

The Bible Students' HYMNAL

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
and into His courts with praise: be
thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

Publishers

THE MIDLAND GROUP OF FREE BIBLE STUDENTS

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Preface

The need for a tune edition of the Bible Students' Hymnal has been acutely felt for some time, and it is to meet this need that the Midland Group of Free Bible Students has been used to compile the present volume. Although it is impossible to please all tastes in the choice of tunes, we trust the selection will be generally acceptable. That this book is now a reality will, we believe, be reward enough to all who have in any way made its production possible.

We humbly present this volume with the prayer that it may be of real blessing to all who use it, and to the praise and glory of our Heavenly Father.

THE MIDLAND GROUP
OF FREE BIBLE STUDENTS

Acknowledgments

In making our acknowledgements to copyright holders, for the use of both tunes and words, in accordance with the following lists we feel bound also to express our sincere thanks to our printers who have been so helpful and patient at all times.

As will be seen from the list, permissions for the use of words are fewer than for the tunes. At one stage it seemed there would be a difficulty because the words of the hymns in the small hymnal (already in existence) were in some cases a little different from those in other books, but a careful comparison of various hymn books revealed the fact that very few hymns are now printed in their original form. Indeed it was impossible in many cases to know which was the original, and thus if our words are sometimes a little different, we feel to be in good company. The greater number of our words were written by men of God many years ago and are not now copyright, but for those cases where copyright exists we express our thanks for the permissions granted.

Finally, although diligent search has been made into this question of copyright, it is possible there may be items of words or music where we have transgressed. Should this be so we offer our sincere apologies and will certainly rectify the matter in any future edition.

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- 1 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, oh, abide with me !
- 2 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 !
- 3 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, oh, abide with me !
- 4 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.



Alternative Tune : Farrant 425

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, given for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and deep distress,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember Thee.
- 6 Then of Thy grace I'll know the sum,
And in Thy likeness be,
When Thou hast in Thy kingdom come
And dost remember me.



- 1 AH ! my heart is heavy laden
Weary and oppressed.
Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.
- 2 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here ?
Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear.
- 3 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last ?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past !
- 4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away !

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of music. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system is labeled 'Refrain' and contains two lines of music. The fourth system contains the final two lines of music. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

- 1 AH, tell me not of gold or treasure,
Of pomp and beauty here on earth !
There's not a thing that gives me pleasure,
Of all this world displays for worth.

REFRAIN

- Each heart will seek and love its own ;
My goal is Christ and Christ alone,
My goal is Christ and Christ alone.
- 2 The world and her pursuits will perish :
Her beauty's fading like a flower ;
The brightest schemes the earth can cherish
Are but the pastime of an hour.
Each heart, etc.

3 Against this tower there's no prevailing ;
His Kingdom passes not away ;
His throne abides, despite assailing,
From henceforth unto endless day.
Each heart, etc.

4 And tho' a pilgrim I must wander,
Still absent from the One I love,
He soon will have me with Him yonder
In His own glory-realms above.
Triumphantly I therefore own,
: My goal is Christ, and Christ alone. :

5

EVAN

C.M.

W. H. HAVERGAL



- 1 A "LITTLE flock," so calls He thee ;
Who bought thee with His blood ;
A "little flock " disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.
- 2 A "little flock," so calls He thee ;
Church of the Firstborn, hear !
Be not ashamed to own the name ;
It is no name of fear.
- 3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise ;
Those whom God makes His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the Chief Shepherd comes at length ;
Her feeble days are o'er.
With glory crowned, and sceptre's strength,
She reigns for evermore.



- 1 A LITTLE while, our warfare shall be over ;
A little while, our tears be wiped away ;
A little while, the power of Jehovah
Shall turn our darkness into gladsome day.
- 2 A little while, the fears that oft surround us
Shall to the memories of the past belong ;
A little while, the love that sought and found us
Shall change our weeping into Heaven's glad song.
- 3 A little while ! 'Tis ever drawing nearer—
The brighter dawning of that glorious day.
Blest Saviour, make our spirit's vision clearer,
And guide, O guide us in the shining way !
- 4 A little while, O blessed expectation !
For strength to run with patience, Lord, we cry ;
Our hearts up-leap in fond anticipation ;
Our union with the Bridegroom draweth nigh.
- 5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing ;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

6 (SECOND TUNE)
BEATITUDE

11.10.11.10



- 1 A LITTLE while, our warfare shall be over ;
A little while, our tears be wiped away ;
A little while, the power of Jehovah
Shall turn our darkness into gladsome day.
- 2 A little while, the fears that oft surround us
Shall to the memories of the past belong ;
A little while, the love that sought and found us
Shall change our weeping into Heaven's glad song.
- 3 A little while ! 'Tis ever drawing nearer—
The brighter dawning of that glorious day.
Blest Saviour, make our spirit's vision clearer,
And guide, O guide us in the shining way !
- 4 A little while, O blessed expectation !
For strength to run with patience, Lord, we cry ;
Our hearts up-leap in fond anticipation ;
Our union with the Bridegroom draweth nigh.
- 5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing ;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

Refrain

- 1 "A LITTLE while ;" now He has come ;
The hour draws on apace—
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face.
How light our trials then will seem !
How short our pilgrim way !
The life of earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day !

REFRAIN

- Then, O Lord Jesus, quickly show
Thy glory and Thy light,
And take God's longing children home,
And end earth's weary night.
- 2 "A little while ;" with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask, "How long?"
For how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come ?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan ?
- 3 Yet peace, my heart ! and hush, my tongue !
Be calm, my troubled breast !
Each passing hour prepares thee more
For everlasting rest.
Thou knowest well, the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.
The morning star already shines ;
The glow is in the east.

El Nathan



Alternative Tune : O Perfect Love 285

- 1 ALL, all for Thee ! Dear Saviour, may this
watchword
Be Thine own key-note for my life this year.
So sweetly harmonizing thought and action,
That none who listen shall a discord hear !
- 2 All, all for Thee ! Oh take me now entirely !
Return each note with Thine own gentle hand ;
I give myself afresh into Thy keeping,
To do or suffer, as Thou shalt command.
- 3 I give my heart—I long to love Thee better
Than ever I have done in years before :
That all I do may be a joy, not duty ;
Lord Jesus, grant it ; may I love Thee more !
- 4 I give my will, O Master, do receive it ;
It must rebel in any care but Thine ;
I cannot keep it, it is so self-pleasing :
What rest to think it is no longer mine !
- 5 O Master, by Thine own most Holy Spirit,
Send heav'nly music o'er the earth through me !
So true, so beautiful, so soul-refreshing,
That those who hear it may learn more of Thee !

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.



Alternative Tune : All for Jesus 14

- 1 ALL for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All my being's ransomed pow'rs ;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,
 All my days and all my hours.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All my days and all my hours.
- 2 Let my hands perform His bidding ;
 Let my feet run in His ways ;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only ;
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside—
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 All for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
 All for Jesus crucified !

Refrain

- 1 ALL glory to Jesus be giv'n,
That life and salvation are free,
And all may be wash'd and forgiv'n ;
Yes, Jesus has sav'd even me.

REFRAIN

- Christ Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation shall know
On His merit I lean, and His blood makes me clean,
Yes, His blood has wash'd whiter than snow.
- 2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.
- 3 O ! the rapturous heights of His love,
The measureless depths of His grace !
My soul all His fulness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.
- 4 In Him all my needs are supplied,
His love starts my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

And crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

Alternative Tune : Diadem 355

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.



- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

13

ALL THE WAY

8.7.8.7.D.

R. LOWRY

The musical score is presented in six systems, each consisting of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The notation is highly rhythmic, featuring many eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by frequent eighth-note patterns, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the sixth system.

- 1 ALL the way my Saviour leads me ;
What have I to ask beside ?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my guide ?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell !
: For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well. :
- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
Cheers each winding path I tread ;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread ;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
: Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo ! a spring of joy I see. :
- 3 All the way my Saviour leads me ;
Oh, the fulness of His love !
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above ;
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
: This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way. :



- 1 ALL to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give ;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.
- 2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow ;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken—
Take me, Jesus, take me now.
- 3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine ;
Let the Holy Spirit witness
I am Thine and Thou art mine.
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender :
Lord, I give myself to Thee ;
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing rest on me.



- 1 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 ?
- 2 Must I be borne to Paradise,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through troubled seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
Increase my courage Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 When Thine illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy saints shall shine,
And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.

16

MORNINGTON

S.M.



Alternative Tune : St. Michael 380

- 1 AND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To wean my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Though late, I all forsake ;
My will, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 3 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.
- 4 My one desire be this,
Thy love to fully know ;
Nor seek I longer other bliss
Or other good below.
- 5 My life, my portion Thou ;
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure now
Enter, and keep my heart.



Alternative Tune : Arizona 192

- 1 AND dost Thou say, " Ask what thou wilt " ?
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of Thine image let me bear ;
 Erect Thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
 And from Thy joy to draw my strength ;
 To have Thy boundless love revealed,
 Its height and depth, its breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to Thy care the rest resign ;
 Living or dying, rich or poor,
 All shall be well if Thou art mine.



- 1 ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so ?
What the high reward I win ?
Whose the name I glory in ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 What is faith's foundation strong ?
What awakes my lips to song ?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my fiercest foes ?
Who consoles my saddest woes ?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is life in life to me ?
Who the death of death will be ?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light ?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 5 This is that great thing I know ;
 This delights and stirs me so ;
 Faith in Him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

19

MARTYRDOM

C.M.

H. WILSON



- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.
- 3 For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine ?
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.



Alternative Tune : Martyrdom 19

- 1 AS pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul for Thee.
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
When wilt Thou call for me ?
- 2 How oft at night I turn mine eyes
Toward my heavenly home,
And long for that blest time when Thou,
My Lord, shalt bid me, "Come !"
- 3 And yet I know that only those
Thy blessed face shall see,
Whose hearts from every stain of sin
Are purified and free.
- 4 And oh, my Master and my Lord,
I know I'm far from meet
With all Thy blessed saints in light
To hold communion sweet.
- 5 I know that those who share Thy throne
Must in Thy likeness be,
And all the Spirit's precious fruits
In them the Father see.
- 6 Lord, grant me grace more patiently
To strive with my poor heart,
And bide Thy time to be with Thee
And see Thee as Thou art !

21

TALLIS' CANON

L.M.

T. TALLIS

*Alternative Tune : Angelus 23*

- 1 ASSIST us, Father, in Thy love,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us in holiness, the road
Which we must keep to dwell with Thee ;
Lead us in Christ, the living way ;
Nor let us from Thy pastures stray.
- 4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for Thine appointed hour ;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conq'ring power.



- 1 AS with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our glorious King.
- 4 Holy Saviour, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

22 (SECOND TUNE)

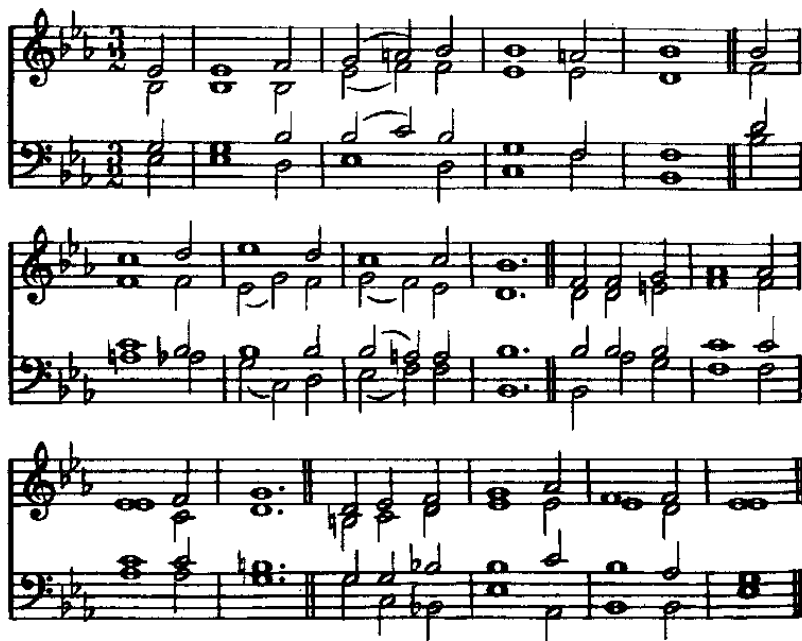
HEATHLANDS

7.7.7.7.7.

H. SMART



- 1 As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our glorious King.
- 4 Holy Saviour, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.



- 1 AT even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !
- 2 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.
- 3 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 ;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too wast Man ;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide ;
- 7 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.

24

DOVER

S.M.



Alternative Tune : St. Michael 380

- 1 AWAKE ! and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Come, pilgrims on the road
 To Zion's city, sing :
 Rejoice we in the Lamb of God—
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 3 Soon shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 In sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.



- 1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake !
No longer in the dust lie down ;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
Arise, and gladly hail the light :
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair :
And now receive thy liberty ;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from ev'ry sinful stain ;
Behold your Lord ! His Word embrace,
Nor bear His hallowed name in vain.



Alternative Tune : St. Saviour 115

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glory bright,
With Thee, O Lord, we'll gain,
When earth's great monarchs shall have lost
Their glory and their fame.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Our race have we begun ;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.



- 1 AWAKE my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
Combine its heav'nward way t'oppose,
He safely leads His Church along :
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood :
His loving kindness, O how good !
- 5 And when earth's rightful King shall come,
To take His ransomed people home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore :
His loving kindness evermore.



- 1 AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone !
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint !
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cleaves the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.



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1 BE glad in the Lord and rejoice,
All ye that are upright in heart ;
And ye that have made Him your choice,
Bid sadness and sorrow depart.

REFRAIN.

Rejoice ! rejoice! Be glad in the Lord and rejoice !
Rejoice ! rejoice! Be glad in the Lord and rejoice !

- 2 Be joyful, for He is the Lord,
On earth and in heaven supreme :
He fashions and rules by His word ;
The " Mighty " and " Strong " to redeem.
- 3 What tho' in the conflict for right
Your enemies almost prevail !
God's armies, just hid from your sight,
Are more than the foes which assail.
- 4 Tho' darkness surround you by day,
Your sky by the night be o'er-cast,
Let nothing your spirit dismay,
But trust till the danger is past.
- 5 Be glad in the Lord and rejoice,
His praises proclaiming in song ;
With harp, and with organ, and voice,
The loud hallelujahs prolong !

M. E. Servoss



- 1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On members of a fallen race,
To make them sons of God.
- 2 By His dear Son redeemed,
By grace then purified ;
What favour that we should be named
For Christ's joint-heir and bride !
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 Now in our Father's love
We share a filial part ;
He grants the spirit from above
To dwell within each heart.

30 (SECOND TUNE)

VENICE

S.M.

W. AMPS



30 (THIRD TUNE)

ST. PAUL'S

S.M.

J. STAINER





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- 1 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.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding place ;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face ;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss—
My former life my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Refrain

- 1 BLESSED assurance—Jesus is mine !
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine !
Heir of salvation, purchase of God ;
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

REFRAIN.

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.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight ;
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
- 3 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.

33

MERCY

7.7.7.7.



- 1 BLESSED Bible, precious Word !
Boon most sacred from the Lord ;
Glory to His name be giv'n,
For this choicest gift from heav'n.
- 2 'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night ;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.
- 3 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.
- 4 'Tis a mine, aye, deeper too,
Than can mortal ever go ;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem appears.



Alternative Tune : Arizona 192

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity .
- 5 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.



- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 3 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 4 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 5 When we asunder part,
O may this mutual love
Encourage every fainting heart,
His zeal and faith to prove.
- 6 Our glorious hope revives
Our courage every day,
While each in expectation strives
To run the heavenly way.



Alternative Tune : Darwalls 148th. 203

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 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,
Returning ransomed sinners home.</p> | <p>3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption through His blood,
To all the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Returning ransomed sinners home.</p> |
| <p>2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest ;
Ye mournful souls be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Returning ransomed sinners home.</p> | <p>4 Ye, who were sold for naught,
Whose heritage was lost,
May have it back unbought,
A gift at Jesus' cost :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Returning ransomed sinners home.</p> |
| <p>5 The seventh trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Salvation now is near ;
Seek ye the Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Returning ransomed sinners home.</p> | |



By permission of the composer

Alternative Tune : Lathbury 184

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 BREAK Thou the Bread of Life,
 Dear Lord, to me
 As Thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea ;
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek Thee, Lord ;
 My spirit pants for Thee,
 O living word !</p> | <p>2 O grant Thy spirit, Lord,
 Now unto me ;
 Enlighten Thou my eyes
 That I may see ;
 Show me the truth concealed
 Within Thy word,
 Then in Thy Book revealed
 I'll see Thee, Lord.</p> |
| <p>3 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me, to me ;
 As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee ;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace,
 My All in All.</p> | |



- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake ! awake !
Why weep for sorrow now ?
The hope of glory, Christ is thine ;
A child of glory, thou.
- 2 Thy spirit thro' the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is here ;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes, for O ! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call His bride away.
- 5 This earth the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.



- 1 BRIGHTER and clearer grows the light of the morning,
Driving the clouds of gloom for aye away.
Sounds yet but dimly heard acclaim the dawning
Of our Redeemer's day.
- 2 Heads now are lifting which had drooped in sadness,
Hearts chilled in sorrow feel the warming ray,
Lips gently loosening in acts of praising,
For our Redeemer's day.
- 3 O glorious hope for all in signs so cheering ;
Saints from their sleeping-tombs have come away
And with the living ones are soon appearing,
In our Redeemer's day.
- 4 Hark ! Hark ! those rousing notes of joy and singing,
Whence all this music ? Fellow pilgrim say !
Why are the everlasting joy bells ringing ?
'Tis our Redeemer's day.

39 (SECOND TUNE)**COMFORT**

11.10.11.6.



- 1 BRIGHTER and clearer grows the light of the morning,
Driving the clouds of gloom for aye away.
Sounds yet but dimly heard acclaim the dawning
Of our Redeemer's day.
- 2 Heads now are lifting which had drooped in sadness,
Hearts chilled in sorrow feel the warming ray,
Lips gently loosening in acts of praising,
For our Redeemer's day.
- 3 O glorious hope for all in signs so cheering ;
Saints from their sleeping-tombs have come away
And with the living ones are soon appearing,
In our Redeemer's day.
- 4 Hark ! Hark ! those rousing notes of joy and singing,
Whence all this music ? Fellow pilgrim say !
Why are the everlasting joy bells ringing ?
'Tis our Redeemer's day.



By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.

- 1 CHILD of Mine, I love thee, listen now to Me,
And make answer truly, while I question thee.
For I see that shadows do thy soul oppress.
And thy faith so weakens that I cannot bless.
- 2 Thou hast craved My power and presence in thy
soul.
Wilt thou yield thee truly unto My control?
Wilt thou let Me ever with thee have My way—
Yield thyself in all things simply to obey?
- 3 Tho' My presence oft-times seems to be
withdrawn—
Of My inward workings not a trace be shown—
Wilt thou count Me present, notwithstanding all—
Still believe I'm working ever in thy soul?
- 4 When I give to others what I thee deny,
Flood them with My sunshine—wholly pass thee
by—
Wilt thou still believe in My strong love for thee,
Yield thee to My purpose, whatsoe'er it be?

- 5 When I to thy pleadings seem no heed to pay,
And thy foes grow bolder—claim thee as their
prey ;—
Tho' towards thee I'm silent, wilt thou stand the
test?
On My word of promise lay thee down to rest?
- 6 If to these My questions thou can answer " Yes,"
Thou shalt be for ever one I love the best.
To the inner circle of My faithful few
Thou shalt be admitted, and My glory view.

41

INNOCENTS



- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing ;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be ;
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 3 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our Saviour trod ;
In the hour of trial we
Watch Thy footprints, Lord, to see.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Blessed Christ, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

CHRIST GAVE HIS LIFE

6.6.6.6.8.6.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 CHRIST gave His life for me,
His precious blood He shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
He gave, He gave His life for me ;
How grateful I should be !</p> | <p>3 He suffered much for me,
More than I now can know,
Of bitterest agony ;
He drained the cup of woe ;
He bore, He bore it all for me,
What have I borne for Thee ?</p> |
| <p>2 His Father's house of light,
His glory-circled throne,
He left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone ;
He left, He left it all for me,
Have I left all for Thee ?</p> | <p>4 He now has brought to me,
Down from His home above,
Salvation full and free,
Pardon and life and love.
He brings, He brings rich gifts to me—
Lord, I give all to Thee.</p> |



By permission of the London Missionary Society

- 1 CHRISTIAN, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee ;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright from thy everlasting home ;
Soon shalt thou reach thy goal of glory,
Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.
- 2 Lift up thy head ; the day breaks o'er thee ;
Bright is the promised shining way !
Light from heaven is streaming for thee ;
Lo ! 'tis the dawn of perfect day.
Rejoice ! rejoice ! in hope of glory,
Counting all else but vanity :
Precious this truth ; O seek and hold it,
And send it forth that all may see.

Refrain

- 1 CHRIST is come ! now let creation
 From her groans and travail cease :
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore and faith increase.

REFRAIN.

Christ is come ! Christ is come !
Christ the blessed Prince of Peace.
Christ is come ! Christ is come !
Christ the blessed Prince of Peace.

- 2 Earth can yet but read the story
Of His Cross and dying pain ;
But shall soon behold His glory ;
For He cometh now to reign.
- 3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest and home and Thee ;
But in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 4 With this blessed hope before us ;
Let no harp remain unstrung
Let the mighty ransomed chorus,
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.



- 1 CHRIST, the Lord is risen to-day,
 Hallelujah !
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Hallelujah !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Hallelujah !
 Sing, ye heav'ns—and earth, reply.
 Hallelujah !

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Hallelujah !
Fought the battle ; victory won ;
Hallelujah !
Lo ! He's risen conqueror,
Hallelujah !
And shall sink in death no more,
Hallelujah !
- 3 Vain the watch, the seal, the stone ;
Hallelujah !
Christ as conqueror is known ;
Hallelujah !
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Hallelujah !
Soon He'll open paradise.
Hallelujah !
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Hallelujah !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Hallelujah !
Once He died our souls to save ;
Hallelujah !
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?
Hallelujah !



- 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours :
Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
Watch and pray.
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord.
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word :
Watch and pray.
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.

46 (SECOND TUNE)

SAMOS

7.7.7.3.

W. H. HAVERGAL



- 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.
- 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours :
Watch and pray.
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on ;
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one :
Watch and pray.
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.
- 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord.
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word :
Watch and pray.
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time and G major. The score consists of four systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second and third systems continue the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system includes a 'D.S. for Refrain' marking and ends with a double bar line. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand.

- 1 COME all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain,
 Come see the view beyond the tide :
 Millennial Canaan is before us,
 Soon we'll sing on the other side.
 O ! there see the " white throne of glory,"
 And crowns which the saints then shall gain ;
 And all who shall love Christ's appearing,
 Shall be blessed by His glorious reign.

REFRAIN.

O ! the prospect ! it is so transporting,
Reapers, hasten the gath'ring, we pray ;
We rejoice in the glory that's promised,
And the dawn of millennial day.

- 2 Thence springs of life will e'er be flowing,
Robing the earth in living green,
Visions of beauty rise before us
When the King and the saints shall reign.
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended ;
We'll be tried and tempted no more,
And mankind of all ages and nations
Shall be blessed in that triumphant hour.
- 3 Faith now beholds salvation's river,
Gliding from underneath the throne,
Bearing its life to whomsoever
Will return to the Father's home.
They will walk 'mid the trees by the rivers,
With the friends they have loved by their side ;
They will sing the glad songs of salvation,
And be ready to follow their guide.



- 1 COME, Gracious Father, Sun divine !
On these baptismal waters shine.
Thy light, Thy love, Thy life impart,
And fill each consecrated heart.
- 2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause ;
We'll bear the cross, the shame, the pain,
With Thy dear Son, for us once slain !
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic wave,
Nor would we seek our life to save ;
We yield our will to Thine own mould,
Nor would we seek our own to hold.
- 4 And as we rise for Thee to live,
O let Thy Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

48 (SECOND TUNE)

ALSTONE

L.M.

C. E. WILLING



- 1 COME, Gracious Father, Sun divine !
On these baptismal waters shine.
Thy light, Thy love, Thy life impart,
And fill each consecrated heart.
- 2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause ;
We'll bear the cross, the shame, the pain,
With Thy dear Son, for us once slain !
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic wave,
Nor would we seek our life to save ;
We yield our will to Thine own mould,
Nor would we seek our own to hold.
- 4 And as we rise for Thee to live,
O let Thy Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.



- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life, as a dream, our time, as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moments we would not delay.
Haste, haste ye along, dark moments be gone,
For the jubilee year
Rushes on to our view, and its dawn is now here.

- 3 O ! at close of our day may each of us say,
 " I have fought my way thro' ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do ! "
 O ! that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My
 throne ! "

50

NATIVITY

C.M.

H. LAHEE



By permission of Miss Morley Horder

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus :
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.



- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Father loves to answer prayer.
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 Lord, I bring my burdens all,
 On Thy name in faith I call ;
 Trusting in the blood once spilt
 For release from all my guilt.
- 4 When I come to Thee for rest,
 With Thy favour I am blest,
 Lord, Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 Ere I call, the answer comes,
 Bringing peace 'mid earth's alarms,
 God my inmost thought doth read ;
 Yes, His grace is all I need.

Refrain

Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;

Sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion, Through Christ our Lord and King.

- 1 COME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,
Salvation full and free ;
Proclaim to all the world around,
The year of jubilee !

REFRAIN.

- 2 Ye mournful souls, aloud rejoice ;
Ye blind, your Saviour see !
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free !
- 3 With rapture swell the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love ;
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,
And praise to God above !

53

ST. GERTRUDE

6.5.6.5. D. & Ref.

A. S. SULLIVAN



- 1 COME with hearts united
Ye who know God's love,
To a feast invited,
Sent us from above.
Joyfully we gather,
Fellowship is sweet,
Knowing that our Father
Meets us as we meet.

REFRAIN.

- Loving Father, guide us,
As we run our race,
Journey Thou beside us
Till we see Thy face.
- 2 If our faces lighten,
Let it clearly prove
That we seek to brighten
Those 'mongst whom we move.
So our joy will double
As His Word we keep,
And in peace or trouble,
Tend the Lord's dear sheep.
- 3 Though the path before us
Narrow is and rough
Yet His wings are o'er us,
Is not this enough ?
Now we have communion
With our risen Lord,
Soon completed union
Will be our reward.

54

DEERHURST

8.7.8.7. D.

J. LANGRAN



Alternative Tune : Lux Eoi 114

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- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart a song to raise,
Streams of favour, never ceasing,
Call for notes of heart-felt praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet—
Grace to gratitude doth move ;
Praise Thy grace, I glory in it !
Grace so full of matchless love.
- 2 Not alone hath grace redeemed me,
Bought me with Christ's precious blood,
Sought me out when I, a stranger,
Wandered from the fold of God ;
But beyond this great salvation
God hath shown me wondrous grace—
Call'd me with a heav'nly calling,
Ever to behold His face.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Lord, Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Binds my grateful heart to Thee.
I will tread the way appointed,
Rough and thorny though it be ;
In the steps of Thine Anointed ;
'Tis my privilege, I see.



1 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 that cannot cease.

- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.



- 1 COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts ; here tell your
anguish ;
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 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 hath no sorrows but heaven can remove.



Alternative Tune : Manoad 436

- 1 COME, ye that know and love the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that " God is love."
- 2 This precious truth His Word declares,
And all His mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that " God is love."
- 3 Behold His patience, bearing long
With those who from Him rove ;
Soon He'll instruct earth's mighty throng,
And teach them " God is love."



- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord
And let your songs abound,
With heart and voice in sweet accord,
Now spread His fame around.
- 2 Let all His children sing
Glad songs of praise to God,
Yes, children of the heavenly King
Should tell their joys abroad.
- 3 This loving God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend ;
He doth employ His heavenly powers
To guide us to the end.
- 4 Soon we shall see His face
And know His matchless worth,
And through His all-abounding grace
Show all His glories forth.
- 5 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
With constant joys elate.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer prospects nigh.



- 1 COME ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the press and throng ;
Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength again be strong.
- 2 Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known ;
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
With Me and with My Father, not alone.
- 3 Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears ;
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won ;
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.
- 4 Come ye, and rest ! the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way, and sink ;
The bread of Life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.
- 5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into e'en ;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn,
More of your Master and His rest in Heaven.



- 1 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 thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

- 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds 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.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in realms 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.



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- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.
- 4 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.



- 1 DEAR Saviour, we Thy will obey ;
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come to-day,
To honour Thine appointed rite.
- 2 By mercy from the God of love
We count ourselves as dead to sin ;
This is our consecration pledge,
And symbol of our hope in Him.
- 3 No more let sin and self-will reign
Over our bodies, reckoned dead ;
But overcoming day by day,
We'll grow into our living Head.



Alternative Tune : Abends 414

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
Th' anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of toil and pain
Forerunners are of happier years.
- 3 Yes, a bright day of peaceful rest
Succeeds this dark and troubled night ;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Let not the Christian's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny :
Though with a sinking, fainting heart,
He sometimes almost longs to die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And blissful ages yet shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

63 (SECOND TUNE)
INTERCESSION

L.M.



- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
Th' anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of toil and pain
Forerunners are of happier years.
- 3 Yes, a bright day of peaceful rest
Succeeds this dark and troubled night ;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Let not the Christian's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny :
Though with a sinking, fainting heart,
He sometimes almost longs to die.
- 5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And blissful ages yet shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

The musical score is written for piano on five systems of grand staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and bar lines. The third system includes a bracketed section labeled "Refrain".

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- 1 DYING with Jesus, by death reckoned mine ;
Living with Jesus a new life divine ;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine—
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.

REFRAIN.

- Moment by moment I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment I've life from above ;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine ;
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
- 2 Never a battle with wrong for the right,
Never a contest that He doth not fight ;
Lifting above us His banner so white—
Moment by moment I'm kept in His sight.
 - 3 Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share—
Moment by moment I'm under His care.
 - 4 Never a weakness that He doth not feel,
Never a sickness that He cannot heal ;
Moment by moment in woe or in weal,
Jesus my Saviour abides with me still.



