

**ONE HUNDRED**  
**SELECT HYMNS**  
**FOR**  
**SPECIAL SERVICES.**

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# H Y M N S.

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1

P.M.

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!

'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!

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!

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,

Nought but good shall e'er betide us—

Safe to glory He will guide us.

O how He loves!

2

C.M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,

It calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest.

Blest Name! the Rock on which I build,

My shield and hiding-place;

My never-failing treasury, fill'd

With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,

Thou Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,

Accept the praise I bring.

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

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And triumph in Thy blessed Name,  
Which quells the power of death.

3

C.M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.  
I can believe, I do believe  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free.

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

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

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared  
(Unworthy though I be,)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.

4

8,8,8,6.

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

5

7s.

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

Welcome to the offer'd peace ;  
Welcome, pris'ner, to release ;  
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free ;  
Rise and come—He calleth thee.

Welcome, weeping penitent,  
Grace has made thy heart relent ;  
Welcome, long estrangèd child ;  
God in Christ is reconcil'd.

Welcome to the cleansing fount,  
Springing from the sacred mount ;  
Welcome to the feast divine,  
Bread of life, and living wine.

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

I never shall forget the day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away ;  
 Oh ! it was a day of gladness :  
 Will you go along with me ?  
 Oh ! it was a day of gladness :  
 Come, sound the Jubilee.

We're happy here, our hearts can say,  
 But what will it be to the op'ning day !  
 Oh ! we see the day approaching :  
 Will you go along with me ?  
 Oh ! we see the day approaching ;  
 Come, sound the Jubilee.

A little longer here below,  
 And then to Jesus we shall go ;  
 Oh ! then we'll shout in glory :  
 Will you go along with me ?  
 Oh ! then we'll shout in glory :  
 Come, sound the Jubilee.

Farewell, earth's scenes, we're going home ;  
 'Tis Jesus calls, and bids us come :  
 Oh ! the joys of endless glory :  
 Will you go along with me ?  
 Oh ! the joys of endless glory :  
 Come, sound the Jubilee.



In the Christian's 'home' in glory,  
 There remains a land of rest,  
 Where the Saviour's gone before me,  
 To fulfil my soul's request.

On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the Tree of Life is blooming  
 There is rest for you  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,  
 Which eternally shall stand ;  
 There my stay shall not be transient—  
 In that holy, happy land.

Pain nor sickness e'er can enter ;  
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;  
 But in that celestial centre,  
 I a crown of life shall wear.

Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
 And its sting shall be withdrawn,  
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed !  
 Hail with joy the happy morn.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,

Shout your triumphs as you go!

Zion's gates will open to you,

You shall find an entrance through.

8

C.M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!

What pleasure to our ears!

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,

Be unto the Lamb for ever:

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,

Halleluia, praise ye the Lord.

Salvation! O ascended Lamb,

To thee the praise belongs!

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honour, &c.

9

P.M.

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,

Bound to the land of bright spirits above;

Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, "Come,"

Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,

Bound to the land of bright spirits above.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go :  
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall  
hear,

Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Partings all over, and sorrows all gone—  
Blest in His presence, eternally one ;  
Like Him, and with Him, for ever to be.  
Joyfully, joyfully welcome the day.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, its sceptre be gone,  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Joyfully, joyfully, &c.

10

8,7.

BRIGHTNESS of eternal glory,

Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie ?

Who would hush the boundless story  
Of the One who came to die ;

Came from off the throne eternal,  
Down to Calvary's depth of woe,  
Came to crush the powers infernal?—  
Streams of praises ceaseless flow!

Sing His blest triumphant rising;  
Sing Him on the Father's throne;  
Sing—till heaven and earth surprising,  
Reigns the Nazarene alone.

## 11

L.M.

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

Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, "GOD IS LOVE!"  
The Lamb, who died upon the tree,  
Has brought us mercy from above.

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

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The theme of praise in heaven above.

Now in a song of grateful praise,  
 To our dear Lord the voice we'll raise ;  
 With all His saints we'll join to tell,  
 " Our Jesus hath done all things well."

All worlds His glorious power confess,  
 His wisdom all His works express ;  
 But, O His love!—what tongue can tell ?  
 " Our Jesus hath done all things well."

And since our souls have known His love,  
 What mercies has He made us prove,  
 Mercies which all our praise excel ;  
 " Our Jesus hath done all things well."

And when on that bright day we rise,  
 And join the anthems of the skies,  
 In ceaseless song this note shall swell,  
 " Our Jesus hath done all things well."

SAVE, Jesus, save,  
 Thy blessing now we crave,  
 For every anxious sinner here,  
 O let Thy mercy now appear,  
 Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,  
Thy banner o'er us wave,  
Of love eternal and divine ;  
O Lord, let each one here be Thine,  
Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,  
Thou Conqueror o'er the grave,  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And whisper to the troubled, "Peace,"  
Lord Jesus, save.

Save, Jesus, save,  
And Thou alone shalt have  
The glory of the work divine,  
Yea, endless praises shall be Thine,  
Lord Jesus, save.

## 14

C.M.

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.

There is an arm that never tires,  
When creature-strength gives way ;  
There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fix'd on seraph-throngs,  
That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is fill'd with angel-songs,  
That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,  
When mortal aid is vain ;  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That list'ning ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the world  
To bring deliverance down.

## 15

I M.

THE Lord of Life in death hath lain,  
To clear me from all charge of sin ;  
And, Lord, from guilt of crimson stain  
Thy precious blood hath made me clear

And now a righteousness divine  
Is all my glory, all my trust ;  
Nor will I fear since that is mine,  
While Thou dost live, and God is just.

Clad in this robe, how bright I shine !  
Angels possess not such a dress !  
Angels have not a robe like mine—  
Jesus, the Lord's my righteousness.

“No condemnation!”—O my soul,  
 'Tis God ~~that~~ speaks the word,  
 Perfect in comeliness art thou  
 Through Christ, the risen Lord.

In heaven the blood for ever speaks  
 In God's omniscient ear;  
 The saints as jewels on His heart.  
 Jesus doth ever bear.

“No condemnation!”—precious word!  
 Consider it, my soul;  
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;  
 His stripes have made thee whole.

Then teach me, Lord, to fix mine eyes  
 On Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
 So shall I love Thy precious will,  
 And glorify His name.

O LOVE divine, Thou vast abyss!  
 My sins are swallow'd up in Thee;  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness;  
 From condemnation I am free:  
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,  
 “Mercy! free, boundless mercy!” cries.



Fix'd on this ground must I remain,  
Though heart may fail and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth and heaven shall pass away.-  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

13

P.M.

Ho ! ye that thirst approach the spring  
Where living waters flow ;  
Free to that sacred fountain all  
Without a price may go,  
Without a price may go,  
Without a price may go,  
Free to that sacred fountain all  
Without a price may go.

