

# HYMNS NEW & OLD

FOR

## OLD AND YOUNG

WITH

### APPENDIX.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED AND COMPILED BY

H. D'A. C.

NEW EDITION.

STOW HILL TRACT DEPOT, NEWPORT (Mon.).

Net Prices (Purchaser paying Carriage)—In Manilla, 5d. each;  
In Limp Cloth, 10d. each.

ROMANS IV. 25; V. 1.

"It shall be imputed [to us for righteousness] if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead; who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification; therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the Glory of God."

ROMANS X. 9, 10.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

1 PETER II. 24.

"Who His own self bare our sins in His own Body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed."

1 JOHN I. 7.

"The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

JOHN III. 16.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

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Dear Reader,—

May I ask whether you are really able to sing to God? If you are not free from the burden of your sins and from the terror of death, how can you possibly sing?

Israel did not sing till they were redeemed from the judgment of God by the blood of the lamb, and till they had crossed the sea and had seen their enemies dead on the sea shore (Exod. xii, xiv, xv).

So it is now. No one can sing till he has believed the Gospel and has seen what God has done in giving His own Son to die for us, and to bear our sins in His own Body on the Tree, and also that God has raised Him from the dead for the justification of all who believe. The God we sinned against has Himself put away the sins and brought death to nothing for all who believe in Him. In Christ we see man actually alive from among the dead, outside all question of sin and death, alive to die no more.

Believe in God that raised up Jesus our Lord from among the dead, and then you will begin to sing His praise.

H. D'A. C.

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N.B.—100 Hymns suitable for Children are marked with an Asterisk (\*), of which 30 Hymns specially for Children are put in *Italics*.

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1 TUNES—" *Austria*," " *Deerhurst*." 8.7.

- ABBA, Father"—thus we call  
Thee,  
(Hallowed name!) from day to  
day ;—  
'Tis Thy children's right to know  
Thee,  
None but children, " Abba," say.  
This high honour we inherit,  
Thy free gift, through Jesu's  
blood ;  
God the Spirit, with our spirit,  
Witnesseth we're sons of God.
- 2 Abba's purpose gave us being  
When in Christ, in that vast plan,  
Abba chose the saints in Jesus  
Long before the world began ;  
O what love the Father bore us !  
O how precious in His sight !—  
When He gave the church to Jesus !  
Jesus, His whole soul's delight !
- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam  
Seemed to shut us out from God,  
Thus it was His counsel brought us  
Nearer still, through Jesu's blood ;  
For in Him we found redemption,  
Grace and glory in the Son.  
O the height and depth of mercy !  
" Christ and we, through grace,  
are one."

2 TUNE—" *Sicilian Mariners*." 8.7.

- ABBA, Father, Thou didst purpose,  
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Thou would'st bless us in Christ  
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- 2 Now by faith, we see accomplished  
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In Christ Jesus, all Thy glory,  
Blessed God, set forth in man.
- 3 Full and perfect satisfaction  
Of each attribute of Thine  
Thou, our God, dost find in Jesus  
There displayed in light divine.

- 4 Could there be one glory wanting  
To the Man of Thine own heart ?  
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In Thy Christ to have a part.
- 5 Death's dread might is brought to  
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And we see in Christ in glory,  
All Thy counsels now disclosed.
- 6 Counsels which withhold no blessing  
From the objects of Thy plan,  
Find delight and satisfaction,  
All Thy pleasure, now in man !
- 7 Life divine and incorruption  
In Christ Jesus brought to light,  
Now set forth in Resurrection,  
In that scene supremely bright.
- 8 Abba, Father, we adore Thee,  
As we bow before Thy face,  
Worship now with joy before Thee,  
Own how great is Abba's grace !

3 TUNE—" *Benediction*." 8.7.

- ABBA, Father," we approach  
Thee  
In our Saviour's precious name ;  
We, Thy children, here assembling,  
Now the promised blessing claim.  
From our guilt His blood has washed  
us,  
'Tis through Him our souls draw  
nigh ;  
And Thy Spirit too has taught us  
" Abba, Father," thus to cry.
- 2 Once as prodigals we wander'd  
In our folly far from Thee ;  
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,  
Rescued us from misery ;  
Clothed in garments of salvation,  
At Thy table is our place ;  
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,  
In the riches of Thy grace.
- 3 Thou the prodigal hast pardon'd,  
" Kiss'd us " with a Father's love,  
" Kill'd the fatted calf," and call'd us  
E'er to dwell with Thee above.

- '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."
- 4 "Abba, Father!" we adore Thee,  
 While the hosts in heaven above  
 E'en in us now learn the wonders  
 Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.  
 Soon before Thy throne assembled,  
 All Thy children shall proclaim  
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- 4 TUNE—"Praise the Saviour."
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 merit,  
 And would, by Thy Holy Spirit,  
 Sing Thy Blessed Name.
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 He who in Thy bosom dwelleth;  
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- 5 Abba's love our hearts sustaineth,  
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- 5 TUNE—"All Saints." C.M.
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- 2 Thy love sustains us by the way,  
 While pilgrims here below;  
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- 6 TUNE—"Wiltshire." C.M.
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 And did my Saviour die?  
 Would He devote that sacred Head  
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When the Incarnate Maker died  
 For man His creature's sin.
- 7 TUNES—"St. Catherine's," "Eaton,"  
 "Stella," "Luther." 6.8's.
- 1 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.
- 2 "A little while"—He'll come again  
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 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.



3 "A little while"—'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the promised  
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 " ?

4 " 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 conformed to Thee.

8 TUNE—" *Miles Lane.*" C.M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
With one accord His praise proclaim,  
And own Him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints redeemed from Adam's  
race,

Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saved you by His  
grace,

And own Him Lord of all.

3 In glory all the ransomed throng  
Soon at His feet shall fall,  
Join in one everlasting song,  
And own Him Lord of all.

9 TUNE—" *St. James.*" C.M.

1 ALL that we *were*—our sins, our  
guilt,  
Our death—was all our own :  
All that we *are* we owe to Thee,  
Thou God of grace, alone.

2 Thy mercy found us in our sins,  
And gave us to believe ;  
Then, in believing, peace we found ;  
And in Thy Christ we live.

3 All that we are, as saints on earth,  
All that we hope to be  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
We owe it all to Thee.

10 TUNE—" *Vesper Hymn.*"

1 ALL the path the saints are  
treading,

Trodden by the Son of God.—

All the sorrows they are feeling,

Felt by Him upon the road :

All the darkness and the sorrow

From around and from within ;

All the joy and all the triumph,

He passed through apart from sin.

2 Now come forth in resurrection,

Passing onward to the throne ;

Having suffered all the judgment,

Borne the storm of wrath alone ;

He is able thus to succour

Those who tread the desert sand,

Pressing on to resurrection,

Where He sits at God's right hand.

3 Now He praises, in th' assembly,

Now the sorrow all is passed ;

His, the earnest of our portion,

We must reach the goal at last.

Yes, He praises ! grace recounting

All the path already trod,—

We associated with Him—

God, our Father and our God.

4 Join the singing that He leadeth,

Loud to God our voices raise ;

Every step that we have trodden

Is a triumph of His grace :

Whether joy, or whether trial,

All can only work for good,

For He healeth all—who loves us,

And hath bought us with His  
blood.

5 It is finished ! It is finished !

Who can tell redemption's worth !

He who knows it leads the singing,—

Full the joy, as fierce the wrath.

Taken up in resurrection,

Desert ways rehearsed above,

Tell the power of God's salvation,

And His never failing love.

11 TUNE—"Carlisle."

- 1 "ALL things are ready," Come,  
Come to the supper spread;  
Come rich and poor, come old and  
young,  
Come, and be richly fed.
- 2 "All things are ready," Come,  
The invitation's given,  
Through Him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 3 "All things are ready," Come,  
The door is open wide;  
O feast upon the love of God,  
For Christ His Son has died.
- 4 "All things are ready," Come,  
All hindrance is removed;  
And God, in Christ, His precious  
love,  
To fallen man has proved.
- 5 "All things are ready," Come,  
To-morrow may not be;  
O Sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee!

12 TUNES—"Sawley;" "Wiltshire."  
C.M.

- 1 A MIND at "perfect peace" with  
God:  
Oh, what a word is this!  
A sinner reconciled through blood:  
This, this indeed is peace!
- 2 By nature and by practice far,  
How very far from God!  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to  
Him,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of His Son,  
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be  
The love wherewith He loves the Son  
Such is His love to me.

- 5 Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine?  
He watches o'er me night and day,  
And tells me "Thou art Mine."

13 TUNES—"Eventide;"  
"Hoyland." 108.

- 1 AND is it so, I shall be like Thy  
Son?  
Is this the grace which He for me  
has won?  
Father of glory, thought beyond all  
thought,  
In glory, to His own blest likeness  
brought.
- 2 O Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to  
Thee?  
Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too,  
there to see  
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages  
roll,  
Myself the prize and travail of Thy  
soul.
- 3 Yet it must be, Thy love had not its  
rest  
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee  
fully blest;  
That love that gives not as the  
world, but shares  
All it possesses with its loved co-  
heirs.
- 4 Nor I alone, Thy loved ones all,  
complete,  
In glory round Thee there with joy  
shall meet  
All like Thee, for Thy glory like  
Thee, Lord,  
Object supreme of all, by all adored

14 TUNE—"St. Catherine." 6-8s.

- 1 A ND art Thou, gracious Master,  
gone  
For us a mansion to prepare?  
Shall we behold Thee on Thy throne,  
And sit for ever with Thee there?  
Then let the world approve or blame,  
We'll triumph in Thy glorious name.

- 2 Should we to gain the world's applause,  
Or to escape its harmless frown,  
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,  
And make Thy people's lot our  
own,  
What shame would fill us in that  
day,  
When Thou Thy glory wilt display.
- 3 No, let the world cast out our name,  
And vile account us if it will,  
If to confess our Lord be shame,  
Oh, then would we be viler still;  
For Thee, O Lord, we all resign,  
Content that Thou dost call us Thine.
- 4 What transports then will fill our  
heart  
When Thou our worthless names  
wilt own,  
When we shall see Thee as Thou art  
And know as we ourselves are  
known;  
And then from sin and sorrow free  
Find our eternal rest with Thee.

**15** Tune—"Dennis." S.M.

- 1 **A**ND shall we see Thy face,  
And hear Thy heavenly voice,  
Well known to us in present grace?  
Well may our hearts rejoice.
- 2 With Thee in garments white,  
Lord, Jesus, we shall walk;  
And spotless in that heavenly light,  
Of all Thy sufferings talk.
- 3 Close to Thy trusted side,  
In fellowship divine;  
No cloud, no distance, e'er shall hide  
Glories that then shall shine.
- 4 Fruit of Thy boundless love,  
That gave Thyself for us;  
For ever we shall with Thee prove  
That Thou still lov'st us thus.
- 5 And we love Thee, blest Lord,  
E'en now, though feeble here,  
Thy sorrow and Thy cross record  
What makes us know Thee near.

- 6 We wait to see Thee, Lord,  
Yet now within our hearts  
Thou dwell'st in love that doth afford  
The joy *that* love imparts.
- 7 Yet still we wait for Thee,  
To see Thee as Thou art;  
Be with Thee, like Thee, Lord, and  
free  
To love with all our heart.

**16** TUNES—"St. Bees;" "Mozart;"  
"German Hymn (Pleyel)." 7s.

- 1 **A**s thy days thy strength shall  
be,  
"I will ne'er abandon thee."  
Lord, Thy words rejoice our heart,  
Thou from us wilt never part.
- 2 "As thy days thy strength shall be."  
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;  
Trusty Pilot, Faithful Guide,  
Thou canst steer 'gainst storm and  
tide.
- 3 "As thy days thy strength shall be."  
Strong may be the enemy;  
Thou, "the stronger One," art nigh,  
Grace for grace wilt Thou supply.
- 4 "As thy days thy strength shall be,"  
"Still will I remember thee."  
Yes; should friends all faithless  
prove,  
Thou canst never cease to love.
- 5 "As thy days thy strength shall be."  
Jesus Lord, how rich are we!  
Blest with Thine exhaustless store,  
With *Thyself*, what want we more?
- 6 "As thy days thy strength shall be."  
Then, Lord, we would follow Thee,  
Fainting we would still pursue,  
Eagle strength wilt Thou renew.
- 7 "As thy days thy strength shall be."  
Yes, Lord, till Thy face we see,  
Thou wilt light up all the way,  
Step by step and day by day.

17 TUNES—"Resignation," "Eaton,"  
"Stella;" "St. Catherine."

1 BEHOLD the Bridegroom! Blessed cry!  
It tells us, Lord, how Thou art nigh.  
It lifts the weary heart from earth,  
Its sorrow, vanity, and mirth.  
How bright for those whom Thou  
dost love  
So soon to greet Thee there above!

2 So soon to meet Thee in the air!  
Be like Thee, too, in glory fair!  
So soon to see Thee as Thou art,  
Nor ever from Thy presence part!  
Yes! see Thee whom unseen we love,  
And share with Thee Thy Home  
above.

3 How soon wilt Thou from Heaven  
descend,  
Our Lord, our Saviour, and our  
Friend!  
How we shall at Thy shout rejoice,  
And hail Thine arch-angelic voice!  
Thy saints who lie beneath the sod,  
With us shall hear the trump of God.

4 They first shall rise from land or  
deep,  
Whose bodies Thou hast put to sleep,  
Then in the clouds, to meet with  
Thee,  
Caught up with them, Thysel' we'll  
see.  
What joy to see Thy face so fair,  
To rise and meet Thee in the air!

18 TUNE—"Oh, so bright." P.M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb "enthroned  
on high—  
"He is our peace;"  
In Him we are to God brought nigh—  
"He is our peace;"  
He who on Calvary's cross has bled—  
He who was numbered with the  
dead—  
Exalted now o'er all as Head,  
"He is our peace."

2 "Complete in Him" at God's right  
hand—

"He is our peace;"  
Before the throne we boldly stand—  
"He is our peace;"  
The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat,  
His pierced side, His hands, and feet,  
Proclaim redemption's work com-  
plete—  
"He is our peace."

3 God finds eternal rest in Him—  
"He is our peace;"  
That rest which was disturbed by  
sin—  
"He is our peace;"  
We too by faith on Him repose,  
Who did the Father's heart disclose,  
From which this full salvation  
flows—  
"He is our peace."

4 As one with Him we rest secure—  
"He is our peace."  
Unchanging doth His work endure—  
"He is our peace;"  
Now seated on the Father's throne,  
Elect and precious Corner-stone,  
On Him we rest—on Him alone—  
"He is our peace."

19 TUNE—"St. Peter." C.M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb! 'tis He who  
bore  
My sins upon the tree;  
And paid in death the dreadful  
score,—  
The guilt that lay on me.

2 I'd look to Him till sight endear  
The Saviour to my heart;  
To Him I look who calms my fear,  
Nor from Himself would part.

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

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

20 TUNE—"Irish." C.M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory  
 crowned !  
 To Him all power be given ;  
 No place too high for Him is found,  
 No place too high in heaven.
- 2 He fills the throne—the throne  
 above,  
 He fills it without wrong ;  
 The object of His Father's love,  
 Theme of the ransomed's song.
- 3 Though high yet He accepts the  
 praise  
 His people offer here ;  
 The faintest, feeblest cry they raise  
 Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 4 This song be ours and this alone  
 To celebrate the name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to exalt the Lamb.
- 5 To Him whom men despise and  
 slight,  
 To Him be glory given ;  
 The crown is His, and His by right  
 The highest place in heaven.

21 TUNES—"Whitburn," "Melcombe,"  
 "Holley." L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Man upon the  
 Throne !  
 Both Lord and Christ is He alone.  
 God sent Him forth, His Only One,  
 The Father's well-beloved Son.
- 2 Jesus, God's gift from heaven came ;  
 Bore, on the earth, reproach and  
 shame.  
 Bowed on the cross His holy head—  
 Died, and God raised Him from the  
 dead.

- 3 Once, for our crimson sins, He died  
 He suffered, He was crucified ;  
 Now He, with glory, honour, crowned,  
 O'er sin makes grace much more  
 abound.

- 4 "One Mediator" throned above,  
 Bears witness God is light and love ;  
 None but the Son set sinners free,  
 "Come now," He saith, "Come unto  
 Me !"

- 5 "Come unto Me !" Oh, blessed voice !  
 Ye laden ones, make Christ your  
 choice,  
 The hour is near when every eye  
 Shall see Him shine in yonder sky.

- 6 God doth extol none other Name,  
 Supreme, eternal, is His claim ;  
 His rights let all confess, obey ;  
 "Come unto Me," He saith, "To-  
 day."

22 TUNE—"Sweet hour of prayer." 6-8's.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at the door !  
 He gently knocks—has knocked  
 before ;  
 Has waited long—is waiting still ;  
 You use no other friend so ill.  
*\*Open the door, He'll enter in,  
 And sup with you, and you with Him.*
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands  
 With open heart and outstretched  
 hands ;  
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and He  
 shows  
 His matchless kindness to His  
 foes.\*
- 3 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
 Lest He depart and ne'er return ;  
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
 When at His door denied you'll  
 stand.\*

23 TUNE—"Jesus! only Jesus."

- 1 **B**E our joyful song to-day,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.  
 He who bare our sins away,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.  
 Name with every blessing rife,  
 Be our joy and hope through life,  
 Be our strength in every strife,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.
- 2 Once we wandered far from God,  
     Knowing not the Saviour;  
 Treading still the downward road  
     Leading from the Saviour;  
 Till the spirit taught us how  
 'Neath His gracious yoke to bow,  
 And we fain would follow now  
     Jesus Christ our Saviour.
- 3 Be our trust through days to come,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.  
 Password to our heavenly home,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.  
 When from sin and sorrow free,  
 On through all eternity,  
 He our theme and song shall be,  
     Jesus! only Jesus.

24 TUNE—"Blessed Assurance." P.M.

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

*\*This is my story, this is my song,  
 Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

- 2 Perfect salvation, 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.

25 TUNE—"Sicilian Mariners." 8.7.

PART 1.

- 1 **B**LESSED God, Thou hast ap-  
     pointed  
     JESUS universal Lord,  
 And decreed that Thine Anointed  
     Shall for ever be adored.
- 2 O, how wonderful the story  
     Of His pathway here below!  
 Oh, how infinite the glory  
     Brought to Thee midst shame and  
     woe!
- 3 What a blessed bond unites us,  
     As we glory in the Lord!  
 'Tis Thy Spirit that incites us,  
     Thus to praise with one accord.

PART 2.

- 4 Vast and boundless like an ocean,  
     Jesus' love, O God, to Thee!  
 Oh, how perfect His devotion  
     To Thyself, on Calvary's tree!
- 5 In th' Eternal Book 'tis written,  
     "Lo, I come to do Thy will!"  
 'Twas for this that He was smitten  
     All Thy counsels to fulfil.
- 6 Many grains like Christ in glory  
     Spring from One bless'd "Corn of  
     wheat;"  
 But, for this, Oh, matchless story  
     Suffered He, to make us meet!
- 7 Who could tell the deep affection,  
     Which for His loved Church He  
     bore?  
 Now we praise, in Resurrection,  
     Him, whose sufferings all are o'er.

PART 3.

- 8 Well may we delight in Jesus,  
     For, O God, Thou dost the same.  
 And He joys whene'er He sees us,  
     Met together to His name.
- 9 Thou hast trusted all Thy power,  
     To those blessed Hands of love;  
 Wait we now that glorious hour,  
     When His greatness He will prove.

10 Blessed God, thyself hast told us,  
That a *Man* will raise the dead ;  
And in His own image mould us  
Like Himself, our glorious Head !

11 With delight the heart still lingers,  
Musing o'er Thy wondrous plan ;  
All the work of Thine own fingers,  
Ruled in order by a Man !

12 Righteousness and peace, each  
other  
Kissing then, with joy will blend,  
Mercy meet with truth together,  
Mercy which can have no end.

13 Joyful we recall the history  
Of the Incarnate Word on earth ;  
And adoring own the mystery  
Of His Person and His worth.

## 26 TUNE—"Hold the Fort."

1 BLESSED Lord, our Hallelujahs  
Now to Thee we raise,  
Never could we fully utter  
All Thy worth and praise !  
Praise the Lamb ! Yes, Thou art  
worthy,  
Who didst shed Thy blood,  
To redeem Thy saints and make us  
Kings and priests to God !

2 Yes ! we praise Thee, for Thou lov'st  
us ;  
And we bless Thee, Lord,  
For Thy ceaseless intercession,  
And Thy precious Word.  
Hallelujah ! Thou, Lord Jesus,  
Canst not cease to love ;  
Thine we are, and Thine for ever,  
One with Thee above

3 Praise the Lord ! yes, Hallelujah !  
Who would hush the song ?  
Join with saints from every nation,  
Every tribe and tongue.  
Praise the Lamb, for He is worthy,  
Sweet eternal strain !  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Praise the Lord ! Amen.

## 27 TUNE—"Christ receiveth sinful men." 7s.

1 BLESSED Saviour ! Son of God,  
Thou hast borne sin's heavy  
load,  
That my ruined soul might be  
Cleansed, redeemed, and won for  
Thee.