- 1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach me how to fight ;
My mind and heart, O Lord, prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 With calm and tempered zeal,
Let me proclaim Thy plan ;
And vindicate Thy gracious will
Which offers life to man.
- 3 O ! may I love like Thee,
In love declare Thy ways,
And help the blinded ones to see
The truth declares Thy praise.
- 4 And teach me, Lord, the art
With wisdom to remove
The errors that deceive the heart,
And truth to clearly prove.
- 5 O ! arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee ;
And let my fervent zeal be joined
With grace and charity.
- 6 Control my every thought,
My talents all enlist ;
And may my zeal, to judgment brought,
Prove true beneath Thy test.



Alternative Tune : Castle Street. 321

- 1 ETERNAL God, celestial King,
Exalted be Thy glorious name ;
While hosts in heaven Thy praises sing,
Let saints on earth Thy love proclaim.
- 2 My heart is fixed on Thee, my God ;
I rest my hope on Thee alone ;
I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad,
And to mankind Thy love make known.
- 3 Awake, my tongue ; awake, my lyre ;
With morning's earliest dawn arise ;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.
- 4 With those who in Thy grace abound,
To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice ;
May every land, the earth around,
Yet hear, and in Thy name rejoice.



1 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 !

2 The spirits that surround the throne
 May bear the burning bliss ;
 But that is surely theirs alone,
 Since they have never, never known
 A fallen world like this.

3 O, how shall I, whose native sphere
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,
 Before that wondrous Light appear
 And to His holy throne draw near
 And humbly worship Him.

4 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.

5 These shall prepare us for the sight
 Of holiness above ;
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the eternal Light
 Through the eternal Love !



Alternative Tune : Abridge 265

- 1 ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy face
Upon our hearts to shine.
- 2 Light in Thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheered, and blest by Thee,
God of abounding love.
- 3 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.
- 4 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven ;
The joys of holiness bestow,
The precious joys of heaven.



1 FADE ! fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine !
 Break ev'ry tender tie,
 Jesus is mine !
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Absent the resting place ;
 Jesus alone can bless ;
 Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine !
 He is my only stay,
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine !

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Mine is a dawning light,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried
 Left but an aching void ;
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell, mortality !
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, eternity !
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, ye scenes of rest !
 Welcome, ye mansions blest !
 God's love is manifest.
 Jesus is mine !



Alternative Tune : Franconia 220

- 1 FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, one shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.
- 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.



- 1 FATHER, 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 bowing, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 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 Thy house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.



- 1 FATHER, guide us safely on our pilgrim journey.
Let us speak Thy wondrous name as we approach
to Thee ;
Surely we are trusting in Thy boundless mercy,
Lead us, dear Father, on to victory.
- 2 Father, gracious Father, clouds are gath'ring
round us,
Let us grasp Thy powerful hand as darker grows
the night,
Keep us ever leaning on Thy word of promise,
Lead us, dear Father, into Thy great light.
- 3 Father, truly feed us with Thy bread from heaven,
Strengthen thus our hearts and minds—support us
in Thy love,
Sanctify us wholly, keep us ever humble,
Lead us, dear Father, to Thy home above.
- 4 Father, gracious Father, we Thy saints adore Thee,
As we blend our songs of praise, Thy glory may
we see,
When through all our journey Thou hast safely
guided,
Lead us, dear Father, into victory.



Alternative Tune: Sharon 357

- 1 FATHER, hear the prayer we offer,
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.
- 3 Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
In our wanderings be our guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.
- 4 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our hearts, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.



- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see.
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
Still keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.



1 FATHER, let me dedicate
All my days to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be :
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer—
Glorify Thy name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim ;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on—
Glorify Thy name !



- 1 FATHER, now the day is over—
Weary, worn, myself I bring ;
My defenceless soul, Oh, cover
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 2 Pardon all the day's transgressing,
Cleanse from every stain of sin ;
Lord, I come my need confessing,
Make and keep me pure within.
- 3 Wipe away my tears of sorrow,
Take me to Thy loving breast,
Make me stronger for tomorrow,
Give me peace and holy rest.



- 1 FATHER, now we seek Thy face,
Look from heaven Thy dwelling place.
May our faith in Thee increase,
Keep, O keep in perfect peace.
- 2 In the strain and stress of life,
Keep us free from earthly strife,
With Thy blessing from above,
Keep, O keep in perfect love.
- 3 In the fire may we endure,
Stand refining more and more,
E'en though humbled to the dust,
Keep, O keep in perfect trust.
- 4 Thou in love hast made us free,
Ours is perfect liberty,
Let our confidence be blest,
Keep, O keep in perfect rest.
- 5 Thus with tuneful hearts we raise
This our parting song of praise.
May our joy in Thee ne'er cease,
Keep, O keep in perfect peace.

77 (SECOND TUNE)
GIBBONS (SIMPLICITY)

7.7.7.7.

O. GIBBONS



- 1 FATHER, now we seek Thy face,
Look from heaven Thy dwelling place.
May our faith in Thee increase,
Keep, O keep in perfect peace.
- 2 In the strain and stress of life,
Keep us free from earthly strife,
With Thy blessing from above,
Keep, O keep in perfect love.
- 3 In the fire may we endure,
Stand refining more and more,
E'en though humbled to the dust,
Keep, O keep in perfect trust.
- 4 Thou in love hast made us free,
Ours is perfect liberty,
Let our confidence be blest,
Keep, O keep in perfect rest.
- 5 Thus with tuneful hearts we raise
This our parting song of praise.
May our joy in Thee ne'er cease,
Keep, O keep in perfect peace.



Alternative Tune : Darwalls 148th. 203

- 1 FATHER of all, to Thee
 With loving hearts we pray,
 Through Him, in mercy given,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
 From Heaven, Thy Throne, in mercy shed
 Thy blessings on each bended head.

- 2 Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise ;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.
- 3 Father of all, to Thee,
We breathe unutter'd fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears ;
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.
- 4 Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallow'd joy :
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to Thee.



Alternative Tune : Lloyd 85

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O ! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour here.



- 1 FATHER, we adore Thee, for Thy gift that bought us,
Tho' we once were dead in sin we now have life in Thee ;
May we live to serve Thee as our Lord hath taught us,
Seeking to show Thy might and majesty.
- 2 Darkness dense surrounds us, man cannot discern Thee,
None but those whom Thou hast touched, Thy truth and love can see ;
Few there be can praise Thee, most despise and spurn Thee,
Yet, in due time, world-wide the song shall be.
- 3 Great and good Thy works are, Lord God Almighty ;
Marvellous, and just and true, O King of Saints, Thy ways ;
Who shall fail to fear Thee, Lord, and glorify Thee ;
Thou alone art holy ; to Thy name be praise.
- 4 When Thy kingdom cometh, when the books are opened,
When Thy righteous acts are known, Thy love made manifest ;
Nations all shall seek Thee and bow down before Thee,
And serving Thee, shall be forever blest.



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Alternative Tunes : Abridge 422, Naomi 79

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet thought that Thou art mine
My every hour attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.



- 1 FATHER, while our eyes are weeping
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, " Thy will be done."
- 2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone :
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken ;
Blessed Lord, " Thy will be done."
- 3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne ;
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, " Thy will be done."
- 4 By Thy hands the boon was giv'n ;
Thou hast taken but Thine own ;
Lord of earth, and God of heav'n,
Evermore, " Thy will be done."



- 1 FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep ;
 But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
 Calm and still.
- 2 ' Save, Lord ; we perish ! ' was their cry.
 ' O save us in our agony ! '
 Thy word above the storm rose high—
 ' Peace, be still ! '
- 3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep,
 The sullen billows ceased to leap
 At Thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 ' Peace, be still ! '



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- 1 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.
- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.



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Alternative Tune : Beatitudo 160

- 1 FILL thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy beauty and Thy ways.
- 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part :
- 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in ;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.
- 4 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free ;
But all my life in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.



Alternative Tune : St. George 450

- 1 "FOR EVER with the Lord !"
Amen, so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here we are being spent,
As pilgrims here we roam,
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 "For ever with the Lord !"
Father, Thy blessed will
We're learning daily through Thy Word,
And seeking to fulfil.
- 4 And when our latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
Through merit of our Saviour's death
We hope this bliss to gain.
- 5 With Thee the promised throne
Then evermore to share,
We'll gladly make Thy glory known
Thy praises everywhere.



- 1 FREE from the curse, O happy condition !
Jesus, our Lord, hath purchased remission ;
Cursed by God's law when bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

REFRAIN.

- Once for all ! O yes ! we believe it ;
Once for all ! by faith we receive it ;
Lo, at His cross all burdens will fall.
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
- 2 Now we are free, there's no condemnation ;
Jesus will soon perfect our salvation ;
His kingdom soon shall rule over all.
Saving the willing from the fall.
- 3 Children of God, O glorious calling !
Surely His grace will keep us from falling.
Passing from death to life at His call.
Blessed salvation ! once for all:



- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
From age to age for evermore.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise exulting sing :
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And ever praise the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with joyful praise.



Alternative Tune : Wareham 313

- 1 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.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 O ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how would hosts of foes defeat
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.



Alternative Tunes : Dover 24, Woolwich 311

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sinks thy spirit down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou gladly own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand !
- 5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

90 (SECOND TUNE)

LABAN

S.M.



- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sinks thy spirit down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou gladly own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand !
- 5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.



- 1 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,
Naught can shake thy sure repose ;
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou shalt triumph o'er thy foes.

- 2 Built upon this sure foundation,
Zion shall in glory rise ;
Men shall call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates shall be named Praise.
The redeemed of every nation
Shall with joy thy glory see,
And find rest from tribulation,
Hope and life and peace in thee.
- 3 Then the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who need faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver
Never fails from age to age.
- 4 Who would faint while such a prospect
Urges on to faithfulness,
Though thy present mournful aspect
Seem no cause for thankfulness?
Look not at the things beside thee ;
Those behind thee have no worth ;
Let the glorious hope before thee
Fill thy heart with rapturous mirth.



- 1 GLORY to God on high !
Let heav'n and earth reply,
" Praise ye His name ! "
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Sing loud for evermore,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 2 While the blest heavenly throng
Gratefully join in song,
Praising His name—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Make earth a holy place,
Praising His name.
In Him let all rejoice,
Singing with heart and voice—
Christ is our blessed choice,
" Worthy our King ! "
- 4 Soon shall all sorrow cease ;
For lo ! the Prince of Peace
Cometh to reign ;
To Him our songs we bring ;
Hail Him our gracious King ;
We'll through all ages sing,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "



1 GO bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share ;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care ;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtain'd by night ;
Go tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief ;
Go tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief ;
Go, gather the sunshine
He sheds on thy way ;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing weary
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go, comfort them, go !
Go, bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest ;
Go, give them the sunshine ;
Tell Jesus the rest.



1 GOD be with you till we meet again ;
 By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet,
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet ;
 Till we meet, till we meet,
 God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again.
'Neath His wings securely hide you ;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you ;
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again.
Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.



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- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GOD holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad ;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.</p> | <p>3 The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure ;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand ; I hear Him say
" My help is sure."</p> |
| <p>2 What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest !
I'd rather He unlocked the day ;
And, as the hours swing open, say,
" My will is best."</p> | <p>4 I cannot read His future plans ;
But this I know ;
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.</p> |
- 5 Enough ! this covers all my wants,
And so I rest !
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I safe shall be.
For ever blest.



- 1 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.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.



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Alternative Tune : Staincliffe 381

- 1 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.
- 2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God
With peace, and joy and blessing now,
E'en in our narrow trial road.
- 3 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford.
And give new strength to fainting souls.

97 (SECOND TUNE)

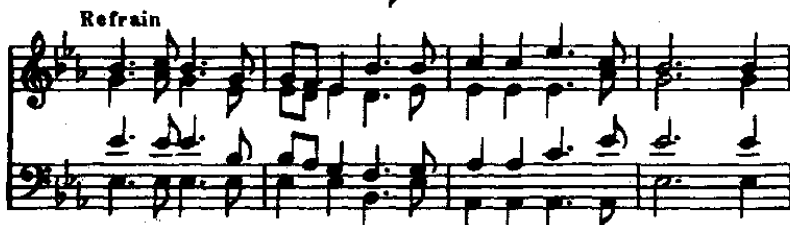
HAWKHURST

L.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



- 1 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.
- 2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God
With peace, and joy and blessing now,
E'en in our narrow trial road.
- 3 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford.
And give new strength to fainting souls.



1 GOD loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall ;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

REFRAIN.

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love !
 The love of God to me ;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God ;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste even now,
The peace and joy of heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph now in every hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.



Alternative Tune : Dalehurst 2

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.



- 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call ;
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.



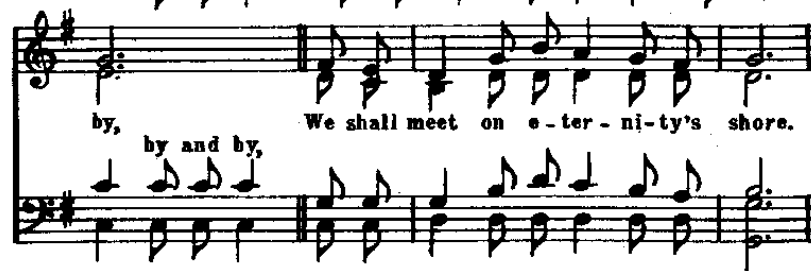
- 1 GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble till the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would make me sore distress,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord hath done for me."
- 4 Yes, done for me ; Lord, I confess
Thy wisdom and Thy righteousness
And all my days shall therefore be,
Of praise a tribute, Lord, to Thee.



- 1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling place ;
Hear, forgive, and save.
- 2 When we in Thy presence meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill;
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy Holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold ;
Lord, forgive, and save.
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress ;
May our souls Thy peace possess ;
Father, hear and save.
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free ;
Hear, forgive, and save.



Refrain



- 1 GOD has promised a glorious day,
And by faith we now see it draw near ;
Our Redeemer has opened the way,
And soon will its glory appear.

REFRAIN.

- In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet to be parted no more ;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on eternity's shore.
- 2 There the dead shall arise from the tomb,
And the living to health be restored ;
And away from all sorrow and gloom,
They'll be led by the life-giving Lord.
- 3 A highway shall there be cast up,
And the stones shall be all gathered out ;
And errors no weak ones shall trip,
And no lions of vice stalk about.
- 4 There nothing shall hurt nor offend,
In God's kingdom of glory and peace ;
The wicked their ways shall amend,
And the righteous their joys shall increase.



- 1 GOD'S hand that saves, though kind, seems
rough ;
His methods sometimes rude ;
Frail, shrinking nature cries, " Enough ! "
Yet proves the Lord is good.
- 2 The temple stones God now prepares,
Oft cry, " You hurt me sore " ;
The Sculptor seeks their perfectness,
And trims them more and more—
- 3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows,
The shapeless mass appears
Symmetric, polished, beautiful,
To stand th' eternal years.
- 4 The beaten sheaves, all threshed and torn,
And trampled under feet,
Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,
Their grains of golden wheat.
- 5 Out of the crushed and mangled grapes,
Comes forth the sparkling wine :
If God but still my portion is,
Be such experience mine.
- 6 Kept while the furnace, heated white,
Shall purge the dross away !
Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right,
And brighter every day.



Alternative Tune : Swabia 58

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save the fallen man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the top-most stone,
And well deserves our praise.



- 1 GRACIOUS Father, Lord of Hosts,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong.
Love than death itself more strong,
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day,
Love will ever with us stay,
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith, and hope, and love we see,
Joining hand in hand agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.



- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose Thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am Thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As trav'lers in the thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without Thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from Thee, Lord.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
Thy work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.



- 1 GREAT Husbandman, at Thy command,
Saints sowed Thy seed with liberal hand—
And, mindful of Thy heavenly call,
Onward they went, forsaking all.
- 2 On through the sad and weary years
They sowed the precious seed with tears,
And stayed their hearts in faith sublime
With prospects of the harvest time.
- 3 No longer saints in sorrow go,
In tears and sadness forth to sow ;
For He who bade them sow and weep
Hath called them now in joy to reap.
- 4 Now doth the joyful reaper come
Bearing his sheaves in triumph home ;
The voice long saddened now doth sing,
And loud their songs of triumph ring.
- 5 E'en here, on this side Jordan, stand
The gathered sheaves from every land ;
And he that sowed, in joy doth reap,
And harvest home together keep.



By permission of Mrs. J. Hughes.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 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.</p> | <p>2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through.
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 As I near the time of trouble,
 Bid my faith in Thee increase ;
 While the thousands round are falling,
 Keep me, keep in perfect peace.
 Refuge ! Fortress !
 Thou hast set Thy love on me.



- 1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning !
Zion, in triumph, begins her glad reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold !
Hail to the millions from bondage returning !
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 See, in the desert rich flowers are springing ;
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean ;
Praise to Jehovah ascending on-high ;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion ;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Jehovah's blessed Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captives free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 To Him let praise unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
Shall be without an end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove
No, it shall stand for ever
A pledge that God is love.



- 1 **HAPPY** the man who learns to trace
The leadings of Jehovah's grace ;
By wisdom coming from above,
He reads and learns that God is love.
- 2 **Wisdom** divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths lead unto peace.
- 4 **Happy** the man who wisdom gains ;
Thrice happy who his guest retains.
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom and Christ are truly one.



- 1 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
 'Tis my Saviour, hear His word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
 " Tell Me, Christian, lov'st thou Me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right ;
 Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare ?
 Yes, she may forgetful be ;
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of My throne shalt be ;
 Tell Me, Christian, lov'st thou Me ? "
- 6 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.



- 1 HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the notes of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices :
 Jesus reigns, He rules in love.
 See, He comes to take earth's throne ;
 Soon He'll rule the world alone :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.
- 2 Jesus, hail ! Whose glory brightens
 All below and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.
- 3 King of glory ! reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou shalt call Thine own ;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face ;
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.



By permission of Miss Morley Horder.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Lord has come,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the " Sun of Righteousness,"
To roll earth's clouds away,
And make its desert wilderness
Bloom in eternal day.
- 3 He comes the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of death before Him burst,
Sin's binding fetters yield.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.



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Alternative Tune : St. Oswald 168

- 1 HARK ! the notes of angels singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb !"
All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Yē for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong ;
Come, assist the choir of heaven ;
Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above ;
Sweet the theme, a free salvation ;
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 4 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name ;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.



- 1 HASTE, my dull soul, arise !
Shake off thy care ;
Press for the promised prize,
Mighty in prayer.
Jesus has gone before,
Count all thy suff'rings o'er ;
He all thy burdens bore ;
Jesus is there.
- 2 Souls, for the marriage feast
Robe and prepare—
Holy must be such guests ;
Jesus is there !
Saints, wear your vict'ry palms,
Chant your celestial psalms,
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
O ! seek to wear.
- 3 Kings for the promised throne,
Crowns we shall wear ;
Christ reigns, but not alone—
We soon shall share.
O ye despised ones, come ;
Pilgrims no more we'll roam ;
Sweetly we'll rest at home ;
Jesus is there.

118

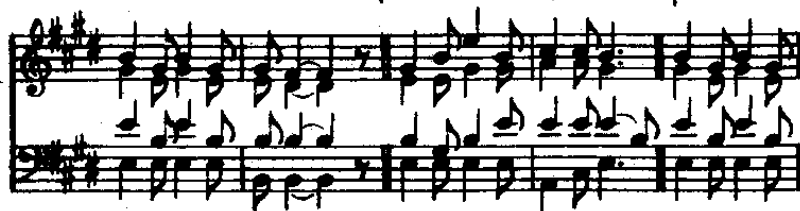
ATHENS

P.M.

GREEK MELODY



- 1 HAVE you heard the new song? That most beautiful song,
The song which the saints now may sing—
How the old harp of Moses and sweet flute of John
With harmonious melody ring?
'Tis the song of the Lamb once by Moses foretold,
In the symbols and types of God's law ;
As the dawn of the day doth those symbols unfold,
We behold what we ne'er before saw.
- 2 O ! what visions of glory are brought to faith's view,
Of glory which all soon shall see ;
For the great King of Glory shall make all things new,
And O ! what rejoicing there'll be.
Thy works great and marvellous, Almighty Lord,
Are glorious indeed in our sight ;
Thy ways just and true, Thou blest King of the world,
We acknowledge are perfectly right.
- 3 O ! who shall not filially fear Thee, O Lord,
And Thy righteous ways own as the best ?
Soon all nations shall worship and praise before Thee,
When Thy judgments are made manifest.
Tune your voices, ye saints, for this glorious strain,
And earth shall with melody ring ;
Let the grand " harp of God " loudly swell the refrain,
For tributes of praise all may bring.
- 4 God's Word is that harp, which has long been unstrung,
And men heard but discordant its notes ;
Now as tuned are its chords from Moses to John,
How grandly sweet melody floats.
It will float o'er the world in a rapturous strain,
Of glory and peace and goodwill,
And all then shall hear and may join the refrain,
And joy shall the hearts of all thrill.



- 1 HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow ;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow ;
Oh the grace the Father shows !
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

REFRAIN.

- More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow,
Oh, His matchless, boundless love !
Still there's more to follow.
- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near ?
Still there's more to follow ;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow ;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows !
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
- 3 Have you felt His Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow ;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow ;
Oh, the power the Father shows !
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.



- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken ;
 O My people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls " Salvation,"
 And your gates shall all be " Praise."
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow,
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow.
 Then, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change today the gloom of night ;
 Yes, the Lord shall be your glory
 And your everlasting light.

121

RATHBUN

8.7.8.7.

I. CONKEY



Alternative Tune : Sharon 357

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, banish sadness ;
 Pierce the clouds of weary night ;
 Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light.
- 2 From the height which knows no measure,
 May Thy holy power descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure,
 Man can wish or Thou can'st send.
- 3 Author of the new creation,
 Come with unction and with power ;
 Make our hearts Thy habitation,
 On our souls Thy graces shower.
- 4 Hear, O hear our supplication ;
 By Thy Spirit, God of peace,
 Rest upon this congregation,
 With the fulness of Thy grace.

The musical score is written for two staves, likely representing a piano and a vocal line. It consists of six systems of music. The first five systems are the main body of the hymn, and the sixth system is the refrain, indicated by the label 'Refrain' above the first staff of that system. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is arranged in a way that allows for a clear view of the harmonic structure and the melodic lines.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, I adore Thee !
Hallowed be Thy holy name ;
Mighty angels bow before Thee,
Should not mortals do the same ?
May Thy rule of love control me,
And Thy will in me be done ;
Hear the Vow I make before Thee,
In the name of Christ, Thy Son.

REFRAIN.

Lord, this Vow, that I have taken,
I could never keep alone.
When I think of self, I tremble ;
When I look to Thee I'm strong.

- 2 Daily will I pray, remember
All Thy servants, dearest Lord,
Those who labour as one family,
To dispense Thy precious Word ;
Those who lonely go, as pilgrims,
Those who travel two by two,
Those who volunteer to scatter,
Golden gems, like morning dew.
- 3 O'er my thoughts, and words and actions,
I a closer watch will keep,
That I may be used more freely
In the feeding of Thy sheep.
Oh, I want Thy Word to cleanse me,
By its pow'r to set me free,
From all fleshly imperfections,
And to make me more like Thee.
- 4 Lord, I know the pow'rs of evil
Are increasing ev'ry day ;
Trying to ensnare and hinder
Those who walk the narrow way.
Never will I listen to them ;
Lord, I fear their subtle pow'r,
From their ev'ry snare protect me,
Help me, keep me, ev'ry hour.
- 5 Lord, in all my daily dealings
Toward my brethren in the Truth,
I will not by word or action
Do what Thou wouldst not approve.
Purity shall mark my conduct :
Chaste in thought and word I'll be,
That the image of my Master
May be perfected in me.

REFRAIN.

Leaning on Thee, in my weakness,
Trusting Thee for promised grace,
I will take this Vow and keep it,
Till I see Thee face to face.

123

ALETTA

7.7.7.7.

W. B. BRADBURY



- 1 HEAV'NLY Father, I would wear
Bridal garments white and fair ;
Bridal vesture, undefiled,
Thou dost give unto Thy child.
- 2 Take the raiment soiled away,
I would fain cast off to-day ;
Clothe me in my bridal dress,
Beautiful with holiness.
- 3 Let me wear the white robe here,
Purchased by my Saviour dear ;
Holding fast His hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.



- 1 HEAVENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored !
Lord, Thy mercies never cease,
Thou eternal God of peace !
- 2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth we longer stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we shall Thy glory see.
- 4 Then through ages yet untold,
Counting mercies manifold,
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll triumphant voices raise.



1 HEAV'NLY Father, we beseech Thee,
 Grant Thy blessing ere we part :
 Take us in Thy care and keeping ;
 Guard from evil ev'ry heart.

REFRAIN.

Bless the words which have been spoken,
 Hear our prayer and cheerful strain ;
 Give us, Lord, a constant token
 That Thou dost with us remain.

2 Let Thy spirit, Lord, go with us,
Be our comfort and our stay ;
Grateful praise to Thee we render,
For the joy we feel to-day.

3 May Thy spirit dwell within us,
May we all Thy temples be,
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.



1 HEAV'NLY Father, we Thy children,
 Gathered round our risen Lord,
 Lift our hearts in earnest pleading :
 O revive us by Thy Word !

REFRAIN.

Send refreshing, send refreshing,
 From Thy presence, gracious Lord !
 Send refreshing, send refreshing,
 And revive us by Thy Word.

- 2 Gracious gifts of heav'nly blessing
In Thy love to us afford ;
Let us feel Thy spirit's presence,
O revive us by Thy Word !
- 3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter ;
O revive us by Thy Word !
- 4 With Thy strength, O Master, gird us ;
Thou our Guide and Thou our Guard ;
Fill us with Thy holy spirit ;
O revive us by Thy Word !

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HE DIES, HE DIES

11.10.11.10 & Refrain.

J. H. BURKE



HE DIES, HE DIES (continued).

I am He that liv-eth, that liv-eth, and was dead; And be-

hold, I am a-live for ev-er-more; Be-

I am, I am a-live for ev-er-more;

hold, I am a-live for ev-er-more.

I am, I am a-live for ev-er-more.

I am He that liv-eth, that liv-eth, and was dead; And be-

hold, I am a-live for ev-er-more.

I am, I am a-live for ev-er, ev-er-more.

- 1 HE dies ! He dies ! the lowly Man of Sorrows,
On whom were laid our many griefs and woes ;
Our sins He bore, beneath God's awful billows,
And He hath triumphed over all our foes.

REFRAIN.

- " I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead ;
I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead ;
And behold I am alive for evermore,
Behold, I am alive for evermore.
I am He that liveth, that liveth, and was dead,
And behold, I am alive for evermore."
- 2 He lives ! He lives ! what glorious consolation !
Exalted at His Father's own right hand ;
He pleads for us, and by His intercession,
Enables all His saints by grace to stand.
 - 3 He comes ! He comes ! Oh, blest anticipation !
In keeping with His true and faithful word :
To call us to our heav'nly consummation—
Caught up, to be " forever with the Lord."



- 1 HE dies ! Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 The rising Christ forsakes the tomb ;
In vain its bonds forbid His rise ;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Wipe now your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing, He accomplished all things well,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 5 O ! Live forever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
O Death, thou monster, where's thy sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave ?

128 (SECOND TUNE)

SAGINA

8.8.8.8.8.8.

T. CAMPBELL

The musical score is written for a piano and consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 8/8. The notation includes various note values such as eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests and ties. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

1 HE leadeth me, O blessed thought !
 O words with heav'nly comfort fraught !
 Whate'er I do, wher-e'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me.
 His faithful foll'wer I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.



- 1 HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest ;
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.
 For I look forward to that glorious day,
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say :
 " There, there is rest, there is rest."

- 2 Here fierce temptations beset me around !
Here is no rest, here is no rest ;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround ;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavour to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.
- 3 Here are afflictions and trials severe ;
Here is no rest, here is no rest ;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear ;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in His Word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord ;
They will be called to receive their reward ;
Then we shall rest, we shall rest.
- 4 This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest ;
Here I must bear with the world and its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
There shall my joy with the Lord be increased
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
There, there is rest, there is rest.



Alternative Tune : Mainzer 27

- 1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share :
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
'Mid earthly woes we sweetly rest,
Under the shadow of Thy wings.



- 1 HOLD Thou my hand ! so weak I am, and
helpless,
I dare not take one step without Thine aid ;
Hold Thou my hand ! for then, O loving
Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.
- 2 Hold Thou my hand ! and closer, closer
draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all :
Hold Thou my hand, lest hap'ly I should
wander ;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should
fall.
- 3 Hold Thou my hand ! the way is dark
before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine ;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapt'rous songs
are mine !
- 4 Hold Thou my hand ! that when I reach the
margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And ev'ry wave like crystal bright shall be.



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- 1 HOLY Father, faithful guide,
 Ever near the Christian's side ;
 Gently lead us by the hand,
 Pilgrims in a desert land.
 Weary souls for aye rejoice,
 While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Whisp'ring softly, Traveller come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er ;
Ah, then whisper, Traveller come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release ;
Nothing left but time for prayer,
Waiting to be gathered there.
Wading deep the dismal flood—
Trusting still in Jesus' blood
Whisper sweetly, Traveller come !
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.



- 1 HOPE of our hearts ! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears, away.
- 2 We've waited long, we're waiting still,
Longing with Thee to be.
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us by Thee.
- 3 O ! the blest hope of sharing, Lord,
Thy glory from above,
Is linked with that most precious thought,
Thine everlasting love.
- 4 And with the joy, the holy joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
And fellowship with Thee.
- 5 This joy e'en now in part is ours,
This fellowship begun ;
But O ! what rapture shall we know
When victory's fully won.
- 6 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the spotless Lamb,
Who died to make her free.
- 7 O ! what are all our suff' rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count us meet
With that enraptured host t'appear,
And worship at Thy feet !