How long to streams of false delight  
Will ye in crowds repair ?  
How long your strength and substance waste  
On trifles light as air ?  
On trifles light as air, &c.

My stores afford those rich supplies  
That health and pleasure give ;  
Incline your ear and come to me,  
The soul that hears shall live,  
The soul that hears shall live. &c.

Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear  
Is open to your call ;  
While offered mercy still is near,  
Before His footstool fall,  
Before His footstool fall, &c.

19

8s.

How good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend :  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end !

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

20

8s.

WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,  
That died for the sake of the flock ;  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
But firmly endured as a rock.

When blood from a victim must flow,  
This Shepherd, by pity, was led  
To stand between us and the foe,  
And willingly died in our stead.

Our song then for ever shall be,  
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;  
No subject's so glorious as He,  
No theme so affecting to us.

We'll sing of such subjects alone,  
None other our tongues shall employ;  
Till fully His love becomes known,  
In yonder bright regions of joy.

' 21

P.M.

O HASTE away, my brethren dear,  
And come to Canaan's shore;  
We'll meet and sing for ever there,  
When all our toils are o'er.

O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!  
O that will be joyful!  
To meet to part no more,  
To meet to part no more,  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
And then sing Hallelujah,  
With the saints that have gone before.

How sweet to hear the hallow'd theme  
That saints shall ever sing,  
To hear their voices all proclaim  
Salvation to the King.

O that will be joyful, &c.

In bridal robes, all clothed in white,  
Will all His saints appear ;  
And, shining in His glory bright,  
We'll see our Jesus there.  
O that will be joyful, &c.

In Canaan's happy land we'll meet,  
To chant this glorious lay ;  
Our hearts, well tuned, will sing so sweet,  
'Through one eternal day.  
O that will be joyful, &c.

Through one eternal day we'll sing,  
And bless His sacred name,  
With "Hallelujahs to the King!"  
And "Worthy is the Lamb!"  
O that will be joyful, &c.

## 22

L.M.

SEE mercy, mercy from on high,  
Descend to rebels doom'd to die ;  
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound ;  
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !

Soon as the reign of sin began,  
'The light of mercy dawn'd on man,  
When God announced the blessed news,  
"The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."

Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,  
When Christ, the holy child, was born;  
And brighter still in splendour shone  
When Jesus, dying, cried, " 'Tis done !"

Complete in power when He arose,  
And burst the bands of all His foes ;  
Then captive led captivity,  
And took for us His seat on high.

Till we around Him there shall throng,  
This mercy shall be still our song ;  
For God shall every scheme confound  
Of all that seek its course to bound !

23

8,8,8,6.

THE wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, through Thee !

Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father did embrace his child ;  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

It is the Father's joy to bless,  
His love has found for me a dress,  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

And now my famished soul is fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

And when I in thy likeness shine,  
The glory and the praise be Thine,  
That everlasting joy is mine,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

24

C.M.

O God! what cords of love are Thine,  
How gentle, yet how strong!  
Thy truth and grace their strength combine,  
To draw our souls along.

The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away;  
And when the fight of faith begins,  
Our strength is as our day.

Comfort, through all this vale of tears,  
In blest profusion flows;  
And glory, of unnumber'd years,  
Eternity bestows.

Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,  
Till round the throne we meet,  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our Saviour's feet.

Now I have found a Friend,  
Jesus is mine ;  
His love will never end,  
Jesus is mine.  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace ;  
Jesus is mine.

Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine ;  
He will my faith uphold,  
Jesus is mine.  
He will my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy,  
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,  
Jesus is mine ;  
In the great judgment day,  
Jesus is mine.  
Oh ! what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold the King,  
On tuneful harp to sing,  
Jesus is mine.

Farewell mortality!

Jesus is mine;

Welcome eternity!

Jesus is mine.

He my Redemption is,

Wisdom and Righteousness,

Life, Light, and Holiness,

Jesus is mine.

Father! Thy name I bless,

Jesus is mine;

Thine was the sovereign grace,

Jesus is mine.

Spirit of holiness,

Sealing the Father's grace,

Thou mad'st my soul embrace.

Jesus as mine.

26

8s.

O SAVIOUR! whom absent we love;

Whom not having seen we adore,

Whose name is exalted above

All glory, dominion, and power:

O come and display us as Thine,

And leave us no longer to roam,

Let the light of Thy presence, Lord, shine,

Let the trumpet soon summon us home.



When that happy morning begins,  
When we in thy glories shall shine,  
Nor grieve any more by our sins,  
The bosom on which we recline ;

O then shall the mists be removed,  
And round us Thy brightness be pour'd !  
We shall meet Him, whom absent we loved,  
We shall see, whom unseen we adored.

And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on our blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,  
They'll bring but new thoughts of Thy love,  
New themes for our wonder and praise.

27

8s.

O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee  
So shall I run and never tire ;  
With gracious words still comfort me ;  
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire.  
On Thee I'd roll each weight and fear :  
Calm in the thought that Thou art near.

What in thy love possess I not ?

My star by night, my sun by day,  
My spring of life when parched with drought,  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My robe before the throne of God !

28

G, G, G, G, 8, 8.

TH' ATONING work is done ;  
The Victim's blood is shed ;  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead ;  
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon His breast.

See " sprinkled with the blood  
The mercy-seat " above ;  
For justice had withstood  
The purposes of love ;  
But justice now withstands no more,  
And mercy yields her boundless store.

No temple made with hands  
His place of service is ;  
In heaven itself He stands,  
A heavenly priesthood His ;  
In Him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

And though awhile He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see,  
Their great High Priest again.  
In brightest glory He will come,  
And take His waiting people home.

29

L.M.

FORGIVENESS! 'twas a joyful sound  
To us when lost and doom'd to die:  
We'd publish it the world around,  
And gladly shout it through the sky.

'Twas the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, effacing every crime:  
Unbounded shall its glories shine,  
And know no change by changing time.

For this stupendous gift of heaven,  
What grateful honours shall we show!  
Where much transgression is forgiven,  
May love with fervent ardour glow.

By love inspired, may all our days  
With every heavenly grace be crown'd;  
May truth and goodness, joy and praise,  
In all abide, in all abound.

My heart is fixed, eternal God,  
Fixed on Thee ;  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me.  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring ;  
And while I live, I mean to sing,  
Christ for me.

In Him I see the Godhead shine,  
Christ for me ;  
He is the Majesty Divine,  
Christ for me ;  
The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Co-partner of His royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone,  
Christ for me.

Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
Christ for me ;  
His riches never can be told,  
Christ for me.  
Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your honours perish in a day ;  
My portion never can decay,  
Christ for me.