*\*Blessed Lord ! O precious Lord !  
Worthy One ! by saints adored !  
Object of the Father's heart,  
In Thy glory I'll have part.*

2 Thou in deepest, truest love,  
Cam'st from glory's heights above,  
That a wretched one like me  
Might for ever dwell with Thee.\*  
3 Love with Thine none can compare ;  
Sinners saved Thy throne to share,  
Is a mystery divine ;  
Yet this prospect, Lord, is mine.\*  
4 Why should I have any care  
With such hopes, so bright and fair ?  
Oh ! that faith may brighter shine  
Till I see Thy face divine.\*

## 28 TUNES—"St. James;" "Sawley." C.M.

1 BLEST Father, infinite in grace,  
Source of eternal joy ;  
Thou lead'st our hearts to that blest  
place,  
Where rest's without alloy.  
2 There will Thy love find perfect rest,  
Where all around is bliss,  
Where all in Thee supremely blest,  
Thy praise their service is.  
3 Eternal love their portion is,  
Where love has found its rest ;  
And, filled with Thee, the constant  
mind  
Eternally is blest.  
4 There Christ the centre of the throng  
Shall in His glory shine ;  
But not an eye those hosts among  
But sees His glory Thine.

5 Thy counsels too in all Thine own,  
Fulfilled by power divine,  
Spread wide the glory of Thy throne,  
Where all in glory shine.

6 Yet deeper, if a calmer, joy  
The Father's love shall raise,  
And every heart find sweet employ  
In His eternal praise.

7 Nor is its sweetness now unknown,  
Well proved in what it's done ;  
Our Father's love with joy we own,  
Revealed in Christ the Son.

29 TUNES—"St. Peter;" "Ilfracombe." C.M.

1 BLESSED God and Father, in Thy  
sight  
We bow and own Thy grace ;  
We worship in Thy glorious light,  
Which shines in Jesus' face.

2 The glories of His work we bring—  
Thee glorified we see ;  
His deep perfections gladly sing,  
And tell them forth to Thee.

3 He fills Thy presence, fully known  
To Thee alone His worth ;  
But in our hearts Thy light hath  
shone,  
As sons of heavenly birth,

4 Revealing Thy delight in Him :  
Thus knowing it we praise,  
And sharing this delight, a hymn  
Of holy joy we raise.

5 Lord Jesus Christ, we praise Thy  
name  
In God the Father's ear,  
And worship Thee, Thou Holy Lamb,  
Whose blood has brought us near.

30 TUNE—"Cambridge." S.M.

1 BREAK forth and sing the song  
Of "Glory to the Lamb !"  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power,  
Sing how He interceded above  
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, on your heavenly road,  
Ye sons of glory, sing ;  
To the ascended Lamb of God,  
Your cheerful praises bring.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye ransomed pilgrims, come ;"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
And take us to His home.

5 Then shall each raptured tongue  
His fullest praise proclaim ;  
And sweeter voices wake the song  
Of "Glory to the Lamb !"

31 TUNE—"Sicilian Mariners." 8.7.

1 BRIGHTNESS of th' eternal  
Glory,  
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie ?  
Who would hush the Heaven-sent  
story  
Of the Lamb who came to die ?

2 Came from Godhead's fullest glory  
Down to Calvary's depth of woe,—  
Now on high, we bow before Thee ;  
Streams of praises ceaseless flow !

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

32 TUNE—"Aurelia." 7.6.

1 BY Thee, O God, invited,  
We look unto the Son  
In whom Thy soul delighted,  
Who all Thy will hath done ;  
And by the one chief treasure  
Thy bosom freely gave,  
Thine own pure love we measure,  
Thy willing mind to save.



- 2 O God of mercy—Father ;  
 The one unchanging claim,  
 The brightest hopes, we gather  
 From Christ's most precious name;  
 What always sounds so sweetly  
 In Thine unwearied ear,  
 Has freed our souls completely  
 From all our sinful fear.
- 3 The trembling sinner feareth  
 That God can ne'er forget ;  
 But one full payment cleareth  
 His memory of all debt.  
 When nought beside could free us,  
 Or set our souls at large,  
 Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,  
 Secured a full discharge.
- 4 No wrath God's heart retaineth  
 To us-ward who believe ;  
 No dread in ours remaineth  
 As we His love receive ;  
 Returning sons He kisses,  
 And with His robe invests ;  
 His perfect love dismisses  
 All terror from our breasts.

**33** TUNES—" *Abide with Me ;* "  
*" Ellers."* 108.

- 1 CALLED from above, and men of  
 heavenly birth  
 (Who once were but the citizens of  
 earth),  
 As pilgrims here, we seek a heavenly  
 home,  
 Our portion, in the ages yet to come.
- 2 Where all the saints of every clime  
 shall meet,  
 And each with all shall all the  
 ransomed greet,  
 But oh! the height of bliss, my  
 Lord, shall be  
 To owe it all, and share it all, with  
 Thee
- 3 Thou wast " the image " in man's  
 lowly guise,  
 Of the invisible to mortal eyes ;

Son of His bosom, come from heaven  
 above,  
 We see in Thee incarnate, " God is  
 love."

- 4 Thy lips the Father's name to us  
 reveal ;  
 What burning power in all Thy  
 words we feel,  
 When to our raptured hearts we  
 hear Thee tell  
 The heavenly glories which Thou  
 know'st so well.
- 5 No curse of law, in Thee was sove-  
 reign grace,  
 And now what glory in Thine un-  
 veiled face ;  
 Thou did'st attract the wretched  
 and the weak,  
 Thy joy the wand'ers and the  
 lost to seek.
- 6 That precious stream of water and  
 of blood  
 Which from Thy piercèd side so  
 freely flowed,  
 Has put away our sins of scarlet dye,  
 Washed us from every stain, and  
 brought us nigh.
- 7 We are but strangers here, we do  
 not crave  
 A home on earth, which gave Thee  
 but a grave :  
 Thy cross has severed ties which  
 bound us here,  
 Thyself our treasure in a brighter  
 sphere.

**34** TUNES—" *What a Friend ;* "  
*" Deerhurst."* 8.7.

- 1 " CALL them in "—the poor, the  
 wretched,  
 Sin-stained wanderers from the  
 fold ;  
 Peace and pardon freely offer ;  
 Can you weigh their worth with  
 gold ?

- "Call them in"—the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;  
He is waiting—"call them in."
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;  
Bid the stranger to the feast;  
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least.  
Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen;  
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals  
Wait the lost ones—"call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,  
Slumbering, sleeping on hell's brink;  
Naught of life are they possessors,  
Yet of safety vainly think.  
Bring them in—the careless scoffers,  
Pleasure-seekers of the earth;  
Tell of God's most gracious offers,  
And of Jesus' priceless worth.
- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,  
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak love's message low and tender,  
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.  
See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming—"call them in."

### 35 TUNE—"Jesus loves me." P.M.

- 1 CHILDREN Jesus loves, we know,  
All who trust Him here below;  
They to Christ Himself belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong.  
Yes, Jesus loves them!  
He loves them evermore.
- 2 Those who trust in Him to-day,  
Christ will keep through all the way;  
Not the least will He disown,  
Till the end He loves his own.

- 3 Jesus shields them 'neath His care,  
Bids their enemies beware,  
Lest they cast a stumbling-stone  
'Gainst a trusting little one.
- 4 Though they're little, Christ will stay  
Close beside them all the way;  
Soon with Him they'll upward fly  
To their home prepared on high.

### 36 TUNE—"St. Bees." 7s.

- 1 CHRIST delivered us when bound,  
And, when wounded healed  
our wound,  
Sought us wandering, set us right,  
Turned our darkness into light.
- 2 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful prove,  
He will never cease to love.
- 3 His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,  
Partners of His throne above;  
Such to us His wondrous love!
- 5 This alone is our complaint,  
That our love is weak and faint;  
Yet we love Him, and adore,  
O for grace to love Him more!

### 37 TUNE—"Hart." 7s.

- 1 CHRIST is merciful and mild;  
He was once a little child;  
He whom heavenly hosts adore  
Lived on earth among the poor.
- 2 Thus He laid His glory by  
When for us He stooped to die;  
How I wonder when I see  
His unbounded love to me!

- 3 He the sick to health restored,  
To the poor He preached the word;  
Even children had a share  
Of His love and tender care.

### 38 TUNE—"The Lifeboat."

- 1 CHRIST is the only Saviour  
mighty to save,  
He who suffered once for sins, and  
sank 'neath the wave,  
Sing how the wrath of God on  
Calvary's cross He bore;  
How by death He conquered death,  
and lives evermore.  
Christ is the Saviour, He *never* will  
fail,  
All hope to save oneself could  
nothing avail;  
Man is a total wreck; can never reach  
the shore;  
All who trust in Jesus Christ are  
saved evermore.
- 2 Christ in that hour of darkness, lost  
ones to save,  
Braved Himself the ocean's depths,  
and battled the wave;  
Though all Jehovah's billows rolled  
o'er His Head,  
Son of Man and Son of God, He rose  
from the dead.
- 3 Oh what a mighty Saviour, Jesus who  
died!  
Strong enough to bear His own above  
the angry tide;  
Not e'en the feeblest saint will Christ  
ever fail,  
Never will the gates of Hell against  
him prevail.
- 4 Oh blessed risen Saviour, living to  
day!  
Living too, to guide Thine own thro'  
all the stormy way;  
None have the power to pluck the  
saints from Thine hand,  
Thou wilt safely keep Thine own  
until the better land.

### 39 TUNE—"Showers of Blessing." P.M.

- 1 CHRIST is the Saviour of sinners,  
Christ is the Saviour for me;  
Long I was chained in sin's darkness,  
Now by His grace I am free.  
\* *Saviour of sinners,  
Saviour of sinners like me,  
Shedding His blood for my  
ransom,  
This is the Saviour for me.*
- 2 Now I can say I am pardoned,  
Happy and justified, free,  
Saved by my blessed Redeemer,  
This is the Saviour for me.\*
- 3 Just as I was He received me,  
Seeking from judgment to flee,  
Now there is no condemnation,  
This is the Saviour for me.\*
- 4 Loved with a love that's unchanging,  
Blessed with all blessings so free,  
How shall I tell out His praises!  
This is the Saviour for me.\*
- 5 Soon shall the glory be dawning,  
Then when His face I shall see,  
Sing, O my soul, in thy gladness,  
This is the Saviour for me.\*

### 40 TUNE—"Easter Hymn."

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen indeed,  
Hallelujah.  
He has met His people's need;  
Hallelujah.  
Borne their sins upon the cross,  
Hallelujah.  
Suffered death and shame and loss,  
Hallelujah.
- 2 Yes, He took the bitter cup,  
Hallelujah.  
To the dregs He drank it up;  
Hallelujah.  
Gives the cup of blessing now,  
Hallelujah.  
Worthy, Jesus, Lord, art Thou!  
Hallelujah.

- 3 Here, He came from realms of light,  
Hallelujah.  
Passed through darkness, gloom,  
and night, Hallelujah.  
Fathomed all the depth of woe,  
Hallelujah.  
Triumphed! conquered every foe,  
Hallelujah.
- 4 God, that Holy One who gave,  
Hallelujah.  
Could not leave Him in the grave;  
Hallelujah.  
Raised Him to the highest height,  
Hallelujah.  
Crowned Him there with glory  
bright. Hallelujah.
- 5 From the glory He will come,  
Hallelujah.  
First to take His people home,  
Hallelujah.  
Soon with them o'er earth to reign,  
Hallelujah.  
Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen.  
Hallelujah.

**41** TUNE—"St. Bees." 78.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord will come again,  
None shall wait for Him in vain;  
We shall then His glory see;  
His, Who died to set us free.
- 2 Then, when the archangel's voice  
Calls the sleeping saints to rise,  
Rising millions shall proclaim  
Blessings on the Saviour's name.
- 3 "This is our redeeming God!"  
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:  
"Praise, eternal praise be given,  
"To the Lord of earth and heaven!"

**42** TUNE—"Wonderful Words of Life." P.M.

- 1 CHRIST the Saviour of sinners  
came  
Into the world to save;  
Sing His glory, His worth, His fame,  
Jesus alone can save.\*

No name else is given,  
Search through earth and  
heaven—  
Jesus alone, Jesus alone,†  
Jesus alone can save.

- 2 Oh how tender His works of grace,\*  
Wheresoever His steps we trace,\*  
Death and woe dispelling,  
God's great mercy telling.†
- 3 Works of righteousness we had  
none,\*  
'Tis His Blood doth for sin atone,\*  
Now His work's completed,  
Now in glory seated.†
- 4 Tears can never forgiveness gain,\*  
God will ever dead works disdain,\*  
Hear His blest voice calling,  
Blessings rich are falling.†

**43** TUNE—"Only trust Him."

- 1 COME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord;  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.  
*\*Only trust Him! Only trust Him  
Only trust Him now!  
He will save you! He will save you!  
He will save you now!*
- 2 For Jesus passed through death's  
dark flood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
And those He washes in His blood  
Are whiter far than snow.\*
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.\*
- 4 Come, then, and join Christ's holy  
band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.\*

**44** TUNE—"St. Edmund's,"  
"Bethany." P.M.

1 COME! hear the gospel sound—  
"Yet there is room!"  
It tells to all around—  
"Yet there is room!"  
Though guilty, now draw near,  
Though vile, you need not fear,  
With joy you now may hear—  
"Yet there is room!"

2 God's love in Christ we see—  
"Yet there is room!"  
Greater it could not be—  
"Yet there is room!"  
His only Son He gave,  
He's righteous now to save  
All who on *Him* believe:  
"Yet there is room!"

3 "All things are ready: come!"  
"Yet there is room!"  
Christ everything hath done:  
"Yet there is room!"  
The work is now complete,  
"Before the mercy seat,"  
A Saviour you will meet:  
"Yet there is room!"

4 God's House is filling fast,  
"Yet there is room!"  
Some guest will be the last,  
"Yet there is room!"  
Yes! soon salvation's day  
To you will pass away,  
Then grace no more will say—  
"Yet there is room!"

**45** TUNES—"Evangelia!" "O! so  
bright;" "Ephesus." P.M.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

**46** "St. Peter." C.M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful  
songs,  
And thus surround the throne:  
Had we ten thousand thousand  
tongues,  
Our theme of joy's but one:

2 "Worthy the Lamb that's gone on  
high,  
To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb that died," we  
cry,  
"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 Soon shall the saints, exalted high,  
A glorious anthem raise;  
And all that dwell beneath the sky  
Speak forth Thine endless praise.

5 Redeemed creation join in one,  
T' adore the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to exalt the Lamb.

47 TUNE—"Zion's Rock." 7.6

1 COME let us sing of Jesus,  
His great and wondrous love;  
We'll raise our hearts and voices  
To Him in heaven above.

2 How sweet to be thus learning,  
Whilst young, His praise to sing,  
How sweet to seek Him early,  
And hide beneath his wing.

3 He loves dear little children;  
His precious blood He shed,  
That they might be forgiven,  
The narrow pathway tread,

4 Which leads to life eternal;  
With joy we march along.  
Oh! can you not, dear children,  
Join in this heavenly song?

48 "Reapers." 7.6.

1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and voices blend;  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only friend.  
The Son of God rejoices,  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus  
Who died our souls to save;  
We love to sing of Jesus  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
And in our hour of danger  
We'll trust His love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus  
While yet on earth we stay,  
We hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout th' eternal day.

For those who here confess Him  
He will in heaven confess;  
Believing hearts that bless Him  
He will for ever bless.

49 TUNES—"What a Friend we have in Jesus;" "Deerhurst." D.8.7.8.7.

1 "COME!" 'tis Jesus gently calling,  
"Ye with care and toil oppress,  
With your guilt, howe'er appalling—  
Come, and I will give you rest."  
On the cross "He once has suffered,"  
There by Him the work was done;  
And the word by God now uttered,  
To each weary soul is "Come!"

2 "Come!" the Father's house stands  
open,  
With its love, and light, and song,  
And, returning to the Father,  
All to you may now belong.  
From sin's distant land of famine,  
Toiling 'neath the mid-day sun,  
To a Father's house of plenty,  
And a Father's welcome, "Come!"

3 "Come!" for angel hosts are musing  
O'er this sight so strangely sad,  
God "beseeching"—man refusing  
To be made for ever glad!  
From the world and its delusion,  
Now our voices rise as one;  
While we give God's invitation,  
Heaven itself re-echoes "Come."

50 TUNES—"Abide with me" (Even-tide); "Hoyland." 10s.

1 "COME unto Me, and I will give  
you rest;  
What blessed words to weary ones  
addressed!  
They come from Him Who knew  
the depth of woe,  
And felt for sinners as none here  
below.

2 "Come unto Me;" yes, come in all  
your sin!  
Through JESUS' blood the vile may  
enter in,  
May come to God, who knows their  
guilt and need,  
Assured the blood was shed for  
them indeed.

3 "Come unto Me," the blessed Son  
of God  
Thus told on earth, in every step He  
trod,  
The heart of Him who is in nature  
love,  
And is beseeching men that love to  
prove.

4 "Come unto Me," yes, God Himself  
says "Come!"  
He sees afar, and runs to welcome  
home  
Unworthy sinners, who have nought  
to plead  
But God's own love and their  
exceeding need.

5 "Come unto Me," oh, blessed open  
door!  
For those who but for Christ had  
hoped no more:  
Oh, love of God! told out in full  
extent,  
When JESUS to those depths of  
darkness went.

6 "Come unto Me," for Christ the  
*risen* Lord  
Now speaks from glory through the  
written Word;  
As Victor now, He can with triumph  
shout,  
That none who come to Him will  
He cast out.

51 TUNE—"Come ye children, sweetly  
sing." P.M.

3 COME, ye children, sweetly sing  
Praises to the Saviour-King;  
Hearts and voices gladly bring:  
Praise His name!

2 Jesus is the children's Friend,  
Loving, faithful, to the end;  
Richest gifts from Him descend,  
Joy and peace.

3 Once from heaven to earth He came,  
Suffered death, contempt, and blame,  
Died upon a cross of shame,  
Crowned with thorns.

4 'Twas our sinful souls to save  
Thus His precious blood He gave!  
Ransomed now from sin's dark grave,  
We may sing.

5 Oh, what boundless grace and love,  
Passing all our thoughts above!  
Fear and unbelief remove:  
Praise His name!

52 TUNE—"Look, ye saints." 8.7.4.

1 COME, ye sinners poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and  
sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

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

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

4 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the shameful tree behold Him,  
Hear Him cry before He dies,—  
"It is finished!"  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

- 5 Lo! the Incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merits of His blood;  
Venture on Him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude:  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

53 TUNE—" *Sicilian Mariners.*" 8.7.

- 1 DEATH and judgment are behind us,  
Grace and glory are before;  
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,  
There they spent their utmost power.
- 2 "First-fruits" of the resurrection,  
He is risen from the tomb;  
Now we stand in new creation,  
Free; because beyond our doom.
- 3 Jesus died, and we died with Him,  
"Buried" in His grave we lay,  
One with Him in resurrection,  
Now "in Him" in heaven's bright day.

54 TUNE—" *Durham.*" 7s.

- 1 EVERLASTING glory be,  
God and Father, unto Thee,  
'Tis with joy Thy children raise  
Hearts and voices in Thy praise.
- 2 Thou the light that showed our sin,  
Showed how guilty we have been:  
Thine the love that us to save  
Thine own Son for sinners gave.
- 3 Called to share the rest of God  
In the Father's blest abode,  
God of love and God of light,  
In Thy praises we unite.
- 4 Gladly we Thy grace proclaim,  
Knowing now the Father's name:  
God and Father, unto Thee  
Everlasting glory be.

55 TUNES—" *St. John Damascene*;"  
" *St. Gertrude*," " *Franconia.*" D.6.5.

*First two lines Chorus.*

- 1 EVERLASTING glory unto Jesus  
be!  
Sing aloud the story of His victory!  
How He left the splendour of His home  
on high,  
Came in love so tender, on the cross  
to die.
- 2 Yes! He came from Heaven, suffered  
in our stead;  
Praise to Him be given, Firstborn  
from the dead!  
Jesus, meek and lowly, came the  
lost to save;  
He, the Victim holy, triumphed  
o'er the grave.
- 3 Christ is Lord of Glory, sing we now  
to-day!  
Tell abroad the story, own His right-  
ful sway!  
Sing aloud, and never cease to  
spread His fame;  
Triumph, now and ever, in the  
Saviour's name.

56 TUNE—" *I'm a Pilgrim.*"

- 1 FAITHFUL Leader! for the  
saints of God,  
As they travel on the road,  
In the path that Jesus trod.  
He can never lead astray,  
Will not fail them all the way,  
Till at last, their dangers past, they  
reach the Glory.

*Chorus*—On, on, on! it is Christ who  
leadeth on,

On to Glory, on to Glory!  
Though the path be all unknown,  
He doth safely guide His own,  
All the way He'll be their stay, till  
Home in Glory.