- 1 HOW blessed, how glorious, how joyful to feel
The love everlasting, of sonship a seal,
The love that is perfect, the love that is pure,
That we may with patience all things well endure.
- 2 I want to be humble, more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child ;
More trustful, more thankful, more lovely in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.
- 3 I want the pure wisdom that comes from above,
That warns those in danger with tenderest love ;
I want the sweet spirit of Jesus, my Lord,
And perfect accordance with His blessed Word.
- 4 I want to touch lightly the things of this earth,
Esteeming them only of trifling worth ;
From sin and its bondage I would be set free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only for Thee.



1 HOW blest is the message of heavenly love,
When sorrows our pathway pursue ;
Like angelic music it breathes from above,
And whispers, " He careth for you."

REFRAIN.

He careth for you, yes, careth for you,
Look up fainting pilgrim, He careth for you ;
Thy trials He knoweth, His word keep in view,
And list to the message, " He careth for you."

- 2 When clouds cast their shadows, obscuring the light,
And faith fails to pierce the mists through ;
Like sweet chiming echoes this promise so bright,
Assureth " He careth for you."
- 3 Then why should I linger in doubt or in fear,
With this precious message in view?
For nothing can harm me when He is so near,
Believing " He careth for you."
- 4 Such blessed assurance shall not be in vain,
I'll trust Him whatever I do ;
And deep in my heart this glad message retain,
Proclaiming " He careth for you."

137

PORTUGUESE HYMN

11.11.11.11.

TRADITIONAL



- 1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word !
What more can He say than to you He hath said ?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose
I'll never, no, never, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though a host should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.



- 1 HOW happy and blessed the hours
 Since Jesus I always can see !
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all gained new sweetness to me ;
 E'en when the great sun shines but dim,
 And fields strive in vain to look gay.
 While I am so happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice,
His presence disperses all gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice ;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Can make any change in my mind :
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus still dwelt with me there.
- 4 My Lord, I am sure I am Thine,
And Thou art my sun and my song,
No longer I languish and pine,
Nor e'en are my winters so long ;
My doubts and my fears all have flown,
Thy soul-cheering plan now I see ;
Thy wisdom and glory have shone
From out Thy blest Word upon me.

*Alternative Tune : Lloyd 85*

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place ;
Our never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace !
- 4 Jesus, our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our hearts in gratitude ascend ;
Accept the praise we bring.
- 5 We would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And sound the music of Thy name
Abroad through all the earth.



- 1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord !
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile ;
Draw near according to Thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee.
O Lord, behold us at Thy feet ;
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face.
O speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill This place.



Alternative Tune : Eden 193

- 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this !
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter age now nigh,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
- 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears :
Since God is ours, we're travelling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.



- 1 HOW wise are God's commands !
How sure His precepts are !
We cast our burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell ;
The hand which bears all nature up
Doth guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down thy weary mind ?
Haste to thy heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day.
We'll drop our burdens at His feet,
And bear a song away.



- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 O give me Samuel's heart !
A lowly heart, that waits
When 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.
- 4 O give me Samuel's mind !
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death ;
That I may read with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.



- 1 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 is the dearest, His great love to me.

REFRAIN.

I am so glad my Father loves me,
Father loves me, Father loves me,
I am so glad my Father loves me,
Yes, He loves even me.

- 2 Father loves me and I know I love Him.
Love sent His Son my lost soul to redeem ;
Yes, 'twas His love and His mercy so free ;
O ! I am certain my Father loves me.

REFRAIN.

I am so glad my Father loves me.

- 3 Not only my Father, but His blessed Son,
Loves me and cares for my wants every one ;
Jesus so freely His life gave for me.
No clearer proof of His love could there be.

REFRAIN.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

- 4 O ! for such love I would make some return ;
My humble off'ring I'm sure He'll not spurn ;
Lord, here I give my poor life unto Thee ;
Through it may praises redound unto Thee.

REFRAIN.

I gladly take Thy favours so free.
Favours so free, favours so free,
I gladly take Thy favours so free,
Favours to even me.



- 1 "I AM the door," come in, come in,
And leave without all fear and sin ;
The night is dark, the storm is wild,
O ! come within, thou weary child,
O ! come within, thou weary child.
- 2 "I am the door," whose heavy lock
Bars out all strangers from the flock,
And guards My Father's precious fold :
Come in from darkness and from cold,
Come in from darkness and from cold.
- 3 "I am the door," no longer roam ;
Here are thy treasures, here thy home ;
I purchased them for thee and thine,
And paid the price in blood of Mine,
And paid the price in blood of Mine.
- 4 "I am the door," My Father waits
To make thee heir of rich estates ;
Come in with thankful hearts and praise,
And walk in heaven's appointed ways,
And walk in heaven's appointed ways.

145 (SECOND TUNE)

CALM*

L.M.

J. B. DYKES



- 1 "I AM the door," come in, come in,
And leave without all fear and sin ;
The night is dark, the storm is wild,
O ! come within, thou weary child,
O ! come within, thou weary child.
- 2 "I am the door," whose heavy lock
Bars out all strangers from the flock,
And guards My Father's precious fold :
Come in from darkness and from cold,
Come in from darkness and from cold.
- 3 "I am the door," no longer roam ;
Here are thy treasures, here thy home ;
I purchased them for thee and thine,
And paid the price in blood of Mine,
And paid the price in blood of Mine.
- 4 "I am the door," My Father waits
To make thee heir of rich estates ;
Come in with thankful hearts and praise,
And walk in heaven's appointed ways,
And walk in heaven's appointed ways.



Alternative Tunes : Lux Eoi 114 and Hyfrydol 351

- 1 I AM waiting, ever waiting,
 For the brighter, better day,
 Just beyond the clouds and shadows,
 That surround my lonely way ;
 For a day of light and gladness,
 Such as earth has never known.
 When in equity and justice,
 Christ shall reign on David's throne.

- 2 All the prophets of past ages
Saw its brightness from afar,
And in words sublime have spoken
Of the peace and glory there.
They have slept in those green valleys,
Which in weariness they trod ;
Soon they'll come with songs of triumph,
To the holy mount of God.
- 3 Now the world is full of suffering,
Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
Sights of wretchedness and sorrow
Fill my eyes with pitying tears.
'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping ;
Wrong and evil triumph now ;
I can wait, for just before me
Beams the morning's roseate glow.
- 4 I am waiting, hoping, praying
For Messiah's glorious reign,
For I know he'll rule in justice ;
Right and truth will triumph then.
Worldly pleasures cannot win me,
While I wait for that bright day,
Worldly splendour cannot charm me,
While its light beams on my way.

147

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE 6.6.6.6.8.8.

P. P. BLISS



Alternative Tunes : Samuel 143 and Christchurch 78

I I BRING my sins to Thee,
 The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleansed be
 In Thy once opened fount ;
 I bring them Saviour, all to Thee,
 The burden is too great for me,
 The burden is too great for me.

- 2 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well ;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O loving Saviour, all to Thee.
O loving Saviour, all to Thee.
- 3 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer Heaven ;
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.
Who hast procured them all for me.
- 4 My life I bring to Thee ;
I would not be my own,
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.



Alternative Tune : Maryton 249

1 I COME to Thee, I come to Thee,
Thou precious Lamb who died for me ;
I rest confiding in Thy word,
And cast my burden on the Lord.

2 I come to Thee with all my grief,
To find in Thee a sweet relief ;
Thy blessed name my only plea,
With this, O Lord, I come to Thee.

- 3 I come to Thee, whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest hour ;
I come to Thee through storm and shade,
Since Thou hast said, " Be not afraid."
- 4 I come to Thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrows, griefs and fears ;
Thou precious Lamb who died for me,
I come to Thee, I come to Thee.
- 5 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith seems weak and comfort dies ;
I bow adoring at Thy feet,
And hold with Thee communion sweet.
- 6 O wondrous love ! what joy is mine,
To feel that I am truly Thine.
Thou precious Lamb Who died for me,
I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The first system includes a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The second system includes a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The third system includes a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The fourth system includes a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The word "Refrain" is written above the fourth system. The score is printed on a single page with a page number of 106 at the bottom center.

- 1 I OFTEN sing those words of pray'r,
"Nearer my God to Thee,"
I long for fellowship divine,
And Thy dear face to see.
But will I for this blessed state
All gain consider loss,
And let Thee draw me as Thou wilt
"E'en tho' it be a cross?"

REFRAIN.

- This is my heart's sincere desire,
"Nearer my God to Thee."
O draw me closer though it is
A cross that raiseth me.
- 2 Nearer, nearer my God to Thee,
This is my heart's desire ;
Each day to journey by Thy side,
To this I do aspire.
To gain this honour'd place so dear
All things I count but dross ;
Use any means to lift me up,
"E'en tho' it be a cross."
- 3 I know unless the cross I bear
The crown will ne'er be giv'n ;
That I must suffer here below,
If I would reign in heav'n.
I fear to look away from Thee,
Lest I should suffer loss,
For in Thy way my soul would rise,
"E'en tho' it be a cross."



- 1 IF I in Thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of Thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh and be free.
- 2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed white
And there Thy bright features be drawn ;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night
To welcome the coming of dawn.
- 3 And O ! the blest morning already is here,
The shadows of earth soon shall fade ;
And soon in Thy likeness I'll with Thee appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.
- 4 When on Thine own image in me Thou hast smiled,
Within Thy blest mansion, and when
The arms of my Father encircle His child,
O ! I shall be satisfied then.

151

BOYLSTON

S.M.

L. MASON



- 1 IF on a quiet sea
T'ward home I calmly sail,
With grateful heart, O God, to Thee
I'll own the fav'ring gale.
- 2 But when the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives me nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall the waves and storms
All yield to Thy control ;
Thy love will banish all alarms
And darkness from my soul.
- 4 Teach me, in ev'ry state,
To make Thy will my own ;
And while the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The piece consists of five systems of music. The first system is the main melody. The second system is a continuation of the melody. The third system is labeled 'Refrain' and features a more rhythmic melody. The fourth system is a continuation of the refrain. The fifth system is a final continuation of the refrain. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

Refrain

- 1 I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there ;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

REFRAIN.

There's joy in the valley of blessing so sweet ;
Here Jesus His fulness bestows ;
We believe and receive and confess Him,
Our refuge from all earthly woes.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart ;
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel ;
Here Heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
Here Christ sets His covenant seal.

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That only virgins can sing—
All nations shall worship and bow at Thy feet,
To th' honour and praise of our King.



- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest ;
Thy load of care thou mayst lay down
And be no more distressed."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

2 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.

3 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 and saw my Star of Hope,
My Sun of Righteousness.
O ! soon 'twill rise and fill the earth,
And all the nations bless.



1 I KNOW no life divided,
O Lord of Life, from Thee ;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me :
I fear not death, O Jesus ;
My life is hid with Thee ;
Thy power soon shall free us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatso'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
Since Thou, my Lord and Teacher,
Hast claimed me for Thine own,
E'en now with Thee I'm richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Thus, while o'er earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
My treasure is up yonder,
My heart is there at rest.
O blessed thought ! I'm trying
To live to please the Lord,
In faith and hope rejoicing,
Through His most precious Word.

154 (SECOND TUNE)

PENLAN

7.6.7.6.D.

D. JENKINS

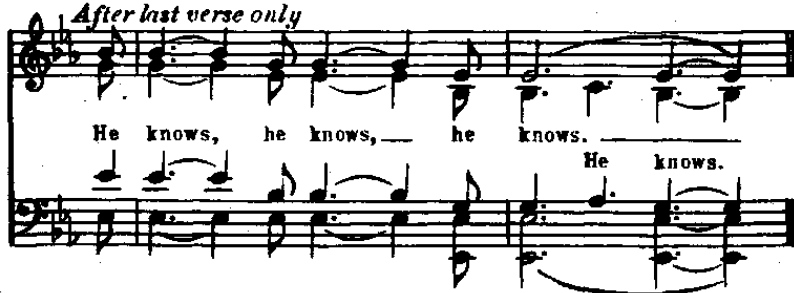


Refrain

D.C.

HE KNOWS (concluded)

After last verse only



- 1 I KNOW not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise ;
And ev'ry joy He sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

REFRAIN.

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose ;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows ;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

After last verse only

He knows, He knows, He knows.

- 2 One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee ;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving " Follow Me."
- 3 O blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know ;
He holds me with His own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
- 4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might ;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light ;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight.

156

FULDA

L.M.

FROM BEETHOVEN



Alternative Tune : Rivaulx 246

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love ;
He lives, who bought me with His blood ;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
He lives, my help, in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily strength ;
Through Him I soon shall conquer death,
Then all His glories I'll declare,
That all the world His life may share.

156 (SECOND TUNE)

BRESLAU

L.M.

FROM GERMAN



- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head !
- 2 He lives to bless me with His love ;
He lives, who bought me with His blood ;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
He lives, my help, in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily strength ;
Through Him I soon shall conquer death,
Then all His glories I'll declare,
That all the world His life may share.



1 I LEFT it all with Jesus
Long ago ;
All my sins and weakness,
And my woe.
Human sins once slew Him
On the tree.
I heard the spirit's whisper,
'Tis for thee ;
From my heart the burden
Rolled away—Happy day !
From my heart the burden
Rolled away—Happy day !

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes ;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert-garden
Bloom awhile ;
When my weakness leaneth
On His might, all seems light.
When my weakness leaneth
On His might, all seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day ;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may ;
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm sure haven
Of His breast ;
Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side.
Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side.



Alternative Tune : St. Luke 234

- 1 I LOVE Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my
Lord ;
I love Thee, my Saviour ; I love Thee, my
God ;
I love Thee, I love Thee, and that Thou dost
know ;
But how much I love Thee, I never can show.
- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account !
My joys are triumphant, I stand on the mount !
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus my Saviour and all saints to share.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with Thee I am blest !
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest !
Thy name is my theme, and Thy love is my
song,
Thy grace doth inspire both my heart and
my tongue.
- 4 O ! who's like my Saviour ? He's Salem's
bright King ;
The sweet song of Moses He's given me to sing ;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him, with heart and
with will,
While His blessed work here my moments
doth fill.



By permission of Mrs. C. Taylor.

- 1 I LOVE Thy will, O God !
Thy blessed, perfect will,
In which this once rebellious heart
Lies satisfied and still.
- 2 I love Thy will, O God !
It is my joy, my rest ;
It glorifies my common task,
It makes each trial blest.
- 3 I love Thy will, O God !
The sunshine or the rain.
Some days are bright with praise, and some
Sweet with accepted pain.
- 4 I love Thy will, O God !
O hear my earnest plea,
That as Thy will is done in Heaven
It may be done in me.



- 1 I LOVE to steal a while away,
From ev'ry cumbering care,
And spend the hours of closing day,
In humble grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes beyond ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
And hence my songs abound.
- 5 Soon shall earth's days of toil be o'er,
Its darkness passed away ;
Its storms and trials but prepare
And lead to endless day.



By permission of Composer.

- 1 I PRAYED that Love Divine
Might fill my heart,
And Thou Thyself hast come
For Love Thou art.
- 2 With gladness I receive
My Heavenly Guest,
Deeming this heart of mine
Supremely blest.
- 3 While Thou dost work in me
Thy sweet design,
That I may bear the torch
Of Truth Divine.
- 4 So now a will not mine
Controls my ways,
And I have naught to do
But trust and praise.

Refrain

216

- 1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of gracious heavenly love ;
How Jesus left His glory,
That wondrous love to prove.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the story !
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of gracious, heavenly love.

- 2 I love to tell the story !
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story !
It did so much for me ;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

- 3 I love to tell the story !
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

- 4 I love to tell the story !
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.



- 1 I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where life's waters are ever flowing.

REFRAIN.

- I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O ! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Soon to this country, sin-dark and dreary,
Will come the sunlight of heavenly glory.
- 3 Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.



Alternative Tune : Richmond 134

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord ! I know His name ;
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own my humble name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.



- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most precious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh! I need Thee ;
Every hour I need Thee ;
O bless me now, my Saviour !
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
With me, dear Lord, abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

TO GOD BE THE GLORY

11.11.11.11. & Ref.

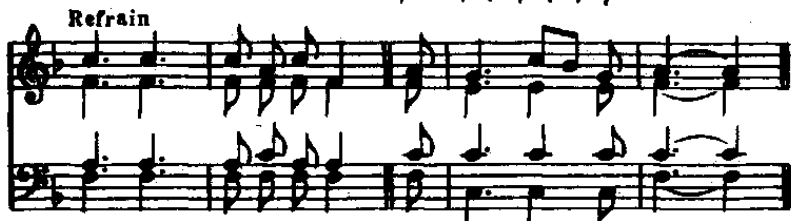
W. H. DOANE

The musical score is written for a single melodic line, likely for a voice or a single instrument. It is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of staves. The first system is the main melody. The second system is a variation marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The third system is the refrain, marked 'Refrain' and 'D.S. al Fine'. The score includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

- 1 TO God be the glory, great things He hath done,
 So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
 Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
 And opened the Life-gate that all may go in.

REFRAIN.

- Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the earth hear His voice !
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 Let the people rejoice !
 O come to the Father, thro' Jesus, the Son,
 And give Him the glory—great things He hath done.
- 2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
 To ev'ry believer the promise of God;
 The vilest offender who truly believes,
 That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
- 3 Great things He hath taught us,
 Great things He hath done,
 And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;
 But purer, and higher, and greater will be
 Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.



1 IN God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide ;
No refuge, no rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

REFRAIN.

O ! what comfort it brings,
My soul sweetly sings,
I am safe from all danger
While under His wings.

- 2 I dread not the terror by night ;
No arrow can harm me by day ;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of our Lord.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring ;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand at my right hand ;
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.
- 6 His truth is my buckler and shield,
His love He hath set upon me ;
His name in my heart He hath sealed ;
E'en now His salvation I see.



- 1 IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep this simple feast,
Where every consecrated heart
Is made a welcome guest.
- 2 By faith we take the bread of life
Which this doth symbolize;
This cup in token of the blood,
His costly sacrifice.
- 3 This cup shall e'er recall the hour
When Thou didst set us free ;
Soon with new joy in Kingdom power
We'll drink it, Lord, with Thee.
- 4 What rapturous joy shall then be ours
For ever, Lord, with Thee !
Clothed with our resurrection powers,
Thine endless praise shall be.



† This chord is for first and last verses only.

By permission of Miss Morley Horder.

- 1 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.
- 2 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 prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 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.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- 5 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.



1 IN some way or other the Lord will provide :
 It may not be my way,
 It may not be thy way ;
 And yet, in His own way,
 " The Lord will provide."

REFRAIN.

Then we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide ;
 Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And He will provide.

- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide :
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time ;
And yet in His own time,
“ The Lord will provide.”
- 3 Despair then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He has spoken
Was ever yet broken.
“ The Lord will provide.”

*Alternative Tune : Sardis 96*

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 When the sun of life is beaming
Bright and clear upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

168A

PRAISE TO THE LORD

LOBE DEN HERREN

14.14.4.7.8.

STRALSUND GESANGBUCH



- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise Him in glad adoration.
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease,
Turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.
- 4 Praise to the Lord, who when darkness and sin ^{are} ~~is~~ abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His light,
Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with His mercy surrounding.
- 5 Praise to the Lord ! O let all that is in me adore Him !
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him !
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

- 1 IN the rifted Rock I'm resting,
 Sure and safe from all alarm ;
 Storms and billows have united,
 All in vain, to do me harm :
 In the rifted Rock I'm resting ;
 Surf is dashing at my feet,
 Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hoverin'
 Yet my rest is all complete.

REFRAIN.

In the rifted Rock I'm resting ;
Sure and safe from all alarm ;
Storms and billows have united,
All in vain, to do me harm.

- 2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
Many a tempest shock have known ;
Have been driven, without anchor,
On the barren shores and lone.
But I now have found a haven
Never moved by tempest shock,
Where my soul is safe forever,
In the blessed rifted Rock.



By permission of Messrs. Marshall Morgan and Scott Limited.

- 1 IN the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide :
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side.
Earthly cares can only vex me, trials never lay me low
And when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

- 2 When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring.
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion sweet,
If I tried, I could not utter what He says, when thus we meet.
- 3 Only this : I know, I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears.
Oh ! how patiently He listens and my drooping heart He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me ? what a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the faults which He must see.
- 4 Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If He did not plainly tell me each displeasing word or thought ?
No ! for He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more,
For I know that He doth love me, though sometimes He wounds me sore.
- 5 Would you like to know the sweetness of this secret of the Lord ?
Go and hide beneath His shadow, this shall then be your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.



By permission of Miss Morley Horder.

Alternative Tune : Saxby 182

- 1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall
And with the arms of faith embrace ;
O King of glory, hear my call ;
O raise me, heal me by Thy grace.
- 2 Now righteous through Thy grace I am ;
No condemnation now I dread ;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
Alive in Thee, my living Head.
- 3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy flight from me away ;
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray :
- 4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be ;
My joy to endure and do Thy will
Till perfect I am found in Thee.
- 5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord ;
Support my weakness with Thy might ;
Gird on Thy thigh Thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight.
- 6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till I appear before Thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Refrain

1 IN Zion's Rock abiding,
My soul her triumph sings ;
In His pavilion hiding,
I praise the King of kings.

2 Wild waves are round me swelling,
Dark clouds above I see ;
Yet, in my fortress dwelling,
More safe I cannot be.

REFRAIN.

My Strong Tower is He !
To Him will I flee ;
In Him confide, in Him abide ;
My Strong Tower is He !

3 My tower of strength can never
In time of trouble fail ;
No power of Satan ever
Against it shall prevail.



1 I SAW a wayworn traveller
 In tattered garments clad,
 Yet struggling up the mountain,
 His face would make you glad.
 His back was laden heavy,
 His strength was almost gone,
 He shouted as he journeyed,
 Deliverance will come.

- 2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow ;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.
- 3 The songsters in the arbour
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay ;
His watchword still was " Onward ! "
Yet swifter did he run,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.
- 4 I saw him in the evening :
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below ;
He saw the golden city—
His everlasting home—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come !
- 5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
From death for evermore ;
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come !



Alternative Tune : Barton 272

- 1 IS it for me, dear Saviour
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so poor and humble,
Oh ! shall I thus be blest?
- 2 Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in glorious rapture
On Thy beloved face?
- 3 Is it for me to listen
To Thy beloved voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
- 4 A thrill of solemn gladness
Hath hushed my very heart,
To think that I may really
Behold Thee as Thou art :
- 5 Behold Thee in Thy beauty ;
Behold Thee face to face ;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And rest in Thine embrace.

174A

LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH

RAVENSHAW

6.6.6.6.

WEISSE'S GESANGBUCH



- 1 LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the main melody. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system is labeled 'Refrain' and contains the first two lines of the refrain. The fourth system contains the next two lines of the refrain. The fifth system contains the final two lines of the refrain. The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the lower parts and a more melodic line in the upper parts.

1 I STAND all astonished with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love ;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

REFRAIN.

The cross now covers my sins ;
The past is under the blood ;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all ;
My will is the will of my God.

- 2 I earnestly wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free ;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.
- 3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole ;
I touched but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.
- 4 The Prince of my peace is now present,
The light of His face is on me ;
O listen ! beloved, He speaketh :
“ My peace I will give unto thee.”



- 1 I THANK Thee, Lord, that Thou hast shown,
 And I begin to see,
 What Thou canst be to all Thine own :
 What they can be to Thee—
 If only they would yield Thee *all*,
 And just obey Thy call.
- 2 How wonderful ! I never knew
 That I should trust Thee so,
 That Thou couldst be so much to me
 In all the ways I go.
 My every need Thou dost supply,
 My longings satisfy.

- 3 I'll take Thee for my keeper, Lord—
And I commit to Thee,
My soul, my way, my works, my cause,
In Thy sole charge to be.
And that deposit, Thou, I know,
Wilt guard from every foe.
- 4 I'll take Thee for my peace, O Lord,
My heart to keep and fill.
Thine own great calm amid earth's storms
Will keep me ever still ;—
And as Thy kingdom doth increase,
So shall Thy deep'ning peace.
- 5 I'll take Thee for my wisdom, too,
For wisdom's sun Thou art,—
Thou who dost choose the foolish things,
Set me, O Lord, apart ;—
That I may speak and work for Thee,
As Thou dost work thro' me.
- 6 I'll take Thee for my All-in-All,
For all Thou hast is mine,
I nothing have and nothing am :—
That nothing, Lord, is Thine.
Thou shalt be everything to me,—
My All-sufficiency.



- 1 I'VE found a friend ; O ! 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 heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a friend ; O ! such a friend !

He gave His life to save me ;

And not alone the gift of life,

But His own self He gave me.

Naught that I have my own I call,

I hold it for the Giver ;

My heart, my strength, my life, my all,

Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a friend ; O ! such a friend !

So kind, and true, and tender,

So wise a counsellor and guide,

So mighty a defender !

From Him who now doth love me so,

What power my soul can sever ?

Shall life or death, or any foe ?

No ; I am His for ever.



Alternative Tune : Spes Celestis 365

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near ;
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.</p> | <p>2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.</p> |
|--|---|
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let Thy goodness chase away
All hindrance to Thy love.
O ! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And send me to the blood again,
Which makes and keeps me whole.



Refrain



1 I WILL sing for Jesus ;
 With His blood He bought me
 And all along my pilgrim way
 His loving hand has brought me.

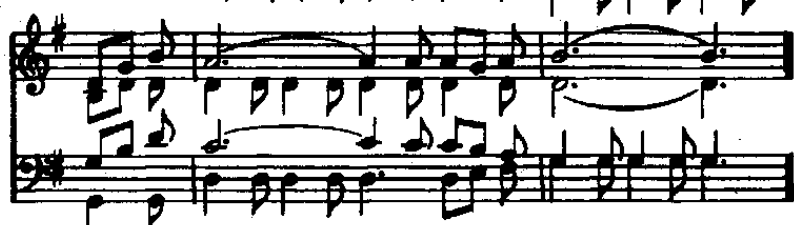
2 Can there overtake me
 Any dark disaster,
 While I sing for Jesus,
 My ever blessed Master ?

REFRAIN.

O ! yes, I'll sing for Jesus,
 Yes, I'll tell the story
 Of Him Who did redeem us,
 The Lord of life and glory.

3 I will sing for Jesus ;
 His name alone prevailing
 Shall be my sweetest music,
 When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus ;
 O ! how will I adore Him,
 Among the cloud of witnesses
 Who cast their crowns before Him.



- 1 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.

REFRAIN.

- Sing, O ! sing of my Redeemer ;
With His blood He purchased me ;
On the cross He sealed my pardon
Paid the debt and made me free.
- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power to save,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin and death and grave.
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And my call to glory too ;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Heavenly glory brought to view.



- 1 I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
Prepared by our Lord for His own,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
For the years of eternity home ;
For the years of eternity home,
Where no storm ever beat on the glittering strand,
For the years of eternity home.

- 2 O! that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me.
Between that fair city and me.
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me.
- 3 An unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
The King of all kingdoms forever He'll be,
And His saints will be crowned at His hands.
And His saints will be crowned at His hands.
The King of all kingdoms forever He'll be,
And His saints will be crowned at His hands.
- 4 O ! -how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
His songs on our lips, and His work in our hands,
To meet one another again.
To meet one another again.
His songs on our lips, and His work in our hands.
To meet one another again.



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Alternative Tune : Whitburn 171.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He shed the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Twas midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 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 !
- 5 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.
- 6 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 !



By permission of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Alternative Tunes : St. Oswald 168, Galilee 317

- 1 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."
- 2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake ;
Turned from home, and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.
- 3 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 ! "
- 4 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.
- 5 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.



- 1 "JESUS Himself drew near," I saw Him not—
Because my eyes were dim, my heart was sad,
When He through faith revealed Himself to me.
My heart o'erflowed with love, it made me glad.
- 2 "Jesus Himself drew near," just at the time—
I needed most His presence and His aid ;
He came to strengthen me, my soul to cheer ;
He came to tell me not to be afraid.
- 3 "Jesus Himself drew near" ; He came Himself—
To heal my broken heart, my sin-sick soul,
I heard Him say, "Come unto Me, find rest,
For I have heal'd thee, cleans'd thee, made thee whole."
- 4 "Jesus Himself drew near," when sorrow came ;
He brought such love, and sympathy divine,
The trial seemed to lose its keenest sting,
Into the wound He pour'd His "oil and wine."
- 5 "Jesus Himself drew near" ; so very near,
So close, that He is always within call ;
Dear Lord abide, on earth my portion be,
In Heaven my Everlasting "All in all."

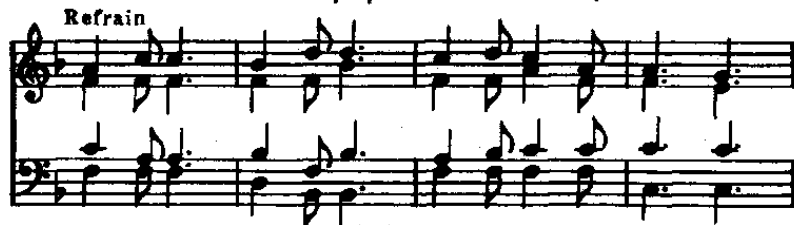


- 1 IMMORTAL Love, for ever full, 2 Our outward lips confess the Name
For ever flowing free, All other names above;
For ever shared, for ever whole, Love only knoweth whence it came,
A never-ebbing sea ! And comprehendeth love.
- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deep,
For Him no depths can drown.
- 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.
- 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.
- 7 O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.
- 8 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !



1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Weak and poor, despised, forsaken.
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known.
Yet, how rich is my condition !
God and Christ are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They despised my Saviour too ;
 Former friends are wont to leave me,
 Thou art faithful, Thou art true.
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
 Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
 This but drives me nearer Thee ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Soon my rest will sweeter be.
 O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me
 While Thy love is left to me ;
 O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy apart from Thee.
- 4 Go, then, earthly name and treasure ;
 Come, reproach, and scorn and pain ;
 In Thy service pain is pleasure,
 With Thy favour loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, ~~Abba, Father~~ ; Lord & Saviour
 I have set my heart on Thee.
 Storms may howl and clouds may gather ;
 All must work for good to me.
- 5 Soul, then know 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 ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think how Jesus died to save thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?



