundless treasure,  
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come,  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Prone to wander,—Lord I feel it,—  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Take my heart, O take and seal it,  
 Seal it from Thy courts above. Amen.

439                      BARTON.            (439)            7.6.7.6.

O happy band of pilgrims,  
 If onward ye will tread  
 With Jesus as your Fellow  
 To Jesus as your Head!

The cross that Jesus carried  
 He carried as your wear;  
 The crown that Jesus wareth,  
 He wareth it for you.

The trials that beset you,  
 The sorrows ye endure,  
 The manifold temptations  
 That death alone can cure.—

O happy band of pilgrims,  
 Look upward to the skies,  
 Where such a light affliction  
 Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

SECTION 16.  
 Heaven Anticipated.

445                      EWING.            (468)            86.86.6666.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest?  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light;  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold?  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light;  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light;  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight?  
 Amen.

446                      LEOMINSTER.            (446)            S.M.D.

A few more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
 Asleep within the tomb:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that great day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.



A few more struggles here,  
 A few more partings o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
 And we shall weep no more:  
     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
     My soul for that blest day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,  
 And He shall come again  
 Who died that we might live, who lives  
 That we with Him may reign:  
     Then, O my Lord, prepare  
     My soul for that glad day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.      Amen.

**447**                      NEARER HOME.      (447)      S.M.D.

For ever with the Lord! .  
 Amen, so let it be;  
 Life from the dead is in that word.  
 'Tis immortality.  
 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

For ever with the Lord!  
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
     E'en here to me fulfil.  
 Be Thou at my right hand,  
 Then can I never fail;  
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
 Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 'For ever with the Lord!' Amen.

**451**                      ELLERS.      (433)      10.10.10.

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,  
 I look at heaven and long to enter in;  
 But there no evil thing may find a home,  
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.  
 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me  
     near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the throne.  
 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous  
     Lord;  
 Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden  
     crown;  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life la'd  
     down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,  
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
 Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,  
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.  
    Amen.

**452**                      RAYNOLDS.      (452)      11.10.11.10.

O for the peace that floweth as a river,  
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile!  
 O for the faith to grasp heaven's light 'for ever,'  
 Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while'!

'A little while' for patient vigil-keeping,  
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;  
 'A little while' to sow the seed with weeping,  
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

'A little while' the earthen pitcher taking  
 To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed;  
 Then cool the lip its thirst for ever slaking  
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

Amen.

**453** PILGRIMS. (453) 11.10.11.10.9.10.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat  
 shore;  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!  
 Onward, we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';  
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home;  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!  
 Rest comes at length: though life be long and  
 dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at  
 last:  
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Amen.

**454** RUTHERFORD. (454) 76.76.76.75.

The sands of time are sinking,  
 The dawn of heaven breaks;  
 The summer morn I've sighed for,  
 The fair, sweet morn, awakes;  
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
 But dayspring is at hand,  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's land

O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
 The deep, sweet well of love;  
 The streams on earth I've tasted,  
 More deep I'll drink above;  
 There, to an ocean fulness,  
 His mercy doth expand,  
 And glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
 But her dear bridegroom's face;  
 I will not gaze at glory,  
 But on my King of grace,  
 Not at the crown He giveth,  
 But on His pierced hand;  
 The Lamb is all the glory  
 Of Immanuel's land

I've wrestled on towards heaven,  
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide;  
 Now, like a weary traveller  
 That leaneth on his guide,  
 Amid the shades of evening,  
 While sinks life's lingering sand,  
 I hail the glory dawning  
 From Immanuel's land. Amen.

**459**

DARWELL. (642)

66.66.88.

Safe home, safe home in port!  
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
 Torn sails, provision short,  
 And only not a wreck;  
 But O the joy upon the shore  
 To tell the voyage-perils o'er!

No more the foe can harm;  
 No more of leaguered camp,  
 And cry of night-alarm,  
 And need of ready lamp;  
 And yet how nearly had he failed;  
 How nearly had that foe prevailed!

The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end:  
But One came by with wounded side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home;  
O nights and days of tears!  
O longings not to roam!  
O sins and doubts and fears!  
What matters now grief's darkest day?  
The King has wiped those tears away. Amen.

460 ST. CHRYSOSTOM. (312) 8s. Six ls.

God of the living, in whose eyes  
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;  
All souls are Thine;—we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away;  
From this our world of flesh set free  
We know them living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave.  
That none might fear that world to see,  
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Giver unto man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Quickener of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin;  
That body, soul, and spirit be  
Forever living unto Thee! Amen.

462 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

465 BROCCO BANK. (206) C.M.

Give me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.

466 TALLIS ORDINAL. (466) C.M.

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain;

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

468

EWING. (468) 7.6. Eight ls.

Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.  
O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.  
Yes, God our King and Portion  
In fulness of His grace,  
We there shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit ever blest. Amen.

473

PRO OMNIBUS. (473) 10.10.10.4.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Hallelujah!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of Glory passes on His way. Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest  
coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!  
Amen.

474

CELESTE. (474) 8.8.8.8.

We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin;  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials, without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The Church of the first-born above;  
But what must it be to be there!

Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
And shortly we also shall know,  
And feel what it is to be there. Amen.

# SECTION 17.

## Church Fellowship.

475

AUSTRIA. (475) 8.7. Eight ls.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear 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 of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy name;  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show;  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know. Amen.

476

SAWLEY. (271) C M.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;  
But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare His will,  
And spread His love abroad.

Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven;  
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their vilest sins forgiven.

The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of His grace partake.

In such society as this,  
My weary soul would rest;  
For all who dwell where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest. Amen.

478

AURELIA. (478) 7.6. Eight ls.

The Church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word;  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy bride;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth,  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest. Amen.

481

DENNIS. (Sankey 506) S.M.

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.  
 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.  
 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burden bear  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathising tear.  
 This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way,  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day. Amen.

482

HOLLINGSIDE. (327) 7s. Eight ls.

Lord, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Perfecting the Church below,  
 Steadfast may we cleave to Thee,  
 Love, the mystic union be;  
 Join our faithful spirits, join  
 Each to each, and all to Thine;  
 Lead us through the paths of peace  
 On to perfect holiness.

Move, and actuate and guide;  
 Divers gifts to each divide;  
 Placed according to Thy will,  
 Let us all our work fulfil;  
 Never from our office move;  
 Needful to each other prove;  
 Use the grace on each bestowed,  
 Tempered by the art of God.

Sweetly may we all agree,  
 Touched with softest sympathy;  
 There is neither bond nor free,  
 Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee;  
 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
 Rendered all distinctions void;  
 Names, and sects, and parties fall,  
 Thou, O Christ, art All in all. Amen.

484

ANGELUS. (601) L.M.

God is the refuge of His saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold Him present with His aid.

There is a stream whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God;  
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode;—

That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
 That all our raging fear controls;  
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour,  
 Nor can her firm foundations move.  
 Built on His truth, and armed with power.  
 Amen.

486 INTEGER VITAE. (486) 11.11.11.15.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaiileth;  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

487 ST. BERNARD. (138) C.M.

Come, let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.

E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before;  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore. Amen.

488 WINCHESTER OLD. (203) C.M.

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone;  
Walking in all His ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

The Church triumphant in Thy love,—  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne;  
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—  
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads:  
From thence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads  
Shall meet thee in the skies. Amen.  
Amen.

SECTION 18.

Bible Ordinances—Baptism.

489

EAGLEY. (489)

C.M.

A mighty mystery we set forth,  
A wondrous sign and seal;  
Lord, give our hearts to know its worth,  
And all its truth to feel.

Death to the world we thus avow,  
Death to each sinful lust;  
The risen life is our life now,  
The risen Christ our trust.

Baptized into the Father's name,  
We're children of our God;  
Baptized into the Son, we claim  
The ransom of His blood:

Baptized into the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
Give us to own the Pentecost,  
And the descending power. Amen.

In all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue;  
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,  
 For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames if Jesus lead  
 I'll follow where He goes;  
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.

Through duties and through trials too  
 I'll go at His command;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.

And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be:  
 Hinder me not; come, welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with Thee. Amen.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend His cause;  
 Maintain the honour of His word,  
 The glory of His cross.

Jesus, my God,—I know His name;  
 His name is all my trust;  
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as His throne His promise stands;  
 And He can well secure  
 What I've committed to His hands  
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will He own my worthless name  
 Before His Father's face;  
 And in the new Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place. Amen.

My God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
 Behold, I prostrate fall;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
 And Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
 And seal me for Thine own,  
 That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word  
 To Thee be ever given;  
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven. Amen.

Fight the good fight with all thy might;  
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right,  
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good  
 grace,  
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
 Life with its path before us lies;  
 Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside; upon thy Guide  
 Lean, and His mercy will provide,  
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear; His arm is near;  
 He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
 Only believe and thou shalt see  
 That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.



Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus,  
 'Take thy cross and follow Me'?  
 Shall the word with terror seize us?  
 Shall we from the burden flee?  
 Lord, I'll take it,  
 And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,  
 Saviour, of Thy love for me:  
 Sweeter still the love that binds me  
 In its deathless bonds to Thee:  
 O what pleasure,  
 Buried with my Lord to be!

Then, baptized in love and glory,  
 Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;  
 Loudly with immortal story  
 All the harps of heaven shall ring:  
 Saints and seraphs  
 Sound it loud from every string. Amen.

Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,  
 Thine open grave we stand,  
 With hearts all full of gladness,  
 To keep Thy blest command:  
 So Thee in faith we follow,  
 And trace Thy path of love,  
 Through the strange, solemn waters,  
 Up to Thy throne above.

Lord Jesus, we remember  
 The coldness of Thy tomb,  
 The silence and the darkness,  
 The grave-clothes in the gloom:  
 After Thy cross and passion,  
 The deep sleep came at last;  
 O'er the eternal radiance  
 The mortal shadow passed.

But now Thou art arisen;  
 Thy travail all is o'er;  
 Once Thou for sin hast suffered,  
 And Thou wilt die no more:  
 Crowned with immortal honour,  
 Because of that dark bed,  
 Give us to share Thy triumph,  
 Thou first-born from the dead!

Into Thy death baptized,  
 O let us with Thee die;  
 And clothe us with Thy risen life,  
 And wholly sanctify:  
 So, freed from the old bondage,  
 And ransomed by Thy blood,  
 May we pass on to glory,  
 Alive with Thee to God. Amen.

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 my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere His name.

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

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me! Amen.

O happy day, that fixed my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To Him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done! the great transactions done;  
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear. Amen.

Glory to God, whose Spirit draws  
 Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's cause,  
 Who thus, baptized into His name,  
 His goodness and their faith proclaim.