In pining sickness, or in health,  
Christ for me ;  
In deepest poverty, or wealth,  
Christ for me ;  
And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons shall obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night and day,  
Christ for me ;  
Where'er I preach, or sing, or pray,  
Christ for me ;  
Him first and last, Him all day long,  
My hope, my solace, and my song ;  
He sweetly leads my soul along,  
Christ for me.

### 31

C.M.

BEHOLD the Lamb ! 'Tis He who bore  
My burden on the tree,  
And paid in blood the dreadful score—  
The ransom due for me.

I look to Him till sight endear  
The Saviour to my heart :  
To Him I look who calms my fear,  
Nor from Himself depart.

I look until His precious love  
My every thought control,  
Its vast constraining influence prove  
O'er body, spirit, soul.

To Him I look, while still I run—  
(My never-failing Friend!)  
Finish, He will, the work begun,  
And grace in glory end.

### 32

C.M.D.

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

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

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

33

C.M.

JESUS! how much Thy name unfolds  
To every open'd ear ;  
The pardon'd sinner's memory holds  
None other half' so dear.

Thy name encircles every grace  
That God as man could show ;  
There only could He fully trace  
A life divine below.

Jesus—the One who knew no sin :  
Made sin to make us just ;  
Able art 'Thou our love to win,  
Worthy of all our trust.

The mention of Thy name shall bow  
Our hearts to worship Thee ;  
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,  
The chief of sinners we.

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

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

My soul looks back to see  
The burden 'Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
For all my guilt was there.

Believing, I rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
And bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing redeeming love.

Let earth and heaven agree,  
Let men with angels join,  
To sing salvation free,  
The work of grace divine;  
To praise the great atoning Lamb,  
And all His wondrous love proclaim.



Jesus! life-giving sound,  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
In which the sons of men can boast.  
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

His name the sinner hears,  
And is from guilt set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,  
And songs of praise his lips employ.

Jesus! all praise above:  
We sing thy blessèd name,  
We sing thy dying love,  
Thy rising power proclaim:  
But soon to give Thee worthy praise,  
Both heaven and earth their voice shall raise.

36

S.M.

GRACE is the sweetest sound  
That ever reach'd our ears,  
When conscience charg'd and justice frown'd,  
'Twas grace removed our fears.  
'Tis freedom to the slave,  
'Tis light and liberty;  
It takes its terror from the grave—  
From death its victory.

Grace is a mine of wealth,  
Laid open to the poor ;  
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health ;  
'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

Of grace then let us sing !  
(A joyful, wondrous theme !)  
Who *grace* has brought shall *glory* bring,  
And we shall reign with Him.

Then shall we see His face  
With all the saints above,  
And sing for ever of His grace,  
For ever of His love.

### 37

L.M.

JESUS, the Lord, our righteousness !  
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress !  
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,  
With joy shall we lift up the head.

Bold shall we stand in that great day,  
For who ought to our charge shall lay,  
While by Thy blood absolved we are  
From sin's tremendous curse and fear ?

This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,  
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,  
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
“Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.”

38

P.M.

“GLORY to God on high!  
Peace upon earth and joy,  
    Good will to man.”  
We who God's blessing prove,  
His name all names above,  
Sing now, “the Saviour's love,  
    Too vast to scan.”

Mercy and truth unite.  
O 'tis a wondrous sight,  
    All sights above!  
Jesus the curse sustains!  
Guilt's bitter cup He drains!  
Nothing for us remains—  
    Nothing but love.

Love that no tongue can teach,  
Love that no thought can reach:  
    No love like His.  
God is its blessed source,  
Death ne'er can stop its course,  
Nothing can stay its force;  
    Matchless it is.

Blest in this love, we sing;  
To God our praises bring;  
    All sin's forgiven.  
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee  
Honour and Majesty,  
Now, and for ever be,  
    Here and in heaven.

39

L.M.

Ours is a pardon bought with blood,  
    Amazing truth! the blood of One  
Who, without usurpation, could  
    Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.

No victim of inferior worth  
    Could ward the stroke that justice aim'd;  
For none but He, in heaven or earth,  
    Could offer that which justice claim'd.

But He, the Lord of glory, came;  
    Upon the cross He bow'd His head;  
He suffer'd pain, He suffer'd shame,  
    And lay a pris'ner with the dead.

But lo! He's risen from the grave,  
    And bears the greatest, sweetest name;  
The Lord, almighty now to save,  
    From sin, from death, from endless shame.

All praise and glory, Jesus,  
 Be Thine, for evermore !  
 Thou didst from guilt release us,  
 Our souls Thou dost restore ;  
 And, O ! Thy grace transcending,  
 Its fulness will declare,  
 When, Thou from high descending,  
 We meet thee in the air.

I HAVE a Father in the Promised Land ;  
 I have a Father in the Promised Land.  
 My Father calls me ; I will go  
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.  
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
 My Father calls me ; I will go  
 To meet Him in the Promised Land !

I have a Saviour in the Promised Land ;  
 I have a Saviour in the Promised Land.  
 My Saviour calls me ; I will go  
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.  
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land !  
 I'll away ! I'll away to the Promised Land ;  
 My Saviour calls me ; I will go  
 To meet Him in the Promised Land.

I have a crown in the Promised Land;  
I have a crown in the Promised Land.  
When Jesus calls me, I will go  
To wear it in the Promised Land.  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
When Jesus calls me, I will go  
To wear it in the Promised Land.

I hope to meet you in the Promised Land!  
I hope to meet you in the Promised Land.  
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,  
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.  
We'll away! we'll away to the Promised  
Land!  
We'll away! we'll away to the Promised  
Land!  
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,  
We'll praise Him in the Promised Land.

42

8,7.

GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixèd;  
Sing I will, and sing of Thee,  
Since the cup that justice mixèd,  
Thou hast drunk, and drunk for me:  
Great Deliverer!  
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

Many were the chains that bound me,  
But the Lord has loosed them all:  
Arms of mercy now surround me,  
Favours these, nor few nor small:  
Saviour, keep me!  
Keep thy servant, lest he fall.

Fair the scene that lies before me;  
Life eternal Jesus gives;  
While He waves His banner o'er me,  
Peace and joy my soul receives:  
Sure His promise!  
I shall live because He lives.

When the world would bid me leave thee,  
Telling me of shame and loss,  
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee,  
Lest I cease to love Thy cross:  
This is treasure;  
All the rest I count but dross.

43

G,G,G,G,8,8.

Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God!  
My tongue shall bless Thy name,  
By whom the joyful news  
Of free salvation came;  
The joyful news of sin forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven.

Thou art my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, and my Guide,  
And thou my Shepherd art;  
Ah! keep me near Thy side;  
Nor let my feet e'er turn astray,  
To wander in the crooked way.