- 1 JESUS, keep me near the cross ; 2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
There a precious fountain ; Love and mercy found me ;
Free to all—a healing stream— There the bright and morning star
Flows from Calvary's mountain. Shed its beams around me.

REFRAIN.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever ;
ransomed Till my ~~captured~~ soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

- 3 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.



- 1 UNTO him that hath Thou givest ever " more abundantly."
Lord, I live because Thou livest, therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race; therefore let me grow in grace.
Unto him that hath Thou givest ever " more abundantly."
- 2 Deepen all Thy work, O Master, strengthen ev'ry downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster more and more Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase, only let me grow in grace.
Deepen all Thy work, O Master, strengthen ev'ry downward root.
- 3 Father, grace for grace out-pouring, show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher sunward soaring, mounting as on eagle's wings.
By the brightness of Thy face, Father let me grow in grace.
Father, grace for grace out-pouring, show me ever greater things.
- 4 Let me grow by sun or shower; ev'ry moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour more and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace, day by day my growth in grace.
Let me grow by sun or shower; ev'ry moment water me.
- 5 Let me, then, be always growing, never, never standing still;
List'ning, learning, better knowing Thee and Thy most blessed will,
Lighted in Thy holy place, daily let me grow in grace.
Let me, then, be always growing, never, never standing still.

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- 1 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.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care ;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.



Alternative Tune : Hollingside 438

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life be past !
 Safe, into the haven guide,
 O, receive me home at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O, 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.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All I need in Thee I find ;
Thou didst strengthen me when faint,
Now my eyes no more are blind.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Rich supplies I find in Thee,
Springing up within my heart,
Rising to eternity.



- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea ;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal ;
Chart and compass come from Thee ;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild ;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, " Be still ! "
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me !
- 3 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."



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- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south mankind will meet
To pay their homage at His feet ;
While all the world shall own the Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Shall praise His name with sweetest song,
And loud their voices shall proclaim
Honour and blessings on His name.



- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee,
Brings comfort, peace and rest ;
O ! how I long Thy face to see,
And be for ever blest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !
- 4 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.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.



- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that life imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 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.



Alternative Tune : Melcombe 107

- 1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept Thy well-deserved renown ;
We glory in Thy kingly crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee ;
Grant a blest hour of joy and love,
Communion like to that above.
- 3 The gladness of this happy day !
O, may its joys for ever stay !
Let not our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, enhance our joys,
Till we are made to share Thy name,
As bride of God's anointed Lamb.



- 1 JESUS, Thy spotless righteousness
My raiment is, my glorious dress ;
'Midst heavenly hosts in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold may I stand in Thy great day
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved from sin I am,
Through faith in Thine all-powerful name.
- 3 Thou holy, meek, unspotted Lamb
Who from the Father's bosom came ;
Who died for all mankind to atone,
Now as my blessed Lord I own.
- 4 And now I see, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.



- 1 JESUS wept in sorrow over
One who trusted in His name,
Who, beneath death's sullen power,
Fell a victim 'mongst the slain.
Lifted there his tear-stained face,
Lighted with a matchless grace.
There His sympathy we see,
In those tears at Bethany.
- 2 Through those tears He spoke sweet comfort
To the hearts bereaved and sad,
Shadowed forth His coming power ;
Yet to make the whole earth glad
Spoke the potent words of life,
Words with deepest meaning rife :
Yes, His power too we see,
In His work at Bethany.
- 3 There He bade all hearts look forward
To His kingdom soon to come,
Where with resurrection power
He'd recall the dead ones home.
There before the sealed grave
Showed His wondrous power to save.
O ! what glory thus we see
In that type at Bethany.

- 4 When the pangs of sorrow seize us,
When the waves of trouble roll,
We may bring our cares to Jesus,
Comfort of the weary soul.
Never need we come in vain,
He is evermore the same,
For His love and power we see,
In His work at Bethany.

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WINCHESTER NEW

L.M.



- 1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd, good, and wise, and true,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our hearts Thyself reveal,
And let us each Thy presence feel.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and lighten care ;
Here teach our hope and trust to rise ;
Reveal Thy glory to our eyes.



Alternative Tune : Wiltshire 308

- 1 JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let saints rejoice and sing !
He comes to claim His virgin bride,
Her triumph soon to bring.
- 2 Lift up your heads, ye fainting souls !
The signs long promised read !
Messiah's chariot onward rolls ;
He soon the world will lead.
- 3 Joy to the world ! the Lord shall reign !
Let men their songs employ ;
While field and wood, and hill and plain,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 4 He'll rule the world with truth and grace ;
The nations all shall prove
The blessing of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.
- 5 Glad tidings of great joy for all !
Through this blest gospel flow ;
A sweet relief from every ill,
And rest from all our woe.

- 6 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
O earth, receive Thy King !
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And grateful tribute bring.

198

LISBON

S.M.



- 1 KEEP Thou my way, O Lord ;
Myself I cannot guide ;
Nor dare I trust my falt'ring steps
One moment from Thy side.
- 2 I cannot live aright,
Save as I'm close to Thee ;
My heart would fail without Thine aid ;
Choose Thou my way for me.
- 3 For every joy of faith,
And every high design—
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.
- 4 Free grace my pardon seals,
Through the atoning blood ;
Free grace the full assurance brings
Of peace with Thee my God.
- 5 O ! speak, and I will hear ;
Command and I obey ;
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run Thy righteous way.
- 6 Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam ;
O ! bear me safe through earthly strife,
To Thy eternal home.



Alternative Tune : Sardis 96

- 1 LABOURING and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of Life," on Thee we feed.
- 2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken rock are flowing,
"Well of life," from Thee we draw.
- 3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life," we walk in Thee.
- 4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give ;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
Life of life, in Thee we live.



- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.



Alternative Tune : Gopsal. 203

- 1 LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind ;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven !
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
For Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 O ! for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call !
To bid their heart rejoice
In Him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified ;
For all the world my Saviour died.



- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provisions taste.
- 3 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
Why pine away and die ?
Here you may quench your longing thirst
From springs that never dry.
- 4 Abundant grace and blessing here
In rich profusion join ;
Salvation in full measure flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 5 The gates divine of heavenly grace
Are open to our prayers ;
And when we come to seek supplies,
God grants us our desires.



Alternative Tune : Darwall's 148th. 201

- 1 LET music of sweet praise
Within thy spirit chime,
And ring adown the ways,
Through every change of Time,
And echo round afar and near
The mercies of thy Saviour dear.
- 2 Hereto His grace hath led,
And safely He will guide ;
His bounties have been shed
Anew each morning-tide ;
His love shall make thy future bright,
At evening-time it shall be light.
- 3 Then break thou forth to praise,
And be His name adored !
Resound through all thy days
The glories of thy Lord ;
Serve Him with joy, and swell the song
Till list'ning hearts the notes prolong !

LET US PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER

8.7.8.7. & Ref.

M. L. MCPHAIL

- 1 LET us pray for one another,
 Helping thus the weakest stand ;
 For the conflict with the tempter
 Strengthening both heart and hand.

REFRAIN.

- Let us pray for one another,
 God will our petitions hear ;
 He delights to have His children
 To the throne of grace draw near.
- 2 Let us in the hour of trial,
 When a brother's faith seems weak,
 That he yet may prove victorious,
 On our knees his name oft speak.
- 3 Let us pray in faith believing,
 Ever trusting undismayed ;
 Knowing He will send the answer,
 Though in wisdom long delayed.
- 4 Let us cheer our homeward journey,
 By sweet fellowship in prayer ;
 Thus the law of Christ fulfilling,
 Thus each other's burdens bear.



- 1 LET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for His own ;
The hope that's built upon His Word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us 'round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Though now He's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near—
A guide, a glory, a defence
To save from every fear.
- 4 As surely as He overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those who trust His name
May all His triumph win.



- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue ;
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford ;
Far from my thoughts be joys like these,
Since I have found the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;
I bid them all depart ;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.



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From Alexanders Hymns No. 3/423.

- 1 "LIE still, and let Him mould thee",
Oh, Lord, I would obey ;
Be Thou the skilful Potter,
And I the yielding clay.

REFRAIN.

- Bend me, oh, bend me to Thy will,
While in Thy hand I'm lying still.
- 2 In Thy dear hand I'm resting,
Oh, hold me quiet there ;
Then soften me and mould me,
And for Thy will prepare.
 - 3 I need not fear to trust Thee,
Thy love and skill are such,
New lessons Thou wilt teach me,
While yielding to Thy touch.
 - 4 Impress Thine image on me,
Fulfil Thy blest design,
Till others see upon me
That beauteous face of Thine.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 OH, worship the King,
All-glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing
His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.</p> <p>2 Oh, tell of His might,
Oh, 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.</p> <p>3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast,
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.</p> | <p>4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.</p> <p>5 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 !</p> <p>6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.</p> |
|---|---|

- 1 LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,
 O earth, with strength lift up thy voice !
 God's kingdom to the earth is coming,
 The King is at thy gates—rejoice !

REFRAIN.

Arise and shine in youth eternal ;
 Thy light is come, thy King appears !
 Within this century's swinging portal,
 Breaks the new dawn—the thousand years !

- 2 And while the earth with strife is riven,
And envious factions truth do hide,
Lo ! He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door and claims His bride.
- 3 Lift up thy gates ! bring forth oblations !
The Lord of earth His message sends ;
His Word, a sword, will smite the nations ;
His name, the Christ, the King of Kings.
- 4 He's come ! let all the earth adore Him ;
The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The Life of life, the Word of God !

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has two lines of music. The second system has two lines of music. The third system is labeled 'Refrain' and also has two lines of music. The music is a hymn tune with a 9.8.9.8. & Ref. structure.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, desponding pilgrims ;
 Give to the winds your needless fears ;
 He who hath died on Calvary's mountain,
 Soon is to reign a thousand years.

REFRAIN.

A thousand years ! earth's coming glory !
 'Tis the glad day so long foretold ;
 'Tis the bright morn of Zion's glory,
 Prophets foresaw in times of old.

- 2 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings ;
Speak of the time of rest that nears ;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.
- 3 What if the clouds do for a moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears ?
Soon the glad sun of promise given
Rises to shine a thousand years.
- 4 Haste ye along, ages of glory ;
Haste the glad time when Christ appears.
O ! that I may be one found worthy
To reign with Him a thousand years.

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MIGDOL

L.M.

L. MASON

*Alternative Tune : Mainzer 27*

- 1 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.
- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
Mercy is ever at His side.
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre one of righteousness.
- 3 O ! blessed they, and greatly blest,
Where Christ is ruler and confessed !
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes !
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart ;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee : here, Lord, abide ;
Let me Thy constant presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 O ! come, my Sovereign, enter in ;
Yet more Thy nobler life begin ;
Thy Word and Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won !



- 1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls ;
Thy grace to us afford ;
And while we meet to learn Thy truth,
Be Thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once Thou didst Thy word expound
To those who walked with Thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see—
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern ;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist ;
Thy spirit now impart ;
Keep humble, but with love inspire
To Thee and Thine, each heart.
- 5 Thus may Thy Word be dearer still,
And studied more each day ;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

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1 LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase ;
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day,
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand ;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the spirit there.

3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We must trust Him solely
All for us to do ;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

REFRAIN.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

212A

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

SANDON

10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. PURDAY



- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

Refrain

1 LIKE the sound of many waters
 Rolling on through ages long,
 In a tide of rapture breaking—
 Hark ! the mighty choral song !

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Let the heavenly portals ring !
 Christ has come, the King of Glory !
 Christ the Lord, Messiah, King !

- 2 Lo ! the Morning Star appeareth ;
O'er the world His beams are cast ;
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He, the Great, the First, the Last.
- 3 Saviour, not with costly treasure
Do we gather at Thy throne ;
All we have, our hearts, we give Thee—
Consecrate them Thine alone.



Alternative Tune : Austria 91.

- 1 LISTEN to the voice celestial,
 Ye whose eyes with weeping fail,
 God reveals His gracious purpose
 To the soul in sorrow's vale ;
 There will be no hopeless sadness
 In the new earth's golden years,
 Blissful years replete with gladness,
 " God shall wipe away all tears."

- 2 Ev'ry tomb shall be deserted,
Harps of jubilee shall ring ;
" Ruthless grave, where is thy triumph?
Cruel death, where is thy sting? "
Sing the blest emancipation,
Ev'ry creature that hath breath,
Life shall quicken all creation,
There shall thenceforth be no death.
- 3 No more widowed hearts repining,
No more hungry homeless souls,
When the earth shall bloom as Eden
And the Prince of Peace controls ;
When the ransomed hosts are singing,
Not an echo of despair
In His vast dominion ringing,
" There shall be no sorrow there."
- 4 With the living waters flowing
And His saving health made known,
Ev'ry cheek with beauty glowing ;
Ev'ry friend of evil flown ;
God will scatter leaves of healing
For each loyal heart and brain,
All His matchless love revealing,
" There shall henceforth be no pain."



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Alternative Tune : Hyfrydol 351.

- 1 LONG in bondage we have waited
 For the dawning of the light ;
 Error's chains we've felt and hated
 Through the long and weary night.
 Now the blessed light appearing
 Fills our hearts with joy and peace,
 Doubt and fear for aye dispelling ;
 O ! what rest in this release !

- 2 Lord, we recognise the fountain,
In Thy long-looked-for return,
In Thy glory-crowned mountain,
How our hearts within us burn !
Lo, in all the clear fulfilling
Of old prophecy and type,
Now we see Thy kingdom coming ;
For the time is fully ripe.
- 3 O ! we long to see Thy glory
Streaming wide o'er all the earth ;
Every error, old and hoary,
Flee to realms that gave them birth.
For this glorious culmination,
Not for long shall Zion wait :
Soon will come her coronation ;
Lo, her King is at the gate.
- 4 Bride and bridegroom then appearing,
Shall illuminate earth's gloom ;
And the nations will be shouting,
Lo ! our King ! make room, make room.
O ! the times of glad refreshing
Soon shall bring a sweet release,
Through the glorious reign of blessing,
Through the mighty Prince of Peace.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
 See the " Man of Sorrows " now ;
 Conqueror, He's crowned victorious ;
 Every knee to Him shall bow.

REFRAIN.

Hail Him ! hail Him ! angels hail Him !
 Hail the Saviour, King of kings !
 Hail Him ! hail Him ! angels hail Him !
 Hail the Saviour, King of kings.

- 2 Hail the Saviour ! angels, hail Him !
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
In the seat of power crown Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
- 4 Hark ! the burst of acclamation !
Hark ! these loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O ! what joy the sight affords !

217

SICILIAN MARINERS

8.7.8.7.



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace ;
Still on heav'nly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
Fill each soul with consolation ;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise :
When we reach our blissful station,
We will render nobler praise.



- 1 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,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruit of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.



- 1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood of Thine ;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity :
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my dying soul for God,
Thee, my dear Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 4 Do Thou assist Thy feeble one
The great engagement to perform ;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

220

FRANCONIA

S.M.



- 1 LORD, I delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my truest Friend.
- 2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Who makes my life secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 4 I cast my care on Thee !
I triumph and adore :
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.



- 1 LORD I would loyal prove to Thee !
Let Thy reproaches fall on me ;
To spend my days in Thine employ
Shall be my chiefest earthly joy.
- 2 Shall I, for fear of feeble man
Refrain from showing God's great plan?
Under a cover hide my light,
While thousands grope in cheerless night?
- 3 Shall I, for this world's mean renown,
Regard a mortal's smile or frown?
How then could I my trial stand?
Or what excuse could I command?
- 4 O ! what are all earth's gilded toys
Compared with heaven's eternal joys?
Or even to the feast now spread,
For pilgrims through the desert led?
- 5 O ! sweeter far the wilderness,
With all its bleak, wild barrenness,
Than all the city's pomp and pride
Without my heavenly Friend and Guide !
- 6 Its manna is a foretaste sweet
Of heavenly bounty all complete ;
Its cloudy pillar, guiding light,
Are earnest of the future bright.
- 7 This path I therefore humbly tread
In footprints of our living Head,
In hope rejoicing as I go
In Him Who leads and loves me so.



1 LORD Jesus, in the days of old,
Two walked with Thee by waning light,
And love's blind instinct made them bold
To crave Thy presence through the night ;
As night descends, we too would pray ;
O leave us not at close of day.

2 Day is far spent and night is nigh ;
Stay with us, Saviour, through the night ;
Talk with us, teach us tenderly,
Lead us to peace, to rest, to light ;
Dispel our darkness with Thy face,
Radiant with resurrection grace.

3 The hours of day are glad and good,
And good the gifts Thy hand bestows—
The body's health, the spirit's food,
And rest, and after rest repose.
We would not lose day's golden gains,
So stay with us as daylight wanes.

4 Nor this night only, blessed Lord,
We, every day and every hour
Would walk with Thee Emmaus-ward,
To hear Thy voice of love and power,
And every night would by Thy side
Look, listen, and be satisfied.



- 1 LORD, no hour is half so sweet,
From bright morn to evening fair,
This which calls me to Thy feet,
Is the blessed hour of prayer.
- 2 Blest that tranquil hour of morn,
Blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on wings of prayer upborne,
Cumb'ring cares of earth I leave.
- 3 Then my strength by Thee renewed
And transgressions all forgiv'n ;
Thou dost cheer my solitude
With the peace and joy of heav'n.
- 4 Words can't tell what sweet relief
For my wants I here do find—
Strength for warfare, balm for grief,
Joy and hope and peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is doubt, and every fear ;
And I seem in heav'n to stay ;
E'en the penitential tear
With soft touch is wiped away.
- 6 Till I reach that blissful shore,
This my privilege shall be.
Here my soul to thus outpour,
Simply, fervently to Thee.



- 1 LORD of my life, to Thee I call ;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great trouble-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
Yet Christ, my Lord, forgets me not ;
His promises I daily plead,
And He supplies my every need.



- 1 LORD Thou hast made Thyself to me
A living, bright reality :
More present to faith's vision keen,
Than any earthly object seen :
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the closest earthly tie.
- 2 And Thou, blest vision of my soul !
Hast made my broken nature whole ;
Hast purified my base desires,
And kindled passion's holiest fires ;
My nature Thou hast lifted up,
And filled me with a glorious hope.
- 3 Nearer and dearer still to me,
Thou living, loving Saviour be ;
Brighter the vision of Thy face,
More charming still Thy words of grace ;
So life shall be transferred to love—
A heaven below, a heaven above.

Refrain

1 LO ! the day of God is breaking ;
 See the gleaming from afar !
 Sons of earth from slumber waking,
 Hail the bright and Morning Star.

REFRAIN.

Hear the call ! O gird your armour on,
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword ;
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord !

- 2 Trust in him who is your Captain ;
Let no heart in terror quail ;
Jesus leads the gath'ring legion,
In his name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
For the Lord is with you always,
Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conq'ring bands with banners waving,
Pressing on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
" Christ o'er all the earth doth reign ! "



Alternative Tune : Blaenwern 305

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down :
 Thou hast made with us Thy dwelling,
 Love doth all Thy favours crown.
 Father, Thou art all compassion ;
 Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
 Thou hast brought to us salvation ;
 Thee we love with all our heart.

- 2 O Almighty to deliver !
Let us more Thy life receive ;
Dwell in us, and never, never,
Never more Thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always pleasing,
Love Thee as Thy hosts above,
Serve and praise Thee without ceasing,
Witnessing to Thy great love.
- 3 Finish, Lord, Thy New Creation ;
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Show us all Thy great salvation—
Thine shall all the glory be.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we see Thine own dear face ;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee.
Lost in wonder, love and praise.



- 1 LOVE of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine ;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Blessed Saviour, lend Thine aid ;
Lift Thou up my fainting head !
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Never more by cares oppress.
- 2 Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me ;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place ;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour ;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.
- 3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
And Thou dost with hope inspire ;
Thou dost wean from all below ;
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy ;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.



- 1 LOVING Father, we Thy children,
Sons of Thine through Christ Our Lord,
Seeking to fulfil Thy pleasure,
Teach us from Thy Holy Word.
- 2 We are Thine, for Thou hast bought us
With the blood of Thy dear Son,
Give us by Thy Holy Spirit
Grace to gain Thine own "well done."
- 3 We would humbly pray for wisdom
As directed by Thy Word,
That in all things we may please Thee,
Walking near to our dear Lord.
- 4 May the fruit of Thy sweet Spirit
Be developed more and more
In each one of Thy dear children,
May we make our calling sure.
- 5 May our love for Thee be proven
By the tests Thou dost apply.
Faithful may we be and chosen,
Thus Thy Name to glorify.



- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 None other could with Him compare
Among the sons of men ;
He's fairer, too, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw us in our deep distress,
And came to our relief ;
For us He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all our grief.
- 4 God's promises, exceeding great,
He makes to us secure ;
Yea, on this rock our faith may rest,
Immovable, secure.
- 5 O ! the rich depths of love divine,
Of grace a boundless store !
Dear Saviour, since I'm owned as Thine.
I cannot wish for more.



- 1 "MAN of Sorrows!"—what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
"Full atonement!"—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing—
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

MANY SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR EVER

8.7.8.7. D. & Ref.

S. J. VAIL



Refrain



- 1 MANY sleep, but not forever ;
There will be a glorious dawn ;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

REFRAIN.

- Many sleep, but not forever ;
There will be a glorious dawn ;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
- 2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair !
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.
- 3 Yes, they sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave ;
Blessed promise ! they shall waken ;
Jesus died the lost to save.
In the dawning of the morning,
When this troubled night is o'er,
All these buds in beauty blooming,
We'll rejoice to see once more.

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EVERTON

8.7.8.7. D.

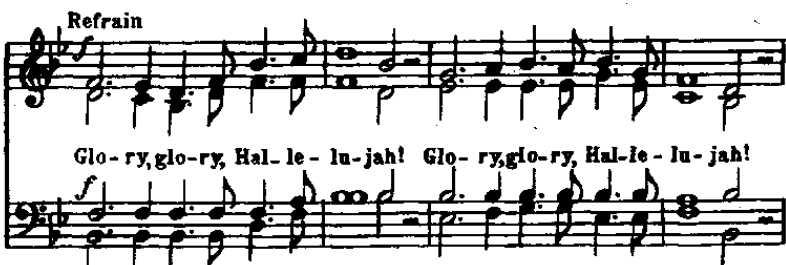
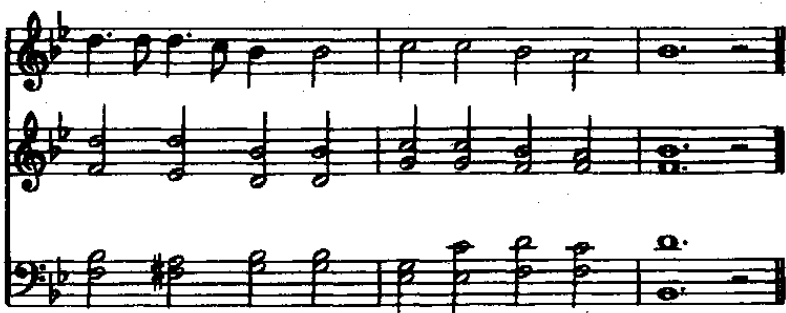
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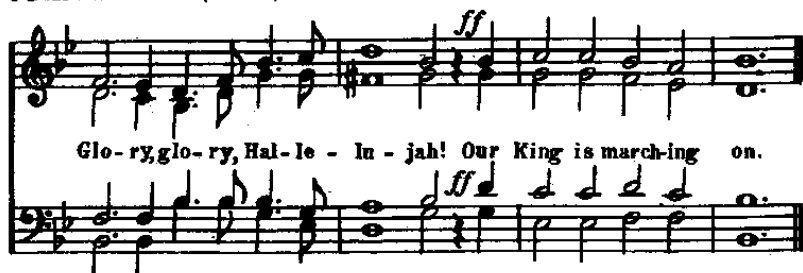


MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With His Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord ;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.



- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints.
To know at the banquet of blessing there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home !
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ;
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease ;
Though having Thy presence wherever I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home !
- 3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O ! give me submission and strength as my day.
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home !





- 1 MINE eyes can see the glory of the presence of the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the winepress where His grapes of wrath are stored ;
 I see the flaming tempest of His swift descending sword ;
 Our King is marching on.

REFRAIN.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Our King is marching on.

- 2 I see His coming judgments, as they circle all the earth,
 The signs and groanings promised, to precede a second birth ;
 I read His righteous sentence, in the crumbling thrones of earth :
 Our King is marching on.
- 3 The " Gentile Times " are closing, for their kings have had their day ;
 And with them sin and sorrow will for ever pass away ;
 The tribe of Judah's Lion soon will come to hold the sway :
 Our King is marching on.
- 4 The seventh trump is sounding, and our King knows no defeat.
 He will sift out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
 Be swift, my soul, to welcome Him, be jubilant, my feet :
 Our King is marching on.



- 1 MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within ;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin ;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care ;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.
- 2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord ;
More zeal for His glory,
More hope in His word ;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief ;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'er-come ;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home ;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be ;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 MORE love to Thee, O Christ !
 More love to Thee !
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee.
 This is my earnest plea :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !</p> | <p>3 Though sorrow in its work,
 Brings grief and pain ;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !</p> |
| <p>2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest ;
 Now Thee alone I seek ;
 Give what is best.
 This all my prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !</p> | <p>4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise ;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise ;
 This still its prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee !
 More love to Thee !
 More love to Thee !</p> |



1 MOURNER, where so e'er thou art,
At the Cross there's room.
Tell the burden of thy heart ;
At the Cross there's room.
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine every fear,
Only speak and He will hear ;
At the Cross there's room !

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;
At the Cross there's room.
Seek that consecrated spot ;
At the Cross there's room.
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;
In the Saviour find thy rest ;
At the Cross there's room !

3 Blessed thought ! for every one—
At the Cross there's room.
Love's atoning work is done ;
At the Cross there's room.
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go ;
O ! that all the world might know
At the Cross there's room !



1 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.

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

3 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.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, heav'nly dove,
Fear and distress remove ;
Bear me on wings of love,
A ransomed soul.



Alternative Tune : Abridge 265

- 1 MY Father, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end?
The numbers of Thy grace.
- 2 I trust in Thy eternal Word ;
Thy goodness I adore :
O ! give me grace through Christ, my Lord,
That I may serve Thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And tread, with courage, in Thy strength,
The narrow way to God.
- 4 Awake ! awake ! my tuneful powers
With this delightful song ;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

FACE TO FACE

8.7.8.7. & Ref.

G. C. TULLAR



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- 1 FACE to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face, what will it be,
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me?

REFRAIN.

Face to face I shall behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by !

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Only faintly now I see Him,
With the darkening veil between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.</p> | <p>3 What rejoicing in His presence,
When are banished grief and pain;
When the crooked ways are straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain.</p> |
|--|--|
- 4 Face to face ! oh, blissful moment !
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

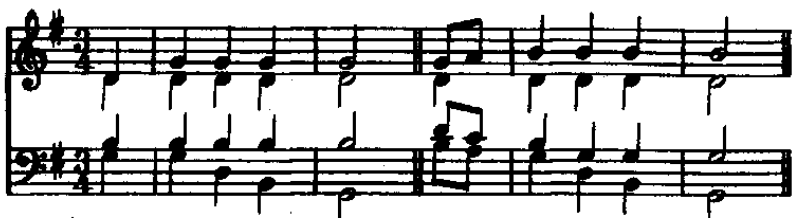
Refrain

1 MY Father, this I ask of Thee—
 Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea :
 For this, and only this, I pray,
 Strength for to-day—just for to-day.

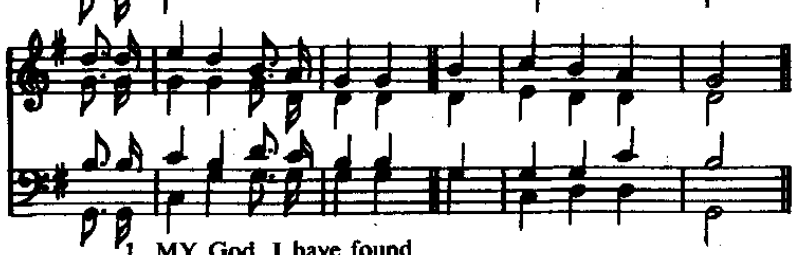
REFRAIN.

Strength for each trial and each task,
 What more, my Father, should I ask ?
 Just as I need it, day by day,
 Strength for my weakness—this I pray.

- 2 I do not ask a lifted load,
Nor for a smooth and thornless road ;
Simply for strength enough to bear
Life's daily burdens anywhere.
- 3 Strength for the present hour of need--
This given, then I'm blest indeed,
For each day, as it comes, will bring
Sufficient strength for anything.
- 4 Strength for to-day, that I may make
Some sad soul glad for Jesus' sake ;
Then they with me at eve shall say--
" Thank God for strength He gave to-day."



Refrain



1 MY God, I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy and true comfort abound.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory !
Hallelujah ! Amen !
Hallelujah ! Soon in glory !
We'll praise thee again.

- 2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.
- 3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

- 4 And though here so low
 'Mid sorrow and woe,
 How blessed this hope of the gospel to know !
- 5 And this we shall find—
 For such is His mind—
 This gospel will open the eyes of the blind.

243

WENTWORTH

8.4.8.4.8.4.

F. C. MAKER



By permission of Psalms and Hymns Trust.

- 1 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.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made joy to abound ;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds circling us round ;
 That in the darkest spot of earth some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all my joy is touched with pain ;
 That shadows fall on brightest hours, that thorns remain ;
 So that earth's bliss may be my guide, and not my chain.
- 4 For Thou who knowest Lord, how soon our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true, yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high, Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee Lord, that Thou hast kept the best in store ;
 I have enough, yet not too much, to long for more ;
 A yearning for a deeper peace not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek, a perfect rest—
 Nor ever shall, until they lean on Jesus' breast.