For these now added to the host,  
 Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,  
 And consecrate to Him their days,  
 Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

Thus may Thy mighty Spirit fill  
 All here to love and keep His will;  
 Themselves His subjects to declare,  
 And place themselves beneath His care.

Lead them at once their Lord to own,  
 To glory in His cross alone;  
 And then, baptized, His truth to teach,  
 His love to share, His heaven to reach. Amen.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee;  
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my all shalt be:  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought or hoped or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition!  
 God and heaven are still mine own.

Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me:  
 Thou art not, like them untrue;  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear:  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
 What a Father's smile is thine,  
 What a Saviour died to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?  
 Amen.

Dear Master, in Thy way  
 Our willing feet shall tread;  
 What joy Thy mandate to obey,—  
 Our great and glorious Head!

Thy all-abounding grace  
 Has banished sin and night;  
 And in the glory of Thy face  
 We see the eternal light.

By Thy direction led,  
With gladness we confess  
That we to sin's dark power are dead,  
And risen to righteousness.

The closing waters hide  
Our former world, and we,  
Seeking through death our Saviour's side,  
Rejoice to die with Thee.

And as we rise again,  
Be this confession given,  
That we have risen with Christ to reign,—  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

So we would die to live,  
And live no more to die;  
Our risen lives, O Christ, receive,  
And seal them in the sky. Amen.

501

ST. MICHAEL. (317)

S.M.

Stand, soldier of the cross,  
Thy high allegiance claim,  
And vow to hold the world but loss  
For thy Redeemer's name.

No more thine own, but Christ's—  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

In God's whole armour strong,  
Front hell's embattled powers;  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
The victory must be ours.

O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet! Amen.

505

DAY OF REST. (505) 76.

Eight is.

O Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My master and my Friend:  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me:  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised,  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks,  
And in them plant mine own;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone:  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend! Amen

# SECTION 19.

## Bible Ordinances—Communion.

506

ST. BEES. (301)

7.7.7.7.

Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppressed,  
Welcome to His sacred rest;  
Nothing brought Him from above,—  
Nothing but redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring;  
Strike aloud each tuneful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love. Amen.

507

HOLLINGSIDE. (327) 7s. Eight ls.

When the Paschal evening fell  
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,  
When around the festal board  
Sat the apostles with their Lord,  
Then His parting word He said,  
Blessed the cup and brake the bread—  
'This whene'er ye do or see,  
Evermore remember Me.'

Years have passed; in every clime,  
Changing with the changing time,  
Varying through a thousand forms,  
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,  
Still the sacred table spread,  
Flowing cup and broken bread,  
With that parting word agree,  
'Drink and eat; remember Me.'

When by treason, doubt, unrest,  
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed;  
When the shadows of the tomb  
Close us round with deepening gloom;  
Then bethink us at that board  
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,  
Who, when tried and grieved as we,  
Dying said, 'Remember Me.' Amen.

508

MARYTON. (30)

L.M.

Around a table, not a tomb,  
He willed our gathering-place to be;  
When, going to prepare our home,  
Our Saviour said—'Remember Me.'

We kneel around no sculptured stone,  
Marking the place where Jesus lay;  
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,  
The stone for ever rolled away.

Of no fond relics, sadly dear,  
O Master! are Thine own possessed;  
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,  
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay, relics are for those who mourn  
The memory of an absent friend;  
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn;—  
'With you each day until the end!'

Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb  
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee;  
Until within the Father's home  
Our endless gathering-place shall be.  
Amen.

509

ANGELUS. (601)

L.M.

My God, and is Thy table spread?  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

Why are these emblems still in vain  
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
 Was not for you the Victim slain?  
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,  
 And furnished well with joyful guests;  
 And may each soul salvation see,  
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,  
 And bid our drooping graces live;  
 And more, that energy afford  
 A Saviour's grace alone can give.

Amen,

510

PENTECOST. (188) L.M.

Lord, in this blest and hallowed hour  
 Reveal Thy presence and Thy power;  
 Show to my faith Thy hands and side,  
 My Lord and God, the Crucified.

Fain would I find a calm retreat  
 From vain distractions near Thy feet;  
 And, borne above all earthly care,  
 Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

But if unworthy of such joy,  
 Still shall Thy love my heart employ;  
 For of Thy favoured children's fare  
 'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

Yet never can my soul be fed  
 With less than Thee, the living Bread;  
 Thyself unto my soul impart,  
 And with Thy presence fill my heart. Amen.

511

HURSLEY. (664) L.M.

Jesus, Thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring;  
 Accept the well-deserved renown,  
 And wear our praises as Thy crown.

Let every act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;  
 Like the dear hour when from above  
 We first received Thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,—  
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay;  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

O that the months would roll away,  
 And bring that coronation day;  
 The King of Grace shall fill the throne,  
 His Father's glory all His own. Amen.

513

ALMSGIVING. (311) 8.8.8.4.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
 We keep the memory adored,  
 And show the death of our dear Lord  
 Until He come.

His body given in our stead  
 Is seen in this memorial bread,  
 And so our feeble love is fed  
 Until He come.

The drops of His dread agony,  
 His life-blood shed for us, we see;  
 The wine shall tell the mystery  
 Until He come.

O blessed hope! with this elate,  
 Let not our hearts be desolate,  
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
 Until He come. Amen.

514

DISMISSAL. (611) 87.87.47.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky;  
 'It is finished!'  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry!

'It is finished!'—O what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford;  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:

'It is finished!'  
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished, all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe:  
'It is finished!'

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.  
Amen.

515

BEDFORD (53)

C.M.

How condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son;  
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,  
And pity brought Him down.

He sank beneath our heavy woes  
To raise us to His throne;  
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows  
But cost His heart a groan.

Now, though He reigns exalted high  
His love is still as great;  
Well He remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets His saints forget.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we His death record;  
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord. Amen.

516

EAGLEY. (489)

C.M.

For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love. Amen.

517

ST. STEPHEN. (144)

C.M.

How sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
Where everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores.

While every heart and every tongue  
Join to admire the feast,  
We each exclaim with thankful song,  
Lord, why was I a guest?

'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

Pity the nations, O our God,  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send Thy victorious word abroad  
And bring the strangers home. Amen.

518

ST. AGNES (174)

C.M.

O Jesus Christ, the Holy One,  
I long to be with Thee;  
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One  
Come and abide with me.

Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power  
This lonely heart of mine,  
And feed me in this solemn hour  
With Thine own bread and wine.

My meat indeed, my drink indeed,  
Art Thou, my gracious Lord:  
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed  
On this Thy precious word;

Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,  
My glad and thankful heart  
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,  
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

519

EAGLEY. (489)

C.M.

According to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord—  
I will remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee,—

And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me. Amen.

521

ST. MICHAEL. (317)

S.M.

Jesus, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word;  
Here in Thine own appointed way  
We come to meet our Lord.

Thus we remember Thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As Thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be expressed,  
The joy unspeakable.

Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us Thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love. Amen.

524

MARINERS. (Sankey 316)

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove His blood each day more healing,  
And Himself more deeply know. Amen.

525

ST. AGNES. (306)

10.10.10.10.

Part I.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my helplessness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
This is the heavenly table spread for me;  
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong  
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

### Part II.

Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.  
Amen.

## 526 PAX TECUM. (386) 10.10.

O Christ, our God, who with Thine own hast been,  
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place  
A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;  
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed,  
Thy life within us we may manifest.

So shall we pass our days in holy fear,  
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,  
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.  
Amen.

## 527

WELLS. (826) 7s. Six ls.

'Till He come': O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords:  
Let the 'little while' between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast?  
Hush! be every murmur dumb:  
It is only till He come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb  
Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

See, the feast of love is spread:  
Drink the wine and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only till He come. Amen.

## 528

WHITBURN. (395) L.M.

If any to the feast have come  
Who were not bidden, Lord, forgive;  
They were not of our Father's home,  
Yet in Thy mercy let them live.



If any came in doubt or fear,  
O may they carry peace away;  
Let heaven to them be calm and clear,  
Still brightening to the perfect day.

All those who never sat before  
At this dear table of Thy grace,  
O may they love Thee more and more,  
And serve Thee in Thy Holy Place.

And they who ne'er again shall see  
The day of our communion dawn,  
Prepare them, Lord, to feast with Thee  
At tables which are never drawn. Amen.

530 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

Dear Lord, before we part  
From Thy sweet earthly feast,  
Give us the earnest in our heart  
Of Thine eternal rest.

Lift up our drooping eyes  
To the great banquet there;  
And ever for the crowning prize  
Our waiting souls prepare.

So each a glorious seat  
Shall in Thy kingdom claim;  
And there, in heavenly triumph, eat  
The Supper of the Lamb. Amen.

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#### SECTION 20.

#### Bible Ordinances—Spirit Enduement.

532 MARYTON. (30) L.M.

Head of the Church and Lord of all,  
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant call:  
We come the promised grace to seek,  
Of which aforetime Thou didst speak.

Without Thy presence, King of saints,  
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;  
Thou must our wavering faith renew  
Ere we can yield Thee service true.

Thy consecrating might we ask,  
Or vain the toil, unblest the task,  
And impotent of fruit will be  
Love's holiest effort wrought for Thee.

'Lo, I am with you'; even so,  
Thy joy our strength, we fearless go:  
And praise shall crown the suppliant's call,  
Head of the Church, and Lord of all!

Amen.

533 OMBERSLEY. (532) L.M.

Spirit of Christ, Thy grace be given  
To those who lead Thine host, that they  
With might may wield the sword of heaven,  
And feel Thee on their weary way.

Spirit of light and truth, to Thee  
We trust them in that musing hour,  
Till they, with open heart and free,  
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

And O when worn and tired they sigh,  
With that more fearful war within,  
When passion's storms are loud and high,  
And, brooding o'er remembered sin.

The heart dies down,—O Mightiest then,  
Come ever true, come ever near,  
And wake their slumbering love again,  
Spirit of God's most holy fear! Amen.

535 ST. GEORGE. (183) S.M.

How beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongue,  
And words of peace reveal!

How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for;  
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Its Saviour and its God. Amen.

541 ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.B.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of Life  
O may our spirits be!

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Give Pentecostal showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours. Amen.

#### SECTION 21.

#### The Gospel Message and Missions.

543 RICHMOND. (543) C.M.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor horns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove.  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love. Amen.

544 ABRIDGE. (293) C.M.

Spirit of power and might, behold  
A world by sin destroyed:  
Creator-Spirit, as of old,  
Move on the formless void.