I love the Shepherd's voice:  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My pilgrim soul among  
The thousands of God's sheep;  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
And gently leads the tender lambs.

44

P.M.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious—  
See "the Man of Sorrows" now,  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to Him shall bow.  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.



Crown the Saviour! angels own Him!  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown Him! crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

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

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

45

P.M.

HARK! hark! hear the glad tidings, soon,  
soon, Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed, in honour and glory to  
gather His ransom'd ones home:  
Yes, yes, O yes, to gather His ransom'd  
ones home.

Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, sing, sing,  
glory to God;

Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, publish the  
tidings abroad.

Yes, yes, O yes, publish the tidings abroad.

Bright, bright, seraphs attending, shouts,  
shouts, filling the air:

Down, down, swiftly from heaven, Jesus  
our Lord will appear;

Yes, yes, O yes, Jesus our Lord will appear.

Now, now, through a glass darkly, shine,  
shine, visions to come,

Soon, soon, we shall behold him, cloudless  
and bright in our home.

Yes, yes, O yes, cloudless and bright in  
our home.

Long, long, have we been waiting, who,  
who love His blest name;

Now, now, we are delighting, Jesus is near  
to proclaim.

Yes, yes, O yes, Jesus is near to proclaim.

Still, still, rest on the promise, cling, cling,  
fast to His word;

Wait, wait, if He should tarry, we'll  
patiently wait for the Lord.

Yes, yes, O yes, we'll patiently wait for  
the Lord.

SOVEREIGN grace, o'er sin abounding,  
 Ransom'd souls the tidings swell !  
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;  
 Who its length or breadth can tell !

Saved by Christ, we're free for ever,  
 This the Spirit's voice declares !  
 Death, nor hell, nor sin can sever,  
 Jesus from the chosen heirs.

Souls above, in His communion,  
 Rest from conflict with their Head ;  
 While we sing the blessèd union,  
 'Though in thorny paths we tread.

" All things are ready," Come,  
 Come to the supper spread ;  
 Come rich and poor, come old and young,  
 Come, and be richly fed.

" All things are ready," Come,  
 The invitation's given,  
 Through Him who now in glory sits  
 At God's right hand in heaven.

"All things are ready," Come,  
The door is open wide;  
O feast upon the love of God,  
For Christ His Son, has died.

"All things are ready," Come,  
All hindrance is removed;  
And God, in Christ, His precious love,  
To fallen man has proved.

"All things are ready," Come,  
To-morrow may not be;  
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits,  
This hour to welcome thee!

48

L.M.

*Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*  
Salvation's their's and of the Lord;  
They draw from heaven's eternal spring,  
The living God, their great reward.

*Let sinners saved give thanks and sing.*  
Whom grace has kept in dangers past,  
And, O sweet truth! the Lord will bring  
His people safe to heaven at last.

*Let sinners saved give thanks and sing,*  
Of Jesus sing through all their days:  
In heaven above their harps they'll string,  
And there for ever sing His praise.

Now we'll render to the Saviour  
 Praise for all that He has wrought;  
 For the precious, full salvation  
 Which has now to souls been brought.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Jesus shall have all the praise.

Angels have retuned their lyres  
 While we here have been convened:  
 Heaven has rung with joy and transport  
 Over precious souls redeemed.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Jesus shall have all the praise.

O LORD, Thy love's unbounded—  
 So sweet, so full, so free;  
 My soul is all transported  
 Whene'er I think on Thee!

Yet, Lord, alas! what weakness  
 Within myself I find!  
 No infant's changing pleasure  
 Is like my wandering mind.

And yet Thy love's unchanging,  
And doth recall my heart  
To joy in all its brightness,  
The peace its beams impart.

Yet sure, if in Thy presence  
My soul still constant were,  
Mine eye would, more familiar,  
Its brighter glories bear.

O guard my soul, then, Jesus,  
Abiding still with Thee ;  
And if I wander, teach me  
Soon back to Thee to flee.

That all Thy gracious favour  
May to my soul be known ;  
And versed in this Thy goodness,  
My hopes Thyself shall crown.

51

S.M.

THE LORD Himself shall come,  
And shout a quickening word ;  
Thousands shall answer from the tomb :  
*" For ever with the Lord."*

Then as we upward fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be our shout of victory,  
*" For ever with the Lord."*

How shall I meet those eyes?  
Mine on Himself I cast,  
And own myself the Saviour's prize:  
Mercy from first to last.

"Knowing as I am known!"  
How shall I love that word,  
How oft repeat before the throne,  
*"For ever with the Lord?"*

That resurrection-word,  
That shout of victory—  
Once more: "For ever with the Lord."  
Amen, so let it be!

## 52

C. M.

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

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it fall  
Before His face, who form'd their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye souls redeem'd of Adam's race!  
Ye ransom'd from the fall!  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe, and every tongue,  
Throughout this earthly ball,  
Join in the universal song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

53

C.M.

Oh, saving name!—oh, name of power ;  
The very soul of rest—  
My claim upon Jehovah's heart ;  
I plead Thee, and am blest !

Oh, name of peace!—mysterious name!  
In Thee doth conflict end :  
Mercy and truth, in Thee agreed,  
Eternally do blend.

Oh, name of balm ! where conscience finds  
A cure for every woe ;  
Where healing ointments aye are found,  
And cleansing waters flow.

Oh, fragrant name ! for ever full  
Of odours rare and choice ;  
Where God doth find such incense sweet  
As makes His heart rejoice.

Oh, name of rest ! with comfort fraught,  
So precious and so deep ;  
Where God doth make a downy bed  
To give His weary sleep.



Name of renown! the psalm of heaven—  
The very soul of rest ;  
I'll plead Thee in life's latest hour,  
And be for ever blest.

54

8.7s.

SOFT the voice of mercy sounded,  
Sweet as music to the ear,  
" *Grace abounds where sin abounded!*"  
This the word that soothed our fear.  
Grace, the sweetest sound we know ;  
Grace to sinners here below.

Grace, we sing God's grace through Jesus,  
Grace the spring of peace to man ;  
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us ;  
Grace too high for thought to scan ;  
Grace, the theme of God's own love ;  
Grace, the theme all themes above.

55

P.M.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,  
All will be well ;  
Free and changeless is His favour,  
All, all is well.  
Precious is the blood that heal'd us,  
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,  
Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield us,  
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well,  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding ;  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding ;  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;  
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow ;  
All will be well.  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.

On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying ;  
Or in living, or in dying,  
All must be well.

56

7,6.