- 1 MY God, my Father, make me strong,
When tasks of life seem hard and long,
To greet them with this triumph song—
Thy will be done.
- 2 Draw from my timid eyes the veil,
To show where earthly forces fail,
Thy power and love must still prevail,
Thy will be done.
- 3 With confident and humble mind,
Freedom in service I would find,
Praying through every toil assigned,
Thy will be done.
- 4 Things deemed impossible I dare,
Thine is the call and Thine the care,
Thy wisdom shall the way prepare,
Thy will be done.
- 5 All power is here and round me now,
Faithful I stand in rule and vow,
While 'tis not I but ever Thou ;
Thy will be done.
- 6 Heaven's music chimes the glad days in,
Hope soars beyond death, pain and sin,
Faith shouts in triumph, Love must win,
Thy will be done.



- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The source of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
And all Thy promises combine
My longing soul to bless.
- 4 My soul would keep the narrow way
In footprints of my Lord,
And run with joy the shining path,
Directed by Thy Word.



Alternative Tune : Maryton 249

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days my powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him Who for my ransom died ;
Nor could all worldly honour give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.
- 5 His work shall future ages bless,
When present evils are no more ;
And all the world shall then confess
His wondrous love, His saving power.

246A

NEARER STILL NEARER

HAVEN OF REST

P.M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS



- 1 NEARER, still nearer, close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour, so precious Thou art;
Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast,
Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest,"
Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
- 2 Nearer, still nearer, nothing I bring,
Naught as an off'ring to Jesus my King;
Only my sinful now contrite heart,
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart,
Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
- 3 Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine,
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign;
All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride,
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified,
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.
- 4 Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;
Thro' endless ages, ever to be,
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee,
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

Refrain

Alternative Tune : St. Catherine 222

- 1 MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His cov'nant and His blood
Support me in the 'whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He, then, is all my hope and stay.



- 1 MY life flows on in endless song ;
 Above earth's lamentation,
 I catch the sweet, not far-off hymn,
 That hails a New Creation.
 Through all the tumult and the strife,
 I hear the music ringing ;
 It finds an echo in my soul—
 How can I keep from singing ?
- 2 What though my joys and comfort die !
 The Lord my Saviour liveth ;
 What though the darkness gather round !
 Songs in the night He giveth.
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,
 While to that refuge clinging ;
 Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth,
 How can I keep from singing ?

- 3 I lift mine eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;
 I see the blue above it :
 And day by day this path-way smooths,
 Since first I learned to love it.
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
 A fountain ever springing ;
 All things are mine since I am His—
 How can I keep from singing ?

249

MARYTON

L.M.

H. P. SMITH



- 1 MY Lord, how full of sweet content
 My years of pilgrimage are spent !
 Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since Thou art there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.



1 MY song shall be of Jesus,
 His mercy crowns my days :
 He fills my cup with blessings,
 And tunes my heart to praise.
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 The precious Lamb of God,
 Who gave Himself, my ransom,
 Who bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,
 When, sitting at His feet,
 I call to mind His goodness
 In meditation sweet.
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 Whatever ill betide ;
 I'll sing the grace that saves me
 And keeps me at His side.

- 3 My song shall be of Jesus
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and endless day.
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing for ever there.

251

ST. GEORGE

S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the prize.
- 2 O ! watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gained thy crown.



- 1 MY soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heav'nly crown ;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfil ;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armour is divine,
Thy feet with promise shod ;
And on thy head, ere long, shall shine,
The diadem of God.



- 1 MY soul, with humble fervour raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all thy ransom'd powers combine,
To bless His attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair.
- 3 He led my longing soul to prove
The joy of His forgiving love.
And when I did His grace request
He led my weary feet to rest.



- 1 "MY times are in Thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 " My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 " My times are in Thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.



1. NAUGHT of merit or of price
Remains to justice due ;
Jesus died, and paid it all—
Yes, all that I did owe.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be ;
Work for Him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.

REFRAIN.

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owed ;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owed.

4 Bring a willing sacrifice,
Thy soul, to Jesus' feet ;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.

2 When He from His lofty throne
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done ;
" 'Tis finished ! " was His cry.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !</p> | <p>3 Bright doth Thy Truth appear
Shining from heaven ;
This light Thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Ever to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !</p> |
| <p>2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet even here I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !</p> | <p>4 Lord, I would scale the height,
Nearer to be ;
My soul would wing its flight
Quickly to Thee.
O ! may each day bear me
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !</p> |



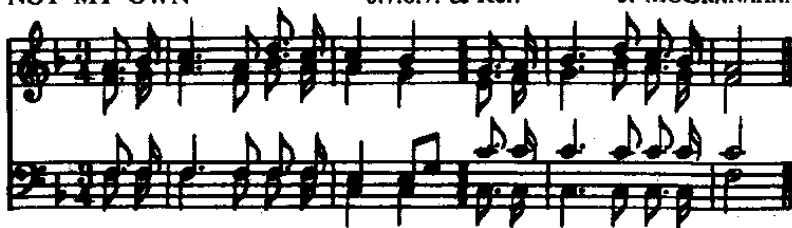
- 1 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy great love,
Fit us for greater work above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.



- 1 NO longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss ;
My soul is satisfied at home ;
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 His word of promise is my food ;
His spirit is my guide ;
Thus daily is my strength renewed ;
My wants, too, are supplied.
- 3 For Him I count as gain each loss ;
Disgrace, for Him, renown ;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown.



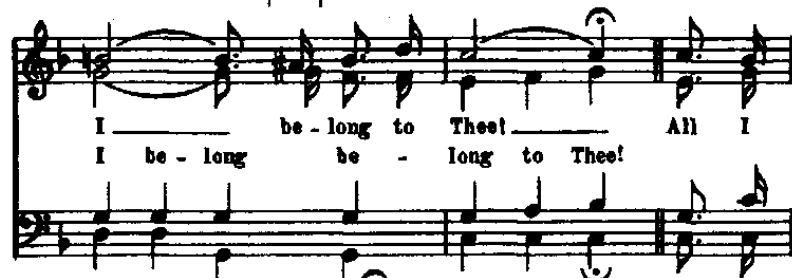
- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see
The burden He did bear,
While pouring out His life for me ;
And sees her ransom there.



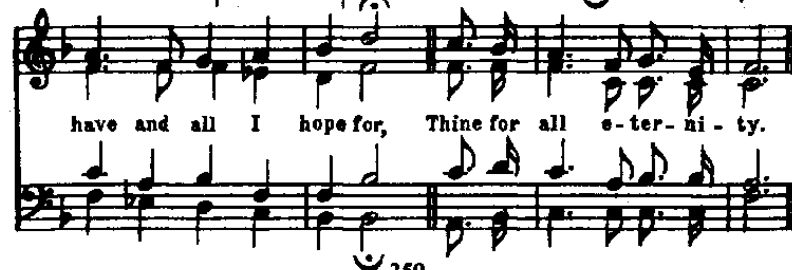
Refrain



"Not my own!" — O "not my own!" Je - sus,
Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus,



I be - long to Thee! All I
I be - long be - long to Thee!



have and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.

- 1 "NOT my own," but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood,
Gladly I accept the message ;
I belong to Christ, the Lord.

REFRAIN.

- "Not my own !" O, "not my own !"
Jesus, I belong to Thee !
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.
- 2 "Not my own !" to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul ;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.
- 3 "Not my own !" my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.



- 1 NOT to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live ;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.
- 2 The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.
- 3 No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show ;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life we shall not know.
- 4 Dead to the world, and all
Its gaiety and pride ;
To its vain pomp and glory be
For ever crucified.
- 5 When He Who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed, and shine
In glory, like His own.
- 6 Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then ;
Our sky without a single cloud,
Ourselves without a stain.
- 7 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified ;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.



263

PRAISE

8.8.6.8.8.6.

A. RADIGER

Alternative Tune : Ariel 268

- 1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth !
 O could we sound the glories forth !
 Which in our Saviour shine ;
 We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
 And harmonise all earthly things,
 In strains of praise sublime.

- 2 The music of the spheres should tell
How He created all things well,
Which grace divine had planned ;
And every radiant human face
Should speak of His redeeming grace,
At love's inspired command.
- 3 In Him how grace and glory meet,
In matchless beauty fair, and sweet,
Should then to all be shown ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
We would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
- 4 O ! the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see His face.
Then with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant through His grace.

264

DOWN'S

C.M.



Alternative Tunes : Stracathro 240. Dalehurst 2.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
To glorify His name,
To let my light shine on the road
That leads men to the Lamb !
- 2 The dearest object I have known,
Whate'er that object be,
I want to banish from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 3 Lord, give me grace to walk with Thee
Through pain, or loss, or shame,
That ev'ry act may henceforth be
An honour to Thy name.



- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Tho' pressed by every foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile ;
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and steady ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, lead me to a faith like this,
Through trial though it be ;
For O ! the rest of faith is bliss,
The bliss of rest in Thee.



Alternative Tune : Howard 163.

- 1 O FOR a heart more like my God,
From imperfection free ;
A heart conformed unto Thy Word,
And pleasing, Lord, to Thee ;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.



- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !
- 2 Jesus ! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears.
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.



- 1 "GREAT is Thy faithfulness," O God my Father,
 There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
 Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not,
 As Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be.

REFRAIN "Great is Thy faithfulness ! Great is Thy faithfulness !
 Morning by morning new mercies I see;
 All I have needed Thy hand hath provided,—
 "Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, unto me !

- 2 Summer and winter, and spring-time and harvest,
 Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
 Join with all nature in manifold witness,
 To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

- 3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
 Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
 Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
 Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside !

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1 O GLORIOUS hope of heav'nly love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagle wings ;
It gives my joyful soul a taste,
And makes me, even here, to feast
With Jesus' priests and kings,
With Jesus' priests and kings.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow,
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
He'll keep His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest,
And everlasting rest.

The musical score is written for piano and features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The first three systems are the main body of the piece, and the last two are the refrain. The refrain is marked with a '3' above the first staff of each system, indicating a triplet. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

Refrain 3

1. O GRACIOUS Father, look with pity on Thy child,
Grant me Thy blessing, make me meek and mild,
Pardon, heavenly Father, all Thou seest in me amiss,
Let Thy sweet forgiveness fill my heart with bliss.

REFRAIN.

Gracious, heav'nly Father,
Hear, O hear my humble prayer ;
Bless me, and keep me
In Thy love and care.

- 2 Help me, O Father, to fulfil Thy holy will,
Into this cold heart heav'nly warmth instil,
Give me, blessed Father, strength sufficient for each day,
From Thy way appointed let me never stray.
- 3 O blessed Father, when the way grows dark and steep,
My hand so trembling, gently take and keep ;
Through the cloud and shadow, make Thy gracious face to shine,
Let Thy blessed presence bring me peace divine.



- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure,
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.



- 1 O GOD, our strength, to Thee our song,
With grateful hearts we raise ;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer ;
And graciously Thine arm of pow'r
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still ;
If, meekly harkening to Thy Word,
We seek to do Thy will.
- 4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols which our wayward hearts,
Set up instead of Thee.
- 5 So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord
Thy faithful people bless ;
Thy favour and Thy grace afford
Our truest happiness.



- 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head !
- 2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then !
- 3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due :
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn.
- 5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth ?
- 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

272A

SILENT NIGHT

STILLE NACHT

P.M.

F. GRUBER



- 1 SILENT night ! holy night !
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin and her Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
- 2 Silent night ! holy night !
Shepherds quail at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia !
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.
- 3 Silent night ! holy night !
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

273

HAPPY DAY

L.M. & Ref.



1 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.

REFRAIN.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day :
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 Now rest, my long divided heart ;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.
- 3 Yes, blessed every day has been
Since I am His and He is mine.
He leads me and I follow on,
Directed through the Word divine.



- 1 O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended !
Our Lord has come to take us home ;
O hail, happy day !
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest ! O hail, happy day !

- 2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over ;
The Jubilee proclaims us free ;
O hail, happy day !
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease ! O hail, happy day !
- 3 O hail, happy day ! that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy ;
O hail, happy day !
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory ! O hail, happy day !
- 4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory !
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight ;
O hail, happy day !
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise ! O hail, happy day !
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day ! when earth shall smile in
And Eden bloom without a tomb ; [gladness,
O hail, happy day !
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide ! O hail, happy day !



- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell ;
He feeds and cheers them with His Word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And when they plead His love and pow'r,
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 He helped His saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in His name ;
And we can witness to His praise ;
His love is still the same.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we once repine ;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And keep us wholly Thine.



Alternative Tune : St. Oswald 168

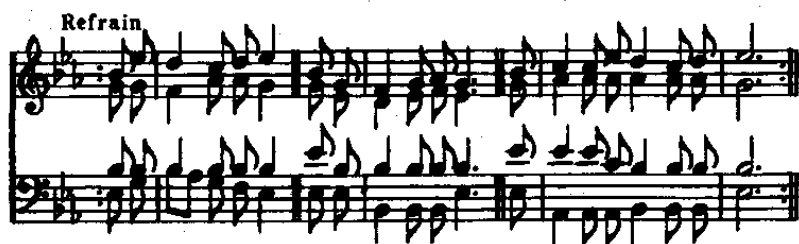
- 1 O HOW blest the hour, dear Father,
When we can to Thee draw near,
Promises so sweet and precious
From Thy gracious word to hear.
- 2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain ;
With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.
- 3 By Thy Holy Spirit guide us
Safely on our heavenward way ;
With the light of truth provide us,
That we may not go astray.
- 4 Make us gentle, meek and humble,
And yet bold in doing right :
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble ;
Men walk safely in the light.
- 5 Lord, endue Thy word of favour
With such light and love and power,
That in us its quickening savour
May increase from hour to hour.
- 6 Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced ;
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

277

HOW HAPPY ARE WE

6.6.9. & Ref.

P. P. BRISS



- 1 O HOW happy are we
 Who in Jesus agree,
 And expect soon His kingdom to share !
 We will sit in His throne,
 And His glory make known,
 And His praises shall sound every-where.

REFRAIN.

O how happy are we
 Who in Jesus agree ;
 How happy, how happy are we !

- 2 Now united to Him.
E'en on this side the stream
Of the Jordan that lieth between,
We rejoice in His grace
And the smile of His face,
While the glory and cross both are seen.
- 3 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord
When He went to prepare us a place—
“ I will come in that day
And will take you away,
And admit to the light of My face.”
- 4 Lo ! our King from the skies !
Hark ! He bids us arise
To the mansions of glory above,
O ! with joy we'll ascend
And eternity spend,
In proclaiming His wonderful love.



- 1 O HAPPY are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with heavenly love.
- 2 That sweet comfort is mine,
Since the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart first believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in His blessed name !
- 3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know ;
Even angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song.
O that all His salvation may see !
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem and from death set me free.

279

MELMORE

L.M.



- 1 O LORD, Thy promised grace impart,
And fill my consecrated heart.
Henceforth my chief concern shall be,
To live and speak and toil for Thee.
- 2 While joyfully in Thine employ,
The thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That my imperfect work shall be
Acceptable through Christ to Thee.
- 3 Thy watchful eye pervadeth space,
Thy presence, Lord, fills ev'ry place ;
And whereso-e'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing ev'ry worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy shelt'ring wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.



Alternative Tune : Holley 290.

- 1 O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
Feeling at rest while Thou art near.
- 2 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 !
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear ;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near.

280A

BRIGHTEST AND BEST

EPIPHANY HYMN

11.10.11.10

J. F. THRUPP



- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.



By permission of Novello and Company Limited.

- 1 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storm of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.



Words and Music by permission of Novello and Company Limited.

- 1 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.
- 2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee :
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 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.
- 4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I would not ask to fly from Thee ;
E'en death's cold wave I need not dread,
For in Thy home where glories spread
My life shall endless be.



- 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
 In lowly paths of service free ;
 Thy secret tell, help me to bear
 The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love ;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward way.
- 2 Teach me Thy patience, still with Thee
 In closer dearer company,
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong ;
 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way,
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live.



- 1 O NOW I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide,
The blood which Christ so freely gave,
Which all our sins will hide.

REFRAIN.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see !
And now by faith it cleanseth me.
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

- 2 I see a new creation rise,
Through merit of His blood ;
I see the dead of earth arise,
Washed in the cleansing flood.

- 3 They rise to walk in heaven's light,
Forever free from sin,
With hearts made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.
- 4 Amazing grace ! what joy to know
The virtue of His blood !
Our Father's wisdom planned it so ;
His Son our ransom stood.

285

O PERFECT LOVE

11.10.11.10

J. BARNBY



Words by permission of O.U.P.

- 1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.
- 2 O perfect life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and stedfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow ;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.



Alternative Tune : Ombersley 101

- 1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of eternal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen shalt afford ;
At Thy return to set men free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine !

P.M.



- 1 SOFTLY the night is sleeping
 On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
 Silent the shepherds watching,
 The gentle flocks are still:
 But hark ! the wondrous music
 Falls from the op'ning sky;
 Valley and cliff re-echo,
 Glory to God on high !

REFRAIN.

Glory to God ! it rings again,
 Peace on the earth ! goodwill to men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Come with the gladsome shepherds
 Quick hastening from the fold;
 Come with the wise men bringing
 Incense, and myrrh, and gold;
 Come to Him, poor and lowly,
 Around the cradle throng;
 Come with your hearts of sunshine,
 And sing the angels' song.</p> | <p>3 Wave ye the wreath unfading,
 The fir tree and the pine,
 Green from the snows of winter,
 To deck the holy shrine;
 Bring ye the happy children !
 For this is Christmas morn:
 Jesus, the sinless Infant,
 Jesus, the Lord, is born.</p> |
|--|---|

287

O SAVIOUR,
PRECIOUS SAVIOUR

7.6.7.6. & Ref.

J. G. HERR



1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love ;
O name of might and favour,
All other names above !

REFRAIN.

We worship Thee ! we bless Thee !
To Thee with joy we sing !
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

2 O Bringer of Salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought !

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine :
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.

4 O, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

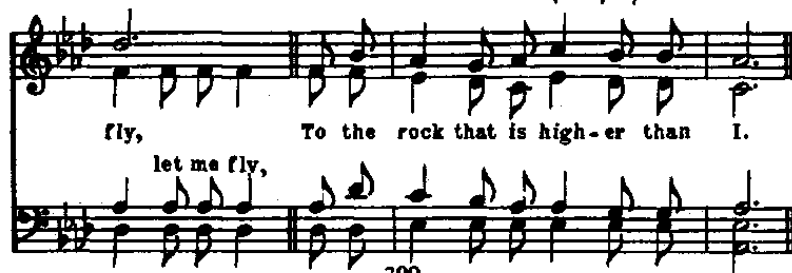
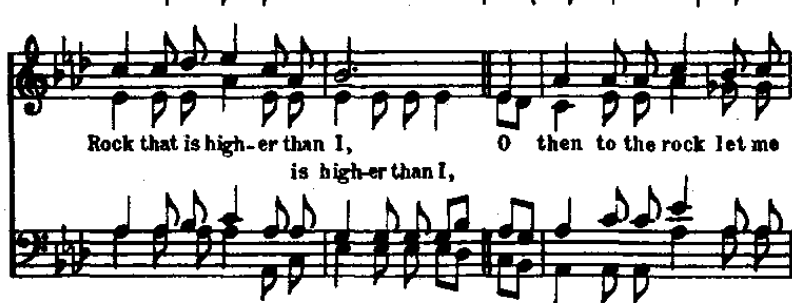
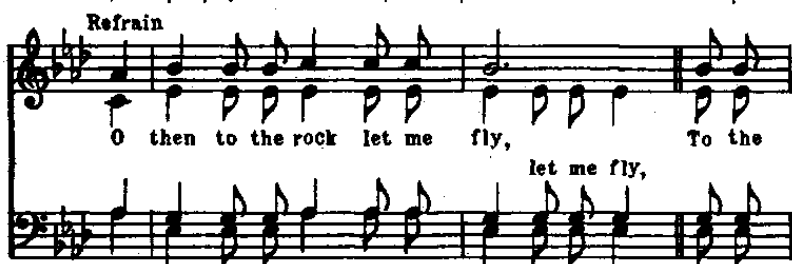
REFRAIN.

Then shall we praise and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring !
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

O SOMETIMES
THE SHADOWS

L.M. & Ref.

W. G. FISCHER



- 1 O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep,
Like tempests, down over the soul !

REFRAIN.

- O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I,
O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 O ! sometimes so long seems the day,
And sometimes so heavy my feet ;
But, toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet !
- 3 O ! near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.



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- 1 O SOON we'll sing the matchless love,
Why Christ our King was slain,
As onward ages ceaseless move,
Eternally we'll reign.
Come, Saviour, let Thy reign begin ;
Come, still each note of war ;
We long to sing an end of sin,
In praise that sounds afar.

- 2 We pray and long to see the dawn,
The bright eternal day,
When tears are wiped and sorrows gone,
And clouds have fled away.
May glowing love inspire our hearts,
And praise our tongues employ ;
We'll watch and pray till sin departs,
Then strike the harps of joy.

290

HOLLEY

L.M.

G. HEWS



- 1 O TEACH me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 2 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.



- 1 O THE bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I proudly said to Jesus,
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self and none of Thee."
- 2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree ;
And my wistful heart said faintly,
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of Thee."
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self and more of Thee."
- 4 Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered—
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered—
"None of self and all of Thee."



Alternative Tune : Lewisham 356

- 1 O THOU God of our salvation,
Our Redeemer from all sin,
Thou hast called us to a station
We could ne'er by merit win.
O ! we praise Thee,
While we strive to enter in.
- 2 In the footprints of our Saviour,
We will daily strive to walk ;
And the alien world's disfavour
Shall but send us to our Rock.
How its waters
Do refresh Thy weary flock !
- 3 We, like Him, would bear the message
Of our Heavenly Father's grace ;
Show how He redeemed from bondage
All our lost and ruined race.
O ! what mercy
Beams in His all-glorious face !
- 4 When we've borne our faithful witness
To Thy grand and wondrous plan,
Gathered out Thy fairest virgins
To be wedded to the Lamb,
With what rapture
We'll receive the victor's crown.
- 5 Then with Him in glory reigning,
All the sons of men to bless,
Earth no more Thy name profaning,
Soon shall learn of righteousness ;
And Thy wisdom,
Every tongue shall then confess.



- 1 O THOU, in Whose presence my soul takes delight,
On Whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !
- 2 Where dost Thou, at noontide, resort with Thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 No longer I wander an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ;
My table is furnished with bounties so free,
My soul on Thy Word is well fed.



Alternative Tune : Arizona 192

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime,
Shall praise arise and songs be sung.

295

DUNDEE

C.M.



- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
- 2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 O ! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come gently wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 4 E'en sorrow, touched by heav'n, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

295A

THE FIRST NOWELL

THE FIRST NOWELL

P.M.





- 1 THE first Nowell the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

REFRAIN.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.
Born is the King of Israel.

- 2 They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
- 3 And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
- 4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
- 5 Then entered in those wise men three
Full reverently on bended knee,
And offered there, in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
- 6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. Each system contains a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is in 2/4 time, indicated by the 'C' time signature. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a variety of notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The first four systems represent the main body of the piece, while the fifth system is labeled 'Refrain' and features a more rhythmic, repetitive pattern. The score concludes with a final double bar line.



- 1 O ! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied, that he might fill me,
As forth to His service I go ;
Broken, that so, unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

REFRAIN.

- O ! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
- 2 O ! to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand ;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command ;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will ;
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 O ! to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be ;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world my Saviour might see.
Rather be nothing, nothing—
To Him let their voices be raised,
He is the fountain of blessing,
Yes, worthy is He to be praised.



By permission of Miss Morley Horder.

- 1 O, WHAT pain and sorrow, bitterness and woe,
 Evil speaking causeth in this world below ;
 Loving hearts are broken, dearest hopes destroyed,
 In their beauty blighted by the thoughtless word.

REFRAIN.

Ye who love the Saviour and would win His smile,
 Keep your tongue from evil and your lips from guile.
 He will ever help you if His aid you seek,
 Whatsoe'er betideth lovingly to speak.

- 2 O, remember Jesus ev'ry word doth hear,
 By His holy spirit He is ever near,
 Think how much He suffered ere you wound Him

When the world's reviling for your sake He bore,^[more]

- 3 Love that thinks no evil dwelling in the heart,
 Will its blessed sweetness to the life impart ;
 Then each thought and action by its power controlled,
 Word unkind, 'twill prompt us carefully with-hold.

- 4 Make your life a blessing, follow after peace,
 Patiently pursue it, from all evil cease ;
 Scattering seeds of kindness, speaking words of love,
 Thus the pathway brighten to your home above.

Refrain to be sung after first and last verses.

297A HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

MEDELSSOHN

7.7.7.7.D. & Ref.

F. MEDELSSOHN



Tune by permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.

1 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.

REFRAIN.

Hark ! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Christ by highest heaven adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
 There in flesh the Saviour see;
 Hail His spotless purity !
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
 Jesus our Emmanuel.</p> | <p>3 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;
 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.</p> |
|--|--|



- 1 O WHERE are the reapers that garner in
The grains of the wheat from the tares of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

REFRAIN.

- Few are the reapers, Lord, we will join,
And share in the work of the harvest time.
O who will not help to garner in
The grains of wheat from the tares of sin.
- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway and pass none by,
But gather from all for the calling high.

- 3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest-tide ;
But reapers are few and the work is great ;
The Master calls and we must not wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of God,
And let not the wheat under foot be trod.
Work on till the Lord shall say you, Well done !
Then share ye His joy in the harvest home.

299

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT



- 1 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's pow'r ?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March, in heav'n'ly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall be your song.
- 4 Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

300

WORK FOR JESUS

P.M.

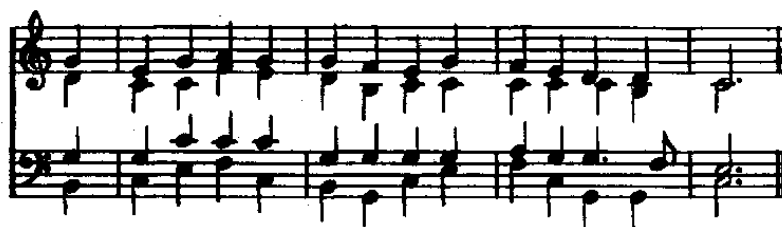
R. LOWRY



- 1 ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me !
But Heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me ;
His love and light
Fill all my soul tonight.

REFRAIN.

- One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of toil for me.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus,
How glorious is my King !
'Tis joy, not duty,
To show His beauty ;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus !
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in !
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine !
- 4 One more day's work for Jesus !
O yes, a weary day ;
But Heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way ;
And Christ in all,
Before His face I fall.
- 5 O blessed work for Jesus !
O rest at Jesus' feet !
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day !



1 ONE offer of salvation
To all the world make known ;
The only sure foundation
Is Christ, the Corner Stone.

2 One door to life eternal
Stands open wide to-day ;
It leads to bliss supernal ;
'Tis Christ, the living way.

REFRAIN.

No other name is given,
No other way is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last ;
He saves, and He alone.

3 My only song and story
Is, Jesus died for me ;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.

301A

A THOUSAND YEARS

GABRIEL

C.M.D.

Arranged by A. SULLIVAN



- 1 A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.
- 2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news, that men should be as they,
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.
- 3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day, when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.
- 4 For trouble, such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.



- 1 ONE there is above all others :
 O how He loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's :
 O how He loves !
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us ;
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us :
 O how He loves.
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him :
 O how He loves !
 Think, O think how much we owe Him :
 O how He loves !
 With His precious blood He bought us,
 In the wilderness He sought us,
 To His fold He safely brought us :
 O how He loves !

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus :
 O how He loves !
 'Tis His great delight to bless us :
 O how He loves !
 How our hearts delight to hear Him
 Bid us dwell in safety near Him !
 Why should we distrust or fear Him ?
 O how He loves !

4 Through His name we are forgiven :
 O how He loves !
 Backward shall our foes be driven :
 O how He loves !
 Best of blessings He'll provide us,
 Naught but good shall e'er betide us,
 Safe to glory He will guide us :
 O how He loves !

303

STOCKWELL

8.7.8.7.



Alternative Tune : St. Oswald 409

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed His blood ?
 But our Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.
- 3 When He lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was His name ;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

*Alternative Tune : Dismissal 218*

- 1 ONLY Thee, my soul's Redeemer !
Whom have I in Heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wand'ring steps will guide?

REFRAIN.

Only Thee, only Thee,
Loving Saviour, only Thee.

- 2 Only Thee ! no joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me Thine.
- 3 Only Thee ! I ask no other ;
Thou art more than all to me ;
Present life, or present comfort—
I resign them all to Thee.
- 4 Only Thee ! Whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see.
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.



By permission of T. H. Rowlands.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 ONLY waiting till the dawning
Is a little brighter grown,
Only waiting till the shadows
Of the world's dark night are flown,
Till the shadows all shall vanish
In the blessed, blessed day ;
For the morn, at last, is breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.</p> | <p>2 Only waiting till the presence
Of the Sun of Righteousness
Shall dispel the noxious vapours,
Ignorance, and prejudice ;
Till the glory of the sunlight
Of the bright Millennial day
Scatters all the mists of darkness,
Lights the gloom with healing ray.</p> |
| <p>3 Waiting for the restitution,
Promised in the holy Word ;
When our race, redeemed and risen,
Know and love their Saviour Lord,
When each man shall love his fellow ;
Justice give to each and all ;
Dwell in love, and dwell in Jesus,
Who redeemed them from the fall.</p> | |



- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the gospel herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands :
Mourning captive ! Mourning captive !
God Himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Hath thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ; cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, Thy God, will soon exalt thee ;
He Himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall fail to halt thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance, great deliv'rance,
Zion's King begins to send.

- 4 Peace and joy shall soon attend thee ;
 All thy warfare will be past ;
 God, thy Saviour, doth defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last.
 All thy conflicts, all thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

307

TOPLADY

7.7.7.7.7.

T. HASTINGS



Alternative Tune : Wells 441

- 1 ON Thy Church, O Lord divine !
 Cause Thy glorious face to shine,
 Till the nations, from afar,
 Hail her as their guiding star ;
 Till her light, from zone to zone,
 Makes Thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall she, with lavish hand,
 Scatter blessings o'er the land ;
 Earth shall yield her rich increase,
 Every breeze shall whisper peace,
 And the world's remotest bound
 With the voice of praise resound.