Give Thou the word—that healing sound  
Shall quell the deadly strife;  
And earth again, like Eden crowned,  
Produce the tree of life.

And if the sons of God rejoice  
To hear a Saviour's name,  
How will the ransomed raise their voice,  
To whom that Saviour came!

So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,  
Assembling round the throne,  
Thy new creation shall ascribe  
To sovereign Love alone. Amen.

545 ROCCO BANK. (206) C.M.

Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day,  
Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.

Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,—  
The air, the earth, the sea,—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

548

ST. BERNARD. (138)

C.M.

O still in accents clear and strong  
Sounds forth the ancient word:  
'More reapers for white harvest-fields,  
More labourers for the Lord!'

We hear the call: in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie;  
But girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labours entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,  
To do Thy will we come;  
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word  
And bear our harvest home. Amen.

549

DUKE STREET. (550)

L.M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long 'Amen.' Amen.

550

MARYTON. (30)

L. M.

O Spirit of the living God,  
In all Thy plentitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word:  
Give power and unction from above  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord. Amen.

554

EWING (468) 76. Eight ls.

Lord God of our salvation,  
Whose love has brought us nigh,  
Through His humiliation  
Who reigns with Thee on high,

Behold us as we gather  
Adoring at Thy feet,  
And with Thy smile, O Father,  
Thy children deign to greet.

Yet are we sad before Thee  
For dying souls afar  
Who have not seen the glory  
Of Jacob's royal Star,  
Nor know His wealth of merit  
Who did in death atone,  
And, through the eternal Spirit,  
Hath made His life their own.

On, on the moments bear them  
Where deeper shades prevail;  
Our God, wilt Thou prepare them  
The gospel's light to hail?  
Thyself in Christ revealing,  
Reclaim, renew, restore:  
Spread wide the wings of healing,  
The balm divine outpour. Amen.

**555** MISSIONARY. (555) 76. Eight ls.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's corral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains,  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;  
And you, ye waters roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

**558** REGENT SQUARE. (558) 87.87.47.

Let us sing the King Messiah,  
King of righteousness and peace;  
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,  
Never let His praises cease:  
Ever hail Him,  
Never let His praises cease.

How transcendent are Thy glories  
Fairer than the sons of men,  
While Thy blessed mediation  
Brings us back to God again:  
Blest Redeemer,  
How we triumph in Thy reign!

Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;  
Blest are all that own Thy reign,  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
Rescued from its galling chain:  
Saints and angels.  
All who know Thee bless Thy reign. Amen.

**559** DISMISSAL. (611) 87.87.47.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace;  
Blessed jubilee!  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness  
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,  
On their grossest darkness dawn;  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad Thy holy name  
O'er the borders  
Of the great Immanuel's land.  
Amen.

**560** REGENT SQUARE. (558) 87.87.87.87.

Souls in heathen darkness lying  
Where no light has broken through,  
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,  
Whom His soul in travail knew,—  
Thousand voices  
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, Christians, none has taught them  
Of His love so deep and dear,  
Of the precious price that bought them  
Nail, and thorn, and cruel spear:  
Ye who know Him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings,  
Let no shore be left untrod,  
No lost brother's bitter chidings  
Haunt us from the further sod;  
Tell the heathen  
All the precious truths of God. Amen.

**561** DISMISSAL. (611) 87.87.47.

Lord, Thy servants forth are going,  
Each has heard the Master's call,  
Seeds of life eternal sowing  
In His name who died for all;  
O sustain them  
Till the shades of evening fall.

Then, where desert sands are glowing  
'Neath the noontide's sultry heat,  
Living streams shall soon be flowing  
'Mid the meadows fair and sweet;  
And a harvest  
Shall their raptured vision greet.

Like the south wind gently blowing  
Comes Thy Spirit's breath of balm;  
List! the sound is louder growing!  
Look the Lord makes bare His arm!  
Hallelujah!  
Wakes the universal psalm. Amen.

**565** MOSCOW. (19) 86.86.88.

Thou whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light.

Thou who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now to all mankind  
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight;  
 Move on the waters' face,  
 Bearing the the lamp of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light. Amen.

566

WELLS.

(826)

7s. Six ls.

God of mercy, God of grace,  
 Show the brightness of Thy face;  
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;  
 Fill Thy Church with light divine;  
 And Thy saving health extend  
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
 Be by all that live adored;  
 Let the nations shout and sing  
 Glory to their Saviour-King;  
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
 And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
 Earth shall then her fruits afford,  
 God to man His blessing give,  
 Man to God devoted live;  
 All below, and all above,  
 One in joy and light and love. Amen.

569

ST.BEES. (301)

7.7.7.7.

Soldiers of the Cross arise!  
 Gird you with your armour bright;  
 Mighty are your enemies,  
 Hard the battle ye must fight.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
 Strangers to the living word,  
 Let the Saviour's herald go,  
 Let the voice of hope be heard.

To the weary and the worn  
 Tell of realms where sorrows cease:  
 To the outcast and forlorn  
 Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
 Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
 In the might of God arrayed,  
 Scatter sin and unbelief. Amen.

572

MELITA. (725)

8s. Six ls.

O come, O come, Immanuel,  
 And ransom captive Israel,  
 That mourns in lonely exile here  
 Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
 From depths of hell Thy people save,  
 And give them victory o'er the grave.

Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come  
 And open wide our heavenly home;  
 Make safe the way that leads on high,  
 And close the path to misery.

Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel  
 Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

574

RICHMOND. (543)

C.M.

Daughter of Zion, from the dust  
 Exalt thy fallen head;  
 Again in Thy Redeemer trust,  
 He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
 Thy beautiful array;  
 The day of freedom dawns at length,  
 The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south—Give up Thy charge,  
And keep not back, O North.

They come, they come; thine exiled bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

Amen.

578

DUKE STREET. (550) L.M.

Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
On this day risen to set no more,  
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,  
With brighter beams than e'er before.

Shine on Thy work of grace within,  
On each celestial blossom there;  
Destroy each bitter root of sin,  
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

Shine on Thy pure eternal word,  
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;  
And whether read, remembered, heard,  
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!  
Pour richer floods of life and light,  
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,  
That glorious day which knows no night.  
Amen.

## SECTION 22.

### Worship and Prayer.

580

DAY OF REST. (505) 7.6. Eight ls.

O day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright!

On thee the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,  
Sing, 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'  
To the great God Triune.

On Thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

581

ST. MICHAEL. (317) S.M.

This is the day of light;  
Let there be light to-day;  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of peace;  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer;  
Let earth to heaven draw near;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days;  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.

Lord, remove the veil away,  
 Let us see Thyself to-day;  
 Thou who camest from on high,  
 For our sins to bleed and die,  
 Help us now to cast aside  
 All that would our hearts divide;  
 With the Father and the Son  
 Let Thy living Church be one.

O, from earthly cares set free,  
 Let us find our rest in Thee;  
 May our toils and conflicts cease  
 In the calm of Sabbath peace;  
 That Thy people, here below,  
 Something of the bliss may know,  
 Something of the rest and love  
 In the Sabbath home above

Give my soul the spotless dress  
 Of Thy perfect righteousness;  
 Then at length, a welcome guest,  
 I shall enter to the feast,  
 Take the harp and raise the song,  
 All Thy ransomed ones among;  
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,  
 Joys to last for evermore! Amen.

Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,  
 Come, to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:  
 Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 here tell your anguish;  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
 cure.

Here see the Bread of Life! see waters  
 flowing,  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from  
 above:  
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever  
 knowing,  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can  
 remove.  
 Amen.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
 To His feet thy tribute bring;  
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
 Who like thee His praise should sing?  
 Praise Him praise Him,  
 Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
 To our fathers in distress;  
 Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless:  
 Praise Him praise Him,  
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;  
 Well our feeble frame He knows;  
 In His hands He gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes:  
 Praise Him praise Him,  
 Widely as His mercy flows.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;  
 Blows the wind, and it is gone;  
 But while mortals rise and perish,  
 God endures unchanging on:  
 Praise Him praise Him,  
 Praise the high eternal One. Amen.



Pleasant are Thy courts above,  
 In the land of light and love;  
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
 In this land of sin and woe:  
 O, my spirit longs and fain'ts  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;  
 Guide me through a world of sin;  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
 Give me at Thy side a place;  
 Sun and shield alike Thou art,  
 Guide and guard my erring heart;  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord on me. Amen.

At even, ere the sun was set,  
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
 O in what divers pains they met!  
 O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;  
 What if Thy form we cannot see?  
 We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
 For some are sick, and some are sad,  
 And some have never loved Thee well,  
 And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,  
 And some are tried with sinful doubt;  
 And some such grievous passions tear  
 That only Thou canst cast them out;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
 And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Saviour, abide with us,  
 The day is now far gone;  
 We would obtain a blessing thus,  
 By coming to Thy throne.

We have not reached that land  
 That happy land, as yet,  
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
 Where suns can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,  
 Our day is almost o'er;  
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
 Shine on us evermore. Amen.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
 The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
 To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
 Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
 While earth rolls onward into light,  
 Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
 And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
 The dawn leads on another day,  
 The voice of prayer is never silent,  
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

**609**                      ELLERS                      (433)                      10.10.10.10.

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,  
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

**610**                      MELITA.                      (725)                      8s. Six ls.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;  
 Thy word into our minds instil;  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
 With lowly love and fervent will,  
 Through life's long day and death's dark  
    night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evl ways  
 True absolution and release;  
 And bless us, more than in past days,  
 With purity and inward peace.  
 Through life's long day and death's dark  
    night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
 And loving hearts without alloy,  
 That only long to be like Thee.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
    dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
 O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
 Thou art our Jesus and our All.  
 Through life's long day and death's  
    dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.                      Amen.

**611**                      DISMISSAL                      (611)                      87.87.47.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O refresh us,  
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May Thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away;  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.                      Amen.

Behold the throne of grace,  
The promise calls us near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round we see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

Beyond our utmost wants,  
His love and power can bless;  
To praying souls He always grants  
More than they can express.

Abiding in Thy faith,  
Our will conformed to Thine,  
Let us victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine. Amen.

Great is Thy mercy, Lord,  
Deep is Thy tenderness;  
Keep now with us Thy friendly word:  
The hearts that seek Thee bless.

We have not chosen Thee,  
But us Thou deign'st to choose,—  
Not servants, but Thy friends to be,  
Whom Thou wilt never lose:

O for Thy loving heart!  
O to be like Thee, Lord!  
Come near us, Christ, Thy grace impart,  
Thy Spirit now afford.

To Thee we fain would live,  
Content if Thou be nigh,  
To Thee all powers and passions give,  
And then to Thee would die. Amen.