OUR sins were borne by Jesus,  
The substitute from God :  
He took them all, and freed us  
From the accursed load.  
Our guilt was borne by Jesus,  
Who wash'd the crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

Our wants are known to Jesus;  
All fulness dwells in Him;  
He healeth all diseases  
Who did our souls redeem.  
We tell our griefs to Jesus—  
Our burdens and our cares;  
He from them all releases—  
Who all our sorrow shares.

We love the name of Jesus,  
The Christ of God, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name is spread abroad.  
We long to be with Jesus,  
With all the ransomed throng,  
To sing for aye His praises,  
The one eternal song.

57

P.M.

His be "the Victor's name,"  
Who fought the fight alone;  
Triumphant saints no honour claim  
His conquest was their own.  
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!  
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Praise ye the Lord.

Bless, bless the conqueror slain,  
Slain in this victory ;  
Who lived, who died, who lives again,  
For thee. His Church for thee !  
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

53

L.M.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;  
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high ;  
He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;  
He lives eternally to save.

He lives to still His people's fears ;  
He lives to wipe away their tears ;  
He lives their mansions to prepare ;  
He lives to bring them safely there.

The chief of sinners He receives ;  
His saints He loves, and never leaves :  
He'll guard us safe from every ill,  
And all His promises fulfil.

Abundant grace will He afford,  
Till we are present with the Lord ;  
And prove what we have sung before,  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus,  
 That name all names excelling,  
 How great Thy love, all praise above,  
 Should every tongue be telling.  
 The Father's loving-kindness,  
 In giving Thee was shown us ;  
 Now by Thy blood redeem'd to God,  
 As children He doth own us.

From that eternal glory,  
 Thou hadst with God the Father,  
 He gave His Son that He in one  
 His children all might gather ;  
 Our sins were all laid on Thee,  
 God's wrath Thou hast endured ;  
 It was for us thou suffer'dst thus,  
 And hast our peace securèd.

Thou from the dead wast raisèd,  
 And from all condemnation :  
 The Church is free, as risen in Thee,  
 Head of the new creation !  
 On high Thou hast ascendèd.  
 To God's right hand in heaven :  
 The Lamb once slain, alive again—  
 To thee all power is given.

Thou hast bestow'd the earnest  
Of that we shall inherit;  
Till thou shalt come to take us home,  
We're seal'd by God the Spirit.  
We wait for Thine appearing,  
When we shall know more fully  
The grace divine that made us Thine,  
Thou Lamb of God, most holy!

60

P.M.

SHALL we ever all meet again?  
Shall we ever all meet again?  
Shall we ever all meet again?  
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all meet  
again?  
Yes, we may all meet again;  
Yes, we may all meet again;  
Yes, we may all meet again;  
If not on earth, in heaven we may all meet  
again.

SHALL WE EVER ALL WEAR A CROWN?  
Shall we ever all wear a crown?  
Shall we ever all wear a crown?  
Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all wear a  
crown?  
Yes, we may all wear a crown, &c.

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever all bear a palm ?

Shall we ever, ever, ever, ever all bear a palm ?

Yes, we may all bear a palm, &c.

TEARS SHALL BE ALL WIPED AWAY ;

Tears shall be all wiped away ;

Tears shall be all wiped away ;

If not on earth, in heaven tears shall be all wiped away.

61

S.M.

RAISE ye the song of praise

To God and to His Son !

Widely we would sound forth the deeds

Celestial grace has done.

It was the Father's love

The Well-beloved chose,

And sent Him for our wretched race,

Deep in our sea of woes.

His hand no thunder bore—

No terror clothed His brow ;

No bolts to drive our guilty souls

To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy from above  
To rebels doom'd to die,  
When Christ was sent, in pardoning love,  
Under their curse to lie.

'Tis this removes our fears,  
Makes hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bows by the sense of pardoning love,  
And gives eternal peace.

62

8,7s.

LORD, prepare the hearts of sinners  
To receive the preached word ; ,  
Let it now with deep attention,  
Mixed with precious faith, be heard.

Let the gospel come with power,  
Proving that it is from Thee—  
Laying bare the hearts of sinners—  
Causing souls to Christ to flee.

Let this be a time of blessing—  
Let thy saving power be known ;  
Glorify the name of Jesus—  
Him exalt, and Him alone.



OH! what life and benediction  
All around the cross I see!  
Death and sin in crucifixion—  
Hell impaled upon the tree.  
Great Deliverer!  
Wondrous work for thee, for me!

From the grave I see a glory,  
Oft it lights my anxious eye.  
There I read the blissful story  
Of a life no more to die.  
And believing,  
See my portion in the sky.

Within the veil I see a splendour  
Resting on the Lord divine,  
Telling me that every member  
Ransom'd from the ills of time,  
Will for ever  
In His glorious likeness shine.

Heir of glory! incorruption  
Never can be lost to thee,  
Since He made a long destruction  
Of thy sin upon the tree.  
Heir of glory!  
What a hope for thee and me!

Lo! to Thyself I lift mine eye:  
 Thy promised aid I claim;  
 Father of mercies, glorify  
 The risen Jesu's name.

Salvation in that Name is found,  
 Cure for my grief and care;  
 A healing balm for every wound,  
 All, all I want is there.

Love divine, all praise excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 Bless us with Thy rich indwelling,  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown!  
 Saviour, Thee we'd still be blessing,  
 Serve Thee here, as soon above,  
 Praise Thee, Saviour, without ceasing,  
 Glory in thy dying love.

Carry on Thy new creation—  
 Faithful, holy, may we be,  
 Joyful in Thy full salvation,  
 More and more conform'd to Thee!  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 'Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Then to worship and adore Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

FATHER, bless the heavenly message,  
 Now in Jesus' name declared ;  
 Let no heart by Satan hardened,  
 To the heavenly voice be barred—  
     Bless the Gospel,  
 Father, bless Thy preached word.

Thou art working for the honour  
 And the glory of Thy Son ;  
 Lay Thy word upon each conscience,  
 Let each soul to Christ be won—  
     Bless the Gospel,  
 And exalt Thy blessed Son.

By Thy Spirit work in power,  
 Souls subdue to Jesus' sway ;  
 Speak to each and all assembled,  
 Let each soul Thy voice obey—  
     Bless the Gospel,  
 Father, bless the word, we pray.

THE veil is rent :—our souls draw near  
 Unto a throne of grace ;  
 The merits of the Lord appear,  
 They fill the holy place.

His precious blood has spoken there,  
Before and on the throne :  
And His own wounds in heaven declare,  
Th' atoning work is done.

" 'Tis finished !" on the cross He said,  
In agonies and blood ;  
'Tis finish'd !—now He lives to plead  
Before the face of God.

'Tis finish'd—here our souls have rest,  
His work can never fail :  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We pass within the veil.

Within the holiest of all,  
Cleansed by His precious blood,  
Before the throne we prostrate fall,  
And worship Thee, O God !