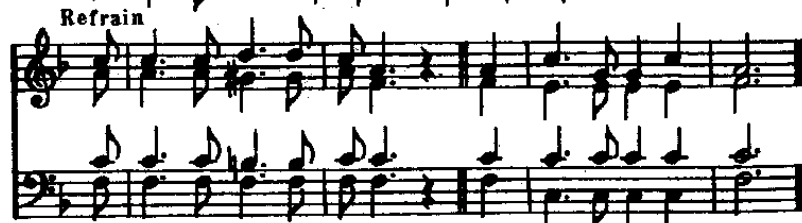
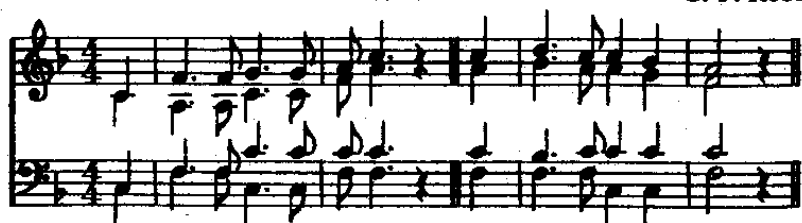
- 1 OUR Father knows what things we need.
Each step along the way.
His eye of love doth never sleep ;
He watches night and day.
- 2 He knows, sometimes, like ripening grain,
We need the sunshine bright.
Again He sends the peace that comes
With shadows of the night.
- 3 Sometimes our pride would fain unfurl
Ambition's flaunting sail :
Ah ! then He knows we need to walk
Humiliation's vale.
- 4 Sometimes He takes our eager hands
And folds them on our breast ;
He gently lays our work aside—
He knows we need to rest.
- 5 Sometimes we need companionship,
Sometimes " the wilderness."
How sweet to feel He'll know and give
The state that most will bless !
- 6 Then let us leave it all with Him,
Assured that, come what may,
Our Father knows just what we need
Upon our pilgrim-way.



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Alternative Tune : Staincliffe 381

- 1 OUR Heav'nly Father and our Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise ;
The pray'rs of saints to Heav'n ascend ;
Hear Thou Thy humble children's cries.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace ;
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad ;
Thy gifts abundantly increase ;
Enlarge and fill us all, O God !
- 3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd go,
And guide into Thy perfect will ;
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know ;
The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as Thou Thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.





- 1 OUR Lamps are trimmed and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
And now we'll enter in.
We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own—
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
Are all from Him alone.

REFRAIN.

- Behold, behold the Bridegroom !
And all may enter in,
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,
Whose robes are white and clean.
- 2 Go forth—we soon shall see Him,
The way is shining now,
All lighted with a glory
None other could bestow.
His gracious invitation
Beyond deserving kind,
We gladly own and take our lamps,
And joy eternal find.
- 3 We see the marriage splendour,
Within the open door ;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore ;
We see our King, more lovely
Than all the sons of men ;
We haste because that door, once shut,
Will never ope again.



- 1 OUT of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.
- 2 Humbly on Thee I wait
To bring deliv'rance in,
E'en now wide springs the eastern gate,
And rays of dawn stream in.
- 3 O ! hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.
- 4 Glory to God above !
The 'whelming floods will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift-returning dove
Brings back the sign of peace.
- 5 Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.



- 1 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.



- 1 PEACE, troubled soul ! thou need'st not fear ;
Thy great Provider still is near ;
Who led thee last will lead thee still ;
Be calm, and sink into His will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In love now hearkens to thy cry :
His promise thou may'st freely claim :
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 Open to God thine inmost heart ;
He will His comfort then impart ;
He will His grace most freely give,
And peace and joy thou shalt receive.
- 4 Rest in His love though storms prevail,
No storm can there o'erwhelm thy soul.
Ne'er let thy faith and courage fail,
Ill shall work good by His control.

314**OLD HUNDREDTH****L.M.**

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him aloud with heart and voice,
And always in His Son rejoice.



- 1 PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He proves yet spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
How His plan His wisdom shows.



Alternative Tune : St. Bees 113

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore !
- 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace
Praise His providence and grace ;
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert, bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore.



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- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him !
 Praise Him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 He shall make His saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.



- 1 PRAISE to Him, by Whose kind favour
Heav'nly Truth has reached our ears ;
May its sweet, reviving savour
Fill our hearts and calm our fears,
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth, how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know,
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of Truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
In the day of Thine appearing
May we share Thy people's part,
May we share Thy people's part.



- 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.
- 2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
- 4 O generous love, that He Who came
To overcome the foe,
A willing death upon the cross
For man should undergo ;
- 5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways !

319A

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

WINCHESTER OLD

C.M.



- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
And meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

10.10.10.10. & Ref. Tune from
Alexander's Hymns No. 3 (3)

Refrain

Oh that will bring, praise to our King,

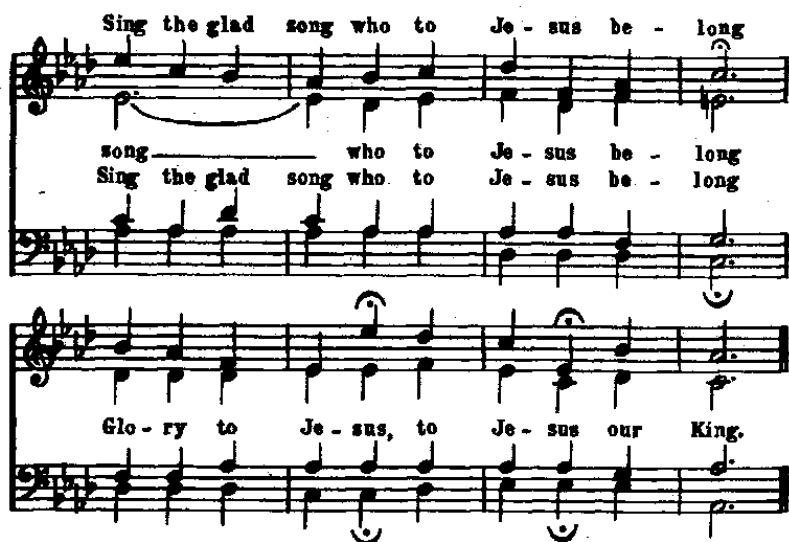
Oh ——— that will bring, praise to our

Oh that will bring, praise to our King, ———

Praise to our King, praise to our King.

King, Praise to our King. Sing the glad

Praise to our King, praise to our King.



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- 1 PRAISE to our King who is coming to reign,
 Glory to Jesus the Lamb that was slain :
 Life and salvation His empire shall bring,
 Joy to the nations—when Jesus is King.

REFRAIN.

- Oh that will bring, praise to our King,
 Praise to our King, praise to our King.
 Sing the glad song who to Jesus belong—
 Glory to Jesus, to Jesus our King.
- 2 All men shall dwell in His marvellous light,
 Races long severed His love shall unite.
 Justice and truth from His sceptre shall spring,
 Wrong will be ended—when Jesus is King.
- 3 Men shall learn right in His kingdom of Peace,
 Freedom shall flourish and wisdom increase.
 Foe shall be friend when His triumph we sing,
 Sword shall be sickle—when Jesus is King.
- 4 All shall come back who have lived long ago,
 Love like a banner shall over them flow ;
 Sin shall be conquered as light shines within,
 O hail happy day—when Jesus is King.

321

CASTLE STREET
 (Luthers' Chant)

L.M.

H. C. ZEUNER



- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in His praise :
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds along the sky ;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 His saints are pleasing in His sight,
He views His children with delight ;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.



- 1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.
In ev'ry case should Christians pray,
If near the fount of grace they'd live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If want deject, if sin distress,
In ev'ry case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame ;
God thro' His Word to us doth speak,
And we to Him in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
But ask according to His will ;
Then always shall thy prayers prevail,
And nothing shall to thee work ill.



- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 6 O Thou by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hath trod ;
Lord ! Teach us how to pray.

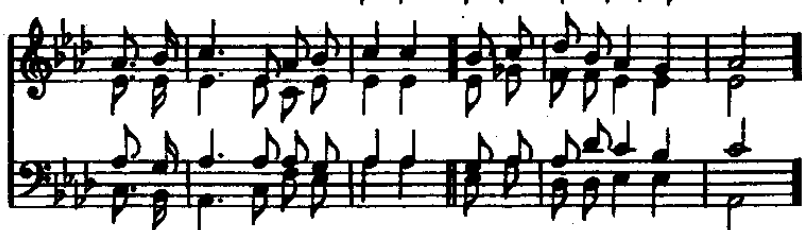
323 (SECOND TUNE)

EAGLEY

C.M.

J. WALCH







- 1 PRECIOUS Jesus, how I love Thee !
And I know Thy love is mine ;
All my ransomed life I give Thee,
Use it, Lord, in ways of Thine.
Use my warmest, best affections,
Use my memory, mind and will ;
Then with all Thy loving spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

REFRAIN.

- All of earth and all of Heaven,
All I want I find in Thee ;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all the world to me.
- 2 Vain the world its pleasure boasting,
Vain the charms of earth to me ;
Gold is dross, and riches worthless,
If they turn my heart from Thee.
Dearer, nearer than a brother,
Source of all my happiness ;
Comfort too, in every sorrow,
Ever near to help and bless.
- 3 Lord I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand ;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.
Lo ! He turns and looks upon me
With those wonder-speaking eyes ;
Vain my soul essays to answer,
I am lost in sweet surprise.
- 4 O ! how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul.
I am Thine and have this token
While I'm running for the goal.
Lo ! a new creation dawning ;
Lo ! I rise to life divine ;
In my soul an Easter morning ;
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

325

ZIONS LIEDER

8.7.8.7.D.

*Alternative Tune : Deerhurst 54*

- 1 PRECIOUS moments, rich in blessing,
 At the throne of grace I spend ;
 All my joys and griefs expressing,
 To my best and truest Friend.
 Here I find that sweet communion,
 With my Father and my Lord,
 Earnest of that blessed union,
 Promised in the Holy Word.

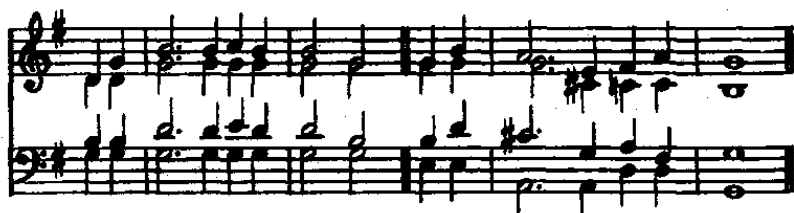
- 2 Christ says, Come, thou heavy laden,
I will give thee sweetest rest ;
All the way My feet have trodden,
Come to Me when sore opprest.
Take My easy yoke upon you,
Rest from earthly care and strife ;
I will sweetest comfort give you,
Walk with Me the ways of life.
- 3 Lord, we praise Thee for this blessing,
For this privilege so sweet,
For Thy tender love's caressing,
For this sure and safe retreat.
Never weary of our coming,
Never spurning our request ;
With complaint or with rejoicing,
Still Thy love is manifest.

1 PRECIOUS promise God hath given
 To the weary ones who try
 Treasure to lay up in Heaven,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
 I will guide thee with Mine eye ;
 In the way which I will show thee,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 3 When thine earthly hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 4 By and by the heav'nly treasures,
Moth and rust could ne'er destroy,
Thou wilt find laid up in glory,
Guided to them by Mine eye.



1 PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou hast saved me ;
 Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
 O ! the cleansing blood has reached me,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

REFRAIN.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me !
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 O, the cleansing blood has reached me ;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !

- 2 Consecrated to Thy service,
While I live I'll live to Thee ;
I will witness, to Thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.
- 3 Trusting, trusting every moment,
Saved from sin by power divine ;
Have I love? Thou didst impart it ;
Have I light? the light is Thine.
- 4 Glory to the blood that bought me !
Glory to its cleansing power !
Glory to the grace that keeps me !
Glory, glory evermore !

328

MY FATHER KNOWETH 8.5.8.5.D.

J. H. BURKE



- 1 PRECIOUS thought—my Father knoweth !
 In His love I rest ;
 For whate'er my Father doeth
 Must be always best ;
 Well I know the heart that planneth
 Nought but good for me ;
 Joy and sorrow interwoven,
 Love in all I see.

2 Precious thought—my Father knoweth !
 Careth for His child ;
 Bids me nestle closer to Him,
 When the storms beat wild ;
 Tho' my earthly hopes are shattered,
 And the tear- drops fall,
 Yet He is Himself my solace,
 Yea, my " all in all."

3 Oh, to trust Him then more fully !
 Just to simply move
 In the conscious calm enjoyment
 Of the Father's love ;
 Knowing that life's chequered pathway
 Leadeth to His rest ;
 Satisfied the way He taketh
 Must be always best.

329

VIENNA

7.7.7.7.

J. H. KNECHT



- 1 PRINCE of peace, accept my will ;
 Bid this struggling flesh be still ;
 Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
 Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Opened wide the gate to God.
 Peace I crave, and it must be,
 Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
 May Thy will and mine be one ;
 Banish self-will from my heart,
 And Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
 Thou my life, my hope, my all !
 Let Thy happy servant be
 One for evermore with Thee.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music is written in a 2/4 time signature and features a melody in the upper voice with accompaniment in the lower voices. The melody includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

Refrain

The refrain section consists of two systems of music. Each system has a top staff in treble clef and a bottom staff in bass clef. The melody is written in the upper voice, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Reaped from the gar - den, or reaped from the rock,". The music is written in a 2/4 time signature and features a melody in the upper voice with accompaniment in the lower voices. The melody includes eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and ties.

Reaped from the gar - den, or reaped from the rock,

reaped from the rock,

Reaped from the gar - den, or reaped from the rock,

Reaped — from the way — side, the

Reaped from the way-side, the wheat from the stalk,

wheat — from the stalk.

Reaped from the way-side, the wheat from the stalk.

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - er - ty, —

Gath - ered from wealth or from pov - er - ty, —

Grand — and blest will the har - vest be. —

Grand and blest will the har - vest, har-vest be.

1 REAPING all day were the virgins fair,
 Patiently toiling in faith and pray'r,
 Seeking the wheat from the dawn till night,
 Jewels to shine in the morning light.
 O ! rich will the harvest be,
 O ! rich will the harvest be.

REFRAIN.

Reaped from the garden, or reaped from the rock,
Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk,
Gathered from wealth or from poverty,
Grand and blest will the harvest be.

- 2 Reaping all day though their foes were nigh,
Saving the wheat that it should not die,
Gath'ring the jewels bright and fair,
Sorting them out with tender care.
O ! grand will the harvest be,
O ! grand will the harvest be.

- 3 Reaping from seed that was sown in tears,
Gath'ring the fruit of laborious years,
Looking in hope for the harvest home,
Reapers and sowers together come.
O ! sweet will the meeting be,
O ! sweet will the meeting be.

331

REDEEMED

P.M.

J. McGRANAHAN





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- 1 Redeemed ! redeemed !
O, sing the joyful strain !
Give praise, give praise,
And glory to His name,
Who gave His life our souls to save,
|| And purchased freedom for the slave. ||

REFRAIN.

- Redeemed ! redeemed ! from sin and all its woe !
Redeemed ! redeemed ! eternal life to know ;
Redeemed ! redeemed by Jesus' blood ;
Redeemed ! redeemed ! O praise the Lord !
- 2 Redeemed ! redeemed !
The Word has brought repose,
And joy, and joy,
That each redeemed one knows
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
|| And knows His blood the ransom paid. ||
 - 3 Redeemed ! redeemed !
O, joy that I should be
In Christ, in Christ,
From sin forever free !
For ever free to praise His name,
|| Who bore for me the guilt and shame. ||



- 1 REJOICE and be glad !
 The Redeemer has come !
 Go look on His cradle, His cross and His tomb.

REFRAIN.

- Sound His praises, tell the story
 Of Him Who was slain ;
 Sound His praises, tell with gladness,
 He liveth again.
- 2 Rejoice and be glad !
 It is sunshine at last !
 The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

- 3 Rejoice and be glad !
Now the pardon is free ;
The just for the unjust hath died on the tree.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad !
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad !
For our King from on high
Has come for His jewels, His kingdom is nigh.
- 6 Rejoice and be glad !
For He cometh to reign
In triumph and glory ; O sing the glad strain.

333

REJOICE

P.M.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a final double bar line in the fifth system.



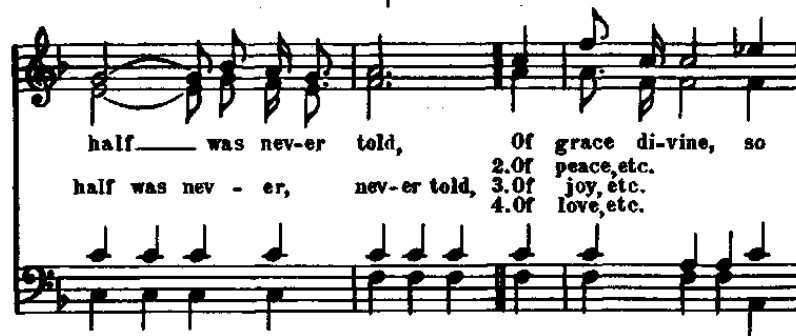
- 1 REJOICE ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the wilderness shall bloom ;
 And Zion's children soon shall sing ;
 The deserts all are blossoming.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the wilderness shall bloom.
 The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
 Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
 And ev'ry creature, bond or free,
 Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the wilderness shall bloom.

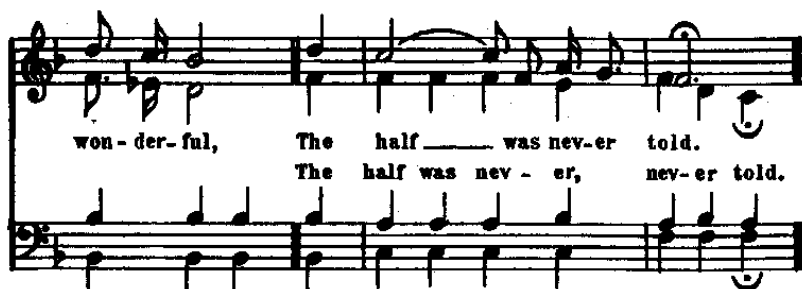
- 2 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Jerusalem shall sing.
 From Zion shall the law go forth,
 And all shall hear, from south to north.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Jerusalem shall sing ;
 And truth shall sit on every hill,
 And blessings flow in every rill,
 And praise shall every heart employ,
 And every voice shall shout for joy.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! Jerusalem shall sing.

- 3 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the "Prince of Peace" shall reign ;
 And lambs may with the leopard play,
 For naught shall harm in Zion's way ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the "Prince of Peace" shall reign.
 The sword and spear, of needless worth
 Shall prune the tree and plough the earth ;
 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations shall learn war no more.
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the promised time is coming ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the "Prince of Peace" shall reign.



Refrain





- 1 REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
 Of grace so full and free ;
 I love to hear it more and more,
 Since grace has rescued me.

REFRAIN.

The half was never told,
 The half was never told;
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,
 The half was never told.

- 2 Of peace I only knew the name,
 Nor found my soul its rest
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came
 To soothe my weary breast.
- 3 My highest place is lying low
 At my Redeemer's feet ;
 No real joy in life I know,
 But in His service sweet.
- 4 And oh, what rapture will it be
 With all the host above,
 To sing through all eternity
 The wonders of His love.



Alternative Tune : St. George 251

- 1 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labour now.
- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye ;
Thro' these parched lips of clay no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.
- 3 Rest, weary one, awhile,
Till Christ shall bid thee rise ;
And soon, as from refreshing sleep,
Thou'lt wake with glad surprise.
- 4 Soon, soon from out the dust
Shall all come forth and sing;
Sharp has the frost of winter been,
But brightly shines the spring.
- 5 Let hope cheer those who weep ;
E'en now the rays of dawn
Above the eastern hilltops creep;
We're near the light of morn.



- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hidden safe in Thee ;
Hidden here from all my foes,
None can harm tho' all oppose ;
For tho' justice once condemned,
Love did this blest shelter send.
- 2 Who aught to my charge shall lay,
Hidden in this Rock alway?
Love did for my sin atone ;
I shall live through Christ alone.
I need fear no evil thing,
While by simple faith I cling.
- 3 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou hast saved, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

337

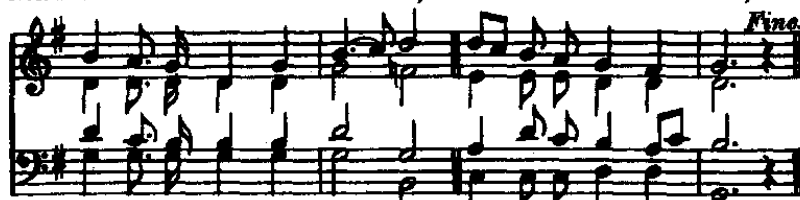
HEART'S REFUGE

7.6.7.6.D. & Ref.

W. H. DOANE



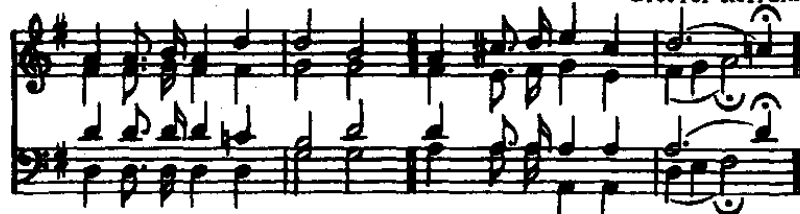
Refrain. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe in His love to rest,



O how my heart re - joi - ces! Sweet - ly my soul doth rest.



D.C. for Refrain



- 1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe from corroding care,
 Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
 Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from all doubts and fears ;
 Only a few more trials,
 Only a few more tears !

REFRAIN.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
 Safe in His love to rest,
 O how my heart rejoices !
 Sweetly my soul doth rest.

2 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
 Jesus has died for me ;
 Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be. •
 Here let me wait with patience,
 Wait till the night is o'er ;
 Wait till the glorious sunlight
 Rises to set no more.

338

REQUIEM

7.7.7.7.7.

W. SCHULTHES



Alternative Tune : Wells 441

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way,
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day.
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.</p> | <p>2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name ;
 Show Thy reconciled face,
 Take away our sin and shame.
 From all worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.</p> |
|--|---|
- 3 Here we come Thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel Thy presence near ;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we join in worship here.
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.



Alternative Tune : Regent Square 306

- 1 SAINTS of God, the dawn is brightening,
With the glory of the Lord ;
O'er the earth the field is whitening ;
Now recall the Master's word—
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord.
- 2 Long we've sowed with toil and sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around ;
Now we gather grains of gladness ;
Ripened wheat may now be found.
Blessed reapers !
How their joys may now abound !
- 3 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Use Thy consecrated band,
Culling out Thy precious treasure
From the tares o'er all the land.
Make us reapers,
We're awaiting Thy command.
- 4 Soon shall end the time of reaping,
Soon the happy day will come,
And with joy we shall be keeping
God's eternal harvest home.
O what rapture !
Never, never more to roam.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What tidings for our race !
 Deliv'rance for the world is found,
Through God's abounding grace. | 4 Salvation ! O ye toiling saints,
By faith ye have it now ;
 The promise is your daily strength.
While to God's will ye bow. |
| 2 Salvation ! let the tidings fly
The sin-cursed earth around !
 Raise the triumphant notes on high,
And let your songs abound. | 5 Salvation ! O the blessed work
With Christ you shall enjoy—
 Of bearing it to all mankind—
Your future blest employ. |
| 3 Salvation ! O ye weary souls,
It brings you life and peace—
 Eternal life, eternal health,
And joys which ne'er shall cease. | 6 Salvation ! O the blessed theme
Shall fill the world with joy !
 When all its mighty work is seen,
Praise shall all tongues employ. |



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing.
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
All our life's devotion,
All we yield to Thee.</p> | <p>3 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.</p> |
| <p>2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee,
Thou, for our redemption,
Came to earth to die,
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.</p> | <p>4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God.
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize be won.</p> |



- 1 SAVIOUR divine, now from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O ! let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which seeks to have no other will,
But day by day to follow Thee.
- 3 While now on trial here below,
No other good will I pursue ;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with patient care I seek,
In which my Saviour's footprints shine ;
Nor could I trust, nor would I speak
Of any other way than Thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it, Thou who hast the right.
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Naught that's of earth do I desire,
But let Thy spirit with me rest ;
Only for this will I enquire,
And thus with Thee I shall be blest.



- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us ;
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy fold prepare :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
- 2 We are Thine ; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way :
 Keep Thy flock, from foes defend us,
 Let us never go astray :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, O hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and needy though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessed Jesus,
 We have fully turned to Thee.
- 4 Fully let us have Thy favour,
 Fully we would do Thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love and likeness fill :
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

343A

YORKSHIRE

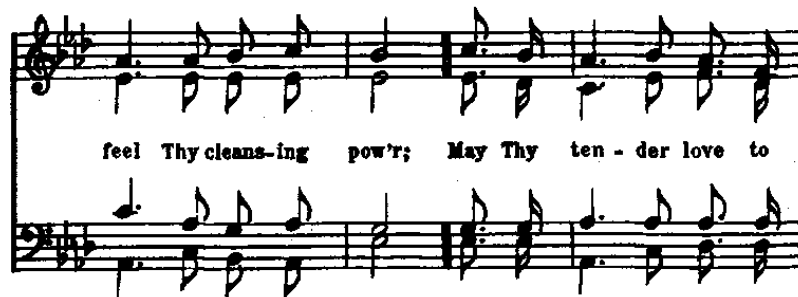
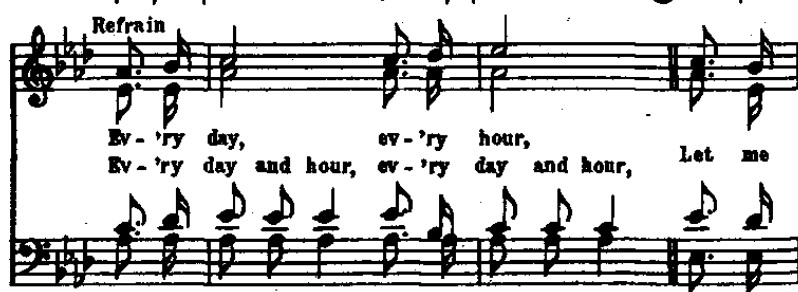
CHRISTIANS AWAKE

10.10.10.10.10.10.

J. WAINWRIGHT



- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of Christ, the Lord, the Father's Only Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.
- 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first perfect state again takes place.
- 5 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.





- 1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

- Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power ;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.
- 2 Through this trial state below ;
Lead me ever, ever, as I go ;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray ;
I can never, never lose my way.
- 3 I would love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;
Till my soul has gained the bliss
Of a higher, higher state than this.
- 4 Then I'll see what Thou has wrought :
Then I'll love Thee, love Thee as I ought,
Looking back, I'll praise the way
Thou hast led me, led me, day by day.



- 1 SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor would I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee.
 In love my soul would bow.
 My heart fulfil its vow,
 Myself an off'ring now,
 I bring to Thee.
- 2 Jesus, our mercy-seat,
 Covering me,
 My grateful faith looks up,
 Saviour, to Thee.
 Help me the news to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Spread Thy truth everywhere,
 Dear Lord, for Thee.

- 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Thy work of love well done,
Thy praise on earth begun,
Some vict'ry for truth won,
Some work for Thee.
- 4 Lord, I would follow Thee
In all the way
Thy weary feet have trod ;
Yes, if I may.
Help me the cross to bear,
All Thy fair graces wear.
Close watching unto prayer,
Following Thee.
- 5 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
All of my ransomed life,
Dear Lord, for Thee !
And when Thy face I see,
Thy sweet " Well done " shall be,
Through all eternity,
Enough for me.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT 8.6.8.6.8.8. & Ref.



1 SEND out Thy light and truth, O Lord ;
 Let them our leaders be
 To guide us to Thy holy hill
 Where we shall worship Thee.
 Send out Thy light o'er land and sea,
 Till ev'ry heart shall bow to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Send out Thy light,
 Thy light and truth, O Lord.

- 2 Send out Thy light and truth, O Lord,
Where sin's dark shadows fall ;
Arouse the soldiers of the cross
To heed the trumpet's call ;
Send out Thy truth where error reigns,
And cleanse away its crimson stains.
- 3 Send out Thy light and truth, O Lord ;
The blessed tidings spread
Till, by those sweet evangel tones,
All nations shall be led ;
Send out Thy light, O Morning Star,
And beam upon the isles afar.
- 4 Send out Thy light and truth, O Lord,
And let the beams of day
Break through the dismal gloom of night
And guide men in Thy way.
Send out Thy truth, O speed the hour
When all the world shall know its power.



- 1 SHALL we meet beyond death's river,
Where its surges cease to roll?
And in all the long forever,
Shall we rest from its control?
Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river ;
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Where there's life for ev'ry soul.

- 2 Just beyond the time of trouble,
When our King has gained control,
Dawns the glorious, bright forever,
Which shall gladden every soul.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond the trouble ;
We shall meet beyond the trouble,
When its surges cease to roll.
- 3 O ! how glad, in that blest harbour,
When this stormy time is o'er,
Men will be to cast their anchor,
On eternity's blest shore !
They shall meet, they shall meet,
They shall meet in that blest harbour ;
They shall meet in that blest harbour—
And be blest for evermore.
- 4 O that glorious heav'nly city !
O that New Jerusalem !
How 'twill shine in all its beauty !
'Twill be gorgeous as a gem.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet in that fair city ;
We shall meet in that fair city—
In the New Jerusalem.
- 5 We shall meet our loved and lost ones,
When the surges cease to roll ;
Sin and death, and every evil,
Then shall yield to Christ's control.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond all trouble ;
We shall meet beyond all trouble,
When the surges cease to roll.

By permission of Marshall, Morgan and Scott, Limited.

- 1 SIMPLY trusting ev'ry day,
 Trusting through a stormy way ;
 Even when my store is small—
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

REFRAIN.