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness o'er our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle-wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. Amen.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite's sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray! Amen.

620                      EVEN ME.                      (620)                      8.7.8.7.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering, full and free,—  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops now fall on me,  
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be!  
Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me,  
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,  
Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—  
Magnify them all in me.  
Even me. Amen.

621                      ST. BEES.                      (301)                      7.7.7.7.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

With my burden I begin;  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith;  
Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

625                      ST. AGNES.                      (174)                      C.M.

Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart;  
Then let a healing ray from Thee  
Beam peace on every heart.

When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
Let not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly Thine. Amen.

627                      TALLIS ORDINAL.                      (466)                      C.M.

O Fount of grace that runneth o'er,  
So full, so vast, so free!  
Are none too worthless, none too poor,  
To come and take of Thee?

We come, O Lord, with empty hand,  
 Yet turn us not away,  
 For grace hath nothing to demand,  
 And suppliants nought to pay.

'Tis ours to ask and to receive;  
 To take and not to buy;  
 'Tis Thine in sovereign grace to give,  
 Yea, give abundantly.

And thus, in simple faith, we dare  
 Our empty urn to bring;  
 O nerve the feeble hand of prayer  
 To dip it in the spring. Amen.

628 MARTYRDOM. (124) C.M.

When cold our hearts, and far from Thee  
 Our wandering spirits stray,  
 And thoughts and lips move heavily,  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

Too vile to venture near Thy throne,  
 Too poor to turn away,  
 Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

We know not how to seek Thy face,  
 Unless Thou lead the way;  
 We have no words unless Thy grace,  
 Lord, teach us how to pray.

Here every thought and fond desire  
 We on Thy altar lay;  
 And when our souls have caught Thy fire,  
 Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

631 BEDFORD. (53) C.M.

O help us, Lord; each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succour give;  
 Help us in thought and word and deed  
 Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed  
 With contrite anguish sore;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
 O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,  
 More firmly to believe;  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.

O help us, Saviour, from on high;  
 We know no help but Thee;  
 O help us so to live and die  
 As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

639 DIJON. (797) 7.7.7.7.

Now may He, who from the dead  
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
 All our souls in safety keep.

May He teach us to fulfil  
 What is pleasing in His sight  
 Perfect us in all His will,  
 And preserve us day and night.

To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
 Let our hearts and voices raise  
 Loud thanksgivings to our God. Amen.

#### SECTION 23.

##### Dedication Services.

642 DARTWELL (642) 66.66.4444.

Christ is our Corner-stone,  
 On Him alone we build;  
 With His true saints alone  
 The courts of heaven are filled;  
 On His great love  
 Our hopes we place  
 Of present grace  
 And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing;  
And thus proclaim  
In joyful song,  
Both loud and long  
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower  
On all who pray  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
Until that day  
When all the blest  
To endless rest  
Are called away. Amen.

646 AURELIA. (478) 7.6. Eight ls.

O Thou whose hand hath brought us  
Unto this joyful day,  
Accept our glad thanksgiving,  
And listen as we pray;  
And may our preparation  
For this day's service be  
With one accord to offer  
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

For this new house we praise Thee,  
Reared by Thine own command;  
For every generous bosom,  
And every willing hand;

And now within Thy temple  
Thy glory let us see;  
For all its strength and beauty  
Are nothing without Thee.

And oft as here we gather,  
And hearts in worship blend,  
May truth reveal its power,  
And fervent prayer ascend;  
Here may the busy toiler  
Rise to the things above;  
The young, the old, be strengthened,  
And all men learn Thy love.

And as the years roll over,  
And strong affections twine,  
And tender memories gather  
About this sacred shrine,  
May this its chief distinction,  
Its glory ever be,  
That multitudes within it  
Have found their way to Thee.

Lord God, our fathers' helper,  
Our joy and hope and stay,  
Grant now a gracious earnest  
Of many a coming day;  
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest;  
We wait before Thy throne;  
O come, and by Thy presence  
Make this new house Thine own. Amen.

648 BEDFORD. (53) C.M.

Light up this house with glory, Lord;  
Enter, and claim Thine own;  
Receive the homage of our souls,  
Erect Thy temple-throne.

We ask no bright shekinah cloud  
To glorify the place;  
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—  
A plenitude of grace.

No rushing mighty wind we ask,  
No tongues of flame desire;  
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,  
His purifying fire.

Light up this house with glory, Lord,  
The glory of that love  
Which forms and saves a Church below,  
And makes a heaven above. Amen.

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SECTION 23.

Miscellaneous Hymns.

664

HURSLEY.

(664)

L.M.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy bounteous store,  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven. Amen.

689

EVENTIDE.

(689)

10.10.10.10.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with  
me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?

I triumph still if Thou abide with me. Amen.

752

SANKEY.

(752) 7.6.

Eight ls.

I love to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell,  
How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell;  
I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forsake me,  
Because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy  
 My sweetest songs I'll raise,  
 And though I cannot see Him,  
 I know He hears my praise;  
 For He has kindly promised  
 That even I may go  
 To sing among His angels,  
 Because He loves me so. Amen.

755

IRBY. (755)

87.87.77.

Once in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby  
 In a manger for His bed;  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all;  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall;  
 With the poor and mean and lowly  
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love;  
 For that child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone. Amen.

763

ATHENS. (763)

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then;  
 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
 That His arms had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He  
 said,

'Let the little ones come unto 'Me.'

188

Yet still to 'His footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare  
 For all that are washed and forgiven!  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall  
 Never heard of that heavenly home;  
 I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
 And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
 I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
 The sweetest and brightest and best,  
 When the dear little children of every clime  
 Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. Amen.

765

SANKEY (849)

L.M.

Jesus, who lived above the sky,  
 Came down to be a man and die;  
 And in the Bible we may see  
 How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,  
 To cure poor people who were blind;  
 And many who were sick and lame,  
 He pitied them, and did the same.

But such a cruel death He died!  
 He was hung up and crucified;  
 And those kind hands, that did such good,  
 They nailed them to a cross of wood.

And so He died! and this is why  
 He came to be a man and die,  
 The Bible says, He came from heaven  
 That we might have our sins forgiven. Amen.

189



There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

Chorus—

O dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us for us  
He hung and suffered there.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in. Amen.

Golden harps are sounding,  
Angel voices ring,  
Pearly gates are opened—  
Opened for the King;  
Christ, the King of Glory,  
Jesus, King of Love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,  
He who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die,

Jesus, King of Glory,  
Is gone up on high!  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

Praying for His children  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King! Amen.

Hushed was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark;  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark,  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

O give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word—  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart, that waits  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates  
By day and night, a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,  
 A sweet, un murmuring faith,  
 Obedient and resigned,  
 To Thee in life and death;  
 That I may read with childlike eyes  
 Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Amen.

790

ST. THERESA. (790) 65. Twelve ls.

Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving on Christ's soldiers  
 To their home on high;  
 Marching through the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 Still, with hearts united,  
 Singing on our way.

Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving on Christ's soldiers  
 To their home on high!

All our days direct us  
 In the way we go;  
 Crown us still victorious  
 Over every foe;  
 Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower;  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
 Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

Then with saints and angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy throne of love.  
 When the march is over,  
 Then come rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

Amen.

797

DIJON. (797)

8.7.8.7.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
 Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day Thine hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,  
 Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;  
 Bless the friends I love so well;  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Amen.

805

SANKEY. (319) 8.7. Eight ls.

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer!  
 O what peace we often forfeit,  
 O what needless pain we bear,  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged;  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness;  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

807

ARIEL. (807) 886.886.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee:  
 Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

O could I speak the matchless worth,  
 O could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine!  
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin and wrath divine!  
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters He bears,  
 And all the forms of love He wears,  
 Exalted on His throne;  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days  
 Make all His glories known.

Well—the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see His face;  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in His grace. Amen.

808

WILTSHIRE. (808)

C.M.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.  
 He makes me down to lie  
 In pastures green: He leadeth me  
 The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;  
 And me to walk doth make  
 Within the paths of righteousness,  
 E'en for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
 Yet will I fear none ill;  
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
 And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
 In presence of my foes;  
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
 And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
 Shall surely follow me;  
 And in God's house for evermore  
 My dwelling-place shall be. Amen.

809

SOMETHING. (809) 64.64.6664.

Saviour, Thy dying love  
 Thou gavest me,  
 Nor should I aught withhold,  
 Dear Lord, from Thee;  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfil its vow,  
 Some offering bring Thee now,  
 Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to Thee—  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wanderer sought and won,  
 Something for Thee.

All that I am and have—  
 Thy gift so free—  
 In joy, in grief, through life,  
 Dear Lord, for Thee!  
 And when Thy face I see,  
 My ransomed soul shall be,  
 Through all eternity,  
 Something for Thee. Amen.

811

OLIVE'S BROW. (811) L.M.

—'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow,  
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
 The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;  
 E'en that disciple whom He loved  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight; and for others guilt  
 The man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
 Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by His God.

'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know;  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.  
 Amen.

813

STEPHANOS. (224) 8.5.8.3.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
 Shed on Calvary,  
 Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
 Shed for me.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!  
 All the price is paid;  
 Perfect pardon now is offered,  
 Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
 Let it make thee whole;  
 Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
 O'er thy soul.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
 Ever flowing free!  
 O believe it, O receive it,  
 'Tis for thee. Amen.

814

PILOT. (814) 7s. Six ls.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,  
 Over life's tempestuous sea;  
 Unknown waves before me roll,  
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Chart and compass came from Thee;  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,  
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
 When Thou say'st to them, 'Be still!  
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
 And the fearful breakers roar  
 Twixt me and the peaceful rest.  
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
 May I hear Thee say to me,  
 'Fear not, I will pilot thee!' Amen.

815

MERRIAL. (815) 65.65.

Look away to Jesus,  
 Soul by woe oppressed;  
 'Twas for thee He suffered,  
 Come to Him and rest.

All thy griefs He carried,  
 All thy sins He bore;  
 Look away to Jesus,  
 Trust Him evermore.

Look away to Jesus,  
Mid the toil and heat;  
Soon will come the resting  
At the master's feet;

When, amid the music  
Of the endless feast,  
Saints will sing His praises,  
Thine shall not be least;

Then, amid the glories  
Of the crystal sea.  
Look away to Jesus,  
Through eternity. Amen.

827 EVENING PRAYER. (827) 8.7.8.7.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He, who never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

SECTION 23

Additional Sunday School Hymns

833

GOLDEN BELLS

(533)

There's a royal banner given for display  
To the soldiers of the King;  
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,  
While as ransomed ones we sing.

Marching on!.....Marching on!  
For Christ count everything but loss;  
And to crown Him King.....toil and sing,  
'neath the banner of the cross!