- 2 Faithful Shepherd ! for the sheep  
He bled  
When He suffered in their stead,  
And was numbered with the dead.  
On the cross their sins He bore,  
Now He lives to die no more ;  
And His sheep He'll safely keep,  
till home in Glory.
- 3 Happy pilgrims ! Once a heavy load  
Weighed them down on sin's  
broad road,  
As they wandered far from God ;  
Now they know their sins are gone,  
Now with joy they travel on,  
And, through grace, with rapid  
pace, they press to Glory.
- 4 Happy pilgrims! Pilgrims on the road  
Where the saints of old have trod,  
To their Home prepared of God.  
With their banner wide unfurled,  
Through a strange and Christless  
world,  
On they haste, through desert waste,  
and pass to Glory.
- 5 Happy pilgrims ! Travelling through  
the night,  
They have Christ Himself as light,  
And the way is wondrous bright.  
On they go from strength to  
strength,  
Till they reach their home at  
length,  
And with joy, without alloy, they  
rest in Glory.
- 3 There in the purpose of Thy love  
Our place is now prepared,  
As sons with Him who is above,  
Who all our sorrows shared.
- 4 Eternal ages shall declare  
The riches of Thy grace,  
To those who with Thy Son shall  
share  
A son's eternal place.
- 5 Absent as yet, we rest in hope,  
Treading the desert path,  
Waiting for Him who takes us up  
Beyond the power of death.
- 6 We joy in Thee, Thy holy love  
Our endless portion is,  
Like Thine own Son, with Him  
above,  
In brightest heavenly bliss.
- 7 O Holy Father, keep us here  
In that blest name of love,  
Walking before Thee without fear  
Till all be joy above.

58 "Sun of my soul." L.M.

- 1 FATHER, Thy sovereign love has  
sought,  
Captives to sin, gone far from  
Thee ;  
The work that Thine own Son hath  
wrought,  
Has brought us back in peace and  
free.
- 2 And now as sons before Thy face,  
With joyful steps the path we  
tread,  
Which leads us on to that blest place  
Prepared for us by Christ our  
Head.
- 3 Thou gav'st us, in eternal love,  
To Him, to bring us home to Thee,  
Suited to Thine own thought above,  
As sons like Him, with Him to be,
- 57 TUNE—"St. James."
- 1 FATHER, Thy name our souls  
would bless,  
As children taught by grace,  
Lift up our hearts in righteousness  
And joy before Thy face.
- 2 Sweet is the confidence Thou giv'st,  
Though high above our praise,  
Our hearts resort to where Thou liv'st  
In heaven's unclouded rays.

4 In Thine own house. There love divine

Fills the bright courts with cloudless joy ;

But 'tis the love that made us Thine,  
Fills all that house without alloy.

5 O boundless grace ! what fills with joy

Unmingled, all that enter there ?  
God's nature, love without alloy,  
Our hearts are given e'en now to share.

6 God's righteousness with glory bright,

Which with its radiance fills that sphere,

E'en Christ, of God the power and light,

Our title is that light to share.

7 O mind divine, so must it be  
That glory all belongs to God :

O love divine, that did decree  
We should be part, through Jesu's blood.

8 O keep us, love divine, near Thee,  
That we our nothingness may know,

And ever to Thy glory be  
Walking in faith while here below.

59 TUNE—"Rousseau." 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 FATHER, 'twas Thy love that knew us

Earth's foundation long before :  
That same love to Jesus drew us  
By its sweet constraining power,  
And will keep us  
Safely now, and evermore.

2 God of love, our souls adore Thee !

We would still Thy grace proclaim,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
And in glory praise Thy name ;  
Praise and worship  
Be to God and to the Lamb !

60 TUNE—"Sicilian Mariners." 8.7.

1 FATHER, we commend our spirits  
To Thy love, in Jesu's name,  
Love, which His atoning merits  
Give us confidence to claim.

2 O how sweet, how real a pleasure  
Flows from love so full and free !  
'Tis a vast exhaustless treasure,  
Saviour, we possess in Thee !

3 From the world and its confusion,  
Here we turn and find our rest,  
From its care and its delusion,  
Turn to Thee, in whom we're blest.

4 By the Holy Ghost anointed,  
May we do the Father's will,  
Walk the path by Him appointed,  
All His pleasure to fulfil.

61 TUNE—"Nearer Home." S.M.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord !"  
Amen ! so let it be :  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him we roam,  
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

3 Our Father's home on high,  
Home to our souls how dear,  
E'en now, to faith's transpiercing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Our thirsty spirits faint  
To reach the home we love ;  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

5 And though there intervene  
Rough seas and stormy skies,  
Though by no mortal vision seen,  
Thy glory fills our eyes.

6 There shall all clouds depart,  
The wilderness shall cease ;  
And sweetly shall each gladdened heart  
Enjoy eternal peace.

62 TUNES—"Deliverance;" "Egypt."  
6.6.8.6.4.7.

- 1 FROM Egypt lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 2 There sin and sorrow cease,  
And, every conflict o'er,  
There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
Hallelujah! etc.
- 3 How sweet the prospect is!  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;  
We're journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon shall gain our rest.  
Hallelujah! etc.

63 TUNE—"Rockingham." L.M.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that  
blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sweet retreat;  
'Tis found before the Mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Mercy sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all beside more sweet—  
It is the heavenly Mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where souls unite,  
And saint meets saint in heavenly light;  
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet,  
Before the common Mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?
- 5 Thither by faith we upward soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
For freely God our souls can greet  
Where glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

64 TUNE—"Stuttgart." 8.7.

- 1 FROM the palace of His glory,  
From the home of joy and love,  
Came the Lord Himself to seek us;  
He would have us there above.
- 2 There from that eternal brightness  
Have His thoughts flow'd forth in love;  
He in His great love would have us  
Ever there with Him above.
- 3 Trembling we had hoped for mercy—  
Some lone place within His door;  
But the crown, the throne, the mansion,  
All were ready long before.
- 4 And in past and distant ages,  
In those courts so bright and fair,  
Ere we were, was He rejoicing,  
All He won with us to share.

65 TUNE—"Pembroke." 8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 FROM various cares our hearts  
retire,  
Though deep and boundless their desire,  
We've now to please but One;  
Him, before whom each knee shall bow,  
With Him is all our business now,  
And those that are His own.
- 2 With these our happy lot is cast,  
Through the world's deserts rude  
and waste,  
Or through its gardens fair;  
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,  
Or all in dead supineness sleep,  
T' advance be all our care.
- 3 O Lord, the way, the truth, the life!  
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife  
Drop off like autumn leaves!  
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
The soul which to Thee cleaves.

4 Let us our feebleness recline  
On that eternal love of Thine,  
And human thoughts forget;  
Child-like attend what Thou wilt say,  
Go forth and serve Thee while 'tis  
day,  
Nor leave our sweet retreat.

66 TUNES—"German Evening Hymn;"  
"Holy Voices." 8.7.

1 GAZING on the Lord in glory,  
While our hearts in worship  
bow,  
There we read the wondrous story  
Of the cross—its shame and woe.

2 Every mark of dark dishonour  
Heaped upon the thorn-crown'd  
brow,  
All the depths of Thy heart's sorrow  
Told in answering glory now.

3 On that cross alone—forsaken—  
Where no pitying eye was found;  
Now to God's right hand exalted,  
With Thy praise the heavens  
resound.

4 Did Thy God e'en then forsake Thee,  
Hide His face from Thy deep  
need?  
In Thy face, once marred and  
smitten  
All His glory now we read.

5 Gazing on it we adore Thee,  
Blessed, precious, holy Lord;  
Thou, the Lamb, alone art worthy—  
This be earth's and heaven's  
accord.

6 Rise our hearts, and bless the Father,  
Ceaseless song e'en here begun,  
Endless praise and adoration  
To the Father and the Son.

67 TUNE—"Rousseau." 8.7.4.

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

2 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!

3 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.

68 TUNE—"Ashley." P.M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Praise we the Lord!

69 TUNES—"Olivet;" "Moscow;"  
"Let there be Light" (Italian  
Hymn). 6.6.4.

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

2 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.

3 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.

- 4 Blest in this love, we sing ;  
To God our praises bring ;  
All sins forgiven.  
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee  
Honour and majesty,  
Now, and for ever be,  
Here and in heaven.

70 TUNES—"Pleyel," "Mozart." 7s.

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be !  
From the curse Who set us free ;  
All our guilt on Him was laid,  
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All that blessed work is done,  
God's; well-pleased with His Son ;  
He has raised Him from the dead,  
Set Him over all as Head.
- 3 This we know, and cease to mourn,  
Patient wait His sure return :  
For His saints with Him shall reign—  
"Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen !

71 TUNE—"God be with You." P.M.

- 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 !  
\*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 loving arms around 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 threat'ning wave  
before you ;  
God be with you till we meet again !\*

†71A TUNE—"St. Peter." C.M.

- 1 GOD has been glorified in Man ;  
Man sits at God's right hand ;  
Obedient in the race He ran,  
Can now all power command.
- 2 In lowliness on earth, as Son  
The Father He made known ;  
And now, in Heaven, His work all  
done,  
He sits upon His Throne.
- 3 And we our great Fore-runner see,  
In His Own glory there ;  
Yet not ashamed, with such as we,  
As First-born, all to share.
- 4 For we, as sons, through grace are  
owned,  
And "Abba, Father," cry ;  
Heirs too, so rich did grace abound,  
Joint-heirs with Him on high.
- 5 The Father's love, the source of all,  
Sweeter than all it gives,  
Shines on us now, without recall,  
And lasts while Jesus lives.
- 6 The new creation's stainless joy  
Gleams through the present gloom,  
That world of bliss without alloy,  
The saints' Eternal Home.

72 TUNES—"Fides ;" "Franconia." 6.5.D.

- 1 GOD Himself has loved us,  
Sent His Son to die,  
Sanctified and cleansed us,  
Brought us very nigh.  
Once we were in darkness,  
Far from Him the Light ;  
But the blood has made us  
Spotless in His sight.
- 2 Now we know the Father,  
And the Father's name  
Tells how great the blessing  
In the Son we gain.  
By the Holy Spirit  
We our portion know,  
And cry, "Abba—Father,"  
While our praises flow.

- 3 Very strait and holy  
Is the narrow way  
That our feet are treading  
On to perfect day ;  
But our faithful Shepherd  
Holds us in His hand ;  
By the grace that keeps us  
We shall surely stand.

73 TUNES—"Hark, the Herald Angels sing ;" "St. George" (Elvey)"  
"Christ receiveth sinful men ;"  
"Durham." 7s.

- 1 GOD in mercy sent His Son  
To a world by sin undone,  
Jesus Christ was crucified—  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.  
Oh, the glory of the grace,  
Shining in the Saviour's face !  
Telling sinners from above,  
"God, is light," and "God is  
love."

- 2 Sin and death no more shall reign,  
Jesus died, and lives again,  
In the glory's highest height—  
See Him, God's supreme delight.
- 3 All who in His name believe,  
Life, eternal life, receive ;  
Lord of all is Jesus now,  
Every knee to Him must bow.
- 4 Christ the Lord will come again,  
He who suffered once will reign,  
Every tongue at last shall own,  
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.

74 TUNE—"London" (New). C.M.

- 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.

75 TUNE—"St. Richard." 8.4.

- 1 GOD sent His only Son to die—  
"Herein is love !"  
Sent Him from off the throne on  
high—  
"Herein is love !"  
Oh wondrous love, that God should  
give—  
His only Son, that we might live  
Through Him, in whom we now  
believe —  
"Herein is love !"  
2 "Made sin for us" upon the tree—  
"Herein is love !"  
That we God's righteousness might  
be—  
"Herein is love !"  
Oh ! deep and full abounding grace,  
Which brought Him to the sinner's  
place,  
His curse to bear in righteousness—  
"Herein is love !"  
3 God raised Him from amongst the  
dead—  
"Herein is love !"  
And set Him over all as Head—  
"Herein is love !"  
Redemption's work now fully done,  
God glorified in His blest Son,  
We share the victory He hath won—  
"Herein is love !"

4 Soon in the Father's house we'll rest—

"Herein is love!"

There with the Son—for ever blest—

"Herein is love!"

As on that blessed face we gaze,  
Our hearts and voices we shall raise,  
And fill those courts with ceaseless praise—

"Herein is love!"

76 TUNE—"Showers of blessing."

8.7.3.

1 GRACE has taught me to confess

Thee,

Jesus, Lord, I own Thee now;  
For the glory Thou hast saved me,  
"Lord of all," thrice worthy Thou—

Worthy Thou!

2 Once the Victim, God-forsaken,  
For my sins in death laid low,  
All my judgment Thou hast taken,  
"Lord of all," thrice worthy Thou—

Worthy Thou!

3 God in righteousness has raised Thee,  
Nor didst Thou corruption know;  
Crowned, and seated in His glory,  
"Lord of all," thrice worthy Thou—

Worthy Thou!

4 Now indwelt by God's own Spirit  
I am taught by Him to bow,  
And to own Thy peerless merit,  
"Lord of all," thrice worthy Thou—

Worthy Thou!

5 Happy in God's love and favour,  
Whose bright glory crowns Thy brow;

I am waiting for Thee, Saviour,  
"Lord of all," thrice worthy Thou—

Worthy Thou!

77 TUNE—"Cambridge." S.M.

1 GRACE is the sweetest sound  
That ever reached our ears,  
When conscience charged and justice frowned,

'Twas grace removed our fears,

2 'Tis freedom to the slave,

'Tis light and liberty;

It takes its terror from the grave,  
From death its victory.

3 Grace is a mine of wealth

Laid open to the poor;

Grace is the sov'reign spring of health;

'Tis LIFE FOR EVERMORE.

4 Of grace then let us sing!

(A joyful, wondrous theme!)

Who grace has brought, shall glory bring,

And we shall reign with Him.

5 Then shall we see His face

With all the saints above,

And sing for ever of His grace,  
For ever of His love.

78 TUNE—"Dennis." S.M.

1 GRACE taught our wandering feet

To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour we meet  
While travelling home to God.

2 'Twas Grace that wrote each name  
In God's eternal book;

'Twas Grace that gave us to the Lamb,  
Who all our burdens took.

3 Grace saved us from the foe,  
Grace taught us how to pray;  
And God will ne'er His grace forego,  
Till we have won the day.

4 May Grace, free Grace, inspire  
Our souls with strength divine;  
May ev'ry thought to God aspire,  
And grace in service shine

5 Grace all the work shall crown  
Thro' everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone  
And well deserves the praise.

79 TUNES—"Stand up for Jesus;"  
*"Jerusalem the golden."* 7.6.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!  
 Great David's greater Son;  
 When to the time appointed  
 The rolling years shall run,  
 He comes to break oppression,  
 To set the captive free;  
 To take away transgression,  
 And rule in equity.
- 2 The heavens—which now conceal  
 Him  
 In counsels deep and wise,—  
 In glory shall reveal Him  
 To our rejoicing eyes;  
 He, who with hands uplifted,  
 Went from the earth below,  
 Shall come again all gifted,  
 His blessing to bestow.
- 3 He shall come down like showers  
 Upon the new-mown grass,  
 And joy and hope, like flowers,  
 Spring up where He doth pass.  
 Before Him on the mountains,  
 Shall Peace, the herald, go;  
 And righteousness, in fountains,  
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him.  
 And gold and incense bring;  
 All nations shall adore Him,  
 His praise all people sing.  
 Outstretched His wide dominion  
 O'er river, sea, and shore,  
 Far as the eagle's pinion,  
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

80 TUNE—"Art thou weary?" 8.5.8.3.

- 1 HARK! poor sinner, art thou  
 weary?  
 Christ for thee has died;  
 "Come to Me," saith He, "and ever  
 Safe abide."  
 Art thou seeking? Jesus seeks thee—  
 Wants thee as thou art;  
 He is knocking, yes, still knocking  
 At thy heart.

- 3 Come then now, and He will save  
 thee,  
 Make thee all His own;  
 Guide thee, keep thee, come and  
 take thee  
 To His home.
- 4 Art thou heavy laden, weary  
 Is thy soul distressed?  
 Take His offer, wait no longer;  
 Be at rest!

81 TUNE—"Rousseau."

- 1 HARK! the voice of Jesus call-  
 ing—  
 "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."
- 2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,  
 Still the Saviour calls to thee;  
 Faith can hear His gracious accents—  
 "Come, ye laden, come to Me."\*
- 3 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.\*
- 4 Life is found alone in Jesus,  
 Only there 'tis offered thee—  
 Offered without price or money,  
 'Tis the gift of God, sent free.\*

82 TUNE—"Message of Mercy." P.M.

- 1 HARK! hark! hark!  
 'Tis a message of mercy  
 free.  
 There's refuge from judgment with-  
 in the ark,  
 Oh sinner, there's room for thee.  
 Room for thee, room for thee,  
 There's refuge from judgment within  
 the ark,  
 Oh sinner, there's room for thee.



2 Come! come! come!  
'Twas Jesus who rescued me.  
The waters of judgment will close  
o'er some,  
Oh, why should they close o'er  
thee?

3 Haste! haste! haste!  
Delay not from wrath to flee.  
Oh, wherefore the moments in mad-  
ness waste  
Whilst mercy still waits for thee?

4 Look! look! look!  
The Saviour in glory see.  
The load of my sins on Himself He  
took,  
He suffered and died for me.

5 Now! now! now!  
To-morrow too late may be.  
Oh, sinner, acknowledge His glory  
now,  
And know that He died for thee.

83 TUNES—"Pilgrims of the Night,"  
"Angelic Songs;" "Hark, hark,  
my soul."

1 **H**ARK! hark! the voice of Christ,  
the sinner's Saviour,  
In glory seated on His Father's  
throne,  
Telling of love and everlasting favour  
For sinners far from God, by sin  
undone.  
Message of Jesus, message of  
love,  
Telling of welcome to that  
bright home above.

2 It is the voice of Him now crowned  
with glory,  
Telling of life for "whosoever  
will;"  
How sweet the sound of that en-  
trancing story,  
Which tells of love for guilty  
sinners still.

3 Blest words! they speak to us of  
God's salvation,  
Worked out by Christ alone upon  
the cross,  
Who by His blood redeems from  
every nation,  
And saves His people from eternal  
loss.

4 In darkness many still by works  
endeavour  
To grope their way and find some  
other door.  
One look to Christ would save their  
souls for ever;  
For Jesus died, and lives for ever-  
more.

3 Now, weary souls, who rest and peace  
are seeking,  
Who long for One to meet their  
deepest need,  
Hear in the Word the voice of Jesus  
speaking,  
And trust in Him who makes them  
free indeed.

6 [Soon Jesus' voice of love may cease  
appealing,  
And in your face the door of mercy  
close.  
Spurn not the voice of Him, with  
heart so feeling,  
Who proved His love by dying for  
His foes.]

7 Soon Jesus, now, with joy from  
heaven descending,  
Will call His own to meet Him in  
the air,  
And myriad saints, in praise their  
voices blending,  
Will gaze with rapture on that face  
so fair.

Jesus is coming! sound it afar;  
Jesus is coming! the Bright  
and Morning Star.

84 TUNE—" *Sicilian Mariners.*" 8.7.

1 HARK! ten thousand voices  
crying

"Lamb of God!" with one accord;  
thousand thousand saints replying,  
Wake at once the echoing chord.

2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus  
waking,

All in Heaven together throng;  
Loud and far each tongue partaking  
Rolls around the endless song.

3 Grateful incense this ascending  
Ever to the Father's throne;  
Ev'ry knee to Jesus bending,  
All the mind in heaven is one.

4 All the Father's counsels claiming  
Equal honours to the Son,  
All the Son's effulgence beaming,  
Makes the Father's glory known.

5 By the Spirit all pervading,  
Hosts unnumbered round the  
Lamb,

Crown'd with light and joy unfading,  
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

6 Joyful now the new creation  
Rests in undisturb'd repose,  
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,  
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.

7 Hark! the heavenly notes again!  
Loudly swells the song of praise;  
Through creation's vault, Amen!  
Amen! responsive joy doth raise.

85 TUNE—" *Cyprus.*" 7.7.8.7.

1 H EAD of the church triumphant!  
We joyfully adore Thee;  
Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
Would sing like those in glory!  
We lift our hearts and voices,  
In blest anticipation,  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace  
And passing through the fire;—  
The love we praise which tries our  
ways

And ever brings us nigher;  
We lift our hearts, exulting  
In Thine almighty favour:

The love divine which made us Thine  
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Safely through all temptation:  
Nor will we fear, since Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation;  
The world with sin and Satan,  
Display their strength before us:  
By Thee we shall break thro' them all,  
And join the heavenly chorus.

4 By faith we see the glory  
Of which Thou dost assure us;  
The world despise, for that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us;  
And may we, counted worthy  
To meet the Son from heaven,  
There see our Lord, by all adored,  
To us in glory given.

86 TUNES—" *He is coming;*" " *Home at last;*" " *Shall we gather.*" 8.7.

1 H E is coming, coming for us;  
Soon we'll see His light afar,  
On the dark horizon rising,  
As the Bright and Morning Star,  
Cheering many a waking watcher,  
As the star whose kindly ray  
Heralds the approaching morning  
Just before the break of day.