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by ;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While He leads I cannot fall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear ;
Praying if the path is drear ;
If in danger, for Him call ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him till death is past,
Trusting Him for life at last ;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



- 1 SINCE the Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If He wounds thy spirit sore !
Trust Him more.

- 2 Without measure uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thine inmost soul shall fill
Lying still.
- 3 Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take.
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.
- 4 To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that striveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share,
Of this tender Shepherd's care.
Ask Him not, then, When? or How?
Only bow.

OF LIFE



- 1 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 !

- 2 Christ the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life !
Brother, list to His loving call,
Wonderful words of life !
All so freely given,
Blessed boon from heaven,
Beautiful words ! wonderful words !
Wonderful words of life !
- 3 Sweetly echoes the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life !
Off'ring pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life !
Praise the Lord for ever
For these words of favour—
Beautiful words ! wonderful words !
Wonderful words of life !

351

HYFRYDOL

8.7.8.7.D.

R. H. PRITCHARD

The musical score for 'Hyfrydol' is presented in five systems. Each system contains a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The fifth system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Alternative Tune : Austria 91

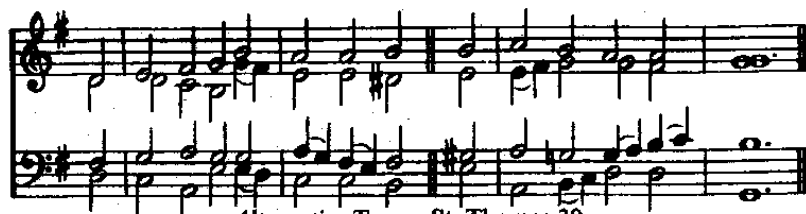
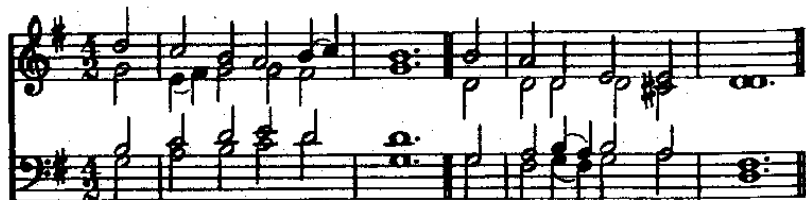
- 1 SING with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song !
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of earth shall cease,
In God's likeness, man, awakening,
Comes to everlasting peace.
- 2 O what glory, far exceeding,
All that eye has yet perceived !
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There we soon God's friends shall meet ;
Every humble spirit shares it,
There our joy shall be complete.

352

ST. ETHELWALD

S.M.

W. H. MONK



Alternative Tune : St. Thomas 30

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

353

QUEEN'S COLLEGE

L.M.

J. E. WEST



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

- 1 SO let our daily lives express
The beauties of true holiness ;
So let the Christian graces shine,
That all may know the power divine.
- 2 Let love and faith and hope and joy
Be pure, and free from sin's alloy ;
Let Christ's sweet spirit reign within,
And grace subdue the power of sin.
- 3 O Father, God, to Thee we raise
Our prayer for help to tread Thy ways—
For wisdom, patience, love and light,
For grace to speak and act aright.

354

BENTLEY

7.6.7.6.D.

J. P. HULLAH





- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings.
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings,
When comforts are declining
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.</p> | <p>3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through,
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed.
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.</p> |
| <p>2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue,
The theme of God's salvation
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.</p> | <p>4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.</p> |

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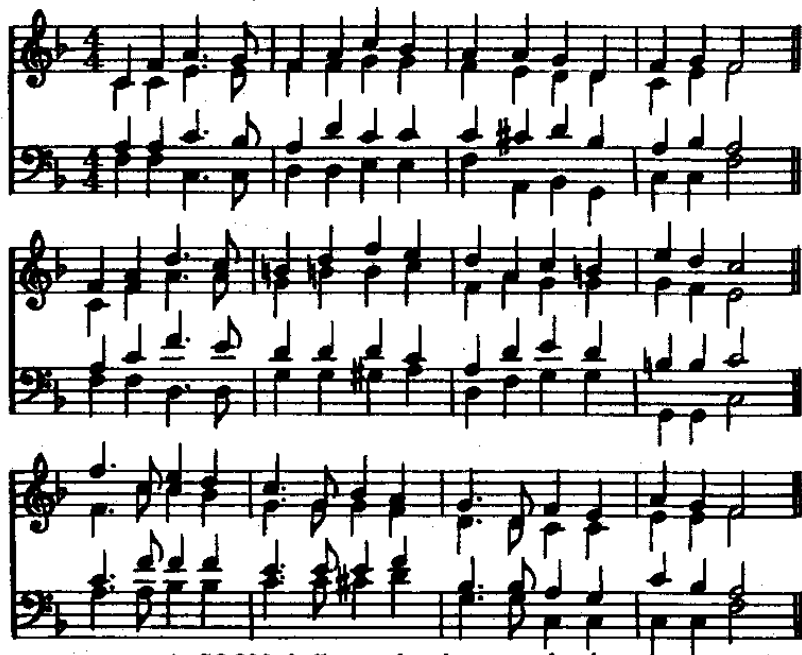
DIADEM

C.M.

J. ELLOR

Alternative Tune : Miles Lane 11

- 1 SOON all shall hail our Jesus' name :
Angels shall prostrate fall ;
For Him the brightest glory claim,
And hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
And as they sound it, fall
Before His face who formed their choir,
And hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise Him for His wondrous grace,
And hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 4 Gentiles shall come, and coming sing,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Hosannas to our heavenly King,
And hail Him, hail Him, hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.



1 SOON shall countless hearts and voices
Sing the song of jubilee ;
Blessed song ! the song of Moses,
Earth's new song of liberty.
Hail Messiah ! great Deliverer !
Hail Messiah ! praise to Thee !

2 O, the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise !
And the strains so full of glory,
That unnumbered voices raise !
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth through endless days.

3 While our crowns of glory casting
At His feet in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host.
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Earth's desire and Israel's boast !

4 Yes, He reigns, the great Messiah,
With the heav'nly glory crowned—
Israel's hope and earth's desire,
Now triumphant and renowned.
Hail Messiah ! reign for ever !
Hail Immanuel ! worthy found !



- 1 SOON shall restitution glory
Bring to earth a blessed rest ;
And the poor, and faint, and weary
Shall be lifted up and blest.
- 2 Just beyond the coming trouble
See the reigning Prince of Peace !
Lo ! God's kingdom now is coming,
And oppression soon must cease.
- 3 Sing ! O sing ! ye heirs of glory,
Shout the tidings as you go !
Publish wide redemption's story—
All, its healing balm should know.
- 4 Tell how Eden's bloom and beauty
Once again shall be restored,
Making all man's wide dominion
As the garden of the Lord.
- 5 Tell how Satan's dark dominion
Shall at once be overthrown,
And from out death's gloomy prison,
All earth's loved ones soon shall come.
- 6 O yes, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph far and near,
Let the notes of praise and singing
Sweetly fall on sorrow's ear.

358

SAMSON

L.M.

G. F. HANDEL

*Alternative Tune : Ombersley 101*

- 1 Soon shall the joyous song arise,
Through all the hosts beneath the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let all the Gentile kingdoms be
Subjected, mighty Lord, to Thee !
And over land, and stream and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign.
- 3 Soon shall that glorious anthem swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That no rebellious foe remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

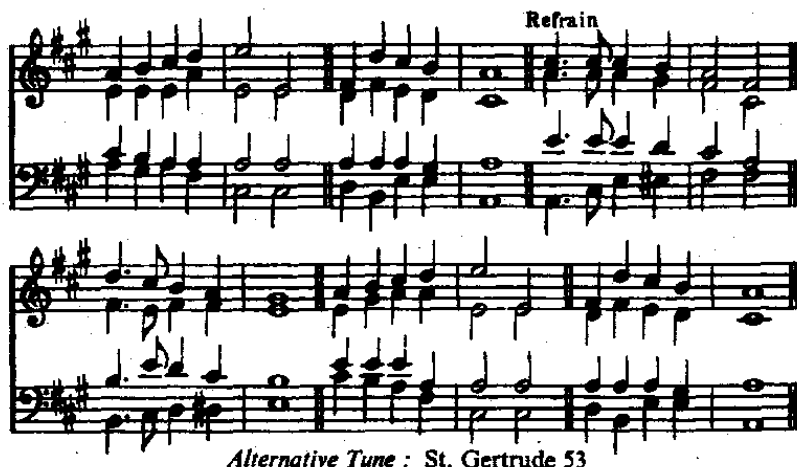
359

HERMAS

6.5.6.5.D. & Ref.

F. R. HAVERGAL





Alternative Tune : St. Gertrude 53

1 STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear ;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy,
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and mournful,
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble,
Perfect strength be found.

REFRAIN.

Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day ;
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.

2 " I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid ;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With Mine own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake :
His eternal covenant
He will never break ;
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.



1 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 He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 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,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 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.

*Alternative Tune : Abends 414*

- 1 SUN of my soul, my Father dear,
I know no night when Thou art near.
O ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 Shield of my soul, though tempests rage,
And 'gainst me hosts of foes engage,
My refuge and my fortress Thou,
Before Thee every foe must bow.
- 3 Thy grace and glory Thou dost give
To those who near Thee ever live ;
And no good thing dost Thou withhold
From sheep which stray not from Thy fold.
- 4 Thy choicest treasure, e'en Thy Son,
Thy well-beloved and only one,
Freely Thou gavest once for me,
From sin and death to set me free.
- 5 Yea, Thou who sparedst not Thy Son,
Whose sacrifice our ransom won,
Shalt, with Him, all things freely give ;
He lives, a pledge that we shall live.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the bass part providing harmonic support. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings, a 'Fina' marking, and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) instruction.

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known !
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless.
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

363

DEEP HARMONY

L.M.

H. PARKER



By permission of J. Duckworth.

Alternative Tune : Hampstead 34

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No earthly care shall fill my breast ;
 O, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His word.
 His works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep His counsels ! how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 E'en now I see, and hear, and know
 More than I hoped for here below,
 And every pow'r finds sweet employ
 Proclaiming tidings of great joy.



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Music from Alexander's Hymns No. 3 (289).

Alternative Tune : St. Maby 116

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much? I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle-of grace.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 5 Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay ;
Here, fresh hope and strength will borrow,
Turning darkness into day.

364A IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

NOEL

D.C.M.

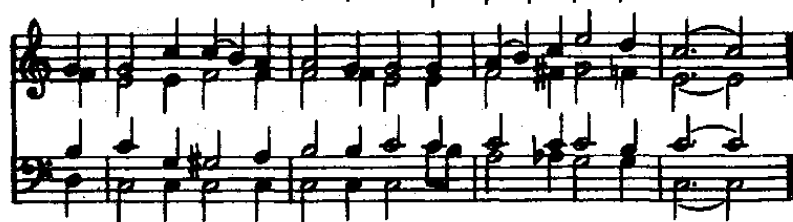
Arranged by A. SULLIVAN



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 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 the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King";
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.</p> | <p>3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring—
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.</p> |
| <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come, 4 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.</p> | <p>Whose forms are bending low
Who toil along the climbing way
With weary 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.</p> |
| <p>5 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.</p> | |



Refrain



- 1 SWEET will of God, my refuge Thou,
My safe abiding place ;
Till all the storms of life are past,
And I shall see His face.

REFRAIN.

- Not as I will, my song shall be,
Tho' sometimes sung through tears ;
Faith's rainbow lights the darkest cloud
And sweet God's will, appears.

- 2 Not as I will, though dark the way,
I know my Lord is nigh :
His presence turneth night to day,
He heareth every sigh.

3 Though from my life He seems to take
What I thought wholly blest ;
E'en if I might I would not choose,
My Father knoweth best.

4 Though sorrow fall upon my life
And darkness hide the light ;
'Tis better so, He cannot err !
My Father's way is right.

5 So spare me not, but do Thy will,
Thy blessed will in me :
Work out Thine own good pleasure, till
Mine eyes my King shall see.

366

NOTTINGHAM

7.7.7.7.

from MOZART



1 TAKE my life and may it be,
Lord, acceptable to Thee ;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift on errands, Lord for Thee :
Take my voice and let it bring
Honour always to my King.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Moved with messages from Thee ;
Take my silver and my gold ;
Nothing, Lord, would I withhold.

4 Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in constant praise ;
Take my intellect and use
Every pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
Thus in me Thyself enthrone.

6 Take my love, my God ; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store ;
Take myself—I wish to be
Ever, only, all for Thee.



- 1 TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe ;
It will joy and comfort give you ;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

REFRAIN.

Precious name ! O how sweet !
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n !
Precious name ! O how sweet !
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare ;
When temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

- 3 O the precious name of Jesus !
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings soon all shall hail Him
When His vict'ry is complete.

368

TAKE THOU MY HAND

7.4.7.4.D.

I. D. SANKEY



By permission of Messrs. Marshall, Morgan and Scott, Limited.

- 1 TAKE Thou my hand, and lead me— 2 Take Thou my hand, and lead me—
Choose Thou my way ! Lord, I am Thine !
“ Not as I will,” O Father, Fill with Thy Holy Spirit
Teach me to say, This heart of mine :
What though the storms may gather, Then in the hour of trial
Thou knowest best ; Strong shall I be—
Safe in Thy holy keeping, Ready to do, or suffer,
There would I rest. Dear Lord, for Thee.
- 3 Take Thou my hand, and lead me,
Lord as I go ;
Into Thy perfect image
Help me to grow.
Still in Thine own pavilion
Shelter Thou me ;
Keep me, O Father, keep me,
Close, close to Thee !



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- 1 TAKE time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord,
Abide in Him always, and feed on His Word.
Make friends of God's children ; help those who are weak ;
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.
- 2 Take time to be holy, the world rushes on ;
Spend much time in secret with Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus, like Him thou shalt be ;
Thy friends, in thy conduct, His likeness shall see.
- 3 Take time to be holy, let Him be thy guide ;
And run not before Him, whatever betide ;
In joy or in sorrow still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in His Word.
- 4 Take time to be holy, be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive beneath His control ;
Thus led by His Spirit to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted for service above.



Alternative Tune : Angelus 23

- 1 "TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
'Twill lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ ;
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

371

TELL IT OUT

P.M.

A musical score for the hymn "Tell It Out" in P.M. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in 4/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, while the bass line is in the Bass staff. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

1. TELL it out among the nations, that the Lord is King ;
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations ; bid them shout and sing :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase :
That the mighty King of glory is the King of peace ;
Tell it out with jubilation ; let the song ne'er cease :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
- 2 Tell it out among the people, that the Saviour reigns !
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the weeping ones, that Jesus lives :
Tell it out among the weary ones, what rest He gives ;
Tell it out among the sinners, that He came to save :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
- 3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus' reign begins :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the nations, He shall vanquish sins :
Tell it out ! Tell it out !
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home ;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam ;
That the weary, heavy laden need no longer roam ;
Tell it out ! Tell it out !

372

AURELIA

7.6.7.6.D.

S. S. WESLEY



- 1 THE Church's one foundation,
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord ;
She is His new creation,
By water and the Word.
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride ;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Though, with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest
By foes too great in number,
By trials sore distress,
Yet saints their watch are keeping ;
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall change to morn of song.

3 '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.

Refrain

- 1 THE clouds hang low, and human hearts are breaking
 O'er all the earth to-day ;
 Yet through the gloom a low, sweet song, awaking,
 Breaks through the shadows grey.

REFRAIN.

Gladness will come ! Hallelujah ! it is coming ;
 Gladness is on the way.
 God will unveil the fulness of His mercy,
 Gladness will come to stay.

- 2 Soon the dark pall, so long the world enshrouding,
 Hiding the blessed light ;
 Shall disappear like mists before the morning,
 Scat'ring the shades of night.
- 3 Desolate souls, your vanished loved ones mourning,
 Soon will your pain be o'er ;
 Your arms shall clasp their dear and long lost treasures,
 Gladness will come once more.
- 4 Sad hearts, look up ! the glorious dawn is coming,
 E'en now the murky skies
 Glow in the east, and flush with rosy promise,
 Greeting your longing eyes.
- 5 Earth yet will smile in more than Eden-glory,
 Sighing will flee away ;
 Tears shall not mar life's beautiful to-morrow,
 Gladness will come to stay.



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- 1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 So be it, Lord ; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

374A O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

FOREST GREEN

8.6.8.6. C.M.D.

TRADITIONAL MELODY



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.</p> | <p>3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.</p> |
| <p>2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.</p> | <p>4 O Holy Christ of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord, Emmanuel.</p> |



By permission of the London Missionary Society.

- 1 THE flush of morn is on the mountains,
 To drive away the night of sin ;
 Lift up your heads, O hind'ring portals,
 And let the King of Glory in !

REFRAIN.

He comes, He comes, the King of Glory !
The light of life upon His brow.
Hail Him ! ye nations, hail Him ! hail Him !
The King of kings, behold Him now.

- 2 The flush of morn is on the mountains,
And onward steals to farthest plain.
Awake, O earth ! the day is dawning ;
He comes whose right it is to reign.
- 3 Though round about Him clouds and darkness
Obscure the beams of dawning day,
Above the clouds, upon the mountains,
The watchers see the morning ray.

376

LEONI

6.6.8.4.D.



- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love !
Jehovah great I AM !
By earth and heaven confest !
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest !

2 The God of Abraham praise !
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore !

4 The God of Abraham praise !
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways ;
Hail ! Abraham's God, and mine !
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise !



- 1 THE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
Through all the realms of boundless space
The soaring mind may roam abroad,
And there Thy power and wisdom trace.
- 2 But not alone do worlds of light,
And earth, display Thy grand designs ;
'Tis when our eyes behold Thy Word
We read Thy name in fairest lines.
- 3 In Christ, when all things are complete—
The things in earth and things in heav'n—
The heav'ns and earth shall be replete
With Thy high praises ever given.
- 4 By faith we see Thy glory now,
We read Thy wisdom, love and grace ;
In praise and adoration bow,
And long to see Thy glorious face.
- 5 Called, Lord, by Thee, to highest place,
To presence of Thy glory bright,
O ! for such condescending grace
How can we speak Thy praise aright ?



- 1 THE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed ;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy self before to guide me.
- 5 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.



1 THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want ;
 He maketh me down to lie
 In pastures green ; He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

REFRAIN.

His yoke is easy, His burden is light ;
 I've found it so, I've found it so ;
 He leadeth me by day and by night,
 Where living waters flow.

- 2 My soul crieth out : " Restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake."
- 3 Yea, though I should walk in the valley of death,
Yet why should I then fear ill?
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

380

ST. MICHAEL

S.M.

G. FRANC



- 1 THE Lord is risen indeed ;
The grave hath lost its prey ;
With Him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To live in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed ;
He lives to die no more ;
He lives, and will His people lead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed ;
Attending angels, hear !
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all ye bright celestial choirs,
To praise our risen Lord.





- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guide me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows ;
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.



- 1 THE Lord, our Saviour, will appear ;
His day is now at hand ;
The signs make known His presence here ;
" The wise shall understand."
- 2 He comes to take His power to reign
O'er earth with all the saints ;
Jesus, the Lamb of God once slain,
Will end her long complaints.
- 3 The prince of darkness He'll destroy ;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow ;
Satan shall then no more annoy,
For Christ shall reign below.
- 4 Then those who suffered in His name,
Who did obey His word,
Raised high in glory, shall proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.
- 5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal could declare ?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.



- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Yea, though I walk thro' death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 A table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.



- 1 THE night is spent, the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,
The promised time of rest.
Hark ! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear ;
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
Proclaiming tidings blest.
- 2 The harvest of the earth is ripe ;
The dead who sleep in Christ awake
In likeness of their Lord.
To life immortal they arise,
Inheritors of Paradise,
Where death finds no abode.
- 3 Now entered into their reward,
These faithful servants of the Lord
Have not served Him in vain ;
A band of heaven's royalty,
In glory and in majesty,
O'er all the earth they reign.

385A**LOVE CAME DOWN****HERMITAGE****6.7.6.7.****R. O. MORRIS**

- 1 LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.
- 2 Worship we the Saviour,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?
- 3 Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.



1 THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar
O'er all the earth is streaming.
O depth of mercy ! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation ;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
O depth of mercy ! yes, I see
That gate was left ajar for me ;
For me, for me,
Was left ajar for me.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open ;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
What depths of mercy ! O how free !
That gate was left ajar for me ;
For me, for me,
Was left ajar for me,
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here was given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And praise the King of heaven.
O height of glory ! yes, I see
A crown of life reserved for me ;
For me, for me,
A crown reserved for me.



- 1 THERE is a God—all Nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies :
See ! from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before Him, and adore.



- 1 THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night ;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way ;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 O, weary souls with cares oppressed,
Trust in His loving might
Whose eye is over all thy ways
Through all thy weary night ;
- 4 Whose ear is open to thy cry ;
Whose grace is full and free ;
Whose comfort is for ever nigh ;
Whate'er thy sorrows be.
- 5 Draw near to Him in prayer and praise ;
Rely on His sure word ;
Acknowledge Him in all thy ways,
Thy faithful, loving Lord.

389

HOLY TRINITY

C.M.

J. BARNBY



- 1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for every child of grace
By faith who says, "'Tis mine."
- 2 The least and feeblest here may bide
And rest secure in God ;
Beneath His wings they safely hide,
When dangers are abroad.
- 3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, seeking out his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.
- 4 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine :
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine.
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
A hidden life, and in the end,
Glory to crown it all.

390

LIFE FOR A LOOK

P.M.

E. G. TAYLOR





- 1 THERE is life in a look at the Crucified One ;
 O yes, there is life there for thee,
 Simply look unto Christ and by faith be thou saved —
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REFRAIN.

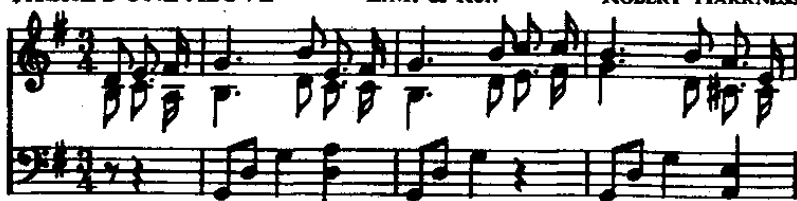
- Look ! look ! look and live !
 O ! look now, by faith, to the Crucified One ;
 There's a full pledge of life there for thee.
- 2 O ! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
 O ! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
 If His dying thy debt hath not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
 But the blood, that atones for the soul ;
 We simply accept of the work for us done,
 And rejoice that He maketh us whole.
- 4 Noneneed doubttheir welcome, since God has declared
 Jesus Christ tasted death for us all ;
 And again in the end of the age He'll appear,
 And restore what was lost by the fall.
- 5 We take with rejoicing from Jesus, at once,
 The life everlasting He gives ;
 We have the assurance of life without end,
 Since Jesus, our righteousness, lives.



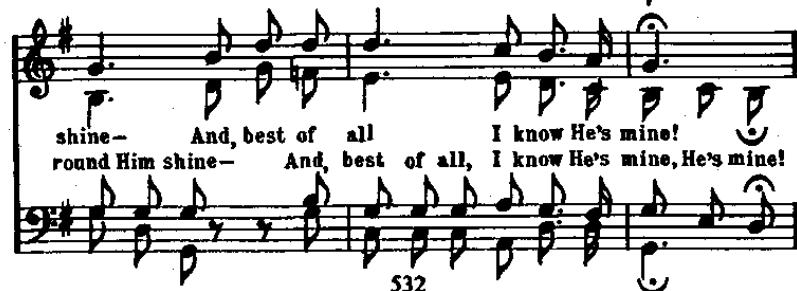
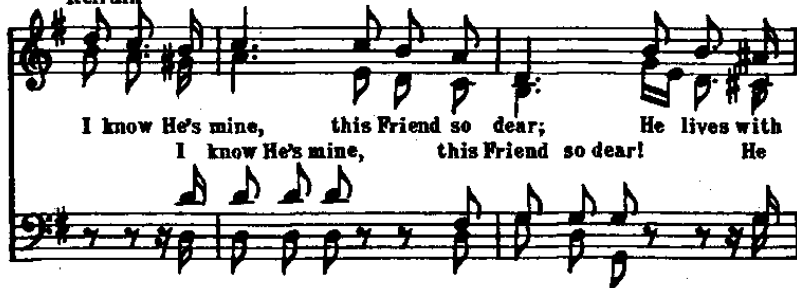
Alternative Tune : Regent Square 306

- 1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Though severe His judgements be,
Search the Scriptures, search and see
Wisdom's wondrous harmony.
- 2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in Heaven ;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgement given.
Search the Scriptures, search and see,
God in mercy judgeth thee.

- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
Search the Scriptures, search and see,
God's great kindness unto thee.
- 4 But men make His love too narrow
By false limits of their own,
And they magnify His vengeance
With a zeal He will not own.
Search the Scriptures, search and see,
God's grand law of equity.
- 5 If our faith is true and simple,
We will take Him at His word,
And our lives will be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
Search the Scriptures, search and see,
Let their records gladden thee.



Refrain



Alternative Tune : St. Luke 234

*From Alexander's New Revival Hymns. By permission
of the Charles M. Alexander Copyrights Trust.*

- 1 THERE'S One above all earthly friends,
Whose love all earthly love transcends ;
It is my Lord, the Christ Divine—
My Lord, because I know He's mine !

REFRAIN.

- I know He's mine, this Friend so dear ;
He lives with me, He's ever near ;
Ten thousand charms around Him shine—
And, best of all, I know He's mine.
- 2 He's mine because He died for me,
He saved my soul, He set me free ;
With joy I worship at His shrine,
And cry, " Praise God, I know He's mine."
- 3 He's mine because He's in my heart,
And never, never will we part ;
Just as the branch is to the vine,
I'm joined to Christ—I know He's mine.
- 4 Some day within the heavenly fold
Mine eyes His glory shall behold ;
Then, while His arms around me twine,
I'll cry for joy, " I know He's mine ! "

The first system of music consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Refrain

The first line of the refrain is written on two staves. The lyrics are: "Oh, there's sun - shine, Bless-ed sun - shine, Oh, there's sun-shine in my soul, Bless-ed sun shine in my soul,"

The second line of the refrain continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are: "When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When hap-py mo-ments roll;"

The third line of the refrain continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are: "Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul."

The fourth line of the refrain continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are: "Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul."

- 1 THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright,
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

REFRAIN.

- Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
When the peaceful, happy moments roll ;
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunshine in my soul.
- 2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear,
The songs I cannot sing.
- 3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.
- 4 There's gladness in my heart to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.



1 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 day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, 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.

- 3 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 outstretched hand ;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.
- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

395

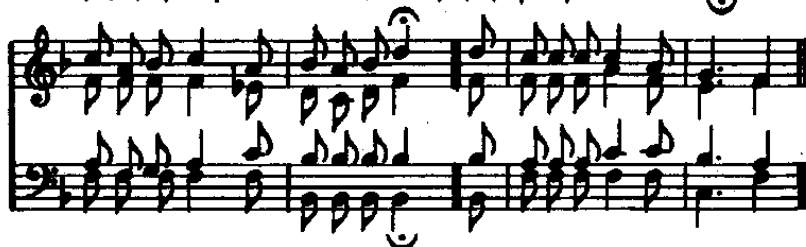
SIMEON

L.M.

S. STANLEY



- 1 THESE things shall be : a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
- 2 They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the angel throng
That stands before the Throne of God
And chants His praise with tuneful song.
- 5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.



- 1 THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin ;
 The light of the world is Jesus ;
 Like sunshine at noon-day, His glory shone in :
 The light of the world is Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Come to the Light ; 'tis shining for thee ,
 Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me ;
 Once I was blind, but now I can see :
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide ;
The light of the world is Jesus ;
We walk in the light when we follow our Guide :
The light of the world is Jesus ;
- 3 For dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The light of the world is Jesus ;
They'll wash at His bidding, and light will arise :
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sun in the city to come,
The light of the world is Jesus ;
All nations shall walk in the light of the Lamb :
The light of the world is Jesus.

397

HORTON

7.7.7.7.

VON WARTENSEE



Alternative Tune : Redhead. 223

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will always hear thy prayer
Thou shalt have His tender care.



Words by permission of The Oxford University Press, Limited.

- 1 Thine for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife,
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever ! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest !
Father, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever ! Shepherd keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever ! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.





- 1 THOUGH dark the way and lonely,
I know whate'er befall,
My Father's hand is leading,
In love He planned it all.

REFRAIN.

- Then wheresoe'er He leadeth,
Whatever may befall,
My heart will still be singing ;
" In love He planned it all."
- 2 To-day the storm clouds lower,
I cannot see His face,
But still in faith I follow,
Although I cannot trace.
- 3 Though deep and dark the valley,
No terrors can appal,
I know He chose this pathway,
In love He planned it all.
- 4 Sometimes my feet are weary,
I fain would stop and rest,
Yet, onward I am pressing,
I know His way is best.
- 5 And when I reach that country,
Where shadows never fall,
I'll sing through endless ages,
" In love He planned it all."



Alternative Tune : St. Stephen 38

- 1 THOU art the Way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor sin nor death shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

401

FEDERAL STREET

L.M.

H. K. OLIVER



- 1 **THOUGH** all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be ;
For I am pleased with none beside ;
The fairest of the fair is He.
- 2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed ;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.
- 3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross ;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.
- 4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near ;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

402

ST. JAMES

C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE



- 1 THOUGH earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
- 2 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And in each trial, e'en in death,
His light shall round thee shine.
- 3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly through thy troubled sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.
- 4 Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own His word fulfilled—
"At eve it shall be light."

403

HOUGHTON

10.10.11.11.

H. J. GAUNTLETT





- 1 THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide ;
The promise assures us, " The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
From them, let us learn to trust for our bread ;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, " The Lord will provide."
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills up with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, " The Lord will provide."
- 4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain ;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, " The Lord will provide."
- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name ;
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power, " The Lord will provide."
- 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We're sure to die knowing, "The Lord will provide."