When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near;  
It is hastening day by day—  
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,  
And the cross the world shall sway! Amen.

834

GOLDEN BELLS.

(34)

There is sunshine in my soul to-day,  
More glorious and bright  
Than glows in any earthly sky,  
For Jesus is my Light.

Oh, there's sun-....shine, blessed sun-....shine,  
When the peaceful, happy moments roll:.....  
When Jesus shows His smiling face,  
There is sunshine in my soul.

There is music in my soul to-day,  
A carol to my King;  
And Jesus, listening, can hear  
The songs I cannot sing.

There is gladness in my soul to-day,  
And hope, and praise, and love;  
For blessings which He gives me now,  
For joys laid up above. Amen.

Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—

Calling to-day, calling to-day!

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,  
Farther and farther away?

Call—ing to-day! call—ing to-day!

Je—sus is call—ing is tenderly calling  
to-day!

Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—

Waiting to-day, waiting to-day!

Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;  
Come, and no longer delay!

Jesus is pleading: oh, list to His voice—

Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day!

They who believe on His Name shall rejoice;  
Quickly arise and away! Amen.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour,

Hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou art calling,

Do not pass me by.

Trusting only in Thy mercy

Would I seek Thy face;

Heal my wounded, broken spirit,

Save me by Thy grace.

Thou, the spring of all my comfort,

More than life to me;

Whom have I on earth beside Thee?

Whom in heaven but Thee?

Amen.

I hear the Saviour say,

"Thy strength indeed is small;

Child of weakness, watch and pray,

Find in Me thine all in all."

Jesus paid it all—

All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain;

He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find

Thy power, and Thine alone,

Can change the leper's spots,

And melt the heart of stone.

For nothing good have I

Whereby Thy grace to claim—

I'll wash my garments white

In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

Amen.

Sing them over again to me,

Wonderful words of life!

Let me more of their beauty see,

Wonderful words of life!

Words of life and beauty,

Teach me faith and duty!

Beautiful words! wonderful words!

Wonderful words of life!

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all

Wonderful words of life!

Sinner, list to the loving call,

Wonderful words of life!

All so freely given,

wooing us to heaven!

Amen.

She only touched the hem of His garment,  
 As to His side she stole,  
 Amid the crowd that gathered around Him  
 And straightway she was whole.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment!  
 And Thou too shalt be free;  
 His saving power this very hour  
 Shall give new life to thee!

She came in fear and trembling before Him,  
 She knew her Lord had come;  
 She felt that from Him virtue had healed her;  
 The mighty deed was done.      Amen.

Low in the grave He lay—  
 Jesus, my Saviour!  
 Waiting the coming day—  
 Jesus, my Lord!

Up from the grave He arose,  
 With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
 He arose a Victor from the dark domain,  
 And He lives for ever with His saints to reign!  
 He arose! He arose!  
 Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Vainly they watch His bed—  
 Jesus, my Saviour!  
 Vainly they seal the dead—  
 Jesus, my Lord!

Death cannot keep his prey—  
 Jesus, my Saviour!  
 He tore the bars away—  
 Jesus, my Lord! Amen.

"There shall be showers of blessing:"  
 This is the promise of love;  
 There shall be season's refreshing,  
 Sent from the Saviour above.

Show-.....ers of blessing,  
 Showers of blessing we need;  
 Mercy drops round us are falling  
 But for the showers we plead.

There shall be showers of blessing:"  
 Send them upon us, O Lord!  
 Grant to us now a refreshing;  
 Come, and now honour Thy word.

"There shall be showers of blessing:"  
 Oh, that to-day they might fall,  
 Now as to God we're confessing,  
 Now as on Jesus we call! Amen.

God is here, and that to bless us  
 With the Spirit's quickening power!  
 See, the cloud, already bending,  
 Waits to drop the grateful shower.

Let it come,.....O Lord, we pray Thee,  
 Let the shower of blessing fall;  
 We are wait-.....ing, we are waiting—  
 Oh, revive.....the hearts of all!

God is here! we feel His presence  
 In this consecrated place;  
 But we need the soul-refreshing  
 Of His free, unbounded grace.

God is here! Oh, then, believing,  
 Bring to Him our one desire,  
 That His love may now kindled,  
 Till its flame each heart inspire.

Saviour, grant the prayer we offer,  
 While in simple faith we bow;  
 From the windows of Thy mercy  
 Pour us out a blessing now. Amen.

885

GOLDEN BELLS.

(685)

I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
 Tells of His love in the Book He has given;  
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
 This the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;  
 I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
 Jesus loves even me.

Though I forget Him, and wander away,  
 Still He doth love me wherever I stray;  
 Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,  
 When I remember that Jesus loves me.

In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
 Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;  
 Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
 When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.  
 Amen.

902

GOLDEN BELLS.

(202)

Throw out the Life-line across the dark wave,  
 There is a brother whom someone should save;  
 Somebody's brother! oh, who then will dare  
 To throw out the Life-line, his peril to share?

Throw out the Life-line!  
 Throw out the Life-line!  
 Someone is drifting away!  
 Throw out the Life-line!  
 Throw out the Life-line!  
 Someone is sinking to-day.

204

Throw out the Life-line with hand quick and strong;  
 Why do you tarry, my brother, so long?  
 See—he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day—  
 And out with the Life-boat! away then, away!

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,  
 Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,  
 Haste then, my brother! no time for delay,  
 But throw out the Life-line, and save them to-day.  
 Amen.

908

GOLDEN BELLS.

(208)

A ruler once came to Jesus by night,  
 To ask Him the way of salvation and light:  
 The Master made answer in words true and plain,  
 "Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"  
 "Ye must be born again!"  
 I verily, verily say unto thee,  
 "Ye must be born again!"

Ye children of men, attend to the word,  
 So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord:  
 And let not this message to you be in vain;  
 "Ye must be born again!"

O ye who would enter this glorious rest,  
 And sing with the ransomed the song of the blest;  
 The life everlasting if ye would obtain,  
 "Ye must be born again!"

Amen.

909

GOLDEN BELLS.

(209)

Oh, what will you do with Jesus?  
 The call comes low and sweet  
 And tenderly He bids you  
 Your burdens lay at His feet;

205



O soul, so sad and weary,  
That sweet voice speaks to thee;  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?

What shall the answer be?  
What shall the answer be?  
What will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?

Oh, what will you do with Jesus?  
The call comes loud and clear;  
The solemn words are sounding  
In every listening ear;  
Eternal life's in the question,  
And joy through eternity;  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?  
Amen.

921

GOLDEN BELLS. (221)

Come to the Saviour, make no delay;  
Here in His Word He hath shown us the way;  
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,  
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

Chorus—

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,  
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;  
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,  
In our eternal home.

"Suffer the children"—oh! hear His voice,  
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,  
And let us freely make Him our choice;  
Do not delay, but come.

Think once again, He's with us to-day;  
Heed now His blest command and obey;  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
"Will you my children come?" Amen.

SECTION 25.

Popular Sunday Afternoon Songs.

925

TABERNACLE.

(5)

What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.  
I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;

Since Jesus came into my heart,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea billows roll,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart;  
And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.

I shall go there to dwell in that city I know,  
Since Jesus came into my heart.  
And I'm happy, so happy, as onward I go,  
Since Jesus came into my heart. Amen.

926

TABERNACLE.

(7)

When I fear my faith will fail,  
Christ will hold me fast;  
When the temper would prevail,  
He can hold me fast.

He will hold me fast,  
He will hold me fast;  
For my Saviour loves me so,  
He will hold me fast.

I could never keep my hold,  
He must hold me fast;  
For my love is often cold,  
He must hold me fast.

He'll not let my soul be lost,  
Christ will hold me fast;  
Bought by him at such a cost,  
He will hold me fast. Amen.

927

TABERNACLE.

(13)

I was sinking deep in sin,  
Far from the peaceful shore,  
Very deeply stained within,  
Sinking to rise no more;  
But the Master of the sea  
Heard my despairing cry,  
From the waters lifted me,  
Now safe am I.

Love lifted me!  
Love lifted me!  
When nothing else could help,  
Love lifted me.

All my heart to Him I give  
Ever to Him I'll cling,  
In His blessed presence live,  
Ever His praises sing.  
Love so mighty and so true  
Merits my soul's best songs,  
Faithful, loving service, too,  
To Him belongs.

Souls in danger, look above,  
Jesus completely saves;  
He will lift you by His love  
Out of the angry waves.  
He's the Master of the sea,  
Billows His will obey;  
He your Saviour wants to be—  
Be saved to-day.

Amen.

928 ✓

TABERNACLE

(13)

There's within my heart a melody  
Jesus whispers sweet and low,  
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still,"  
In all of life's ebb and flow.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,  
Sweetest name I know,  
Fills my ev'ry longing,  
Keeps me singing as I go.

All my life was wrecked by sin and strife,  
Discord filled my heart with pain,  
Jesus swept across the broken strings,  
Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.

Soon He's coming back to welcome me  
Far beyond the starry sky;  
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown,  
I shall reign with Him on high. Amen.

929

TABERNACLE.

(16)

When we walk with the Lord in the Light of His Word  
What a glory He sheds on our way!  
While we do His good will, He abides with us still,  
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way  
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,  
But our toil He doth richly repay;  
Not a grief nor a loss, not a frown nor a cross  
But is blest if we trust and obey.

But we never can prove the delights of His love  
Until all on the altar we lay;  
For the favor He shows and the joy He bestows,  
Are for them who will trust and obey. Amen.

When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
 When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
 Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:  
 "It is well, it is well with my soul."

It is well with my soul,  
 It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—

My sin—not in part but the whole,—  
 Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more;  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight,  
 The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
 The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall descend—  
 "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

Amen.

They tell me the story of Jesus is old,  
 And they ask that we preach something new;  
 They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,  
 For the wise of this world will not do.

Chorus—

It can never grow old, it can never grow old,  
 Tho' a million times over the story is told;  
 While sin lives unvanquished, and death rules the world,  
 The story of Jesus can never grow old.

For what can we tell to the weary of heart,

If we preach not salvation from sin?  
 And how can we comfort the souls that depart,  
 If we tell not how Christ rose again?

So with sorrow we turn from the wise of the world,  
 To the wanderers far from the fold;  
 With hearts for the message they'll join in our song,  
 That the story can never grow old. Amen.

I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers me,  
 Confused at the grace that so fully He proffers me;  
 I tremble to know that for me He was crucified—  
 That for me, a sinner, He suffered, He bled and died.

Oh, it is wonderful that He should care for me!  
 Enough to die for me!  
 Oh, is wonderful, wonderful to me!