Boldly the heart and voice we raise,  
His blood, His name, our plea ;  
Assured our prayers and songs of praise  
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

68

L.M.

ON Christ, salvation rests secure ;  
The Rock of Ages must endure ;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown  
Which rests upon the " Living Stone."

No other hope shall intervene :  
To Him we look, on Him we lean :  
Other foundations we disown,  
And build on Christ, the "Living Stone."

View the vast building, see it rise ;  
The work how great ! the plan how wise !  
O wondrous fabric ! power unknown !  
That rears it on the "Living Stone."

But most adore His precious name ;  
His glory and His grace proclaim :  
For us condemn'd, despised, undone,  
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

69

8,7,4.

GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross,  
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting  
Death, the death deserved by us :  
Spread His glory,  
Who redeemed His people thus.

His is love : 'tis love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end :  
Human thought is here confounded :  
'Tis too vast to comprehend !  
Praise the Saviour !  
Magnify the Sinner's Friend !

While we tell the wondrous story,  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we—"Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb!"  
Hallelujah!  
Give ye glory to his name!

70

C.M.

ANGELS rejoice o'er sinners saved,  
And heaven with rapture swell,  
As tidings rise up to the throne,  
That souls are saved from hell.  
Another soul to Jesus born,  
And ransomed from the fall;  
To Thee, O Lord, the praise we give,  
Thou, Thou shalt have it all!

Nor angels only—God beholds,  
The trophy of His grace;  
And radiant, happy smiles beam forth,  
From Jesus' blessed face.  
Another soul to Jesus born, &c.

O sinner, sinner, *now* believe—  
With contrite spirit bow;  
Let saints and angels sweetly join,  
In happy chorus now.  
Another soul to Jesus born, &c.

HARK ! the voice of Jesus calling—

“Come, ye laden, come to me ;  
I have rest and peace to offer,  
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee :  
Take salvation—  
Take it *now* and happy be.”

Yes ; though high in heavenly glory,  
Still the Saviour calls to thee ;  
Faith can hear His gracious accents—  
“Come, ye laden, come to me.  
Take salvation—  
Take it *now* and happy be.”

Soon that voice will cease its calling,  
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee ;  
Sinner, heed the gracious message—  
To the blood for refuge flee :  
“Take salvation—  
Take it *now* and happy be.”

Life is found alone in Jesus,  
Only there 'tis offered thee—  
Offered without price or money,  
'Tis the gift of God, sent free :  
“Take salvation—  
Take it *now* and happy be.”

O WHAT a gift the Father gave  
When He bestowed His Son!  
To save poor ruined, guilty man,  
By sin defiled, undone.

O what a gift! His praise shall be  
For ever on my tongue;  
And mine shall be the loudest praise  
That ransomed soul hath sung!

For I was lost and vile indeed!  
To every sin a prey;  
Till God in mercy interposed,  
And turned my night to day.  
O what a gift, &c.

Now I can call the Saviour mine.  
Though all unworthy still,  
I'm sheltered by His precious blood,  
Beyond the reach of ill.  
O what a gift, &c.

Come all who trust in Jesus, now,  
And tell our joys abroad;  
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend  
For Christ, the gift of God.  
O what a gift, &c.



THOSE who are young, O God,  
Make them Thine own ;  
Hear from Thy blest abode,  
Make them Thine own ;  
Now in their early days,  
Turn them to Thy blest ways,  
Save from the giddy maze,  
Make them Thine own.

Those who are older, too,  
Make them Thine own ;  
Give them affections new,  
Make them Thine own ;  
Now in their manhood's prime,  
Now in salvation's time,  
To Thee their hearts incline,  
Make them Thine own.

Those who in years abound,  
Make them Thine own ;  
Now may the lost be found  
Make them Thine own ;  
Soon must their journey end,  
Fast to the grave they wend—  
Father, their souls befriend,  
Make them Thine own.

Then shall they happy be,  
All made 'Thine own,  
Shout then the-victory,  
All, all Thine own ;  
Satan shall lose his prey,  
Mercy shall win the day,  
Each shall with rapture say—  
“ All, all Thine own !”

74

P.M.

COME to the Saviour—come to the Saviour,  
Ye sin-stricken children of man :  
He left His throne above,  
To reveal His wondrous love,  
And to open a fountain for sin.

Why dost thou linger ? why dost thou linger ?  
Oh ! when wilt thou come to the Lord ?  
Thy time is flying fast,  
And thy day will soon be past.  
Oh, arouse thee, and come to be saved.

Pardon is offered—pardon is offered ;  
A pardon full, present, and free.  
The mighty debt was paid,  
When on Calvary Jesus died,  
To atone for a rebel like thee.

Come to the fountain—come to the fountain,  
The fountain which cleanses the soul;  
'Tis cleansing far and near,  
And its streams are flowing here.  
Oh, believe it, and thou art made whole!

I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I am saved through the blood of the Lamb.  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me.  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

75

8,8,8,6.

COME, weary, anxious, laden soul,  
To Jesus come, and be made whole;  
On Him your heavy burden roll—  
Come, anxious sinner, come!

Behold the cross on which He died;  
Behold His wounded, bleeding side:  
Come, in His precious love confide—  
Come, anxious sinner, come!

True joy the world can ne'er afford,  
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,  
In Him for wretched sinners stored—  
Come, anxious sinner, come!

God waits to hear the contrite cry,  
He waits to see the tearful eye,  
To read the spirit's deep-felt sigh—  
Come, anxious sinner, come!

Oh! if to Jesus you repair,  
You'll find eternal comfort there,  
And soon shall heavenly glory share—  
Come, anxious sinner, come!

76

87.

ONCE as prodigals we wander'd  
In our folly far from Thee;  
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,  
Rescued us from misery:  
Thou the prodigal hast pardon'd,  
"Kis'd us" with a Father's love;  
"Kill'd the fatted calf," and call'd us  
E'er to dwell with Thee above.

Clothed in garments of salvation,  
At Thy table is our place;  
We rejoice and Thou rejoicest,  
In the riches of Thy grace.  
"It is meet," we hear Thee saying,  
"We should merry be and glad;  
I have found my once lost children,  
Now they live who once were dead."

WHENE'ER I muse upon the cross  
 On which the Lord of glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

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

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

"REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !"  
 Thy mighty arm make bare :  
 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,  
 And make Thy people hear.

"Revive Thy work, O Lord !"  
 Disturb this sleep of death ;  
 Quicken the smouldering embers, Lord,  
 By Thine almighty breath.

“Revive Thy work, O Lord!”  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the bread of life  
O may our spirits be!

“Revive Thy work, O Lord!”  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

“Revive Thy work, O Lord!”  
Give power unto Thy word,  
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may  
In living faith be heard.