Oh what joy, as night hangs  
round us,

'Tis to think of morning's  
ray;

Sweet to know He's coming  
for us,

Just before the break of  
day.

- 2 He is coming, coming for us ;  
 Soon we'll hear His voice on high ;  
 Dead and living, rising, changing,  
 In the twinkling of an eye  
 Shall be caught up all together,  
 For the meeting in the air ;  
 With a shout the Lord descending,  
 Shall Himself await us there.

Oh, what joy that great fore-  
 gathering,  
 Trysted meeting in the air !  
 Sweet to know He's coming  
 for us,  
 Calling us to join Him there.

- 3 He is coming—oh ! how solemn  
 When the Judge's voice is heard,  
 And in His own light He shows us  
 Every thought, and act, and word !  
 Deeds of merit as we thought them,  
 He will show us were but sin,  
 Little acts we had forgotten  
 He will tell us were for Him.

Oh ! what joy when He im-  
 puteth  
 Righteousness instead of  
 sin ;  
 Sweet to take the linen gar-  
 ments  
 All a gift, and all from Him.

- 4 He is coming as the Bridegroom,  
 Coming to unfold at last  
 The great secret of His purpose,  
 Mystery of ages past ;  
 And the Bride, to her is granted  
 In His beauty now to shine  
 As in rapture she exclaimeth,  
 " I am His, and He is mine."

Oh, what joy that marriage  
 union,  
 Mystery of love divine !  
 Sweet to sing in all its fulness,  
 " I am His, and He is mine."

## 87 TUNES—" St. Peter ; " " Home " (Chant). C.M.

- 1 HIGH in the Father's house  
 above,  
 Our mansion is prepared ;  
 There is the Home, the rest we love,  
 And there our bright reward.
- 2 With Him we love, in spotless white,  
 In glory we shall shine ;  
 His blissful presence our delight,  
 In love and joy divine.
- 3 All taint of sin shall be removed,  
 All evil done away ;  
 And we shall dwell with God's  
 Beloved,  
 Through God's eternal day.

## 88 TUNES—" Anchored ; " " Darwell." 6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 HIMSELF He could not save,  
 He on the cross must die,  
 Or mercy cannot come  
 To ruined sinners nigh ;  
 Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must  
 bleed,  
 That sinners might from sin be  
 freed.
- 2 Himself He could not save,  
 For Justice must be done ;  
 Our sins' full weight must fall  
 Upon the sinless One ;  
 For nothing less can God accept  
 In payment of that fearful debt.
- 3 Himself He could not save,  
 For He the Surety stood  
 For all who now rely  
 Upon His precious blood ;  
 He bore the penalty of guilt  
 When on the cross His blood was  
 spilt.
- 4 Himself He could not save,  
 Love's stream too deeply flowed,  
 In love Himself He gave,  
 To pay the debt we owed.  
 Obedience to His Father's will,  
 And love to Him did all fulfil

- 5 And now exalted high ;—  
 A Prince and Saviour He,  
 That Sinners might draw nigh  
 And drink of mercy free,  
 Of mercy now so richly shed,  
 For Jesus liveth Who was dead.

89 TUNES—"Cambridge ;"  
 "St. Michael." S.M.

- 1 HIS be the Victor's name,  
 Who fought the fight alone ;  
 Triumphant saints no honour claim,  
 His conquest was their own.
- 2 By weakness and defeat,  
 He won the meed and crown ;  
 Trod all our foes beneath His feet,  
 By being trodden down.
- 3 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,  
 Slain in His victory ;  
 Who lived, who died, who lives  
 again—  
 For thee, His Church, for thee !

\*90 see 71A  
 God has been glorified in Man.

91 TUNE—"Rock of Ages." 8.7.4.

- 1 HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee,  
 Seated on the throne of God ;  
 Soon in glory, all before Thee  
 Shall proclaim Thy praise abroad.  
 "Thou art worthy,"  
 We were ransomed by Thy blood.
- 2 Saviour, though the world despised  
 Thee,  
 Though Thou here wast crucified ;  
 Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,  
 Lord of all creation wide.  
 "Thou art worthy,"  
 We shall live, for Thou hast died.
- 3 And though here on earth rejected,  
 'Tis but fellowship with Thee ;  
 Should we not with joy expect it  
 Here like Thee, our Lord to be ?  
 "Thou art worthy,"  
 Thou from earth hast set us free.

- 4 Haste the day of Thine appearing,  
 With Thy ransomed saints to reign,  
 Then shall end all days of mourning,  
 We shall sing with triumph then.  
 "Thou art worthy,"  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

92 TUNE—"Aurelia."

- 1 HOW blessed, God and Father,  
 That we may call Thee thus !  
 How great indeed the favour  
 Thou hast conferred on us !  
 That we should be Thy children,  
 And "Abba, Father," cry ;  
 Be here for Thine own pleasure,  
 And in Thy Home on high !
- 2 That world of light and glory,  
 In Heaven's brightest sphere,  
 Thou giv'st us now to enter,  
 Its deepest joys to share.  
 A world of holy pleasure,  
 Of sweet divine delight,  
 Where Christ alone is centre,  
 Where all's supremely bright.
- 3 It is Thy Name, our Father,  
 Which fills that world of joy  
 With pure divine affections,  
 Unmingled with alloy.  
 It is Thy love to Jesus  
 Which makes that scene so bright,  
 That love which us embraces  
 As sons with Christ in light.
- 4 Thy Son, our God and Father,  
 Delights in Thy blest name,  
 And we, too, by the Spirit,  
 Would ever do the same.  
 As Son, He joys to tell us  
 His Father's Name of love,  
 Unfold the wondrous treasures  
 Of Thine own Home above.

93 TUNES—"St. Peter;" "Tara's Halls;" "He sitteth o'er the water floods." IIS. C.M.D.

1 HOW blest a Home! The Father's House!

There love divine doth rest;  
What else could satisfy the hearts  
Of those in Jesus blest?  
His home made ours—His Father's love

Our heart's full portion given,  
The portion of the First-born Son,  
The full delight of Heaven.

2 Oh, what a Home! The Son who knows,

He only—all His love;  
And brings us as His well-beloved,  
To that bright rest above—  
Dwells in His bosom, knoweth all  
That in that bosom lies,  
And came to earth to make it known,  
That we might share His joys.

3 Oh, what a Home! there fullest love

Flows through its courts of light;  
The Son's divine affections flow,  
Throughout its depth and height.  
And full response the Father gives,  
To fill with joy the heart—  
No cloud is there to dim the scene,  
Or shadow to impart.

4 Oh, what a Home! But such His love

That He must bring us there,  
To fill that home, to be with Him  
And all His glory share.  
The Father's House, the Father's heart,

All that the Son is given  
Made ours—the objects of His love  
And He, our joy in heaven.

94 TUNES—"Home, sweet Home!" "Skelton." II.10.

1 "HOW bright there above is the mercy of God!"—

"And void of all guilt, and clear of all sin,

Is my conscience and heart, thro' my Saviour's blood."—

"Not a cloud above"—"not a spot within."

2 Christ died! then I am clean:

"Not a spot within."—

God's mercy and love!

"Not a cloud above."

'Tis the Spirit, thro' faith, thus triumphs o'er sin:

"Not a cloud above"—"not a spot within."

95 TUNE—"Wiltshire." C.M.

1 HOW can we sink with such a prop  
As the Eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up  
And spread the heavens abroad?

2 How can we die if Jesus live,  
As risen from the dead?  
Since life and grace our souls receive  
In our exalted Head.

3 All that we are, and all we have,  
Shall be for ever Thine;  
And all a cheerful heart could give,  
Our willing hands resign.

4 And could we yet make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
We love Thee, Lord, with such a love,  
That we would give Thee all.

96 TUNE—"The Gospel of Thy Grace."

1 HOW glad the tidings are,  
How thou didst send Thy Son,  
That we that place might share  
Which He for us has won;  
That we whom Jesus came to save,  
Eternal life in Him might have!

2 He is from judgment free,  
And fully justified,  
Who trusts, O God, in Thee,  
Who raised the One that died.  
For Thou hast raised to die no more  
The One who our offences bore.

3 Thou didst, by faith we see,  
Deliver Jesus there,  
Didst make Him sin to be,  
Our many sins to bear,  
And us, O God, to justify,  
Hast raised the One Who came to die.

4 And Thou hast made Him Lord,  
Whose precious blood was shed,  
True witness of Thy Word,  
That Jesus once was dead.  
But now He lives, who suffered thus,  
And opens Glory, too, for us.

5 Believing Thee, Thy Word  
Assures us we have peace  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
And doubts for ever cease.  
We've peace with Thee, our Blessed God,  
Yes! peace through Jesus' precious blood.

6 Through Him, by faith, have we  
Free access to this grace,  
And we, who once were lost,  
In hope of glory boast—  
We stand in grace, redeemed by blood,  
And boast in Thee, our Blessed God.

97 TUNES—"Elland;" "Celeste"  
(Realms of the Blest). 8s.

1 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.

2 '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.

98 TUNES—"Adeste Fideles;"  
"Home, sweet Home." 11s.

1 HOW loving is Jesus, Who came  
from the sky,  
In tenderest pity for sinners to die;  
His hands and His feet were nailed  
to the tree,  
And all this He suffered for sinners  
like me.

2 How precious is Jesus to all who  
believe!  
And out of His fulness what grace  
they receive!  
When weak He supports them; when  
erring He guides;  
And everything needful He kindly  
provides.

3 How gladly does Jesus free pardon  
impart  
To all who receive Him by faith in  
their heart!  
And glory is for them, their home is  
above;  
Soon Jesus will fetch them to dwell  
in His love.

99 TUNE—"I think when I read." P.M.

1 HOW sweet and how new that  
old story of love  
Of Jesus Who came here to die,  
That sinners who trust Him might  
meet Him above,  
In His beautiful dwelling on high.

Chorus—

The children flocked round Him in  
those happy days,  
When Jesus was here upon earth,  
They trusted Him simply and  
chanted His praise,  
In their songs of His greatness and  
worth.

2 How many imagine if only they  
could  
Have followed and been with Him  
then,  
'Twould be easy to trust one who did  
so much good,  
And Who brought down such love  
amongst men.

3 But to trust Jesus *Risen* is easier  
still,  
For thro' death He has opened a  
way  
And He can, and He does, and He  
certainly will  
Bless the sinner who trusts Him  
to-day.

4 Since Christ has in body ascended  
up there,  
He is easier now to approach,  
And all, who have come to Him, find  
Him so near  
That by faith they the Saviour can  
touch.

*Chorus to last verse—*

Yes, children flock round Him since  
those happy days,  
Though Christ is rejected from  
earth,  
They trust Him in *Heaven* and chant  
His blest praise  
In their songs of His greatness and  
worth.

100 TUNES—"Aldwyn," "Cyprus."  
P.M.

1 HOW sweet away from self to flee,  
And shelter in our Saviour;  
Oh! precious grace, with Him's our  
place,  
In God's eternal favour.  
Jesus the goal, before our soul,  
The One we know in glory;  
While we're on earth, we'd tell His  
worth,  
A saved one's sweetest story!

101 TUNES—"The Lion of Judah;"  
"To God be the Glory;" "'Tis  
the promise of God," P.M.

1 HOW sweet is the story of God's  
boundless love,  
That brought His blest Son from the  
glory above.  
Who died in our stead upon Calvary's  
tree,  
Obtaining redemption that we might  
be free.

Sound His praise! sound His  
praise! all the work has been  
done,  
Praise His name! praise His name!  
God's own blessed Son.  
We give Him the glory, our Saviour  
and Friend,  
Our song is of Jesus, and never  
will end.

2 How wondrous the story! the claims  
of the throne  
Were met by the blood which for  
guilt did atone;  
The judgment of sin has been borne  
by the Son,  
Who glorified God in the work He  
has done.

3 How brilliant the glory where Christ  
is enthroned!  
How rightly His name above others  
is owned!  
Yes, Jesus, the Saviour, the glory-  
crowned Lord,  
Is worthy by all to be ever adored.

4 How blessed the hope of all those  
who believe  
That Jesus is coming, "His own"  
to receive,  
What rapture! what glory! for ever  
will be,  
When, "caught up" to meet Him,  
their Saviour they see.

102 TUNE—"Mothers of Salem."

1 **H**OW wondrous the message that  
comes from Christ in Glory,  
From Him Whose hands and feet  
were pierced and nailed to the  
tree !

"Tis by His word He speaks to-day,  
And sweet it is to hear Him say,  
"Come, he that thirsteth, and  
whosoever will."

2 How sweet is the story of God's  
great love to sinners,  
That God so loved the world that  
He did give His only Son ;  
That now, through Him once  
crucified,  
The door of heaven is open wide,  
Open for sinners—for "whosoever  
will."

3 But why did He love so a world  
which never loved Him ?

Oh ! was it not because He's God,  
and is in nature love ?

In love He calls the sinner in,  
Through Him Who suffered once  
for sin ;

"Come, he that thirsteth, and  
whosoever will."

4 But what led the Saviour to give  
His life for sinners ?

For those who turned away from  
God, and loved to do their will ?

He bore the wrath and curse to  
prove

That "God is light," and "God is  
love ;"

Opening the Glory for "whosoever  
will."

5 How simple it is, then, to trust that  
risen Saviour,

That blessed Man Who conquered  
death, and lives for evermore !

What value in the precious blood  
Of Jesus Christ the Son of God !

Opening the Glory for "whosoever  
will."

103 TUNES—"S. Peter," "Belmont,"  
"Spohr." C.M.

1 **H**OW 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,  
It calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Blest name ! the rock on which we  
build,

Our shield and hiding-place ;

Our never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
Thou Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,  
Accept the praise we bring.

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

6 Till then we would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And triumph in Thy blessed name,  
Which quells the power of death.

104 TUNE—"There is a Fountain." P.M.

1 **H**O ! ye that thirst, approach the  
spring

Whence living waters flow ;

Free to that open fountain all  
Without a price may go.

\*Without a price may go ;

Free to that open fountain all  
Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight  
Will ye in crowds repair ?

How long your strength and sub-  
stance waste

On trifles light as air ?\*



- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies  
That health and pleasure give ;  
Incline your ear and come to me :  
The soul that hears shall live.\*
- 4 Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear  
Is open to your call ;  
While offered mercy still is near,  
Before His footstool fall.\*

**105** TUNE—" *I am now a Child of God.*" P.M.

- 1 I AM now a child of God,  
And I'm washed in Jesus' blood ;  
I am watching, and I'm hoping thro'  
His grace,  
Soon to meet Him in the air,  
His blest Home of love to share,  
Have His welcome, when I see Him  
face to face.

\*In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Washed of every stain I am ;  
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,  
Soon to see Him face to face.

- 2 Oh, the blessed Lord of light !  
I am perfect in His sight !  
And He gives me at His side e'en now  
a place,  
Yea, He bears me on His breast !  
Oh, the sweetness of His rest !  
And I'm hoping soon to see Him face  
to face.\*

- 3 Yes, I'll meet Him in the air,  
When His well-known voice I hear,  
When the weary workers rest for  
evermore ;  
When the strife of earth is done,  
And the crown of life is won :  
When the dead and living saints shall  
upward soar.\*

- 4 Burst then all my prison bars,  
When I soar beyond the stars,  
To my Father's House, that bright and  
happy place ;  
When the morn eternal breaks,  
When the song of triumph wakes,  
And with rapturous joy I see Him  
face to face.\*

**106** TUNE—" *Franconia.*" 6.5.D.

- 1 I BELONG to Jesus—  
'Twas a happy day,  
When His blood most precious  
Washed my sins away ;  
When the Holy Spirit  
Changed my heart of stone,  
Set His mark upon me,  
Sealed me for His own.

- 2 I belong to Jesus—  
May I gladly spend  
All my life in pleasing  
My Almighty Friend.  
Since He is so holy,  
I should watch and pray,  
That I may grow like Him  
More and more each day.

- 3 I belong to Jesus—  
Soon He will be here ;  
Since I love and trust Him,  
What have I to fear ?  
Round about Him gathered  
Will His people be :  
And I'm sure that Jesus  
Will remember me.

**107** TUNES—" *Heber ;*" " *Aurelia ;*"  
" *Confidence ;*" " *Missionary.*" 7.6.

- 1 I COULD not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
Who by Thy Blood redeemed me  
At such tremendous cost ;  
Thy blessed Self, Lord JESUS,  
And precious Blood shall be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness  
No wisdom of my own ;  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee ;  
 No other friend can read  
 The spirit's silent longings,  
 Interpreting its need ;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
 O blessed Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,  
 For, oh, the way is long,  
 And I am often weary,  
 And sigh replaces song !  
 How could I do without Thee ?  
 I do not know the way ;  
 Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
 And wilt not let me stray.  
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**108** TUNES—"Work, for the night is coming ;" "Missionary." 7.6.

1 I AM not told to labour,  
 To put away my sin ;  
 So foolish, weak, and helpless,  
 I never could begin ;  
 But blessed truth—I know it !  
 Though ruined by the fall,  
 Christ for my soul has suffered—  
 Yes ! Christ has done it all !

2 And if I now would seek Him,—  
 In love He sought for me,  
 When far from Him I wandered  
 In sin and misery ;  
 He'ope'd my ears, and gave me  
 To listen to His call ;  
 He sought me and He found me !  
 Yes ! Christ has done it all !

3 And now I cannot please Him  
 In aught I say or do,  
 Unless He daily help me  
 His glory to pursue ;  
 Still helpless and still feeble,  
 On His strong arm I fall,  
 My strength in pressing onward—  
 Yes ! Christ has done it all !

4 And when in heavenly glory  
 My ransomed soul shall be,  
 From sin and all pollution  
 For ever, ever free.  
 I'll cast my crown before Him,  
 And loud His grace extol—  
 "Thou hast Thyself redeemed me ;  
 Yes ! Thou hast done it all !"

**109** TUNES—"Ellacombe," "Aurelia." 7.6.

1 I HAVE a glorious Saviour,  
 Who died upon the tree ;  
 My sins He bare, and suffered there  
 The wrath of God for me !  
 And my salvation now is sure  
 (Since Christ the work has done),  
 For God declares, in righteousness  
 He owes it to His Son.

2 'Twas God who sent this Saviour,  
 This spotless Lamb, Who died ;  
 And, trusting in His precious blood,  
 I'm freely justified.  
 Ah ! not for me by deeds of law  
 Salvation could be won :  
 Of grace alone, through righteousness,  
 God saves me by His Son.

3 Oh ! Jesus is my Saviour ;  
 "The Mighty God !" His name ;  
 To seek and save the lost and vile,  
 As Son of Man, He came.  
 In all His great atoning work  
 The will of God is done ;  
 And God delights, in righteousness,  
 To bless me by His Son.

4 He is the risen Saviour,  
 Alive for evermore ;  
 He loves to ease the burdened heart  
 Of each whose sins He bore.  
 Believe—and God's salvation sure  
 Is free to every one ;  
 In manifested righteousness  
 He honours thus His Son

**110** TUNES—"Solyma;" "Greenwood." S.M.

- 1 **I** HAVE a Home above,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Designed and formed for me.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand  
Has built this blest abode;  
From everlasting it was planned,  
The dwelling-place of God.
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He passed through death's dark  
raging flood,  
To make my rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,  
The Earnest has been given,  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.
- 5 Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be;  
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening  
word  
That bids me rise to Thee.
- 6 And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

**111** TUNES—"Vox Dilecti," "Invitation;" "Martyrdom." C.M.D.

- 1 **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.
- 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 to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

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**112** TUNES—"Dennis" (Ripon);  
"Tytherton." S.M.

- 1 **I** HEAR the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,  
Sure as Jehovah's name,  
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.
- 3 My love is oft-times low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with Him remains the  
same,  
No change Jehovah knows.
- 4 I change, He changes not;  
My Christ can never die.  
His love, not mine, the resting-place,  
His truth, not mine, the tie.
- 5 The cross still stands unchanged,  
Though Heaven is now His home;  
The mighty stone is rolled away,  
But yonder is His tomb.
- 6 And yonder is my peace,  
The grave of all my woes;  
I know the Son of God has come,  
I know He died and rose.

- 7 I know He liveth now,  
At God's right hand above ;  
I know the throne on which He sits,  
I know His truth and love.  
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113 TUNE—"Missionary." 7.6.7.6.D

- 1 I LOVE my Friend and Saviour !  
No earthly friend can be  
One half so kind and faithful  
As He has been to me.  
Before my lips could utter  
His sweet and precious Name,  
Until the present moment  
His love has been the same.

- 2 He left His home in glory  
To save my soul from death ;  
And now He's interceding  
And still sustains my breath.  
I lay me down and slumber  
All through the hours of night,  
And wake again in safety  
To hail the morning light.

- 3 It is but very little  
For Him that I can do :  
Then let me seek to serve Him  
My earthly journey through,  
And without sigh or murmur  
To do His holy will,  
And in my daily duties  
His wise commands fulfil.