I marvel that He would descend from His throne divine,  
 To rescue a soul so rebellious and proud as mine;  
 That He should extend His great love unto such as I;  
 Sufficient to own, to redeem and to justify.

I think of His hands pierced and bleeding to pay the  
 debt!

Such mercy, such love and devotion can I forget?  
 No, no, I will praise and adore at the mercy seat,  
 Until at the glorified throne I kneel at His feet.

Amen.

It may be in the valley, where countless dangers hide;  
 It may be in the sunshine that I in peace abide;  
 But this one thing I know—if it be dark or fair,  
 If Jesus is with me I'll go anywhere!

Chorus—

If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere!  
 'Tis heaven to me, where'er I may be, if He is there!  
 I count it a privilege here His cross to bear;  
 If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere.

It may be I must carry the blessed word of life  
 Across the burning deserts to those in sinful strife;  
 And tho' it be my lot to bear my colors there,  
 If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere.

But if it be my portion to bear my cross at home,  
 While others bear their burdens beyond the billows foam,  
 I'll prove my faith in Him—confess His judgments fair,  
 And if He stays with me, I'll go anywhere!

Amen.

934                      TABERNACLE.                      (33)

When all my labors and trials are o'er,  
And I am safe on the beautiful shore,  
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,  
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Chorus—

O that will be glory for me,  
Glory for me, Glory for me,  
When by His grace I shall look on His face,  
That will be glory, be glory for me.

When, by the gift of His infinite grace,  
I am accorded in heaven a place,  
Just to be there and look on His face,  
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;  
Joy like a river around me will flow;  
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,  
Will thro' the ages be glory for me.

Amen.

935                      TABERNACLE.                      (38)

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suff'ring and shame,  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best,  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it someday for a crown.

Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me,  
For the dear Lamb of God left His Glory above,  
To bear it to dark Calvary.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
Where His glory for ever I'll share. Amen.

936                      TABERNACLE.                      (39)

I know not why God's wondrous grace  
To me He hath made known,  
Nor why unworthy—Christ in love  
Redeemed me for His own.

Chorus—

But "I know whom I have believed,  
And am persuaded that He is able  
To keep that which I've committed  
Unto Him against that day."

I know not how the Spirit moves,  
Convincing men of sin,  
Revealing Jesus thro' the Word,  
Creating faith in Him.

I know not when my Lord may come,  
At night or noonday fair,  
Nor if I walk the vale with Him,  
Or "meet Him in the air." Amen.

937                      TABERNACLE.                      (44)

I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me;  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.

Chorus—

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,  
With His blood He purchased me,  
On the cross He sealed my pardon,  
Paid the debt and made me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,  
How my lost estate to save,  
In His boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant pow'r I'll tell,  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin, and death, and hell. Amen.

When I shall reach the more excellent glory,  
 And all my trials are passed,  
 I shall be like Him, O wonderful story!  
 I shall be like Him at last.

Chorus—

I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him,  
 And in His beauty shall shine,  
 I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him,  
 Jesus, my Saviour divine.

We shall not wait till the glorious dawning  
 Breaks on the vision so fair,  
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning,  
 Now we His image may bear.

More and more like Him, repeat the blest story,  
 Over and over again,  
 Changed by His spirit from glory to glory,  
 I shall be satisfied then. Amen.

Standing on the promises of Christ my King,  
 Thro' eternal ages let His praises ring;  
 Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,  
 Standing on the promises of God.

Standing, standing,  
 Standing on the promises of God my Saviour,  
 Standing, Standing,  
 I'm standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises that cannot fail,  
 When the howling storms of doubt and fear  
 assail,

By the living word of God I shall prevail,  
 Standing on the promises of God.

Standing on the promises I cannot fall  
 List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,  
 Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,  
 Standing on the promises of God. Amen.

At the Father's throne above, Jesus pleads for me,  
 Pleads in pity, pleads in love, pleads unceasingly;  
 He that suffered in my stead, now is risen from the  
 dead,  
 Ever lives to intercede, Jesus pleads for me.

When the Evil One allures, Jesus pleads for me,  
 This my victory assures, Jesus pleads for me;  
 He was tempted, in His day, like as I in every way,  
 Who like Him for me can pray? Jesus pleads for me.

In the hour of my distress, Jesus pleads for me,  
 In my want and helplessness, Jesus pleads for me;  
 Keener pain than mine He knew, He was sad and  
 lonely, too,  
 Friend and Advocate so true, Jesus pleads for me.  
 Amen.

I stand amazed in the presence  
 Of Jesus the Nazarene,  
 And wonder how He could love me,  
 A sinner, condemned, unclean.

Chorus—

How marvelous! How wonderful!  
 And my song shall ever be:  
 How marvelous! How marvelous!  
 Is my Saviour's love for me.

When with the ransomed in glory  
 His face I at last shall see,  
 'Twill be my joy thro' the ages  
 To sing of His love for me. Amen.

Are you looking for the fulness of the blessing of the  
Lord

In your heart and life today?  
Claim the promise of your Father, come according to  
His word,  
In the blessed old time way.

Chorus—

He will fill your heart to-day to overflowing,  
As the Lord commandeth you,  
"Bring your vessels, not a few";  
He will fill your heart today to overflowing  
With the Holy Ghost and pow'r.

Bring your empty earthen vessels, clean thro' Jesus'  
precious blood,  
Come ye needy ones and all;  
And in human consecration come before the throne of  
God,  
For the Holy Ghost to fall.

Like the cruse of oil unfailing is His grace forever  
more,  
And His love unchanging still;  
And according to His promise with the Holy Ghost and  
pow'r,  
He will every vessel fill. Amen.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord! forgive me if I say,  
For very love, Thy sacred name a thousand times a day

Oh, Jesus, Lord, with me abide;  
I rest in Thee, whate'er betide;  
Thy gracious smile is my reward;  
I love, I love Thee, Lord!

I love Thee so I know not how my transports to control;  
Thy love is like a burning fire within my very soul.

For Thou to me art all in all; my honor and my wealth;  
My heart's desire, my body's strength, my soul's  
eternal health.

Burn, burn, O love, within my heart, burn fiercely night  
and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves is burned, and burned  
away. Amen.

I am a stranger here, within a foreign land,  
My home is far away, upon a golden strand;  
Ambassador to be of realms beyond the sea,  
I'm here on business for my King.

Chorus—

This is the message that I bring,  
A message angels fain would sing;  
"Oh, be ye reconciled," thus saith my Lord and King,  
"Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

This is the King's command, that all men ev'rywhere  
Repent and turn away, from sin's seductive snare;  
That all who will obey, with Him shall reign for aye,  
And that's my business for my King.

My home is brighter far than Sharon's rosy plain,  
Eternal life and joy throughout its vast domain;  
My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,  
And that's my business for my King.

Amen.

Of Jesus' love that sought me when I was lost in sin;  
Of wondrous grace that brought me back to His fold  
again,

Of heights and depths of mercy, far deeper than the sea,  
And higher than the heavens my theme shall ever be.

Chorus—

Sweeter as the years go by;  
Sweeter as the years go by;  
Richer, fuller deeper, Jesus love is sweeter,  
Sweeter as the years go by.

He trod in old Judea life's pathway long ago;  
The people thronged about Him, His saving grace to  
know;  
He healed the broken-hearted and caused the blind to see;  
And still His great heart yearneth in love for even me.

'Twas wondrous love which led Him for us to suffer loss—  
To bear without murmur the anguish of the cross.  
With saints redeemed in glory, let us our voices raise,  
Till heav'n and earth re-echo with our Redeemer's praise.  
Amen.

**946**                      TABERNACLE.                      (68)

Far away the noise of strife upon my ear is falling,  
Then I know the sins of earth beset on ev'ry hand;  
Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are  
calling,  
None of these shall move me from Beulah Land.

Chorus—

I'm living on the mountain underneath a cloudless sky,  
I'm drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry,  
O yes! I'm feasting on the manna from a bountiful  
supply,  
For I am dwelling in Beulah Land.

Far below the storm of doubt upon the world is beating,  
Sons of men in battle long the enemy withstand;  
Safe am I within the castle of God's word retreating,  
Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beulah Land.

Viewing here the works of God, I sink in contemplation;  
Hearing now His blessed voice, I see the way is  
planned;  
Dwelling in the spirit, here I learn of full salvation,  
Gladly will I tarry in Beulah Land. Amen.

**947**

TABERNACLE.

(70)

Jesus has promised my Shepherd to be,  
That's why I love Him so;  
And to the children He said, "Come to Me!"  
That's why I love Him so.

Chorus—

That's why I love Him, that's why I love Him,  
Because He first loved me;  
When I'm tempted and tried, He is close by my side  
That's why I love Him so.

He the weak lambs to His bosom will take,  
That's why I love Him so;  
Never will He for a moment forsake,  
That's why I love Him so.

He has in heaven prepared me a place,  
That's why I love Him so;  
Where I may dwell, by His wonderful grace,  
That's why I love Him so. Amen.

**948**

TABERNACLE.

(71)

Jesus! what a Friend for sinners!  
Jesus! Lover of my soul;  
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,  
He, my Saviour, makes me whole.

Chorus—

Hallelujah! what a Saviour!  
Hallelujah! what a Friend!  
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,  
He is with me to the end.

Jesus! what a strength in weakness!  
Let me hide myself in Him;  
Tempted, tried and sometimes failing,  
He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.

Jesus! I do now receive Him,  
More than all in Him I find,  
He hath granted me forgiveness,  
I am His, and He is mine. Amen.

949                      TABERNACLE.                      (75)

Jesus came to earth by a lowly birth,  
Gave Himself as an offer'ng of matchless worth;  
To His own He came in His Father's name,  
But they scorned to receive Him their King.

Chorus—

But as many as received Him to them He gave the  
power,  
The power to become the sons of God;  
(Repeat).

Grace and pardon free, all for you and me,  
Ev'ry one who receives Him a son may be;  
For His blood He spilt to remove our guilt,  
When He offered Himself once for all.

Not by works we come as the Father's son,  
To receive as a welcome the words "well done;"  
Lest we fain would boast as a mighty host,  
Knowing not 'tis the free gift of God. Amen.

950                      TABERNACLE.                      (79)

The Bible stands like a rock undaunted  
'Mid the raging storms of time;  
Its pages burn with the truth eternal,  
And they glow with a light sublime.

Chorus—

The Bible stands though the hills may tumble,  
It will firmly stand when the earth shall crumble;  
I will plant my feet on its firm foundation,  
For the Bible stands.

The Bible stands and it will forever,  
When the world has passed away;  
By inspiration it has been given,  
All its precepts I will obey.