“Revive thy work, O Lord!”  
Give pentecostal showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

79

C.M.

My tongue shall spread the Saviour's fame,  
Whose grace I daily prove,  
For since my soul has known His name,  
His banner has been---Love.

When walking in the paths of sin,  
I far from Him would rove,  
sweet constraint He drew me in,  
By And waved His banner—Love.

He spread the banquet, made me eat,  
Bid all my fears remove ;  
Yea, o'er my guilty rebel head,  
He placed His banner—Love.

When weary of His rich repast,  
I've sought (alas!) to rove,  
He has recall'd His faithless guest,  
And showed His banner—Love.

In every conflict I sustain,  
My enemies shall prove,  
Through Him the victory I obtain,  
Beneath His banner—Love.

And when He calls me home at length,  
To feast with Him above ;  
Through all eternity I'll sing,  
His "never changing Love."

80

S.M.

I HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Design'd and form'd for me.

The Father's gracious hand  
Has built this blest abode ;  
From everlasting it was plann'd,  
The dwelling-place of God.

The Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure :  
He pass'd thro' death's dark raging flood,  
To make my rest secure.

The Comforter is come,  
The earnest has been given ;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.

Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.

Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be,  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to Thee.

And then, through endless days,  
Where all thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

81

8s.

We speak of the realms of the bless'd,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confess'd—  
But what must it be to be there !



We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;  
Its wonders and pleasures untold—  
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials without and within,—  
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear;  
The songs of the blessed above—  
But what must it be to be there!

82.

L.M.

AWAKE, each saint, in joyful lays,  
To sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from thee:  
His loving-kindness, O how free!

He saw us ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet loved us notwithstanding all;  
He saved us from our lost estate:  
His loving-kindness, O how great!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell our way oppose;  
He safely leads His saints along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud;  
He with His Church has always stood;  
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Soon shall we mount and soar away,  
To the bright realms of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

83

P.M.

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.

Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done! the great transaction's done,  
I am the Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Glad to confess the voice divine.

Happy day! &c.

Now rests my long divided heart,  
Fixed on this sure, unchanging rest ;  
The fulness of Thy grace impart,  
In Thee, O Lord, I'm ever blest.

Happy day ! &c.

84

G—8s.

Oh! speak of Jesus—of that love  
Passing all bounds of human thought,  
Which made Him quit His throne above,  
With God-like deep compassion fraught,  
To save from death our ruin'd race,  
Our guilt to purge, our path to trace.

Yes; speak of Jesus—of His grace,  
Receiving, pardoning, blessing all ;  
His holy, spotless life retrace—  
His words, His miracles recall.  
The words He spoke, the truths He taught,  
With life, eternal life, are fraught.

Oh! speak of Jesus—of His death :  
For sinners such as me He died.  
" 'Tis finish'd," with His latest breath,  
The Lord, Jchovah Jesus, cried.  
That death of shame and agony  
Open'd the way of life to me.

HASTE, traveller, haste! the night comes on,  
 And many a shining hour is gone;  
 The storm is gathering in the west,  
 And thou art far from home and rest.

Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh! far from home thy footsteps stray:  
 Christ is the life, and Christ the way,  
 And Christ the light. Yon setting sun  
 Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun.

Haste, traveller, haste!

The rising tempest sweeps the sky,  
 The rains descend, the winds are high;  
 The waters swell, and death and fear  
 Beset thy path—no refuge near.

Haste, traveller, haste!

Oh! yes; a shelter you may gain,  
 A covert from the wind and rain—  
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,  
 A refuge from the wrath to come.

Haste, traveller, haste!

Then linger not in all the plain;  
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain!  
 Look not behind, make no delay;  
 Oh! speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

Haste, traveller, haste!

Poor, lost, benighted soul, art thou  
Willing to find salvation now?  
There yet is hope—hear mercy's call:  
Truth, life, light, way, in Christ is all.  
Haste to Him, haste!

86

C.M.

A MIND at "perfect peace" with God—  
Oh, what a word is this!  
A sinner reconciled through blood—  
This, this indeed is peace!

By nature and by practice far,  
How very far, from God!  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,  
Through faith in Jesu's blood.

So near, so very near to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of His Son  
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be:  
The love wherewith He loves His Son,  
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine?  
He watches o'er me night and day,  
And tells me, "all is thine."

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,  
 I knew not my danger, I felt not my load.  
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ  
 on the tree,  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu"\* was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,  
 Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple  
 page ;  
 But e'en when they pictured the blood-  
 sprinkled tree,  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that  
 roll,  
 I wept when the waters went over His soul ;  
 Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to  
 the tree  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu"—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from  
 on high,  
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to  
 die.  
 No refuge, no safety, in self could I see :  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.

\* "The Lord our Righteousness."—Jer. xxiii. 6.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet  
name ;  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I  
came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and  
free,  
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.  
"Jehovah Tsidkenu !" My treasure and  
boast ;  
"Jehovah Tsidkenu !" I ne'er can be lost.  
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,  
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and  
shield !

88

S.M.

O PATIENT, spotless One !  
Our hearts in meekness train  
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee  
That we may rest obtain.

Jesus ! Thou art enough  
The mind and heart to fill :  
Thy life—to calm the anxious soul,  
Thy love—its fear dispel.

O fix our earnest gaze,  
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
That, with Thy beauty occupied,  
We elsewhere none may see.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
*Grace hath hid me safe in Thee!*  
 Where the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side which flow'd,  
 Are of sin the double cure,  
 Cleansing from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands  
 Could fulfil the law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 Nought for sin could e'er atone—  
 But Thy blood, and Thine alone!

Found by Thee before I sought,  
 Into Thee in mercy brought,  
 I have Thee for righteousness—  
 From Thy fulness grace for grace:  
 Thou hast wash'd me in Thy blood,  
 Made me live, and live to God.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 If mine eye-lids close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 Still of Thee I'll sing alone.  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 All my boast and joy's in Thee.



- "A LITTLE while," the Lord shall come  
 And we shall wander here no more ;  
 He'll take us to His Father's home,  
 Where He for us is gone before—  
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
 And sing the glories of His grace.
- "A little while"—He'll come again.  
 Let us the precious hours redeem ;  
 Our only grief' to give Him pain,  
 Our joy to serve and follow Him.  
 Watching and ready may we be,  
 As those that wait their Lord to see.
- "A little while"—'twill soon be past,  
 Why should we shun the promis'd cross ?  
 O let us in His footsteps haste,  
 Counting for Him all else but loss ;  
 For how will recompense His smile  
 The sufferings of this "little while ?"
- "A little while"—come, Saviour, come ;  
 For Thee Thy bride has tarried long ;  
 Take Thy poor waiting pilgrims home,  
 To sing the new eternal song—  
 To see Thy glory, and to be  
 In everything conform'd to Thee !