- 4 And when I reach the mansion  
He has prepared for me,  
'Twill be my grateful pleasure  
My Saviour's face to see ;  
And when the heavenly anthem  
Shall burst upon my ear,  
How eagerly I'll listen  
My Saviour's voice to hear !

114 TUNES—"I love to tell the  
Story ;" "Ellacombe." 7.6.

- 1 I LOVE to sing of Jesus,  
The story all so true ;  
To me most sweet and precious,  
The old but ever new.  
He came from brightest glory,  
From radiant courts on high ;  
How matchless is the story  
Of Him Who came to die !  
\*Ch.—I love to sing of Jesus,  
Who gave Himself for me.
- 2 The Babe in Bethlehem's manger,  
The Lowly One on Earth ;  
Rejected and a Stranger,  
Few cared to know His worth.  
My soul would now recall Him,  
In all His perfect love ;  
Which only Calvary's Victim  
Its wondrous depths could prove.
- 3 'Twas there my Saviour suffered,  
And tasted death for me ;  
Yes, there the work He finished,  
That sets me ever free.  
My sins all laid upon Him,  
The wrath and judgment borne,  
The power of Satan broken,  
In JESU's death of scorn.\*
- 4 And now the Lord is risen,  
His travail ever o'er ;  
Seated in highest heaven,  
Alive to die no more.  
And soon He's coming for me,  
To take me Home above ;  
Where still I'll sing the story  
Of JESUS and His love.\*

115 TUNES—"Adeste Fideles ;"  
"Jewels ;" "The Land o' the  
Leal," &c. P.M.

- 1 I'M waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
I'm waiting for Thee, for Thy coming  
again.

Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,  
A place to prepare, Lord,  
Thy home I shall share at Thy  
coming again.

2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,  
I'm oft weary here, Lord ;  
The day must be near of Thy coming  
again.

'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,  
No sighing nor care, Lord,  
But glory so fair at Thy coming  
again.

3 Our loved ones before, Lord,  
Their troubles are o'er, Lord.  
I'll meet them once more at Thy  
coming again.  
Thy blood was the sign, Lord,  
That marked them as Thine, Lord,  
And brightly they'll shine at Thy  
coming again.

4 E'en now let my ways, Lord,  
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord ;  
For brief are the days ere Thy  
coming again.  
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
No triumph for me like Thy coming  
again.

116 TUNES—"Aurelia;"  
"Missionary." 7.6.

1 I N deep, eternal counsel,  
Before the world was made—  
Before its deep foundations  
On nothingness were laid ;  
God purposed us for blessing,  
And chose us in His Son,  
To Him to be conformed,  
When here our course was run.

2 In present, blest acceptance  
In Him who came to die ;  
In Him, who now is seated  
At Thy right hand on high ;  
In grace, which is unchanging,  
We stand from day to day,  
And prove the boundless mercies  
Which strew our pilgrim way.

3 And when the day of glory  
Shall burst upon this scene,  
Dispelling all the darkness  
Which deep'ning still had been ;  
Oh, then He'll come in brightness  
Whom every eye shall see,  
Arrayed in power and glory,  
And we shall with Him be.

4 For He, who left His glory,  
To die upon the tree,  
Will soon complete the story  
And come again, and we,  
Conformed to His image  
As known, be brought to know,  
And with increasing fervour,  
Our ceaseless praise shall flow

117 TUNE—"Dublin." 7.6.

1 I N Heavenly Love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear,  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed ?

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

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

4 Ere yet another morning,  
 My spirit may be free,  
 As absent from the body,  
 At home, O Lord, with Thee.  
 O sleep ! O rest ! how precious,  
 As guarded by Thy care,  
 I'm waiting for Thy promise  
 To meet Thee in the air.

5 The Lord Himself, e'en Jesus,  
 Amid the ransomed throng,  
 Its glory, joy, and beauty,  
 Its never-ending song.  
 O day of wondrous promise,  
 The Bridegroom and the bride  
 Are seen in glory ever :  
 O God ! how satisfied.

# 118 TUNES—"Eventide;" "Hoyland." 108.

1 **I**N hope we lift our wistful, longing  
 eyes,  
 Waiting to see the Morning Star  
 arise !  
 How bright, how gladsome will His  
 advent be,  
 Before the sun shines forth in  
 majesty !

2 How will our eyes to see His face  
 delight,  
 Whose love has cheered us through  
 the darksome night !  
 How will our ears drink in His well-  
 known voice,  
 Whose faintest whispers make our  
 soul rejoice !

3 No stain within, no foes or snares  
 around ;  
 No jarring notes shall there dis-  
 cordant sound ;  
 All pure without, all pure within the  
 breast ;  
 No thorns to wound, no toil to mar  
 our rest.

4 If here on earth the thoughts of  
 Jesus' love,  
 Lift our poor hearts this weary  
 world above ;  
 If even here the taste of heavenly  
 springs  
 So cheers the spirit that the pilgrim  
 sings ;

5 What will the sunshine of His glory  
 prove ?  
 What the unmingled fulness of His  
 love ?  
 What hallelujahs will His presence  
 raise ?  
 What but one loud eternal burst of  
 praise ?

# 119 TUNES—"Mullaghmore;" "Lead on, Almighty Lord." S.M.

1 **I**N righteousness, O God,  
 Thou now hast glorified  
 The One Who bore sin's heavy load,  
 And for Thy Glory died.

2 Now in His Face we see  
 Thy Glory fully shine,  
 And joy that Man is placed with  
 Thee  
 In righteousness divine.

3 The Holy and the True  
 The glorious work has done,  
 And glory was His righteous due,  
 As Thou, O God, hast shown.

4 Thy truth, and holiness,  
 Thy majesty, we see,  
 Thy wondrous love, and righteous-  
 ness  
 Displayed on Calvary's tree.

5 A righteous answer Thou,  
 O God, to Christ hast given !  
 He occupies in Glory now  
 The highest place in heaven !

6 Can righteousness deny  
 To Him, His Church, His Bride ?  
 No ! we must soon, like Him on high,  
 With Him be glorified.

- 7 The One Who knew not sin,  
Thou hast made sin for us,  
That we might, in Thy Christ  
brought in,  
Become Thy righteousness.
- 8 In Him now justified,  
We ever shall express,  
As robed in Christ, and glorified,  
O God, Thy righteousness.

**120** TUNE—"The Ninety and Nine."

- 1 I N the countless abodes of Heaven  
above,  
There's a blissful Home for me.  
The place prepared in the Father's  
love  
In the Father's House must be.  
A Home in the glory, bright and  
fair,  
A Home with Jesus, for He is there.
- 2 I am going to Him: His Home above,  
Is the Place, the Home for me.  
I am called to dwell in His Father's  
love,  
His glorious Face to see.  
In the golden City, fair and bright,  
No need of the sun—the Lamb's  
the Light!
- 3 Since Jesus is gone to that Home  
above,  
He's prepared for me a place,  
And now I rest in the Father's love,  
Enjoying His wealth of grace.  
The way to the glory, bright and  
fair,  
Is open since JESUS has entered  
there!

**121** TUNES—"I am coming, Lord ;"  
"All to Christ I owe."

- 1 I OWE to Thee, blest Lord,  
Far more than voice can say ;  
For Thou hast paid my debt,  
And washed my sins away.  
\*Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain ; He  
washed me white as snow.

- 2 And now, O Lord, I find  
'Tis Thou Thyself alone  
Canst break the stubborn will,  
And melt the heart of stone.\*
- 3 But nothing good had I  
Whereby such grace to claim ;  
I owe it all to Thee,  
To Thee, Thou spotless Lamb.\*
- 4 How mighty was the debt  
Which Thou didst pay for me  
The weight of all my sins,  
O Lord, was laid on Thee.\*
- 5 And when in courts of light  
Thyself, O Lord, I see,  
How sweet 'twill be to sing  
How Thou didst die for me !\*

**122** TUNES—"Tallis' Ordinal ;"  
"Dunfermline." C.M.

- 1 I THANK Thee, O my gracious  
God,  
For all Thy love to me ;  
As deep, as high, as long, as broad  
As Thine eternity.
- 2 Thy love did choose me for Thine own  
Before the world began,  
When Thou, with Thine eternal Son,  
The work of grace didst plan.
- 3 And when I far from Thee did rove  
In paths of sin and shame,  
'Twas then Thou call'dst me in Thy  
love  
And gav'st me to the Lamb.
- 4 Oh ! happy day, when drawn by love  
To Thee, my Saviour God,  
My guilty conscience came to prove  
The power of Jesus' blood.
- 5 And happier still Himself to know,  
The changeless One, on high,  
Whose love led Him to stoop so low,  
To suffer and to die.
- 6 All thanks and praise to Thee I give,  
Who gav'st Thy Son for me ;  
I'll render praises while I live,  
And through eternity.

**123** TUNE—"Sweet story of old." P.M.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men ;  
How He called little children as lambs to the fold :  
I should like to have been with Him then.  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me ;  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said :  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 Yet still to His presence in faith I may go,  
For Jesus is living above ;  
And His Spirit so holy is dwelling below,  
To show me how great is His love.  
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,  
For those who are washed in His blood ;  
A home, and a rest, so glorious and fair :  
The rest that belongeth to God.

**124** TUNE—"Christ returneth." P.M.

1 I T may be at morn when the day is awaking,  
When sunlight through darkness and shadow is breaking,  
That Jesus will come from the fullness of glory,  
To receive from the world " His own."

\*O Lord Jesus, how long ?—  
How long—ere we shout the glad song ?—  
Christ returneth ! Hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! Amen !  
Hallelujah ! Amen !

2 It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight :

It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight  
Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,  
When Jesus receives " His own."\*

3 With summoning shout while from heaven descending  
With trumpet of God,—th' archangel attending—  
With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,  
Will Jesus receive " His own."\*

4 Oh joy ! oh delight ! should we go without dying !  
No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and no crying ;  
Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into glory,  
When Jesus receives " His own."\*

**125** TUNES—"St. Thomas ;" " It passeth knowledge." P.M.

1 I T passeth knowledge ! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling ! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.



3 It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of  
Thine,  
My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this heart  
of mine  
Would sing a love so rich—so full—  
so free,  
Which brought a rebel sinner, such  
as me,  
Nigh unto God.

4 But though I cannot tell, or sing, or  
know  
The fulness of Thy love while here  
below,  
My empty vessel I may freely bring—  
O Thou, Who art of love the living  
spring,  
My vessel fill.

5 I *am* an empty vessel—not one  
thought  
Or look of love to Thee I've ever  
brought ;  
Yet I *may* come, and come again to  
Thee,  
With this—the empty sinner's only  
plea—  
" *Thou lovest me !* "

6 Oh ! fill me, Jesus Saviour, with  
Thy love ;  
Lead, lead me to the living fount  
above !  
Thither may I in simple faith draw  
nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee.

7 And Jesus, when Thee face to face  
I see,  
When on Thy lofty throne I sit with  
Thee ;  
Then of Thy love in all its breadth  
and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting  
strength,  
My soul shall sing.

126 TUNE—"Aldwyn." 8.7.

1 I 'VE found a Friend ; oh, such a  
Friend !  
He loved me ere I knew Him !  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him ;  
And round my heart still closely  
twine  
Those ties which nought can sever,  
For I am His, and He is mine,  
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a  
Friend !  
He bled, He died to save me !  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But HIS OWN SELF He gave me.  
Nought 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 ; oh, such a  
Friend,  
So kind, so true, so tender,  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender.  
From Him Who loves me now so well  
What power my soul can sever ?  
Shall life or death, or earth or hell ?  
No : I am His for ever !

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

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127 TUNES—"St. Gertrude;"  
"St. Alban" (Haydn). IIS.

*Chorus first two lines.*

- 1 " I WILL never leave thee, never  
thee forsake ;"  
At Thy words, Lord Jesus, we fresh  
courage take.  
All may seem against us, everything  
give way.  
Thou, O God, art for us, Thou dost  
win the day.
- 2 When the streams of evil rush in  
like a flood,  
Glorious then the standard raised  
by Thee, our God.  
Giants bow before Thee, battlements  
fall down,  
Planets in their courses must Thy  
power own.
- 3 Lies there still before us land to be  
possessed ?  
At the thought of battle, is the heart  
oppressed ?  
Jesus, Lord, our Captain, with Thy  
naked sword,  
Thou Thyself dost lead us, cheering  
by Thy word.
- 4 In the heavenly places, not 'gainst  
flesh and blood,  
But 'gainst powers of darkness, saints  
have ever stood.  
Girt with belt and breastplate, and  
the feet well shod,  
Take we shield and helmet, and the  
Word of God.
- 5 Earth's resources fail us in the deadly  
strife ;  
Thou, Lord, still remainest our eter-  
nal life.  
Blest with every blessing in Thyself  
above,  
There in fullest favour, loved with  
perfect love.

- 6 Lord, 'tis life to know Thee there in  
Thy bright Home,  
Whilst in body waiting for Thyself to  
come  
Quickly pass the moments of this  
"little while,"  
Blest in thine own circle, with the  
Father's smile.

128 TUNES—"Bands of Love;" "For  
ever with the Lord." S.M.D.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled :  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my Home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child :  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert waste and wild :  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone ;  
He bound me with the chains of love,  
He saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is :  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His  
blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole :  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep ;  
'Twas He that brought me to His  
home ;  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled ;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold :  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam ;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
I love, I love His Home

129 TUNE—"Jerusalem the Golden"  
(Ewing). 7.6.

- 1 JERUSALEM the Holy,  
The City of our God,  
Descending out of Heaven,  
And bought with Jesu's blood.  
Like to a stone most precious,  
As crystal bright and clear,  
'Tis seen in jasper glory,  
Oh God, to Thee how dear!
- 2 The Lamb, the City's Temple,  
The City is the Bride,  
The walls are all of jasper,  
The Church is glorified.  
The street itself is golden  
In righteousness divine;  
The saints in perfect favour  
In all His glory shine.
- 3 Nor sun nor moon it needeth,  
The Lamb doth bear the light,  
God's glory it doth lighten  
With its effulgence bright.  
Its gates of pearl are open,  
And *there* there is no night:  
The nations bring it glory,  
And walk in heavenly light.
- 4 There, too, the crystal River,  
Proceeding from the throne;  
They worship, through the Spirit,  
God and the Lamb alone.  
And there beside the River  
Is Christ, the Tree of Life,  
Fresh fruits each month delighting,  
The Church, the Bride, His Wife.
- 5 The leaves, too, for the healing  
Of nations upon earth;  
Both heaven and earth uniting  
To sing the Saviour's worth.  
His servants on their foreheads  
Bear Jesu's name alone;  
They see His face and serve Him  
Who sits upon the throne.
- 6 O happy, blessed prospect,  
When we shall hear His voice,  
When we shall rise to meet Him,  
And all His saints rejoice!

When robed in white we'll gather  
Around His glorious throne,  
And all unite in praising  
God and the Lamb alone!

130 TUNES—"Art thou weary?"  
"Hartham." 8.5.8.3.

- 1 JESUS died, and still the story  
God proclaims on high;  
That we each may reach the glory  
Bye and bye.
- 2 Jesus lives in heaven a Saviour,  
Witnesses to God  
All the value and the savour  
Of His blood.
- 3 Children now may come to Jesus,  
In their early days;  
Children now may swell the chorus  
Of His praise.
- 4 'Twas for them His life was given;  
And He waits to see,  
Round His throne, in that bright  
heaven,  
Such as we.

131 TUNE—"Sawley." C.M.

- 1 JESUS! how much Thy name un-  
folds  
To every opened ear;  
The pardoned sinner's memory holds  
None other half so dear.
- 2 Thy name encircles every grace  
That God as man could show;  
There only could He fully trace  
A life divine below.
- 3 Jesus—it speaks a life of love,  
Of sorrows meekly borne;  
It tells of sympathy above  
Whatever makes us mourn.
- 4 Jesus—the One Who knew no sin;  
Made sin to make us just;  
Thou gav'st Thyself our love to win—  
Our full confiding trust.
- 6 The mention of Thy name shall bow  
Our hearts to worship Thee;  
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,  
Whose love has set us free.

**132** TUNES—"St. Gertrude;" "Jesus is our Shepherd" (*Fides*); "*Francia*."  
IIS.

1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;  
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?  
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd: well we know His voice!  
How its gentle whisper makes our heart rejoice!  
Even when He chideth, tender is His tone.  
None but He shall guide us—we are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd: for the sheep He bled;  
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed.  
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign:  
They that have Thy Spirit, Jesus, Lord, are Thine.

4 Jesus is our Shepherd: guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm.  
Even in death's valley He dispels the gloom,  
Fear we now no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

**133** TUNES—"Anchored;" "Safe Home;" "Ellington."

1 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.

2 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.

3 JESUS! all praise above:  
We sing Thy blessed 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.

**134** TUNES—"St. John Damascene;" "Jesus, I will trust Thee;" "St. Gertrude." 6.5.

1 JESUS, Lord, I trust Thee—trust Thee with my soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou dost make me whole;  
There is none in Heaven or on earth like Thee;  
Thou hast died for sinners, therefore, Lord, for me.  
[In Thee, Lord, believing,  
I have peace with God,  
Resting for salvation  
In Thy precious blood.]

2 Jesus, Lord, I trust Thee—pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days,  
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face,  
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

3 Jesus, Lord, I trust Thee—trust without a doubt;  
"Whosoever cometh" Thou wilt not cast out.  
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;  
This my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.  
[In Thy love confiding,  
I shall see Thy face,  
Worship and adore Thee  
For Thy wondrous grace.]

135 TUNES—"Ernan ; " "Whitburn."

L.M.

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour! Thou art mine,  
The Father's gift of love divine,  
All Thou hast done, and all Thou art,  
Are now the portion of my heart.
- 2 Once I was lost in sin and shame,  
I now can glory in Thy name;  
Now cleansed in Thy most precious  
blood  
And made the righteousness of God.
- 3 All that Thou hast, Thou hast for me,  
All my fresh springs are hid in Thee;  
In Thee I live; while I confess  
I nothing am, yet all possess.
- 4 O Saviour, teach me to abide  
Close sheltered at Thy trusted side,  
Each hour receiving "grace on  
grace,"  
Until I see Thee face to face.

136 TUNE—"Abridge." C.M.

- 1 JESUS, of Thee we ne'er would tire,  
The new and living food  
Can satisfy our heart's desire,  
And life is in Thy blood.
  - 2 If such the happy midnight song  
Our prisoned spirits raise,  
What are the joys that cause, ere  
long,  
Eternal bursts of praise.
  - 2 To look within and see no stain—  
Abroad no curse to trace;  
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,  
But see Thee face to face.
  - 4 To find each hope of glory gained,  
Fulfilled each precious word;  
And fully all to have attained  
The image of our Lord.
- For this, we're pressing onward still,  
And in this hope would be  
More subject to the Father's will—  
E'en now much more like Thee.

137 TUNE—"Wiltshire." C.M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, Thou Morning  
Star,  
How well we know Thy name,  
Jesus, the Lord, the Crucified—  
In glory still the same.
- 2 Jesus the One Who left the throne  
To save a ruined race,  
Thy love and lowliness still shine  
Upon Thy glorious face.
- 3 Jesus, the One Who trod the earth,  
The lowly subject One,  
Obedience unto death was Thine—  
God's well-beloved Son!
- 4 Jesus, what mem'ries thrill our hearts  
Of Thy blest footprints here,  
While now to heav'n our eyes we turn  
And gaze upon Thee there!
- 5 Jesus, our Saviour, quickly come!  
That we may with Thee be;  
Heaven's morning breaks and glory  
dawns,  
When Thy blest face we see.

138 TUNE—"Jesus, my Saviour, to  
Bethlehem came."

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, with what joy  
Thou didst show  
Infinite love amidst sorrow and woe,  
When, for the first time, was heard  
here below,  
"Come unto Me, to Me."
- 2 Oh how the leper, the lame, and the  
blind,  
Weary ones, troubled in body or  
mind,  
Oh how they gathered a Saviour to  
find,  
Trusting in Thee, in Thee.
- 3 Not even *one* was sent empty away;  
How could Thy heart to the needy  
say "Nay"?  
Sweetly Thy words sounded day  
after day:  
"Come unto Me, to Me."