The Bible stands ev'ry test we give it,  
For its Author is divine;  
By grace alone I expect to live it,  
And to prove it and make it mine. Amen.

951                      TABERNACLE.                      (80)

Down from His splendor in glory He came,  
Into a world of woe;  
Took on Himself all my guilt and my shame,  
Why should He love me so?

Chorus—

How can I help but love Him,  
When He loved me so?  
How can I help but love Him,  
When He loved me so?

I am unworthy to take of His grace,  
Wonderful grace so free;  
Yet Jesus suffered and died in my place,  
E'en for a soul like me.

He is the fairest of thousands to me,  
His love is sweet and true;  
Wonderful beauty in Him I now see,  
More than I ever knew. Amen.

952                      TABERNACLE.                      (91)

Be not dismayed whate'er betide,  
God will take care of you;  
Beneath His wings of love abide,  
God will take care of you.



Chorus—

God will take care of you,  
Thro' ev'ry day, o'er all the way;  
He will take care of you,  
God will take care of you.

Thro' days of toil when hearts doth fail,  
God will takes care of you;  
When dangers fierce your path assail,  
He will take care of you,

No matter what will be the test,  
God will takes care of you;  
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,  
God will take care of you.

Amen

953

TABERNACLE.

(93)

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Chorus—

Leaning, leaning on Jesus,  
Safe and secure from all alarms,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.  
Leaning, leaning on Jesus,

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Amen.

954

TABERNACLE.

(95)

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,  
Frm His lighthouse evermore,  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore. Amen.

Chorus—

Let the lower lights be burning!  
Send a gleam across he wave!  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman  
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,  
Some poor sailor, tempest tossed,  
Trying now to make the harbor,  
In the darkness may be lost. Amen.

955

TABERNACLE.

(98)

Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,  
Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters  
flow;  
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,  
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

Chorus—

Follow! follow, I would follow Jesus!  
Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,  
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters  
flow;

With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear;  
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

Down in the valley, or upon the mountain steep,  
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep;  
He will lead me safely in the path that He has trod,  
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

Jesus is all the word to me, my life, my joy, my all;  
He is my strength from day to day, without Him I  
would fall.

When I am sad to Him I go, no other one can cheer  
me so;

When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.

Jesus is all the world to me, and true to Him I'll be;  
O how could I this friend deny, when He's so true to  
me?

Following Him I know I'm right, keeping His cross  
within my sight;

Following Him, by day and night, He's my friend.

Jesus is all the world to me, I want no better friend;  
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when life's fleeting  
days shall end.

Beautiful life with such a friend; beautiful life that has  
no end;

Eternal life, eternal joy, He's my friend. Amen.

There's a Stranger at the door,  
Let Him in;

He has been there oft before,  
Let Him in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone,

Let Him in, the Holy One,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,

Let Him in;

Open now to Him your Heart,

Let Him in;

If you wait He will depart,

Let Him in;

Let Him in, He is your Friend,

He your soul will sure defend,

He will keep you to the end,

Let Him in;

Now admit the heav'nly Guest,

Let Him in;

He will make for you a feast,

Let Him in;

He will speak your sins forgiv'n,

And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

He will take you home to heav'n,

Let Him in. Amen.

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Chorus—

Are you washed in the blood,

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless?

Are they white as snow?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,

And be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,

O be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Amen.

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,

When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?

When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,

Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

Chorus—

We have an anchor that keeps the soul,

Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;

Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,

Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

When our eyes behold thro' the gathering night  
The city of gold, our harbor bright,  
We shall anchor fast on the heav'nly shore,  
With the storms all past forever more. Amen.

960

TABERNACLE.

(136)

God's grace higher far than the heaven's  
God's grace deeper far than the sea,  
God's grace broader far than the ocean,  
God's grace is sufficient for me.

Chorus—

God's grace, God's grace,  
God's grace is sufficient for me, for me,  
God's grace, God's grace,  
God's grace is sufficient for me.

God's grace, O the joy when I hear it!  
God's grace is so rich and so free;  
God's grace—not my works nor my merits,  
God's grace saves and keeps even me.

God's grace far above earthly pleasure;  
God's grace is for all—taste and see,  
God's grace is His gift without measure;  
God's grace is sufficient for me

961

TABERNACLE.

(21)

Have Thine own way, Lord!  
Have Thine own way.  
Thou art the potter, I am the clay.  
Mould me and make after Thy will,  
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have Thine own way, Lord!  
Have Thine own way.  
Search me and try me, Master, to-day;  
Whiter than snow, Lord, wash me just now,  
As in Thy presence, humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way, Lord!  
Have Thine own way.  
Wounded and weary, help me I pray;  
Power—all power—surely is thine;  
Touch me and heal me, Saviour divine!

Have Thine own way, Lord!  
Have Thine own way.  
Hold o'er my being absolute sway;  
Fill with Thy Spirit, till all shall see  
Christ only always, living in me!

Amen.

962 ✓

TABERNACLE.

(143)

It is glory just to walk with Him whose blood has  
ransomed me;  
It is rapture for my soul each day.  
It is joy divine to feel Him near where e'er my path  
may be,  
Bless the Lord, it's glory all the way.

Chorus—

It is glory just to walk with Him,  
It is glory just to walk with Him,  
He will guide my steps aright  
Thro' the vale and o'er the height,  
It is glory just to walk with Him.

It is glory when the shadows fall to know that He is near;  
Oh! what joy to simply trust and pray!  
It is glory to abide in Him when skies above are clear;  
Yes, with Him it's glory all the way!

'Twill be glory when I walk with Him on heaven's  
golden shore,  
Never from His side again to stray.  
'Twill be glory, wondrous glory with the Saviour ever  
more,  
Everlasting glory all the way!

Amen.

Out of the depths to the glory above,  
I have been lifted in wonderful love,  
From ev'ry fetter my spirit is free—  
For Jesus has lifted me!

Chorus—

Jesus has lifted me!  
Jesus has lifted me!  
Out of the night into glorious light,  
Yes, Jesus has lifted me!

Out of the world into heavenly rest,  
Into the land of the ransomed and blest  
There in the glory with Him I shall be—  
For Jesus has lifted me!

Out of my self into Him I adore,  
There to abide in His love evermore,  
Thro' endless ages His glory to see—  
My Jesus has lifted me! Amen.

Christ our Redeemer died on the cross,  
Died for the sinner, paid all His due;  
Sprinkle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,  
And I will pass, will pass over you.

Chorus—

When I see the blood,  
When I see the blood,  
When I see the blood,  
I will pass, I will pass over you.

Chiefest of sinners, Jesus will save;  
All He has promised, that will He do;  
Wash in the fountain opened for sin,  
And I will pass, will pass over you.

Oh, great compassion! O boundless love!  
O loving kindness, faithful and true!  
Find peace and shelter under the blood,  
And I will pass, will pass over you. Amen.

"Man of Sorrow," what a name  
For the Son of God who came  
Ruined sinners to reclaim!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
In my place condemned He stood,  
Sealed my pardon with His blood;  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die,  
"It is finished," was His cry;  
Now in heav'n exalted high,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Amen.

Wonderful love that rescued me, sunk deep in sin,  
Guilty and vile as I could be—no hope within;  
When ev'ry ray of light had fled, O glorious day!  
Raising my soul from out the dead, Love found a way.

Chorus—

Love found a way to redeem my soul,  
Love found a way that could make me whole;  
Love sent my Lord to the cross of shame,  
Love found a way, O praise His holy name!

Love bro't my Saviour here to die, on Calvary,  
For such a sinful wretch as I, how can it be?  
Love bridged the gulf twixt me and heaven, taught me to  
pray;  
I am redeemed, set free, forgiv'n, Love found a way.

Love opened wide the gates of light to heav'ns domain,  
Where in eternal power and might Jesus shall reign;  
Love lifted me from depths of woe to endless day,  
There was no help in earth below, Love found a way.  
Amen.

967                      TABERNACLE.                      (172)

Would you be free from your burden of sin?  
There's pow'r in the blood; pow'r in the blood;  
Would you o'er evil a victory win?  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Chorus—

There is pow'r, pow'r wonder-working pow'r  
In the blood of the Lamb;  
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r  
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

Would you be free from your passion and pride?  
There's pow'r in the blood; pow'r in the blood.  
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide,  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?  
There's pow'r in the blood; pow'r in the blood;  
Would you live daily His praises to sing?  
There's wonderful pow'r in the blood. Amen.

968                      TABERNACLE.                      (178)

I once was loaded down with sin but Jesus came along;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Now I am free and in my heart I have a happy song;  
Hallelujah, praise His name!

Chorus—

Hallelujah, praise His Holy name!  
Hallelujah, He's ev'ry day the same;  
My sins are forgiven, I'm on my way to heaven,  
I'll shout His name for ever; Praise His name.

The grace of God is flowing from the Cross of Calvary;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
I'm happy, for I know that there is grace enough for me;  
Hallelujah, praise His name!  
Amen.

969                      TABERNACLE.                      (189)

I've entered the land dearly bought by His blood,  
Passed over Jordan surrendered by God;  
I've found His sufficiency here in this land,  
Glory to Jesus forever.

Far, far on the other side,  
I'm living across the river;  
Burned are the bridges twixt me and the world;  
Glory to Jesus forever.

The giants are conquered the spies said were here,  
Jesus is victor I need have no fear,  
Summer in winter and joy all the year,  
Glory to Jesus forever.

Amen.

970                      TABERNACLE.                      (190)

I know that my Saviour will never forsake,  
I know that my faith in Him never will shake;  
My journey a pathway of gladness He'll make,  
He'll walk with me all the way.

Chorus—

He'll walk with me all the way,  
He'll walk with me all the way,  
He'll help me o'er sin the vict'ry to win,  
And walk with me all the way.

He'll lead me in paths that are pleasant and green,  
And show me new glories, so long since unseen;  
His hand will I hold all secure and serene,  
He'll walk with me all the way.

My eyes will new beauty and glory perceive,  
As daily His blessing life's tangles unweave;  
I'll hold to His hand and no more let Him leave;  
He'll walk with me all the way.

Amen.

971

TABERNACLE.

(199)

More about Jesus would I know,  
More of His grace to others show;  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love who died for me.

Chorus—

More, more about Jesus,  
More, more about Jesus,  
More of His saving fullness see,  
More of His love who died for me.

More about Jesus let me learn,  
More of His holy will discern;  
Spirit of God, my teacher be,  
Showing the things of Christ to me.

More about Jesus; in His word,  
Holding communion with the Lord;  
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line,  
Making each faithful saying mine. Amen.

972

TABERNACLE.