- 1 THOU hast said, O blessed Jesus,
 "Take thy cross and follow Me."
 'Tis because Thou wouldest have us
 Reign for evermore with Thee.
 Lord, I'll take it ;
 Help me so to follow Thee.
- 2 While this water now surveying,
 Fitting emblem of the grave,
 Thee I'd follow, humbly praying ;
 Life itself I would not save.
 So I'll enter,
 As Thou enteredst Jordan's wave.
- 3 Solemn sign, which thus reminds me,
 Saviour, of Thy love for me,
 And the covenant which binds me
 In its lasting bonds to Thee.
 O ! what pleasure
 In this fellowship with Thee !

- 4 Though it rend some fond affection,
 Though I suffer shame or loss,
 Yet the fragrant, blest reflection—
 I am now where Jesus was—
 Will revive me,
 When I faint beneath the cross.

405

STRENGTH AND STAY

11.10.11.10.

J. B. DYKES



- 1 THOU knowest, Lord, Thou knowest all about me,
 And all the winding way my feet have trod ;
 And now Thou know'st I cannot go without Thee,
 To guide me onward through the swelling flood.
- 2 Thou know'st my way—how lone, how dark, how cheerless
 If Thy dear hand I fail in all to see :
 Bright with Thy smile of love, my heart is fearless
 When in my weakness I can lean on Thee.
- 3 Give me Thy presence ! Go Thou, Lord, before me,
 Make a plain path where all is rough and drear ;
 So let me trust the love that watches o'er me,
 And in the shadows still believe Thee near.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THOU, my everlasting portion,
 More than friend or life to me,
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.</p> | <p>2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
 Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;
 Gladly would I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
 Gladly would I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

- 3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
 Then, the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
 || Close to Thee, close to Thee ; ||
 Then the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

407

HAYDEN

S.M.



- 1 THOU Refuge of my soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell my grief ;
 For Thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 Dear Lord, where should I flee?—
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.



- 1 THOU ever present aid,
In suff'ring and distress,
The mind which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing sufferer's moan
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my needs fulfil ;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One ;
And peace and joy which never end
Abound in Christ alone.



- 1 THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the Lamb, so pure and spotless,
One the all-atoning blood,
Ent'ring in the veil most holy,
Opening up the way to God.
- 4 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :
- 5 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
- 6 One the strain that lips of brethren
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
- 7 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.



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- 1 THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.
- 2 When is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?
- 3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy Face before?
- 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold ;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet :
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise and never set.



- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford ;
Prepare us to receive Thy word ;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear ;
Lord, speak, and let Thy servant hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With heavenly truth may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
And may it give new energy ;
O ! may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Be profited by what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us Thyself reveal ;
Help us to learn and do Thy will ;
Thy heavenly grace in us display,
And guide us to the realms of day.



- 1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.



- 1 THY will be done ! I will not fear
The way provided by Thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heav'n are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours th' eternal years ?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid my soul, on soaring wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 O let not doubts disturb its trust,
Nor sorrows dim its heav'nly love ;
Nor these afflictions of the dust
My inmost calm and peace remove.



- 1 " 'TIS finished ! " so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died.
'Tis finished ! yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finished ! this that Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view,
That holy prophets never knew.
- 3 'Tis finished ! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in the awful hour ;
Thy life for ours the ransom paid,
And free from death shall we be made.
- 4 'Tis finished ! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'Tis finished ! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies !

414A

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

ADESTE FIDELES

P.M.

The musical score is written for a piano and organ. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The organ part enters in the third system, playing a harmonic accompaniment. The piece is in D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#) in the key signature.

1 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:

REFRAIN. O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 Christ the Lord.

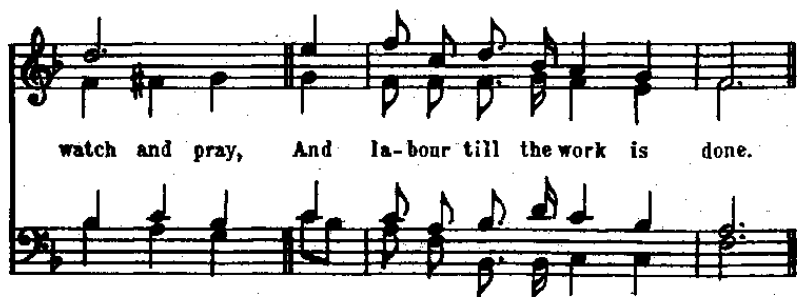
2 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
 Sing ye, "All glory
 To God in the Highest."

3 Yea, Lord we hail Thee,
 Born this happy morning:
 Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
 Word of the Father
 Now in flesh appearing :



Refrain





- 1 TO the work ! to the work ! O ye servants of God !
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod ;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

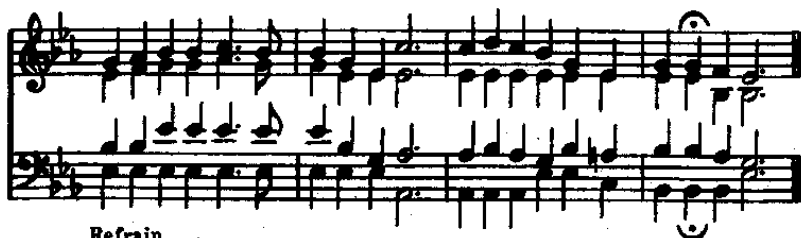
REFRAIN.

- Toiling on, toiling on,
Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust ; let us watch and pray,
And labour till the work is done.
- 2 To the work ! to the work ! let the hungry be fed ;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led.
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, Salvation is free !
- 3 To the work ! to the work ! there is labour for all ;
Soon the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, Salvation is free !
- 4 To the work ! to the work ! in the strength of the Lord ;
And the smile of His face shall our labour reward
When as kings and as priests over earth we shall be,
Making known unto all that Salvation is free !



- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead !
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known.
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glory shall confess,
The world thy glory shall confess.

- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed courts with dread ;
No more shall sin's defiling host
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast,
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace,
To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 5 Yea, soon astonished men shall see
The laurels of thy victory ;
And thou, with grace and glory crowned,
May'st lavish blessings all around,
May'st lavish blessings all around.



Refrain



- 1 TRUSTING in Jesus I find sweetest rest,
 Just simply trusting, O how I am blest ;
 Never a danger and never a fear,
 Now can affright me since Jesus is near.

REFRAIN.

- Trusting in Jesus by night and by day,
 O, how His presence illumines my way ;
 Knowing He loveth and careth for me,
 Why should my heart ever sorrowful be?
- 2 Trusting when rough seems the path to my feet,
 Trusting when life is with gladness replete ;
 Trusting though friends all forsake here below,
 Still my Redeemer doth love me, I know.

- 3 Trusting for guidance where I cannot see,
Knowing His wisdom sufficient for me ;
Trusting in weakness His wonderful might,
Looking in darkness to Him for the light.
- 4 Trusting, yes, trusting still to the end,
Trusting in Him my unchangeable friend ;
Trusting until with the ransomed above,
Singing the praise of His wonderful love.

418

WELTON

L.M.



- 1 UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
For, as it hastens, ev'ry age
Fulfils its prophecies divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year the truth shall soar,
And, as it soars, its blessed light
Shall scatter darkness more and more.
- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
Shall Truth's fair banner be unfurled,
Until in strength, from pole to pole,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world—
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.



1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all thou callest good !
 To my Lord I would be true,
 Who bought me with His blood.
 All thy vanities must go ;
 I have no pleasure in thy pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Christ to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever in His faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 3 O that all would now unite
 This saving truth to prove ;
 See the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesus' love.
 Fain would I to all men show
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

420

SEYMOUR

7.7.7.7.

C. M. VON WEBER



- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord ;
 To His gracious promise flee,
 Laying hold upon His Word :
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace :
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see ;
 This is still thy sweet relief :
 " As thy days, thy strength shall be."

421

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7.7.7.7 D.

G. J. ELVEY



1 WAKE the song of jubilee !
 Let it echo o'er the sea !
 Now is come the promised hour ;
 Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.
 Hark ! the desert lands rejoice ;
 And the islands join their voice ;
 Joy ! the whole creation sings,
 Jesus is the King of kings !

2 Wake the song of jubilee ;
 Let it echo o'er the sea ;
 Let it sound from shore to shore ;
 Jesus reigns for evermore !
 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Thrones and kingdoms pass away.



Alternative Tune : Warwick 211

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.



Alternative Tune : Lux Eoi 114

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming
 Yet upon thy pathway shone?
 Pilgrim, yes ! arise ! look 'round thee !
 Light is breaking in the skies !
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee ;
 Morning dawns ! arise ! arise !

- 2 Watchman, is the light ascending 3 Pilgrim, see ! the land is nearing,
Of the grand Sabbatic year? With its vernal fruits and flowers !
Are the voices now portending On ! just yonder—O how cheering !
That the Kingdom's very near? Bloom for ever Eden's bowers.
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder Hark ! the choral strains are ringing,
Canaan's glorious heights arise ; Glory to the Lamb of God !
Salem, too, appears in grandeur, Blessings to mankind He's bringing,
Tow'ring 'neath its cloudless skies. Even though with chastening rod.

424

ZION'S GLORY

7.7.7.7.D.



- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night— 2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
What its signs of promise are. Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's height, Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
See that glory-beaming star ! Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Watchman, will its beams alone
Aught of hope or joy foretell? Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, yes ; it brings the day— Trav'ler, ages are its own ;
Promised day of Israel. See, its glory fills the earth.
- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, will earth's sorrows cease,
And God's will on earth be done?
Trav'ler, yes, the Prince of peace,
Earth's appointed King, has come !

425

FARRANT

C.M.

R. FARRANT



*Alternative Tunes : Lloyd 85
Belmont 275*

- 1 WE bless Thee for Thy peace O God,
Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- 2 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 ;
- 3 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 ;
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- 5 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.

425A

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

IRBY

8.7.8.7.7.7.

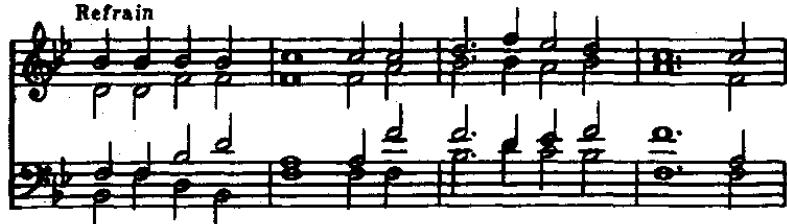
H. J. GAUNTLETT



- 1 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.
- 2 And through all His wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey;
 Love and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay.
 Christian children all should be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 3 For He is our childhood's pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew.
 He was little, weak and helpless.
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 As He shareth in our gladness.



Refrain



- 1 WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

REFRAIN.

- All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.
- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star ;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
- 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good ;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.



- 1 WE praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
Who died for our sins and ascended above.

REFRAIN.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ;
Hallelujah ! amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory ;
Revive us again.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for the Spirit of light
That shines on Thy pages, and scatters our night.
- 3 We praise Thee, O God, that the Kingdom is near,
That the Saviour has come, and will shortly appear.

427A

FROM GLORY UNTO GLORY

ELLACOMBE

D.C.M.

GERMAN



1 'FROM glory unto glory,'

Be this our joyous song
 As on the King's own highway
 We bravely march along.
 'From glory unto glory,'
 O word of stirring cheer
 As dawns the solemn brightness of
 Another glad New Year.

2 'From glory unto glory.'

What great things He hath done;
 What wonders He hath shown us,
 What triumphs He hath won!
 We marvel at the record of
 The blessings of the year,
 But sweeter than the Christmas bells
 Rings out His promise clear.

3 In full and glad surrender
 We give ourselves to Thee,
 Thine utterly, and only,
 And evermore to be.
 O Son of God, Who lovest us,
 We will be Thine alone,
 And all we are, and all we have,
 Shall henceforth be Thine own.

- 1 WE shall meet beyond the river
 By and by, by and by ;
 And the darkness shall be over
 By and by, by and by.
 When the toilsome journey's done
 And the victory is won,
 We shall shine forth as the sun
 By and by, by and by.

- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory
By and by, by and by ;
We shall sing redemption's story
By and by, by and by ;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus
By and by, by and by ;
To Himself He will receive us
By and by, by and by.
Then with joy we shall fulfil
All God's blessed, holy will,
And adore and praise Him still
By and by, by and by.
- 4 Yes, our tears shall all cease flowing
By and by, by and by :
And with pow'r we shall be showing—
By and by, by and by—
All the wealth of grace divine,
All the depth of wisdom's mine,
Making truth and virtue shine,
By and by, by and by.

429

WATCHING

8.7.8.7. & Ref.

The musical score is written for a piano and features a main melody and a refrain. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is organized into six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first two systems represent the main melody, the third system is labeled 'Refrain', and the remaining three systems continue the main melody. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

Refrain

- 1 WE'VE been watching, we've been waiting,
For the bright, prophetic day ;
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

REFRAIN.

- We are waking, for 'tis morning,
And the beautiful day is dawning ;
We are happy, for 'tis morning;
See ! the shadows flee away.
Lo ! He comes ! see the King draw near !
Zion, shout ! the Lord is here.
- 2 We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the star that brings the day ;
For the night of sin to vanish,
And the mists to roll away.
 - 3 We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the beautiful King of day,
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
 - 4 We begin to see the dawning
Of the bright Millennial day ;
Soon the shadows, weary shadows,
Shall for ever pass away.



Alternative Tune : Blauenwern 305

- 1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Ev'rything to Him in prayer !
 O, what peace we often forfeit !
 O, what needless pain we bear !
 All because we do not carry
 Ev'rything to Him in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations? 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Is there trouble anywhere? Cumbered with a load of care?
We should never be discouraged; Precious Saviour! still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful, Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Who will all our sorrows share? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Jesus knows our every weakness; In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Thou wilt find a solace there.

431

LONDON NEW

C.M.



- 1 WHATE'ER the righteous Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure :
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.
- 2 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord for God is known ;
Whom He from all the world besides
Has chosen for His own.
- 3 Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is He.
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice
Because we trust in Thee.
- 4 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.



By permission of Cary and Company.

Alternative Tune : London New 431

- 1 WHAT poor, despised company
Of travellers are those,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Beset by many foes?
- 2 Ah, they are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of eternal life divine,
And lo ! for joy they sing !
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despised ?
Because, of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze.
Ah, that's the way their Leader trod ;
They love and keep His ways.



- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.
- 2 The sacred cup of saving grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all His promises embrace,
And to His glory live.
- 3 My vows I will to His great name
Before His people pay,
And all I have and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.
- 4 Thy hands created me, Thy hands
From sin hath set me free,
The mercy that hath loosed my bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.
- 5 The God of all-redeeming grace
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon His name.
- 6 Praise Him, ye saints, the God of love,
Who hath our sins forgiven,
Till, gathered with His Church above,
We sing the songs of Heaven.



1 WHAT shall I wish thee?
 Treasures of earth?
 Songs in the springtime,
 Pleasure and mirth?
 Flowers on thy pathway,
 Skies ever clear?
 Would this ensure thee
 A happy new year?

2 What shall I wish thee?
 What can be found,
 Bringing thee sunshine,
 All the year round?
 Where is the treasure,
 Lasting and dear,
 That shall ensure thee
 A happy new year?

3 Faith that increaseth,
 Walking in light,
 Hope that aboundeth,
 Happy and bright ;
 Love that is perfect,
 Casting out fear ;
 These shall ensure thee
 A happy new year !

4 Peace in thy Saviour,
 Rest at His feet,
 Smile of His countenance,
 Radiant and sweet ;
 Joy in His presence !
 Christ ever near !
 This will ensure thee
 A happy new year !



Alternative Tune : Melcombe 107

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

436

MANOAH

C.M.

arrgd. from ROSSINI

- 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my inmost heart?
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise.
And my eternal joy shall be
To herald wide Thy praise.



- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which my blessed Saviour died,
All earthly gain I count but loss ;
How empty all its show and pride !
- 2 I would not seek in earthly bliss
To find a rest apart from Thee,
Forgetful of Thy sacrifice
Which purchased life and peace for me.
- 3 I'm not my own, dear Lord—to Thee
My every power, by right, belongs :
My privilege to serve I see,
Thy praise to raise in tuneful songs.
- 4 And so, beside Thy sacrifice,
I would lay down my little all.
'Tis lean and poor, I must confess ;
I would that it were not so small.
- 5 But then I know Thou dost accept
My grateful off'ring unto Thee ;
For, Lord, 'tis love that doth it prompt,
And love is incense sweet to Thee.

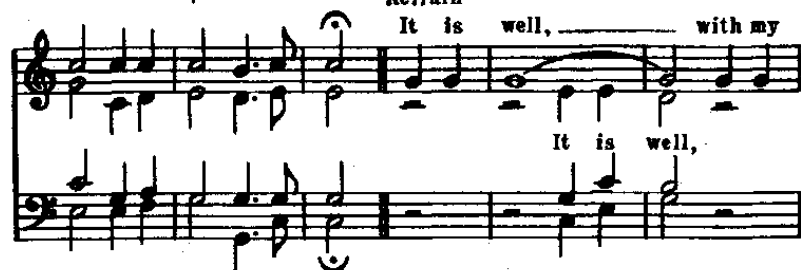


- 1 WHEN I view the cruel cross
Where my loving Saviour died,
All the bitter pain and loss
Borne to save His future bride,
O ! what language can express,
O ! what ministries can show,
All my heart's deep thankfulness,
Love which in my heart doth glow ?

- 2 How could I in earthly dross
Find a satisfaction now?
Sweeter far to share the cross
And beneath its weight to bow ;
For communion sweet I find
In this straight and narrow way,
With His love and help so kind
For my comfort, strength and stay.
- 3 Forward to the future joy
All my longing hopes aspire ;
And for this world's mean alloy
I will not henceforth enquire.
O ! the joy of that blest hour,
When, in glory, Christ I'll meet—
Raised by Him to queenly pow'r,
In His righteousness complete.
- 4 Every painful circumstance,
Every sorrow I may know,
Will that glory but enhance—
Heavenly love the brighter glow.
Love, so proved, is sweeter far,
Than the trophies won by pride ;
Naught this mutual love can mar ;
Through all ages 'twill abide.



Refrain



- 1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll ;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know,
" It is well, it is well with my soul."

REFRAIN.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
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 !

440

ANGELUS

7.7.7.5.

R. JACKSON



By permission of Mrs. Taylor.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy weary one,
Rest for evermore ! | 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore ! |
| 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore ! | 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore ! |
| 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray :—
Light for evermore ! | 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life ! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore ! |

441

WELLS

7.7.7.7. & Ref.

D. S. BORTNIANSKI

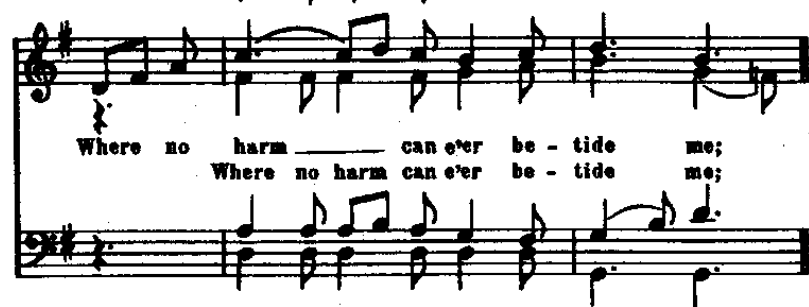
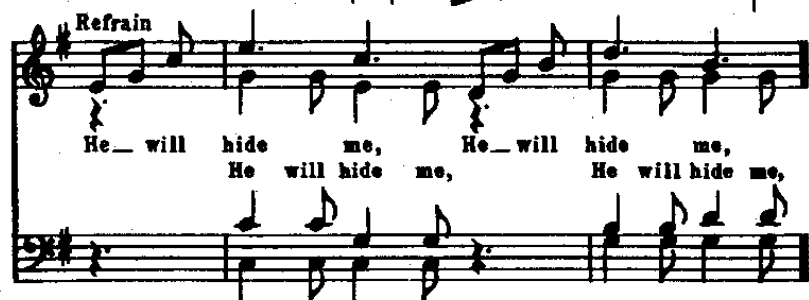
Refrain

1 WHEN the Lord from heaven appears,
 When are banished all our fears,
 When the sleepers from the tomb
 With the watchers reach their home—

REFRAIN.

Then enthroned, our Lord, with Thee,
 We shall reign eternally.

- 2 When our eyes the King shall see
In His glorious majesty,
When to Him we're called above,
Partners of His joy and love—
- 3 Debtors to His matchless grace,
At His feet our crowns we'll place ;
And as ages roll along,
Still we'll sing the glad new song.
- 4 Let this hope now purify
Those who on Thy Word rely ;
Comfort to our hearts afford ;—
Come and fill us, now, O Lord.





- 1 WHEN the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

REFRAIN.

- He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me ;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
In the shadow of His hand.
- 2 Though He may permit affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home ;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.
- 3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ :
God will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.
- 4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring :
Naught can harm His Father's child.

443

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS 11.11.11.11. & Ref.

E. O. EXCELL

Refrain

- 1 WHEN upon life's billows you 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.

REFRAIN.

- 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.
- 2 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 keep singing as the days go by.
- 3 When you look at others with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you His wealth untold ;
Count your many blessings, wealth can never buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
- 4 So, amid the conflict, whether great or small,
Do not be disheartened, God is over all ;
Count your many blessings, angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you till your journey's end.

444

SILVER HILL

L.M.

F. C. MAKER



By permission of Mr. J. T. Park.

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Meet in Thy name, O blessed Lord !
Meet to recount Thine acts of grace,
O, how Thy presence fills the place !
- 2 There Thou hast promised, Lord, to be,
To bless the little company ;
And while we offer prayer and praise,
O ! may we learn more of Thy ways !
- 3 O ! fill our hearts with Heavenly love,
And may we at its impulse move,
That all around may clearly see
That we have been, dear Lord, with Thee.



- 1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And in His precious blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God.
- 2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.
- 3 As 'round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.
- 4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares ;
And safe in His almighty hands,
Their souls for ever bears.

Refrain

1 WHO trusts in God's Word has the sweet hope of life.
 An end of confusion and error and strife.
 Its grace it imparts to the truth-seeking soul,
 Who humbly submits to its righteous control.

REFRAIN.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest !
 In the gospel of grace
 There is sweet, blessed rest.

- 2 On that sacred page, O, what glory now shines !
As God's holy spirit illumines its lines,
Displaying His plan in which all may rejoice,
And praise Him forever with heart and with voice.
- 3 Rest ! rest ! O how blessed this sweet rest at last !
Like music at even when labour is past ;
Like dawn after darkness, like health after pain ;
Like sunshine of gladness that follows the rain.



1 WHOM have I, Lord, to help but Thee?
 None but Thee ! None but Thee !
 And this my song through life shall be,
 Christ for me ! Christ for me !
 He hath for me the pathway trod ;
 He hath redeemed me by His blood ;
 He reconciled my soul to God.
 Christ for me ! Christ for me !

- 2 I envy not the rich their joys ;
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
I covet not earth's glittering toys ;
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow ;
" Fading " is stamped on all below ;
Mine is a joy no end can know.
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 3 Though poor and humble be my lot,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
He knoweth best ; I murmur not !
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Though vine and fig-tree blight assail,
The labour of the olive fail ;
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
And foes beset me all around,
Christ for me ! Christ for me !
Let earth her fiercest battle wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in His strength, I'll stand their rage ;
Christ for me ! Christ for me !

448

ANCHOR

P.M.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK



Refrain



- 1 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 ?

REFRAIN.

- We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll ;
Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love !
- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear ?
When the breakers roll and the reef is near ;
While the surges rage, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then your barque o'erflow ?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath ?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the vail.
- 4 Will your eyes behold thro' the morning light
The city of gold, and the harbour bright ?—
Will you anchor safe by the heav'nly shore,
When life's storms are past for evermore ?

8

Fina

D.S.

- 1 WITNESSES for Jesus, ye who know His pow'r ;
In His great salvation trusting ev'ry hour ;
To the world around you show by look and tone
How the precious Saviour guides and keeps His own

REFRAIN.

Witnessing, witnessing ; proving ev'ry day
That the Master's with us all along the way,
Witnessing, witnessing, faithful be and true,
Telling, gladly telling, what He is to you.

- 2 Witnesses for Jesus, let the cheerful face
Show the joyous temper of the inner grace ;
Let the blessed spirit dwelling in your soul
Ev'ry word and action, ev'ry thought control.
- 3 Witnesses for Jesus, let the life of love,
Be the highest tribute to our King above ;
May the Master's image brighten more and more,
Till we bear His likeness on the golden shore.



- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
Be worthy of His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise the faithful servant's head
Amidst the faithful band.



1 YOUR harps, ye tearful saints,
Down from the willows take ;
No more by Bab'lon's stream sit down,
And weep for Zion's sake.

2 The Spirit of our God
Hath tuned the harp divine,
And now in grandest harmony,
Its melodies combine.

3 Awake its notes of joy,
That tell of Zion's peace ;
And how, through everlasting years,
Her glory shall increase.

4 Take down the harp divine,
Sweep o'er its many strings ;
They call to Zion, Rise and shine !
Thy God salvation brings.

5 No more an exile roam ;
Accept thy liberty ;
God calls His faithful people home,
Sets error's captives free.

6 Let such go up and build
The temple of our God,
And let their souls, with courage filled,
Publish the news abroad.

7 God's temple soon shall rise,
Above the wrecks of time ;
And then its finished mysteries
Shall glow in light sublime.



- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion !
 What a favoured lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove,
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But will never cease to love thee,
 Thou art precious in His sight.
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light !

452A

IN MEMORIAM

7.6.7.6.D.

J. STAINER



- 1 THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?
- 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.
- 3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

453

ALL THINGS BRIGHT
AND BEAUTIFUL

7.6.7.6. & Ref.

W. H. MONK

Verse 1 and Refrain



Verses 2 to 6



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.</p> <p>2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings,
All things, etc.</p> | <p>3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.
All things, etc.</p> <p>4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.
All things, etc.

6 He gave us eyes to see them
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.
All things, etc.

454

ST. MARTIN

7.7.7.7.



- 1 FATHER lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way ;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.
- 2 When in danger, make me brave ;
Make me know that Thou canst save :
Keep me safe by Thy dear side ;
Let me in Thy love abide.
- 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong ;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee ;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.
- 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily ;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight ;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.



- 1 GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.
- 2 God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.
- 3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,
Where on the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbours best.
- 5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all His wondrous ways.



- 1 GOD the Father, loving me
Gave His Son, my friend to be :
Gave His Son my form to take,
Bearing all things for my sake.
- 2 Jesus still remains the same
As in days of old He came,
As my guardian by my side,
Still He seeks my steps to guide.
- 3 How can I repay that love,
Lord of all the hosts above?
What have I, a child, to bring
Unto Thee, Thou heavenly King?
- 4 I have but myself to give :
Let me to Thy glory live ;
Let me follow, day by day,
Where Thou showest me the way.



- 1 JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me ;
Take my hand, and ever keep me
Close to Thee.
- 2 Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun ;
Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.
- 3 Teach me how to grow in goodness,
Daily as I grow :
Thou hast been a child, and surely
Thou dost know.
- 4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine ;
Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.
- 5 Step by step, oh, lead me onward,
Upward into youth ;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.
- 6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend ;
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

458

SHIPSTON

8.7.8.7.



- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me ;
Bless Thy little lamb tonight ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me ;
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me ;
Listen to my evening prayer.



- 1 JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.
- 2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
- 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.
- 4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.



By permission of The Methodist Youth Department.

- 1 LOVER of children, I come unto Thee ;
Graciously, tenderly look upon me ;
Jesus, on me put Thy kind, gentle hands ;
Speak in such words as a child understands.
- 2 Teacher of children, so wise and so kind,
O may I ever Thy words keep in mind ;
Learning of Thee as I grow day by day,
Doing Thy will as a little child may.
- 3 Friend of the children, who always art near,
Holding Thy hand I have nothing to fear ;
Guided and guarded by Thee I would be ;
No other friend is so precious to me.
- 4 Lover of children, Redeemer divine,
I am so happy to know Thou art mine ;
Loving me, leading me all through my days,
Thee will I love, and Thy name will I praise.



By permission of Miss Crosbie.

- 1 SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved Me.
- 2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy ;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.



- 1 SAVIOUR while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me ;
Let my youthful heart be Thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me ;
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way ;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.
- 4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave Thee never ;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

Index of First Lines

With the exceptions listed below the hymns in this book are arranged in alphabetical order of first lines. There is therefore no comprehensive index of first lines printed.

- 301A *A thousand years have come and gone*
- 453 *All things bright and beautiful*
- 280A *Brightest and best of the sons of the morning*
- 343A *Christians, awake, salute the happy morn*
- 240A *Face to face with Christ my Saviour*
- 454 *Father lead me day by day*
- 427A *From glory unto glory*
- 455 *God make my life a little light*
- 456 *God the Father, loving me*
- 267A *Great is thy faithfulness*
- 297A *Hark ! the herald angels sing*
- 160A *I prayed that Love Divine*
- 184A *Immortal Love, for ever full*
- 364A *It came upon the midnight clear*
- 457 *Jesus, Friend of little children*
- 458 *Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me*
- 459 *Just as I am, Thine own to be*
- 212A *Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom*
- 174A *Lord, thy Word abideth*
- 385A *Love came down at Christmas*
- 460 *Lover of children, I come to Thee*
- 264A *Nearer, still nearer, close to thy heart*
- 414A *O come all ye faithful*
- 374A *O little town of Bethlehem*
- 166A *O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness*
- 207A *Oh, worship the King*
- 425A *Once in royal David's city*
- 168A *Praise to the Lord, the Almighty*
- 461 *Saviour, teach me day by day*
- 462 *Saviour, while my heart is tender*
- 272A *Silent night! holy night!*
- 286A *Softly the night is sleeping*
- 295A *The first Nowell the angel did say*
- 452A *The wise may bring their learning*
- 164A *To God be the glory, great things He hath done*
- 186A *Unto him that hath Thou givest*
- 319A *While shepherds watched their flocks by night*

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