- 4 Words of eternal life, well do we know,  
Found their deep spring in *Thyself*  
here below,  
Where and to whom, blessed Lord,  
could we go ?  
Only to Thee, to Thee.
- 5 Who but Thyself, Lord, the Blest  
Son of God,  
Ever could take away sin's heavy  
load,  
Purging the conscience by shedding  
Thy blood,  
Dying for me, for me ?
- 6 Thou the fierce battle with Satan  
hast won,  
Rising, has proved Thyself truly  
God's Son,  
Life, yes, *eternal* life, find we alone,  
Only in Thee, in Thee.
- 7 Keep us, O Lord, whilst on earth  
here we roam,  
Filled with *Thyself* and the prospects  
of *Home*,  
Waiting and watching until Thou  
shalt come,  
Watching for Thee, for Thee.
- 139 TUNE—"Brightest and best of the  
sons of the Morning" (*Mendels-  
sohn*). II.10.
- 1 JESUS our Lord, with what joy we  
adore Thee ;  
Chanting our praise to Thyself on  
the throne.  
Blest in Thy presence we worship  
before Thee,  
Own Thou art worthy, and worthy  
alone.
- 2 In the beginning, before all creation,  
Son of the bosom, the Father's  
delight :  
Yet didst Thou stoop to the lowliest  
station,  
Seeking not glories, Thine own  
proper right.
- 3 Blest Son of God, here in life truly  
human,  
Lower than angels, to die in our  
stead.  
How hast Thou, long-promised  
"Seed of the woman,"  
Trod on the Serpent, and bruised  
his head !
- 4 How didst Thou humble Thyself to  
be taken,  
Led by mere creatures, and nailed  
to the cross ;  
Hated of men, and of God, too, for-  
saken,  
Bearing the wrath, and the curse,  
and the loss.
- 5 How hast Thou triumphed, and  
triumphed with glory,  
Battled death's forces, rolled back  
every wave !  
Can we refrain then from telling the  
story,  
How Thou art Victor o'er death  
and the grave ?
- 6 "Lord, what is man ?" we would  
break forth exclaiming ;  
Jesus, the Crowned One, the Lamb  
that was slain !  
Joyful we own Thee, Thy praises  
proclaiming ;  
Death Thou has vanquished by  
rising again !
- 7 "Lord, what is man ?" can we ever  
cease telling ?  
Jesus in lowliness walking on earth,  
Highest in Heaven, all creatures  
excelling,  
Peerless Thy Person, and match-  
less Thy worth !
- 8 "Lord, what is man ?" Yes, with  
deep adoration,  
Gladly prolong we this wonderful  
theme ;  
Jesus, Divine One, Thou Head of  
creation,  
Head of Thy Church, which Thou  
can'st to redeem !

**140** TUNE—"Man of Sorrows." P.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! Saviour! Precious Name  
Of the Son of God, Who came  
Ruined sinners to redeem,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Leaving scenes of purest light,  
Veiling glory fair and bright,  
"Cross of Christ," oh, wondrous sight,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Lost, and in our sins, were we;  
Spotless, sinless, holy, He,  
Bearing guilt upon the tree,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Bruised in the sinner's stead,  
E'en to death He bowed His head.  
"IT IS FINISHED!" loudly said—  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 Him as Lord we gladly own,  
Seated in His Father's throne;  
Soon we'll sing in sweeter tone,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

**141** TUNE—"Brandenburg." 7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, spotless Lamb of God,  
Thou hast bought us with Thy  
blood,  
We are thine, and Thine alone;  
This we gladly, fully own.
- 2 Help us to confess Thy name,  
Bear with joy Thy cross and shame;  
Only seek to follow Thee,  
Though reproach our portion be.
- 3 When we are to glory come,  
And have reached our heavenly  
home,  
Louder then each lip shall own,  
We are Thine, and Thine alone.

**142** TUNE—"Bethany." 6,4,6,4,6,6,6,4

- 1 **J**ESUS! 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!

- 2 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!
- 3 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!
- 4 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!

**143** TUNE—"Hursley." L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our righteous-  
ness!  
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress!  
Before the throne, in this array'd,  
With joy shall we lift up the head.
- 2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,  
For who aught to our charge shall lay,  
While by Thy blood absolved we are  
From sin and guilt, from shame and  
fear?
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the saints redeemed with  
blood,  
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,  
And all their boast is in Thy name.

- 4 This spotless robe the same appears  
In new creation's endless years,  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 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."

**144** TUNE—"Belmont."

- 1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast  
But sweeter far Thy face to see  
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the mind conceive  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
To sinners who believe.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!
- 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.

**145** TUNE—"Stuttgart." 8.7.

- 1 JESUS, Thou alone art worthy  
Ceaseless praises to receive;  
For Thy love, and grace, and goodness  
Rise o'er all our thoughts conceive.
- 2 With adoring hearts, we render  
Honour to Thy precious name,  
Overflowing with Thy mercies,  
Far and wide Thy worth proclaim.
- 3 Praise Him! praise Him! praise the  
Saviour,  
Saints, aloud your voices raise—  
Praise Him! praise Him!—till in  
heaven  
Perfect we'll sing His praise.

**146** TUNE—"St. James." C.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy Head, once crowned  
with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
Heaven's royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 Thou glorious light of courts above,  
Joy of the saints below,  
To us still manifest Thy love,  
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us Thy cross with all its shame  
With all its grace be given;  
Though earth disowns Thy lowly  
Name,  
God honours it in heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,  
Shall reign with Thee above:  
Then let it be our joy to know  
This way of peace and love.
- 5 To us Thy cross is life and health;  
'Twas shame and death to Thee;  
Our present glory, joy, and wealth,  
Our everlasting stay.

**147** TUNE—"Here we Suffer." P.M.

- 1 JESUS, truly great and wise,  
Never could a child despise,  
But loves to bid them come.
- Chorus\**—Yes! He welcomes children,  
Welcomes little children.  
Yes! He welcomes children,  
Jesus bids the children come.
- 2 When to earth the Saviour came,  
Children learnt to love His name,  
For Jesus bade them come.\*
- 3 Christ could cure the lame and blind,  
Heal disease of every kind,  
And children deaf and dumb.\*
- 4 Nor could death its prisoners hold:  
Jesus raised one twelve years old,  
And saved her from the tomb.\*
- 5 Once He in the desert fed  
Thousands with five loaves of bread,  
And gave the children some.\*



- 6 'Twas a lad who Jesus sought,  
Who the loaves and fish had brought,  
A long, long way from home.\*
- 7 Children made Hosannas ring,  
Threw their palms before their King,  
To Zion's City come.  
Yes! They welcomed Jesus,  
Children welcomed Jesus,  
Yes! They welcomed Jesus,  
Glad were they to see Him come.
- 8 None could tell what Him it cost,  
When He died to save the lost,  
And bring dear children Home.\*
- 9 Home, where Jesus risen lives,  
And to all who trust Him gives,  
E'en children, His bright Home.\*
- 10 From the Father's Home of love,  
Soon He'll come to take above  
His many loved ones Home.  
Then they'll welcome Jesus,  
Children, welcome Jesus,  
Yes! they'll welcome Jesus,  
When He comes to take them  
Home.

**148** TUNE—"Jesus when He left  
the sky." 7.7.7.5.

- 1 JESUS, when He left the sky,  
And for sinners came to die,  
In His mercy passed not by  
Little ones like me.
- 2 Mothers then the Saviour sought  
In the places where He taught,  
And to Him their children brought,  
Little ones like me.
- 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?  
No, He kindly bid them stay,  
Suffered none to turn away  
Little ones like me.
- 4 'Twas for them His life He gave,  
To redeem them from the grave;  
Jesus able is to save  
Little ones like me.

- 5 Children, then, should love Him now,  
Seek by grace His will to do;  
Pray to Him and praise Him too—  
Little ones like me.

**149** TUNE—"Tallis' Canon." L.M.

- 1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,  
Came down to be a Man and die;  
And in the Bible we may see  
How very good He used to be.
- 2 He went about, He was so kind,  
To cure poor people who were blind;  
And many who were sick and lame,  
He pitied them and did the same.
- 3 And more than that, He told them  
too,  
The things that God would have  
them do;  
And was so gentle and so mild,  
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death He died!  
He was hung up and crucified;  
And those kind hands that did such  
good,  
They nailed them to a cross of wood.
- 5 And so He died! And this is why  
He came to be a man and die;  
The Bible says He came from heaven  
That we might have our sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked we had been,  
And knew that God must punish sin;  
So out of pity Jesus said,  
I'll bear the punishment instead.

**150** TUNE—"Ellington." 6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 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.

- 2 Great Prophet of our God !  
Our tongues must bless Thy Name  
By Whom the joyful news  
Of free salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, of peace with  
heaven.
- 3 Thou art our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern, and our Guide,  
And Thou our Shepherd art,  
Ah ! keep us near Thy side ;  
Nor let our feet e'er turn astray,  
To wander in the crooked way.
- 4 We love the Shepherd's voice :  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
Our pilgrim souls among  
The thousands of God's sheep ;  
He feeds His flock, He calls their  
names,  
And gently leads the tender lambs.

**151** TUNE—"Innocents." 78.

- 1 JOYFUL we, with one accord,  
Worship Thee, the Risen Lord ;  
To Thy Love our hearts respond,  
In one common holy bond.
- 2 We in fellowship unite  
With Thy saints who walk in light,  
In the light of God made known  
By Thyself, His Blessed Son.
- 3 Yes, in harmony divine,  
By the Spirit we combine  
Now to strike the deepest chord,  
As we praise Thee, Glorious Lord.
- 4 Has the world refused Thy Name,  
Poured on Thee contempt and  
shame ?  
Outside all that world are we,  
Linked eternally with Thee.
- 5 All the pure in heart who call  
On Thy Name, O Lord of all,  
Own, with joy, before Thee now,  
Lord and Christ indeed art Thou.

- 6 In Thy Face what glories shine !  
All the power of God is Thine,  
Thou hast sent the Spirit down  
Here to dwell in all Thine own.
- 7 Now in perfect peace we see  
Death's dread power annulled by  
Thee,  
And, in Resurrection might,  
Life beyond it brought to light.
- 8 In the brightest heavenly scene,  
Life where man had never been  
Till Thou, Lord, as Man didst come  
Us to bring to Thy bright Home.
- 9 Soon wilt Thou set all things right,  
Bring in Day divinely bright,  
And, what joy such thoughts afford !  
Prove that God has made Thee Lord.

**152** TUNES—"What a Friend ;"  
"Meet me at the Fountain ;"  
"Only waiting." 8.7.

- 1 JOY we in the gospel story,  
Of that overpowering grace ;  
Coming from the Lord in glory,  
Raising man to that blest place.  
One with Christ as man in heaven,  
Jesus, God's Beloved Son ;  
On His breast our names are graven,  
Through His blood our guilt is  
gone.
- 2 Thus it is that we should never  
Set our mind on things below ;  
Grace our heart from earth doth sever  
As we Christ in glory know.  
There the "Second Man" is seated,  
Till that wondrous day shall come,  
When, the Church at last completed,  
Christ will come to take us home.
- 3 Whilst the world goes on in sinning,  
Careless of the precious blood ;  
Here the Holy Ghost is winning  
Souls to form the Church of God.

Witnesses we are to Jesus,  
Where the Son of God has been,  
Worldly charms should cease to  
please us,  
Midst this godless, Christless  
scene.

- 4 Though with Christ we are rejected,  
Men still hate the Sinless One;  
Yet what grace to be connected  
With that Man upon the throne.  
Thus we joy in tribulation,  
If we suffer we shall reign,  
Reign with Him o'er every nation,  
When to earth He comes again.

**153** TUNES—"Sun of my Soul (Hurs-  
ley);" "Troyte's Chant No. 1;"  
"Rockingham." 8.8.8.6.

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed  
for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to  
Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 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!
- 3 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!
- 4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-  
lieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 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!

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**154** TUNES—"Weber"; "Innocents."  
7s.

- 1 KING of glory, set on high,  
Girt with strength and majesty,  
We Thy holy name confess;  
Thee with adoration bless.
- 2 Jesus, mighty Son of God!  
Wondrous gift on man bestowed;  
Many crowns are on Thy Head,  
Glorious First-born from the dead.
- 3 Gladly, Lord, we bow the knee,  
By the Father's just decree,  
To His own Anointed One,  
To His well-beloved Son.

**155** TUNES—"Benediction;" "Aus-  
tria;" "Deerhurst." D. 8s. 7s.

- 1 LAMB of God, our souls adore  
Thee,  
While upon Thy face we gaze,  
There the Father's love and glory  
Shine in all their brightest rays.  
Thine almighty power and wisdom  
All creation's works proclaim,  
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee,  
As the ever great I AM.
- 2 Son of God! Thy Father's bosom  
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;  
His delight, in Him rejoicing,  
One with Him in power and grace;  
Oh what wondrous love and mercy!  
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,  
And for us didst come from heaven  
As the Lamb of God to die.
- 3 Lamb of God! when we behold Thee  
Lowly in the manger laid;  
Wand'ring as a homeless "Stranger"  
In the world Thy hands had made;  
When we see Thee in the garden  
In Thine agony of blood,  
At Thy grace we are confounded,  
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

- 4 When we see Thee as the Victim  
Nailed to the accursed tree,  
For our guilt and folly stricken,  
All our judgment borne by Thee,  
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,  
Thou hast washed us in Thy blood :  
Glory, glory everlasting,  
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !
- 5 Lamb of God ! Thou now art seated  
High upon Thy Father's throne,  
All Thy gracious work completed,  
All Thy mighty victory won.  
Every knee in heaven is bending  
To the Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Every voice and heart is swelling,  
" Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

**156** TUNE—" *Cambridge.*" S.M.

- 1 LEAD on, Almighty Lord,  
Lead on to victory :  
Encouraged by Thy Blessed Word,  
With joy we follow Thee.
- 2 We follow Thee, our Guide,  
Who didst salvation bring :  
We follow Thee, through grace  
supplied  
From Heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 Till, of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more,  
And, Oh sweet thought ! for ever rest  
On yonder peaceful shore.

**157** TUNE—" *Seeking for me.*" P.M.

- 1 LEAVING the Home of the  
Father on high,  
Into this world came His Son once  
to die ;  
Bringing salvation, came Jesus thus  
nigh,  
*Seeking for thee and me.*  
*Seeking for thee and me,*  
*Seeking for thee and me,*  
Bringing salvation, came Jesus  
thus nigh,  
*Seeking for thee and me.*

- 2 Grace filled His bosom, and love  
moved His heart ;  
God though He were, yet in man-  
hood He'd part ;  
Ransom and victim, He life would  
impart,  
*Suffering for thee and me, &c.*
- 3 Nailed to the cross, full atonement  
he made ;  
Shedding His lifeblood, our whole  
score He paid ;  
Righteousness smote Him, when sin  
He was made,  
*Dying for thee and me, &c.*
- 4 Righteousness satisfied, sins put  
away,  
Glory saluted Him, just where He lay,  
Out of the sepulchre Jesus made way,  
*Rising for thee and me, &c.*
- 5 Victor o'er Satan, annulling the tomb,  
Vanquishing death, and dispelling  
sin's gloom ;  
Jesus returns to the Father's blest  
Home,  
*Living for thee and me, &c.*
- 6 Crowned now with honour, the Fa-  
ther's delight,  
Faith sees Him seated in glory so  
bright ;  
Faith hears His accents, though  
still out of sight,  
*Calling for thee and me, &c.*
- 7 Shortly He'll rise from His Father's  
right hand,  
Come to the air for His long waiting  
band ;  
Oh ! how we'll welcome His word of  
command,  
*Summoning thee and me, &c.*

**158** TUNES—" *Advent ;*" " *Helmsley.*"  
8.7.4.

- 1 LO ! He comes, from heaven de-  
scending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain !  
Thousand thousand saints attending,

- Swell the triumph of His train !  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes and comes to reign.
- 2 See the Saviour, long expected,  
Now in solemn pomp appear !  
And His saints, by man rejected,  
All His heavenly glory share :  
Hallelujah !  
See the Son of God appear !
- 3 Lo ! the tokens of His passion,  
Though in glory, still He bears ;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers ;  
Hallelujah !  
Christ, the Lamb of God, appears.
- 4 Israel's race shall now behold Him,  
Full of grace and majesty ;  
Though they set at nought and sold  
Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree ;  
Now in glory  
Shall their great Messiah see.
- 5 'Tis Thy heavenly Bride and Spirit,  
Jesus, Lord, that bid Thee come ;  
All the glory to inherit,  
And to take Thy people Home.  
All creation  
Travails, groans, till Thou shalt  
come.
- 6 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine exalted throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :  
Come, Lord Jesus !  
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

**159** TUNES—"Wiltshire ;" "Martyr-  
dom ;" "Irish." C.M.

- 1 LORD, e'en to death Thy love  
could go,  
A death of shame and loss,  
To vanquish for us ev'ry foe,  
And break the strong man's force.

- 2 Oh ! what a load was Thine to bear  
Alone in that dark hour,  
Our sins in all their terror there,  
God's wrath and Satan's power.
- 3 The storm that bowed Thy blessed  
head  
Is hushed for ever now,  
And rest divine is ours instead,  
Whilst glory crowns Thy brow.
- 4 Within the Father's House on high,  
We soon shall sing Thy praise ;  
But here, where Thou didst bleed  
and die,  
We learn that song to raise.

**160** TUNE—"Jesus, Lover of my soul." 7s.

- 1 LORD, how wonderful the love,  
Which in grace could stoop so  
low,  
From the highest heights above  
Down to us in all our woe.  
In our ruin, not one ray  
Shone to lighten all the gloom,  
Death and judgment on us lay  
As our just and righteous doom.
- 2 Now with joy we hail the light,  
Beaming in Thy blessed face,  
Chasing all the gloom and night  
From the heart that knows Thy  
grace ;  
Grace which more than meets our  
sin,  
Grace which clothes us now with  
Thee,  
Runs to greet and bring us in,  
Where our God would have us be—
- 3 In the Father's Home of Love,  
Objects of His heart's delight,  
Having part with Thee above,  
In that scene of purest light,  
There to drink the living stream,  
There to dwell in light divine,  
There to taste of joy supreme,  
Through that wondrous love of  
Thine.

4 Lord it is Thy joy to see,  
Of the travail of Thy soul ;  
When our sins were borne by Thee,  
When the waves did o'er Thee roll.  
Fully satisfied Thou art,  
All Thy sufferings now are o'er,  
And Thy grace has given us part  
In Thy joys for evermore.

**161** TUNES—"Barrow ;" "Irish." C.M.

1 **L**ORD Jesus ! are we one with Thee !  
O height ! O depth of love !  
And crucified and dead with Thee,  
Now one in heaven above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down ;  
With us of flesh and blood partake,  
And make our guilt Thine own.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confess'd and borne by Thee ;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
To set Thy ransom'd free.

4 Ascended now, in Glory bright,  
Life-giving Head Thou art ;  
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 And soon shall come that glorious day,  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That we with Thee are one.

**162** TUNE—"St. Peter." C.M.

1 **L**ORD Jesus Christ, our Saviour Thou,  
With joy we worship Thee,  
We know Thou hast redeemed us,  
By dying on the tree.

2 We know the love that brought Thee down,  
Down from that bliss on high ;  
To meet our ruined souls in need,  
On Calv'ry's cross to die.

3 Our Saviour-Jesus,—Lord Thou art,  
Eternal is Thy love ;  
Eternal, too, our songs of praise,  
When with Thee, Lord, above.

4 E'en now we praise the grace divine,  
The love that shines in Thee ;  
The rich One Thou—for us made poor  
By death to set us free.

5 We praise, we worship, we adore,  
As round Thyself we meet ;  
Thy beauty, Lord, our souls trans-  
ports,  
While bowing at Thy feet.

6 Our theme of praise art Thou alone,  
Thy cross, Thy work, Thy word :  
Oh ! who can fathom all Thy love,  
Thou living blessed Lord ?

**163** TUNE—"Lord Jesus, come !" 4.6.8.8.4.

1 **L**ORD Jesus, come,  
And take Thy rightful place  
As Son of man, of all the theme !  
Come, Lord, to reign o'er all supreme,  
Lord Jesus, come !

2 Lord Jesus, come !  
The Man of sorrows once,  
The Man of patience waiting now—  
The Man of joy, for ever, Thou,  
Come, Saviour, come !

3 Lord Jesus, come !  
Crowned with Thy many crowns—  
The crucified, the Lamb once slain,  
To wash away sin's crimson stain,  
Lord Jesus, come !

4 Lord Jesus, come,  
And take Thy Father's gift,  
The people by Thy cross made Thine,  
The trophy of Thy love divine !  
Lord Jesus, come !

- 5 Lord Jesus, come,  
That, lost in Thee, our souls  
May bow and worship and adore,  
In Thy blest presence evermore!  
Lord Jesus, come!
- 6 Lord Jesus, come,  
And let Thy glory shine,  
That quickly these changed bodies  
may  
Each one reflect a living ray.  
Lord Jesus, come!
- 7 Lord Jesus, come!  
Let every knee bow down,  
And every tongue to Thee confess,  
The Lord of all come forth to bless.  
Lord Jesus, come!
- 8 Spirit and Bride,  
With longing voice, say "Come;"  
Yea, Lord, Thy word from that  
bright Home,  
Is, "Surely, I will quickly come!"  
E'en so, Lord, come.

**164** TUNE—"Lord Jesus, come!" 4.6.8.8.4.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come!  
Nor let us longer roam  
Afar from Thee and that bright place  
Where we shall see Thee face to face.  
Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Lord Jesus, come!  
Thine absence here we mourn;  
No joy we know apart from Thee,  
No sorrow in Thy presence see.  
Come, Jesus, come!
- 3 Lord Jesus, come!  
And claim us as Thine own;  
With longing hearts the path we  
tread  
Which Thee on high to glory led;  
Come, Saviour, come!
- 4 Lord Jesus, come!  
And take Thy people Home;  
That all Thy flock, so scatter'd here,  
With Thee in Glory may appear.  
Lord Jesus, come!