(201)

In tenderness He sought me,  
Weary and sick with sin,  
And on His shoulder brought me  
Back to His fold again.  
While angels in His presence sang  
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Chorus—

Oh, the love that sought me!  
Oh, the blood that bought me!  
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold,  
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

232

He washed the bleeding sin wounds  
And poured in oil and wine;  
He whispered to assure me,  
"I found thee, thou art mine."

I never heard a sweeter voice,  
It made my aching heart rejoice.

He pointed to the nail-prints,  
For me His blood was shed,  
A mocking crown so thorny,  
Was placed upon His head.  
I wondered what He saw in me,  
To suffer such deep agony. Amen.

973

TABERNACLE.

(209)

Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it!  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy,  
His child, and forever I am.

Chorus—

Redeemed, redeemed,  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;  
Redeemed, redeemed,  
His child, and forever I am.

Redeemed and so happy in Jesus,  
No language my rapture can tell;  
I know that the light of His presence  
With me doth continually dwell.

I know there's a crown that is waiting,  
In yonder bright mansion for me;  
And soon with the spirits made perfect,  
At home with the Lord I shall be.

Amen.

974

TABERNACLE.

(231)

If singing His praises is sweet to us here,  
What will it be when we see Him?  
And if to our hearts His own word grows more dear,  
What will it be when we see Him?

233

Chorus—

What will it be when we see Him?  
What will it be when we see Him?  
We shall in an instant be wholly transformed,  
We'll know what He is when we see Him.

How blest are the moments with Him which we spend,  
What will it be when we see Him?  
When perfect communion all thought will transcend,  
What will it be when we see Him?

If we upon earth are amazed at His grace,  
What will it be when we see Him?  
If here, though but dimly, His beauty we trace,  
What will it be when we see Him?

Amen.

975

TABERNACLE.

(232)

Simply trusting ev'ry day  
Trusting thro' a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus—

Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by;  
Trusting Him whate'er befall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While He leads I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past,  
Till within the jasper wall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all. Amen.

234

976

TABERNACLE.

(245)

In loving kindness Jesus came  
My soul in mercy to reclaim,  
And from the depths of sin and shame  
Thro' grace He lifted me.

Chorus—

From sinking sand He lifted me,  
With tender hand He lifted me,  
From shades of night to plains of light,  
O praise His name, He lifted me!

He called me long before I heard,  
Before my sinful heart was stirred,  
But when I took Him at His word,  
Forgiv'n He lifted me. Amen.

977

TABERNACLE.

(271)

Gone from my heart the world and all its charms;  
Now through the blood I'm saved from all alarms;  
Down at the cross my heart is bending low;  
The precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

Chorus—

I love Him, I love Him,  
Because He first loved me,  
And purchased my salvation on Calvary's tree.

Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin;  
Once was a slave to passions fierce within;  
Once was afraid to meet an angry God,  
But now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.

Once I was bound, but now I am set free;;  
Once I was blind, but now the light I see;  
Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,  
To tell the world around, the peace that He doth give.

Amen.

235

Ho! my comrades! see the signal  
 Waving in the sky!  
 Reinforcements now appearing,  
 Victory is nigh.

Chorus—

“Hold the fort, for I am coming,”  
 Jesus signals still;  
 Wave the answer back to heaven,  
 “By Thy grace we will.”

See the glorious banner waving!  
 Hear the trumpet blow!  
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
 Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
 But our help is near;  
 Onward comes our great Commander,  
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer. Amen.

'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
 Just to take Him at His word;  
 Just to rest upon His promise,  
 Just to know, “Thus saith the Lord.”

Chorus—

Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him,  
 How I've proved Him o'er and o'er;  
 Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
 O for grace to trust Him more.

O how sweet to trust in Jesus,  
 Just to trust His cleansing blood;  
 Just in simple faith to plunge me,  
 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,  
 Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend,  
 And I know that Thou art with me,  
 Wilt be with me to the end. Amen.

I can hear my Saviour calling,  
 I can hear my Saviour calling,  
 I can hear my Saviour calling,  
 “Take my cross and follow, follow Me.”

I'll go with Him thro' the garden,  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden,  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden,  
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

He will give me grace and glory,  
 He will give me grace and glory,  
 He will give me grace and glory,  
 And go with me, with me, all the way. Amen.

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!  
 Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
 Heir of salvation, purchased of God,  
 Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

Chorus—

This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long;  
 This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
 I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest,  
 Watching and waiting, looking above,  
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.  
 Amen.



982

## TABERNACLE.

(352)

I am so happy in Christ today,  
That I go singing a-long my way;  
Yes, I am happy to know and say,  
Jesus included me too.

Chorus—

Jesus included me, yes, He included me.  
When the Lord said "whosoever" He included me.  
Jesus included me, yes, He included me.  
When the Lord said "whosoever" He included me.

Gladly I read, "whosoever may  
Come to the fountain of life to-day."  
But when I read it I always say,  
Jesus included me too. Amen.

983

## SANKEY.

(530)

With my Saviour ever near to guide me,  
I am safe whatever may betide me;  
From the storm and tempest He will hide me,  
In the hollow of His hand.

Chorus—

In the hollow of His hand,  
In the hollow of His hand,  
I am safe whatever may betide me,  
In the hollow of His hand.

He will guard my soul and leave me never;  
From the storm and tempest He will hide me,  
And I know He'll keep me now and ever  
In the hollow of His hand. Amen.

984

## SANKEY.

(832)

Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way—  
In a little while we're going home;  
For the night will end in the everlasting day—  
In a little while we're going home.

238

Chorus—

In a little while.....In a little while  
We shall cross the billows foam;  
We shall meet at last when the stormy winds  
are past;  
In a little while we're going home.

We will do the work that our hands may find to do  
In a little while we're going home;  
And the grace of God will our daily strength renew  
In a little while we're going home.

There's a rest beyond, there's relief from every  
care—

In a little while we're going home;  
And no tears shall fall in that City bright and fair;  
In a little while we're going home. Amen.

985

## MAKE CHRIST KING.

(32)

Tho' the way we journey may be often drear,  
We shall see the King some day;  
On that blessed morning clouds will disappear;  
We shall see the King some day.

Chorus—

We shall see the King some day,  
We will shout and sing some day;  
Gathered round the throne,  
When He shall call His own,  
We shall see the King some day.

After foes are conquered, after battles won,  
We shall see the King some day;  
After strife is over, after set of sun,  
We shall see the King some day.

There with all the loved ones who have gone  
before,

We shall see the King some day;  
Sorrow past forever, on that peaceful shore,  
We shall see the King some day. Amen.

239

986

## MAKE CHRIST KING.

(27)

In looking through my tears one day,  
 I saw Mount Calvary;  
 Beneath the Cross there flowed a stream  
 Of grace, enough for me.

Chorus—

Grace is flowing from Calvary;  
 Grace as fathomless as the sea,  
 Grace for time and eternity,  
 Grace, enough for me.

When I beheld my every sin  
 Nailed to the cruel tree,  
 I felt a flood, go through my soul,  
 Of grace, enough for me.

When I am safe within the veil,  
 My portion there will be,  
 To sing thro' all the years to come,  
 Of grace, enough for me. Amen.

987

## MAKE CHRIST KING.

(56)

When upon life's billows you are are tempest tossed,  
 When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,  
 Count your many blessings, name them one by one,  
 And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Chorus—

Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
 Count your blessings, see what God hath done;  
 Count your blessings, name them one by one;  
 And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

Are you ever burdened with a load of care?  
 Does the cross seem heavy you are called to bear?  
 Count your many blessings, every doubt will fly,  
 And you will be singing as the days go by.

So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,  
 Do not be discouraged, God is over all;  
 Count your many blessings, angels will attend,  
 Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.  
 Amen.

988

## MAKE CHRIST KING.

(223)

For all the Lord has done for me,  
 I never will cease to love Him;  
 And for His grace so rich and free,  
 I never will cease to love Him.

Chorus—

I never will cease to love Him,  
 My Saviour, My Saviour;  
 I never will cease to love Him,  
 He's done so much for me.

He gives me strength for every day,  
 I never will cease to love Him;  
 He leads and guides me all the way,  
 I never will cease to love Him.

While on my journey here below,  
 I never will cease to love Him;  
 And when to that bright world I go,  
 I will never cease to love Him.

Amen.

989

## MAKE CHRIST KING.

(23)

God is calling the prodigal, come without delay,  
 Hear, O hear, Him calling, calling now for thee;  
 Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence,  
 come to-day,  
 Hear His loving voice calling still.

Chorus—

Calling now for thee,  
 O weary prodigal, come;  
 Calling now for thee,  
 O weary prodigal come.

Patient, loving and tenderly still the Father pleads,  
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;  
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,  
Hear His loving voice calling still.

Come, there's bread in the house of my Father and  
to spare,

Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;  
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting  
there,

Hear His loving voice calling still. Amen.

990 MAKE CHRIST KING. (277)

Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the surges cease to roll;  
Where in all the bright forever,  
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus—

Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
Shall we meet beyond the river?  
Shall we meet beyond the river  
Where the surges, cease to roll?

Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine;  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?

Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,  
When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know His blessed favor  
And sit down upon His throne? Amen.

991 OLIVER. (64)

Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb;  
And shall I fear to own His cause  
Or blush to speak His name?

Chorus—

And when the battle's over I shall wear a crown,  
I shall wear a crown, I shall wear a crown;  
For when the battle's over I shall wear a crown,  
In the new Jerusalem.

Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

Amen.

992 CREAM OF SONG. (50)

He pardoned my transgressions,  
He sanctified my soul,  
He honours my confessions,  
Since by His blood I'm whole.

Chorus—

It is truly wonderful what the Lord has done!  
It is truly wonderful! It is truly wonderful!  
It is truly wonderful what the Lord has done!  
Glory to His name.

He keeps me every moment,  
By trusting in His grace;  
'Tis through His blest atonement,  
That I may see His face.

There's not a single blessing  
Which we receive on earth  
That does not come from Heaven,  
The source of our new birth. Amen.

Will you come, will you come, with your poor  
broken heart?

Burdened and sin oppressed:

Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,  
Jesus will give you rest.

Chorus—

O happy rest, sweet happy rest;  
Jesus will give you rest;  
Oh! why won't you come in simple, trusting faith?  
Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come, there is mercy for  
you,

Balm for your aching breast;  
Only come as you are, and believe on His name,  
Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come, you have nothing  
to pay?

Jesus who loves you best,

By His death on the cross purchased life for your  
soul,

Jesus will give you rest.

Will you come, will you come, how He pleads with  
you now,

Fly to His loving breast;  
And what ever your sin or your sorrow may be  
Jesus will give you rest. Amen.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead,

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
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And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Amen.

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