How sweet the gospel trumpet sounds,  
 Its notes are grace and love;  
 Its echo through the world resounds  
 From Jesu's throne above.

It is the sound, the joyful sound  
 Of mercy rich and free,  
 Pardon it offers—peace proclaims:  
 Sinner, it speaks to thee.

It tells the weary soul of rest,  
 The poor of heavenly wealth,  
 Of joy to heal the mourning breast;  
 It brings the sin-sick health.  
 It is the sound, &c.

It speaks of boundless grace, by which  
 The vilest are forgiven;  
 To sinners it proclaims a rich  
 Inheritance in heaven.  
 It is the sound, &c.

HAIL, blessed scene of endless joy!  
 Where Jesus shall for ever reign;  
 Where nothing hurtful shall annoy,  
 But gladness fill the happy plain.  
 Free from all sin, and free from fear,  
 None shall e'er sigh or shed a tear.

Ten thousand thousands then shall raise  
Their joyful notes, and sing this strain,  
Awake the song of grateful praise  
Unto the Lamb who once was slain ;  
Hosannas, loud hosannas, sing,  
Hosannas to th' Eternal King !

For ever they, with Jesus blest,  
Shall fear no death and feel no pain ;  
But they shall be in endless rest,  
Where fear shall ne'er disturb again.  
There Christ shall reign, and they shall share  
With Him His fullest glory there.

## 93

L. M.

O do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light !  
Poor sinner, harden not your heart ;  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight :  
This is the time, O, then, be wise !  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will ;  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

The world has nothing left to give,  
It has no new, no pure delight:  
O try the life which Christians live!  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun;  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

94

11s.

ALL brightness and beauty! sweet Star of  
the morning!

Who coming, all darkness before Thee  
must flee;

How pure is Thy radiance, life's pathway  
adorning;

How safe is the pilgrimage, following  
Thee.

Thou Star of our hope! bright light for  
the weary,

To cheer through the valley, and com-  
fort our way;

We love Thee, and trust Thee, and though  
it be dreary,

Will cleave to Thy counsel, and desire  
not to stray.

Our life has its drowsiness, discords, and  
sadness,  
And time has its shadows disturbing and  
drear ;  
But living to Thee is all brightness and  
gladness,  
And sorrow is sanctified, if Thou art near.

O Brightness of beauty ! sweet Star of the  
morning,  
Thou blessed Lord Jesus, our Saviour  
and Friend,  
The beams of that morning, our pathway  
adorning,  
We wait for Thy coming, all waiting to  
end.

95

7—Cs & 5.

O LORD, we adore Thee,  
For Thou art the slain One  
That livest for ever,  
Enthroned in heaven.  
O Lord, we adore Thee ;  
For thou hast redeemed us :  
Our title to glory  
We read in Thy blood.

O God, we acknowledge  
The depth of Thy riches :  
For of Thee, and through Thee,  
And to Thee are all things.  
How rich is Thy mercy !  
How great Thy salvation !  
We bless Thee, we praise Thee :  
Amen, and Amen.

96

P.M.

COME, let us all unite to sing,  
  God is love.  
Let heaven and earth their praises bring  
  God is love.  
Let every soul from sin awake,  
Each in his heart sweet music make,  
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,  
  God is love.  
  
Oh ! tell to earth's remotest bound,  
  God is love.  
In Christ we have redemption found :  
  God is love.  
His blood has washed our sins away,  
His Spirit turned our night to day ;  
And now we can rejoice to say,  
  God is love.

How happy is our portion here !  
God is love.

His promises our spirits cheer ;  
God is love.

He is our sun and shield by day,  
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay :  
He will be with us all the way.  
God is love.

What tho' my heart and flesh should fail !  
God is love.

Thro' Christ I shall o'er death prevail :  
God is love.

Tho' Jordan swell I need not fear,  
My Saviour will be with me there,  
My head above the waves to bear ;  
God is love.

In glory we shall sing again,  
God is love.

Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,  
God is love.

Whilst endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the heavenly throng,  
This shall be still our sweetest song,  
God is love.

JESUS! Thou art 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.

With mercy and with judgment  
 My web of time He wove,  
 And aye, the dews of sorrow  
 Were lusted with His love:—  
 I'll bless the hand that guided,  
 I'll bless the heart that plann'd,  
 When throned where glory dwelleth,  
 In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
 But her dear Bridegroom's face;  
 I will not gaze at glory,  
 But on my King of Grace—  
 Not at the crown He giveth,  
 But on His pierced hand:—  
 The Lamb is all the glory  
 Of Immanuel's land.



BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,  
On the cross!  
For us He shed His precious blood  
On the cross.  
Oh! hear that strange expiring cry—  
“Eli lama sabacthani.”  
Draw near and see the Saviour die  
On the cross.

See, see His arms extended wide  
On the cross.  
Behold His bleeding hands and side  
On the cross.  
The sun withholds his rays of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,  
While Jesus wins the glorious fight  
On the cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up  
On the cross.  
He drinks for us the bitter cup  
On the cross.  
To heaven He turns His languid eyes;  
“’Tis finished,” now the Conqueror cries,  
Then bows His sacred head and dies,  
On the cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the cross :  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the cross.  
Yes; this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time, and in eternity,  
That Jesus conquered death for me  
On the cross.

99

P.M.

JESUS! That name is Love,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Jesus, all names above,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou, Lord, our all must be;  
Nothing that's good have we,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, our Lord!

As Son of man it was,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou gav'st Thy life for us,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Great was indeed Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love Thou didst dearly prove,  
Jesus, our Lord!

Righteous alone in Thee,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou wilt a refuge be,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Whom then have we to fear,  
What trouble, grief, or care,  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, our Lord!

Soon Thou wilt come again,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
We shall be happy then,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
When Thine own face we see,  
Then shall we like Thee be,—  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus, our Lord!

100

P.M.

Of all our praise, our God,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Ransoming us with blood,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thou didst Thy Spirit give,  
Causing our souls to live,  
And Thy great love perceive,  
Worthy art Thou!

Thou dost our footsteps guide,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Bidst us in Thee confide,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Watching with sleepless eye,  
Dost every foe defy,  
And all our need supply,  
Worthy art Thou!

Thy hand the rough place smooths,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thy love in sorrow sooths,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Hushing our childish fears,  
Counting affection's tears,  
Till the bright morn appears,  
Worthy art Thou!

Then shall the bride complete,  
Worthy art Thou!  
With her blest Bridegroom meet,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Then shall the countless throng,  
As ages roll along,  
Sing the eternal song,  
Worthy art Thou!



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