**165** TUNES—"Elland;" "Realms of the Blest." 8s.

- 1 LORD Jesus! to tell of Thy love,  
Our souls shall for ever delight,  
And sing of Thy glory above,  
In praises, by day and by night.  
Wherever we follow Thee, Lord,  
Admiring, adoring, we see  
That love which was stronger than  
death,  
Flow out without limit, and free.
- 2 Descending from Glory on high,  
With men Thy delight was to dwell,  
Contented, our Surety to die,  
Nor e'er didst the vilest repel.  
Enduring the grief and the shame,  
Thou barest our sins on the cross,  
Oh! who would not boast of this love,  
And count the world's glory but loss?

**166** TUNE—"Dublin." 7.6.

- 1 LORD Jesus! we remember  
The travail of Thy soul,  
When, through Thy love's deep pity,  
The waves did o'er Thee roll;  
Baptized in death's dark waters,  
For us Thy blood was shed;  
For us Thou (Lord of glory)  
Wast numbered with the dead.
- 2 O Lord! Thou now art risen,  
Thy travail all is o'er;  
For sin Thou once hast suffered—  
Thou liv'st to die no more;  
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished  
By Thee, the Church's head;  
And lo! we share Thy triumphs,  
Thou First-born from the dead.
- 3 Unto Thy death baptised,  
We own with Thee we died;  
With Thee, our Life, we're risen,—  
And shall be glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransomed by Thy blood,  
And here would walk as strangers,  
Alive with Thee to God.

**167** TUNES—"Jerusalem ;" "Wiltshire." C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, when we think of Thee,  
Of all Thy love and grace,  
Our spirits long and fain would see  
Thy beauty, face to face.
- 2 And though the wilderness we tread,  
A barren, thirsty ground,  
With thorns and briars overspread,  
Where foes and snares abound ;
- 3 Yet in Thy love such depths we see,  
Our souls o'erflow with praise—  
Content ourselves, while, Lord, to Thee  
A joyful song we raise.
- 4 Our Lord, our Life, our Rest, our Shield,  
Our Rock, our Food, our Light ;—  
Each thought of Thee doth constant yield  
Unchanging, fresh delight.
- 5 Blest Saviour, keep our spirits stayed,  
Hard following after Thee,  
Till we, in robes of white arrayed,  
Thy Face in Glory see.

**168** TUNE—"Look, ye Saints." 8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 **L**ORD of Glory, we adore Thee !  
Christ of God, ascended high !  
Heart and soul we bow before Thee,  
Glorious now beyond the sky :  
Thee we worship,  
Thee we praise—  
Excellent in all Thy ways.
- 2 Anointed King, with Glory crowned,  
Rightful heir and Lord of all !  
Once rejected, scorned, disowned,  
E'en by those Thou cam'st to call :  
Thee we honour,  
Thee adore—  
Glorious now and evermore.

- 3 Lord of life ! to death once subject ;  
Blessed, yet a curse once made ;  
Of Thy Father's heart the object,  
Yet in depths of anguish laid :  
Thee we gaze on,  
Thee recall—  
Bearing here our sorrows all.
- 4 Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,  
Royal splendours crown Thy brow ;  
Christ of God, our souls confess Thee  
King and Sovereign even now !  
Thee we reverence,  
Thee obey—  
Own Thee Lord and Christ alway.

**169** TUNES—"Stella ;" "Sweet hour of Prayer." 8s.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast drawn us after Thee,  
Now let us run and never tire :  
Thy presence shall our comfort be,  
Thyself our hope, our sole desire.  
Our present Saviour, while nor fear  
Nor sin can come if Thou art near.
- 2 What in Thy love possess we not ?  
Our star by night, our sun by day,  
Our spring of life when parched with drought :  
Our wine to cheer, our bread to stay,  
Our strength, our shield, our safe abode,  
Our robe before the throne of God !
- 3 Unchangeable, Thy gracious love  
Our earthly path has ceaseless viewed ;  
Ere knew our beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies still pursued ;  
Ever with us may they abide,  
And close us in on ev'ry side.

**170** TUNES—"Who are these like stars appearing ?" "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing." 8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy love has sought and found us  
Wand'ring in this desert wide,



Thou hast thrown Thine arms around  
us,

For us suffered, bled, and died :  
Sing, my soul ! He loved thee,  
Jesus gave Himself for me.

2 Lord, we joy, Thy toils are ended,  
Glad Thy suffering time is o'er,  
To thy Father's throne ascended,  
Where Thou liv'st to die no more.  
Yes, my soul ! He lives for thee,  
He who gave Himself for me.

3 Lord, we worship and adore Thee  
For Thy rich, Thy matchless grace,  
Perfect soon in joy before Thee,  
We shall see Thee face to face.  
Yet e'en now our song shall be,  
Jesus gave Himself for me.

171 TUNE—"Cyprus." 8.7.

1 LORD, we can see, by faith in  
Thee,  
A prospect bright, unfailing ;  
Where God shall shine, in light  
divine,  
In Glory never fading.

2 A Home above, of peace and love,  
Close to Thy holy Person :  
Thy saints shall there see Glory fair,  
And shine as Thy reflection.

3 O how we thirst the chains to burst,  
That weigh our spirits downward ;  
And there to flow, in love's full glow,  
With hearts like Thine surrounded.

4 No more as here, 'mid snares, to fear  
A thought or wish unholy ;  
No more to pain the Lamb once slain,  
But live to love Thee wholly !

5 No more to view Thy chosen few  
In selfish strife divided ;  
But drink in peace the living grace  
That gave them hearts united !

6 Lord, haste that day of cloudless  
ray,—  
That prospect bright unfailing ;  
Where God shall shine in light divine,  
In Glory never fading.

172 TUNES—"Whitburn ;" "Old Hundredth." 8s.

1 LORD, we rejoice that thou art  
gone  
To sit upon Thy Father's throne ;  
Thy path of shame and suffering  
o'er,  
Thy heart shall grieve and mourn  
no more.

2 With joy our wondering hearts re-  
trace  
Thy ways on earth, of power and  
grace ;  
We sit as learners at Thy feet,  
Thy words than honey far more  
sweet.

3 O cross of Christ ! O glorious tree !  
What place can be compared with  
thee,  
Where God's own Son was crucified,  
And, for our sins, a ransom died ?

4 We love to look within the tomb,  
Thy death has robbed of all its gloom ;  
The stone for ever rolled away ;  
Thy death the power of death did  
slay.

5 We joy to see Thee, Lord, arise  
Triumphant through the opening  
skies ;  
And hear all heaven united own  
Thee worthy to ascend the throne.

6 Lord, now we wait for Thee to come,  
And take us to Thy Father's home ;  
O what ecstatic joy 'twill be  
To spend eternity with Thee !

173 TUNE—"Luther." 6-8s.

1 LORD, what is man ? 'Tis He who  
died,  
And all Thy nature glorified ;  
Thy righteousness and grace dis-  
played,  
When He for sin atonement made ;  
Obedient unto death, was slain—  
Worthy is He o'er all to reign.

2 Thy counsels, ere the world began,  
All centred in the Son of man;  
Him destined to the highest place,  
Head of His Church through sovereign grace.  
To Him enthroned in majesty,  
Let every creature bend the knee.

3 Worthy, O Son of man, art Thou  
Of every crown that decks Thy brow.  
Worthy art Thou to be adored  
And owned as universal Lord;  
O, hasten that long-promised day,  
When all shall own Thy rightful sway.

174 TUNE—"Resignation." L.M.

1 MASTER, we would no longer be  
At home in that which hated  
Thee,  
But patient in Thy footsteps go,  
Thy sorrow as Thy joy to know;  
We would—and O confirm the  
power—  
With meekness meet the darkest  
hour,  
By shame, contempt, however tried,  
For Thou wast scorned and crucified.

2 We welcome still Thy faithful word—  
"The cross shall meet its sure reward;"  
For soon must pass the "little while,"  
Then joy shall crown Thy servants' toil:  
And we shall hear Thee, Saviour,  
say  
"Arise, my love, and come away;  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no  
more,  
But rest on heaven's eternal shore."

175 TUNE—"Benediction." 8.7.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our  
Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

176 TUNE—"My God, I have found." L.M.

1 MY God, I have found the thrice  
blessed ground  
Where life and where joy and true  
comfort abound.\*  
*Hallelujah! Thine the Glory!*  
*Hallelujah! Amen!*

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 Accepted I am in the once-offered  
Lamb;  
It was God who Himself had devised  
the plan.\*

5 And though here below, amid sorrow  
and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I  
know.\*

6 And this I shall find, for such is His  
mind,  
He'll not be in Glory and leave me  
behind.

\**Hallelujah! Thine the Glory!*  
*Hallelujah! Amen!*  
*Hallelujah! Soon the Glory!*  
*Come, Saviour, again!*

7 For soon He will come, and take me  
safe home,  
And make me to sit with Himself on  
His throne.\*

177 TUNE—"S. Peter." C.M.

1 "NO condemnation!" precious  
word!  
Consider it, my soul:  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;  
His stripes have made Thee whole,

- 2 In heaven the Blood for ever speaks  
In God's omniscient ear ;  
The saints, as jewels on His heart,  
Jesus doth ever bear.
- 3 " No condemnation ! "—O my soul,  
'Tis God that speaks the word,  
Perfect in comeliness art thou  
In Christ the risen Lord.
- 4 Teach me, O God, to fix mine eyes  
On Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
So shall I love Thy precious will,  
And glorify His Name.

# 178 TUNE—" Home, sweet Home."

- 1 NO future but Glory, Lord Jesus,  
have we,  
How bright is the prospect of being  
with Thee ;  
Oh Home of all homes, with the  
Father above,  
Oh wonderful dwelling of infinite  
love !

Home, Home, bright, bright Home  
How blessed the prospect, Lord  
Jesus, of Home !

- 2 The path to the glory would seem  
to be long  
If Thou didst not cheer us and lead  
us in song ;  
Whatever the sufferings we meet on  
the road,  
Our future is Glory, our Home is  
with God

Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
How sweet are the foretastes, Lord  
Jesus, of Home !

- 3 A moment's affliction, Lord Jesus, is  
light,  
And works for us Glory surpassingly  
bright ;  
Whilst viewing not things which are  
but for a time,  
But objects far brighter in Glory  
sublime.

Home, Home, bright, bright Home !  
Our future's eternal in Thy blessed  
Home !

- 4 No future but Glory, Lord Jesus,  
have we,  
For Man is in Glory, 'already, in  
Thee.  
The brighter the Glory that shines  
in Thy face,  
The clearer our title to Glory  
through grace.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
Our future is Glory in Thy blessed  
Home.

- 5 "This one thing" we'd do, we would  
press toward the goal,  
Thyself, Lord, in Glory, the Prize of  
our soul,  
Forget what's behind for the bright  
things before,  
Since all they who know Thee  
would know Thee still more.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
We'd press on to know Thee and  
reach Thee at Home !

- 6 In Heaven alone is our City and  
State,  
From thence, Lord, as Saviour,  
Thyself we await,  
Our bodies to change, and conform  
them to Thine,  
That we in Thine Image and Glory  
may shine.

Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
Soon we shall be with Thee and like  
Thee, at Home !

# 179 TUNE—" Shirland ; " " Ripon." S.M.

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

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

3 Our souls look back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accurs'd tree,  
For all our guilt was there.

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

**180** TUNE—" *Tallis' Canon.*" · L.M.

1 **N**OTHING but Christ, as on we  
tread,  
The Gift unpriced—God's Living  
Bread,  
With staff in hand and feet well shod,  
Nothing but Christ—the Christ of  
God.

2 Everything loss for Him below,  
Taking the cross where'er we go ;  
Showing to all, where once He trod  
Nothing but Christ—the Christ of  
God.

3 Nothing save Him, in all our ways,  
Giving the theme for ceaseless praise ;  
Our whole resource along the road,  
Nothing but Christ—the Christ of  
God.

**181** TUNE—" *I am now a child of  
God.*" P.M.

1 **N**OTHING but the precious Blood  
Can give lasting peace with  
God,  
For the soul so dark, so stained with  
sin, so dead,  
There is nothing can atone,  
But the Blood of Christ alone,  
Blood which Christ in love for guilty  
sinners shed.  
\*Trusting in that precious Blood,  
There is perfect peace with God ;  
Saved for Glory, wondrous story,  
Saved through Jesus' precious  
Blood.

2 On the ground of that shed Blood,  
All believers come to God,  
Boldly enter e'en the Holiest of all ;  
Spotless stand before the throne,  
Through the Blood which doth  
atone,  
And at Jesus' feet in praise and wor-  
ship fall.\*

3 In that Robe of spotless white,  
They are perfect in His sight ;  
And, in Christ, become the Right-  
eousness of God ;  
They have boldness in "that Day,"  
For as Christ is, so are they,  
And their sins were fully met by  
Jesus' Blood.\*

4 Soon will come that glorious day,  
When with joy Christ will display,  
That the saints and He are ever  
joined in one ;  
When in brilliancy and light,  
They will share His Glory bright,  
And will sit with Christ Himself  
upon the throne.\*

**182** TUNE—" *S. Michael.*" S.M.

1 **N**OT to ourselves we owe  
That we, O God, are Thine ;  
Jesus, the Lord, our night broke  
through  
And gave us light divine.  
2 The Father's grace and love,  
This blessed mercy gave,  
And Jesus left the throne above,  
His wandering sheep to save.  
3 No more the heirs of wrath—  
Thy sovereign love we see ;  
And, Father, in confiding faith  
We cast our souls on Thee.  
4 Our hearts look up to see  
The Glory Thou hast given,  
And dwell e'en now where we shall be  
With Christ, Thine heirs, in heaven  
5 With the adopted band,  
Soon shall we see Thee there :  
With them and Him in Glory stand,  
And all His honours share.

183 TUNE—"A Praise Song."

1 NOW have I seen Thee and found Thee,  
For Thou hast found Thy sheep !  
I fled, but Thy love would follow ;  
I strayed, but Thy grace would keep.  
Thou'st granted my heart's desire,  
Most blest of the blessed is he  
Who findeth no rest and no sweetness  
Till he resteth, O Lord, in Thee.

2 To Thee, Lord, my heart unfoldeth,  
As the rose to the golden sun ;  
To Thee, Lord, mine arms are clinging,  
The eternal joy begun.  
For ever, through endless ages,  
Thy cross and Thy sorrow shall be  
The glory, the song, and the sweetness  
That make heaven, heaven to me.

3 Let one in his innocence glory,  
Another in works he has done ;  
Thy blood is my claim and title,  
Beside it, O Lord, I have none.  
The Scorned, the Despised, the Rejected,  
Thou dost come to this heart of mine ;  
In Thy robes of eternal glory  
Thou welcomest me to Thine.

184 TUNE—"Old Hundredth." L.M.

1 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,  
How Jesus hath done all things well.

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

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

4 And when on that bright day we rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
In heavenly songs this note shall swell—  
That Jesus hath done all things well.

185 TUNES—"Aurelia," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." 7.6.

1 O BLESSED God and Father  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
How richly Thou hast blessed us,  
According to Thy word ;  
Hast brought us into favour  
In Thy Beloved One,  
That we should be so near Thee,  
As near Thee as Thy Son !

2 'Tis in the heavenly places,  
Not in a scene of time,  
'Tis *there* we've every blessing,  
And in the brightest clime.  
What higher kind of favour  
Couldst Thou on us bestow,  
Than to be placed before Thee  
As Christ Himself is now ?

3 In past eternal ages,  
Before the world began,  
'Twas then that Thou didst purpose  
*Eternal life* for man ;  
Didst choose in Christ companions  
To be with Him above,  
All holy and all blameless,  
Before Thyself in love.

4 'Twas then, our God and Father,  
'Twas then it pleased Thy will  
To mark us out for blessing,  
Thine own bright Home to fill ;  
To be Thy *sons* thro' Jesus,  
To satisfy Thy heart,  
And show Thyself thus glorious,  
Who dost such grace impart.

- 5 Oh wonderful redemption !  
 Oh priceless cost—THE BLOOD,  
 What full and free forgiveness !  
 How rich Thy grace, O God !  
 Soon o'er the vast creation,  
 [That secret now is known],  
 Will Christ, through us, Thy Glory  
 Dispense, Himself alone.

**186** TUNES—"Wiltshire;" Sawley." C.M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED God and Father,  
 Thou,  
 Of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
 We call Thee Abba, Father, now,  
 As sons with one accord.
- 2 Thy world of love to faith is known :  
 In spirit we behold  
 The Son upon the Father's throne,  
 In light and love untold.
- 3 We enter that blest scene of love,  
 And worship in its light,  
 The Father's joys our spirits move,  
 His praise our lips indite.
- 4 The Son is there, the Father's Name  
 By Him is thence declared,  
 And, Abba, Father, we exclaim  
 From hearts by grace prepared.
- 5 We render thanks to Thee, whose  
 love  
 For light has made us meet,  
 That light which shines in heaven  
 above,  
 Our present blest retreat.
- 6 We praise Thee, Saviour ; yes, in-  
 deed—  
 For Thou dost bring us there ;  
 Thy cross has met our deepest need,  
 That we this love might share.

**187** TUNE—"London." C.M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Lord, what hast  
 Thou done,  
 How vast a ransom given ?  
 Thyself of God the Eternal Son ;  
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

- 2 Thy Father, in His gracious love,  
 Did spare Thee from His side ;  
 And Thou didst stoop to bear above,  
 At such a cost, Thy Bride.
- 3 Lord, while our souls in faith repose  
 Upon Thy precious Blood,  
 Peace like an even river flows,  
 And mercy, like a flood.
- 4 But boundless joy shall fill our hearts  
 When, gazing on Thy Face,  
 We fully see what faith imparts,  
 And glory crowns Thy grace.
- 5 Unseen, we love Thee ; dear Thy  
 Name ;  
 But when our eyes behold,  
 With joyful wonder we'll exclaim,  
 "The half had not been told."
- 6 For Thou exceedest all the fame  
 Our ears have ever heard ;  
 How happy we who know Thy Name  
 And trust Thy faithful word !

**188** TUNE—"St. James." C.M.

- 1 **O** BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love  
 So great ! so full ! so free !  
 Fain would we have our thoughts,  
 our hearts,  
 Our lives, engaged with Thee.
- 2 We love Thee for the glorious worth  
 Which in Thyself we see :  
 We love Thee for that shameful cross,  
 Endured so patiently.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast  
 Than for his friend to die ;  
 Thou for Thine enemies wast slain !  
 What love with Thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,  
 With heavenly glory crowned,  
 Thou didst a servant's form assume,  
 Beset with sorrow round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like wretched man be  
 made  
 In everything but sin,  
 That we as like Thee might become  
 As we unlike had been :

6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beauteous grace;  
From glory into glory changed,  
Till we behold Thy Face.

7 O Lord! we treasure in our souls  
The memory of Thy love!  
And ever shall Thy Name to us  
A grateful odour prove.

189 TUNE—"None but Christ can satisfy." C.M.

1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath  
found,  
And found in Thee alone,  
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,  
The bliss till now unknown.  
\*Now none but Christ can satisfy,  
None other Name for me! . . .  
There's love, and life, and lasting  
joy,  
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,  
I yearned for them, not Thee;  
But while I passed my Saviour by,  
His love laid hold on me.\*

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,  
But, ah! the waters failed!  
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled  
And mocked me as I wailed.\*

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,  
But never wept for Thee,  
Till grace the sightless eyes received  
Thy loveliness to see.\*

190 TUNE—"Substitution." 8.6.

1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed  
Thy Head!  
Our load was laid on Thee;  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead  
To bear all ill for me.  
A victim led, Thy Blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark  
drop,

'Tis empty now for me.  
That bitter cup—love drank it up;  
Left but the love for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast forsaken of Thy God.  
No distance now for me.  
Thy Blood beneath that rod has  
flowed:  
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard,  
O Christ, it broke on Thee:  
Thy open bosom was my ward;  
It bore the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage  
marred  
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died with Thee  
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all  
untied;  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
The Father's face of radiant grace  
Shines now in light on me.

191 TUNES—"Ernan," "Whitburn." L.M.

1 O COME, thou stricken Lamb of  
God!  
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-  
blood,  
And teach us all Thy love:—then  
pain  
In life were sweet, and death were  
gain.

2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them  
be  
For ever closed to all but Thee;  
Thy willing servants, let us wear  
The seal of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered by Thy watchful side;  
Who life and strength from Thee  
receive,  
And with Thee move, and in Thee  
live.

- 4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 5 First-born of many brethren, Thou  
To whom both heaven and earth must bow;  
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,  
We bear the cross, and seek the crown.

**192** TUNE—"St. Anne's." C.M.

- 1 O F all the gifts Thy love bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good!  
Not heaven itself a richer knows  
Than the Redeemer's Blood.
- 2 Faith, too, that trusts the Blood  
through grace,  
From that same love we gain;  
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,  
The gift had been in vain.
- 3 We praise Thee, and would praise  
Thee more,  
To Thee our all we owe;  
The precious Saviour, and the power  
That makes Him precious too.

**193** TUNES—"Liège," "Shepton,"  
6.6.8.6.8.8.

- 1 O GOD of matchless grace!  
We sing unto Thy Name!  
We stand accepted in the place  
That none but Christ could claim.  
Our willing hearts have heard Thy voice,  
And in Thy mercy we rejoice.
- 2 'Tis meet that Thy delight  
Should centre in the Son!  
That Thou shouldst place us in Thy sight,  
In Him, Thy Holy One!  
Thy perfect love has cast out fear,  
Thy favour shines upon us here!

- 3 Eternal is our rest,  
O Christ of God, in Thee!  
Now of Thy peace, Thy joy possessed,  
We wait Thy face to see;  
Now to the Father's heart received,  
We know in Whom we have believed.

**194** TUNE—"Eaton." 6-8s.

- 1 O GOD! Thou now hast glorified  
Thy holy, blest, eternal Son;  
The Nazarene, the Crucified,  
Now sits exalted on Thy throne!  
To Him in faith we cry aloud,  
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God!
- 2 Father, Thy holy Name we bless,  
Gracious and just Thy wise decree,  
That every tongue shall soon confess,  
Jesus the Lord of all to be!  
But oh! Thy grace has taught us now  
Before that Lord the knee to bow.
- 3 Him as our Lord we gladly own;  
To Him alone we now would live,  
Who bow'd our hearts before Thy throne,  
And gave us all that love could give.  
Our willing voices cry aloud,  
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God!

**195** TUNE—"Praise." P.M.

- 1 O HAPPY morn! the Lord will come  
And take His waiting people Home  
Beyond the reach of care;  
Where guilt and sin are all unknown:  
The Lord will come and claim His own,  
And place them with Him on His throne,  
The glory bright to share.
- 2 The resurrection-morn will break,  
And every sleeping saint awake,  
Brought forth in light again;  
O morn, too bright for mortal eyes!  
When all the ransomed church shall rise  
And wing their way to yonder skies—  
Called up with Christ to reign.



3 O Lord ! our pilgrim-spirits long  
To sing the everlasting song  
Of glory, honour, power ;  
Till then when Thou all power shalt  
wield,  
Blest Saviour Thou wilt be our shield,  
For Thou hast to our souls revealed  
Thyself our strength and tower.

196 TUNES—"For ever with the Lord ;"  
"Mullaghmore." S.M.

- 1 OH bright and blessed scenes !  
Where sin can never come,  
Whose sight our longing spirit weans  
From earth where yet we roam.
- 2 And can we call our home  
Our Father's house on high,  
The rest of God our rest to come,  
Our place of liberty ?
- 3 Yes ! in that light unstained,  
Our stainless souls shall live,  
Our hearts' deep longings more than  
gained,  
When God His rest shall give.
- 4 His presence there my soul,  
Its rest, its joy untold,  
Shall find when endless ages roll,  
And time shall ne'er grow old.
- 5 Our God the centre is,  
His presence fills that land,  
And countless myriads owned as His,  
Round Him adoring stand.
- 6 Our God Whom we have known,  
Well known in Jesu's love,  
Rests in the blessing of His own,  
Before Himself above.
- 7 Glory supreme is there,  
Glory that shines through all,  
More precious still that love to share  
As those that love did call.
- 8 Like Jesus in that place,  
Of light and love supreme ;  
Once Man of Sorrows, full of grace,  
Heaven's blest and endless theme.

- 9 Like Him ! O grace supreme !  
Like Him before Thy face,  
Like Him to know that glory beam  
Unhindered face to face !
- 10 O love supreme and bright,  
Good to the feeblest heart,  
That gives us now, as heavenly light  
What soon shall be our part !

197 TUNE—"Bury thy sorrow ;"  
"Home, sweet Home." 10s. or 11s.

- 1 OH, come to the Saviour, He's  
calling to-day ;  
How long wilt thou linger ? His  
voice now obey.  
He's speaking from Heaven in love to  
thy soul ;  
His Blood He has given : wilt thou  
be made whole ?
- 2 The Father is calling ; His language  
is, Come ;  
His rich grace is bringing the wan-  
derers Home.  
His heart is delighting the lost ones  
to bless ;  
His love is inviting the weary to rest.
- 3 No need now to labour, the work  
has been done ;  
To be in God's favour, believe on  
the Son.  
Christ's death has secured salvation  
so free ;  
The cross He endured for you and  
for me.
- 4 The Saviour is coming for all who  
believe ;  
The Star of the morning " His own "  
will receive.  
Oh, sinner, confess Him, the throne-  
seated Lord ;  
And thou shalt be with Him where  
He is adored.

198 TUNES—"Why not to-night ?"  
"Troyle's Chant No. 1." L.M.

- 1 OH, do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against  
the light !

Poor sinner, harden not thy heart !  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
Upon thy long-deluded sight ;  
This is the time, oh, then be wise !  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?  
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?
- 4 The world has nothing new to give,  
It has no true, no pure delight ;  
Look now to Jesus Christ and live,  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

199 TUNE—" *Dublin.*" 7.6.

- 1 O HEAD ! once full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,  
'Mid other sore abuses,  
Mocked with a crown of thorn ;  
O Head ! e'en now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death once bowed and wounded  
On the accursèd tree :
- 2 Thou Countenance transcendant,  
Thou life-creating Sun !  
To worlds on Thee dependent—  
Yet bruised and spit upon :  
O Lord ! what Thee tormented  
Was our sin's heavy load,  
We had the debt augmented  
Which Thou didst pay in blood.
- 3 We give Thee thanks unfeignèd,  
O Saviour ! Friend in need,  
For what Thy soul sustained,  
When Thou for us didst bleed ;  
Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon Thy faithfulness  
Until, to Glory taken,  
We see Thee face to face.

200 TUNES—" *Home, sweet Home ;* "  
" *Oh, sing of His mighty Love ;* "  
" *Oh, eyes that are weary.* "

- 1 O H, eyes that are weary, and  
hearts that are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no  
more ;  
The light of His countenance shineth  
so bright,  
That on earth, as in Heaven, there  
need be no night.
- 2 Looking off unto Jesus, my eyes  
cannot see  
The troubles and dangers that throng  
around me :  
They cannot be blinded with sorrow-  
ful tears ;  
They cannot be shadowed with un-  
holy fears.
- 3 Looking off unto Jesus, my spirit is  
blest ;  
In the world I have turmoil, in Him I  
have rest ;  
The sea of my life all about me may  
roar,  
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no  
more.
- 4 Looking off unto Jesus I go not  
astray ;  
When my eyes are on Him He shows  
me the way ;  
The path may seem dark as He leads  
me along,  
But following Jesus I cannot go  
wrong.
- 5 Looking off unto Jesus through  
grace I'll be found,  
When He comes with the shout and  
the trumpet shall sound,  
When I rise through the air in His  
presence to be,  
And with rapture behold Him Whom  
always I see.
- 6 Then, then shall I know the full  
beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand  
face to face,

I shall know how His love went  
before me each day,  
And wonder that ever mine eyes  
turned away.

*Chorus to "Oh sing of His mighty Love."*

[O Thou who hast died for me,  
Help me to follow Thee,  
Till Thy blest Face I see,  
Jesus my Lord.]

**201** TUNE—"Robe of Brightness." 7.6.

- 1 O H for the robe of whiteness,  
To walk with Christ in light,  
Oh for the glorious brightness  
Of day without a night.
- 2 We would a name of favour,  
Graved on the stone of white,  
We'd taste that manna's flavour,  
Reserved for Heaven's delight.
- 3 'Tis sweet, the thought of rising  
The risen Lord to meet ;  
Or changed, ourselves surprising,  
Like Him for whom we wait.
- 4 What joy supreme in seeing  
The Saviour face to face,  
The peaceful joy of being  
For ever in that place !
- 5 Jesus, Thou King of Glory,  
We soon shall dwell with Thee,  
And sing Thy love's bright story,  
When we Thy Glory see.
- 6 E'en now our souls would enter  
The Holiest on high,  
That all our love might centre  
On Thee who cam'st to die.
- 7 At God's right hand in Glory  
Thou sitt'st, Thy work complete,  
Till perfected the story  
That gives us, too, our seat.
- 8 Then o'er the wide creation  
Thy power will stretch its arm ;  
Secure from all temptation,  
Free from all human harm.

**202** TUNES—"Aurelia;" "Austria."

- 1 O H, God of grace, our Father,  
We bless Thy holy Name,  
We who enjoy Thy favour,  
Made holy, without blame ;  
In love, which sought and found us,  
And brought us nigh to Thee,  
And won the rest of Glory,  
Our heavenly Home shall be.
- 2 Thy deep eternal counsel  
Chose us in Christ the Son,  
Before the earth's foundation,  
Or sin had yet begun ;  
That we might all the nearness  
Of the Belovèd know,  
And brought to Thee as children  
Our children's praises flow.
- 3 We worship Thee, our Father ;  
Soon shall Thy children be  
At home in heavenly Glory,  
Thy House, their home shall be ;  
We worship Thee, our Father,  
And praise Thy perfect love,  
Soon shall we chant Thy Glory  
In better strains above.

**203** TUNE—"There is a Fountain."

C.M.

- 1 O H ! gracious Saviour, Thou hast  
given  
My trembling soul to know  
That, trusting in Thy precious blood,  
I'm washed as white as snow.
- 2 Since Thou hast borne sin's heavy  
load,  
My guilty fear is o'er.  
Made Thine, by virtue of Thy Blood,  
I'm sealed for evermore.
- 3 What wait I for, most blessed Lord,  
Except Thy Face to see ?  
If such the Earnest Thou hast given  
What must Thy presence be ?
- 4 To hear Thy voice, to see Thy Face,  
And grieve Thy heart no more ;  
But drink the fulness of Thy grace,  
Thy love for evermore.

**204** TUNE—" *Oh, happy day !* " P.M.

1 **O** H 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 teaches us to watch and pray  
And live rejoicing every day !  
Happy day ! Happy day !  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done—

I am my Lord's, and He is mine !  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Glad to confess the voice Divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

**205** TUNE—" *Near the Cross.* " P.M.

1 **O** H how sweet when children sing  
Hymns of praise to Jesus ;  
When to Him our praise we bring,  
With what joy He sees us !

*Chorus—*

Hymns of praise ! Hymns of praise !  
Sung by children's voices ;  
Jesus hears the song they raise,  
And His heart rejoices.

2 Yes, the youngest child may tell  
What he knows of Jesus ;  
How He saves the soul from hell,  
And from judgment frees us.

3 Oh, how gladly children sing,  
When they know the Saviour !  
Hymns of happy praise they bring,  
Who enjoy His favour.

4 None who come can Christ refuse,  
For He loves to have them ;  
Joyful sing the glad good news,  
How He died to save them.

5 Sweet it is when children come,  
Come to Jesus early ;  
Know the love of His bright Home,  
How He loves so dearly.

**206** TUNE—" *Scatter Seeds of Kindness.* " P.M.

1 **O** H, the love of God is boundless,  
Perfect, causeless, full, and free !

Doubts have vanished, fears are groundless,

Now I know that love to me.

Love, the source of all my blessing ;

Love, that set itself on me ;

Love, that gave the spotless Victim ;

Love, told out at Calvary.

'Tis love displayed by Jesus,  
When alone at Calvary.

2 Oh, the cross of Christ is wondrous !  
There I learn God's heart to me !  
'Midst the silent, deepening darkness,  
" God is light," I also see.

Holy claims of justice finding

Full expression in that scene ;

Light and love alike are telling

What yon woe and sufferings mean.

My guilt was borne by Jesus

In darkness on the tree.

3 Oh, the sight in Heaven is glorious !  
Man in righteousness is there ;

Once the Victim, now victorious,

Jesus lives in Glory fair !

Him who met the claims of Glory,

And the need of ruined man,

On the cross—oh, wondrous story !

God has set at His right hand.

How rightly crowned is Jesus,

Who once atonement made !

4 Oh, what rest of soul in viewing  
Jesus on His Father's throne !  
Yea, what peace for ever flowing  
From God's rest in His own Son !

Gazing upward into Heaven,  
 Reading Glory in His Face,  
 Knowing that 'tis He, once given  
 On the cross to take my place.  
 'Tis rest in looking upward,  
 Upon His Face so fair.

**207** TUNES—"German Evening Hymn;" "Gotha." 8.7.

- 1 **O**H! the peace for ever flowing  
 From God's thoughts of His  
 own Son!  
 Oh, the peace of simply knowing,  
 On the cross that all was done!
- 2 Peace with God, the Blood in heaven  
 Speaks of pardon now to me:  
 Peace with God! the Lord is risen!  
 Righteousness now counts me free.
- 3 Peace with God—is Christ in Glory;  
 God is just and God is love:  
 Jesus died to tell the story,  
 Foes to bring to God above.
- 4 Now free access to the Father,  
 Through the Christ of God, we  
 have;  
 By the Spirit here abiding,  
 Promise of the Father's love.
- 5 Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee!  
 Christ of God,—Anointed Son;  
 We confess Thee, Lord of Glory,  
 Fruits of victory Thou hast won!

**208** TUNES—"Beautiful Stream;"  
 "I think when I read that sweet  
 story of old."

- 1 **O**H, think of the One who on  
 Calvary died,  
 Who died for such sinners as we,  
 Of the thorns on His brow, and His  
 spear-pierced side,  
 When He suffered and bled on the  
 tree.  
 \* Oh, yes it is wonderful love,  
 The gospel is free, for you and  
 for me,  
 Oh, yes it is wonderful love.

- 2 Ah, never was sorrow so bitter as this,  
 The anguish He suffered below,  
 For the blest Son of God had done  
 nothing amiss,  
 'Twas for others He tasted such  
 woe.\*
- 3 Oh, think of His love when He gave  
 up His life  
 For sinners as guilty as we:  
 'Twas for them that He finished the  
 conflict and strife,  
 'Twas for them that He bled on  
 the tree.\*
- 4 And when He returns in His glory  
 so bright,  
 The wicked He'll fill with despair;  
 But before this His loved ones will  
 rise with delight,  
 Their Saviour to meet in the air.\*

**209** TUNES—"Joyfully;" "Adeste Fi-  
 deles;" "Home, sweet Home." 10s.

- 1 **O**H! what a Saviour is Jesus the  
 Lord,  
 Well might His name by His saints  
 be adored!  
 He has redeemed them from hell by  
 His Blood,  
 Saved them for ever, and brought  
 them to God.  
 Chorus—  
 Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save,  
 Jesus hath triumphed o'er death  
 and the grave.

- 2 Now in the Glory He waits to impart  
 Peace to the conscience and joy to  
 the heart—  
 Waits to be gracious, to pardon and  
 heal  
 All who their sin and their wretched-  
 ness feel.
- 3 Thousands have fled to His spear-  
 pierced side,  
 Welcome they all have been, none  
 are denied;  
 Weary and laden, they all have been  
 blest,  
 Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

210 TUNE—"Come to the Saviour." P.M.

1 OH what a Saviour! Jesus the Lord!

Worthy to be for ever adored,  
Now in His grace He speaks thro'  
His word,

Bidding the weary "Come."  
*Chorus—*

Oh how sweet to hear His blessed  
voice,

Whoso hears, may well in Him  
rejoice,

No one could merit His gracious  
choice,

But all, who will, may come.

2 Oh what a Saviour! Jesus on high!  
Rich is the grace which He doth  
supply;

Wondrous the love which brought  
Him to die,  
Perishing souls to save.

3 Oh what a Saviour! Jesus who came  
Down to the Cross, despising the  
shame,

Now in the Glory, still He's the same.  
O how He loves to save!

4 Oh what a Saviour! Great was the  
load

Laid upon Jesus, blest Son of God;  
No other plea but Christ's precious  
Blood,

E'er could avail for me.

211 TUNE—"Verily, Verily." 10.6

1 OH, what a Saviour—that He  
died for me!

From condemnation He hath made  
me free;

"He that believeth on the Son,"  
saith He,

"Hath everlasting life."

\**Verily, verily, I say unto you;*"

"*Verily, verily,*"—message ever new!

"He that believeth on the Son"—'tis  
true!—

"Hath everlasting life."

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,  
All my indebtedness by Him was  
paid;

All who believe on Him, the Lord  
hath said,

"Have everlasting life."

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust  
my Lord;

Though weak and sinful, I believe  
His word.

Oh, glad some message! every child  
of God

"Hath everlasting life."\*

212 TUNE—"Oh! what has Jesus  
done for me?" P.M.

1 OH! what has Jesus done for me?  
He pitied me, my Saviour,

My sins were great; His love was free;  
He died for me, my Saviour.

Exalted to the Father's side,  
He pleads for me, my Saviour.

A heavenly mansion He'll provide  
For all who love the Saviour.

Jesus, Lord Jesus,

Thy name is sweet, my Saviour.

Soon shall I see Thee face to face,

My wondrous, blessed Saviour.

2 To my weak steps Thou dost give  
heed,

Thou watchest me, my Saviour,

Thou helpst me in every need,

Thou lovest me, my Saviour.

Thou hearest and dost answer send,

Thou hearest prayer, my Saviour;

And Thou wilt keep unto the end

The child that trusts Thee, Saviour.

3 The day will come, 'twill surely come,  
So Thou hast said, my Saviour,

When for Thy saved ones Thou'lt  
return,

My wondrous, glorious Saviour.

'Tis then I'll see Thee face to face,

And be with Thee, my Saviour:

And sing the glory of Thy grace,

My wondrous, blessed Saviour

- 1 O JESUS! Friend unfailling!  
How dear art Thou to me!  
Are cares or fears assailing?  
I find my strength in Thee!  
Why should my feet grow weary  
Of this my pilgrim way?  
Rough though the path and dreary,  
It ends in perfect day!
- 2 Nought, nought I count as pleasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!  
Thy sorrow, without measure,  
Earned peace and joy for me!  
I love to own, Lord Jesus!  
Thy claims o'er me divine,  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but thine!
- 3 What fills my heart with gladness?  
'Tis Thine abounding grace!  
Where can I look, in sadness,  
But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
My all is Thy providing,—  
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,—  
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 4 Why should I droop in sorrow?  
Thou'rt ever by my side!  
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?  
What ill can e'er betide?  
If I my cross have taken,  
'Tis but to follow Thee;  
If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
Nought severs Thee from me!
- 5 Oh worldly pomp and glory!  
Your charms are spread in vain!  
I've heard a sweeter story!  
I've found a truer gain!  
Where Christ a place prepareth,  
There is my loved abode!  
There shall I gaze on Jesus!  
There shall I dwell with God!

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

## 214 TUNE—"Easton." 6.6.8.4. P.M.

- 1 O JESUS! Lamb of God,  
Who us to save from loss,  
Didst taste the bitter cup of death  
Upon the cross.
- 2 Most merciful High Priest,  
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust,  
Until the end.
- 3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,  
Our Guide and Strength wilt be—  
Until in Glory, Lord, above  
Thy Face we see.

## 215 TUNE—"Christian's Good-night." P.M.

- 1 O JESUS, Lord, Thou stoodest  
in my stead:  
God's holy wrath was poured upon  
Thy Head;  
For me Thou once wast numbered  
with the dead,  
For me, O Lord, for me.
- 2 O Jesus, Lord, Thy Blood has  
brought me nigh,  
Has cleansed me from my sins of  
scarlet dye,  
For me Thy Blood was shed on  
Calvary,  
For me, O Lord, for me.
- 3 O Jesus, Lord, unchanging is Thy  
love,  
Thou liv'st for me at God's right  
hand above,  
Thy tender care for me I daily prove,  
For me, O Lord, for me.

4 For me, O Lord, Thou hast done all things well,  
Though feebly here, Thy praise my voice shall swell  
When with Thee, Lord, I shall for ever dwell,  
With Thee, O Lord, with Thee.

5 O Jesus, Lord, in Thee may I confide,  
In Thee in every storm and trouble hide,  
And trust in Thee, whatever, Lord, betide,  
In Thee, O Lord, in Thee.

216 TUNE—"Praise." 8.8.6.

1 O JESUS, Lord! 'tis joy to know  
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe,

For us so meekly trod :  
All finished is Thy work of toil,  
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,  
Exalted by our God.

2 Thy holy Head, once bound with thorns,  
The crown of glory now adorns ;  
Thy seat, the Father's throne ;  
O Lord ! e'en now we sing Thy praise,  
Ours the eternal song to raise—  
Worthy the Lord alone !

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there,  
Until Thy members too shall share  
In all Thou dost receive :  
Thy glory and Thy royal throne  
Thy boundless love has made our own,  
Who in Thy Name believe.

4 We triumph in Thy triumphs, Lord ;  
Thy joys our deepest joys afford,  
The fruit of love divine.  
While sorrowing, suffering, toiling here,  
How does the thought our spirits cheer,  
The throne of glory's Thine.

217 TUNES—"O Lamb of God, still keep me ;" "Dublin." 7.6.

1 O LAMB of God, still keep us  
Close to Thy pierced side,  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace we can abide ;  
With foes and snares around us,  
And lusts and fears within ;  
The grace that sought and found us,  
Alone can keep us clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding  
We feel ourselves secure ;  
Only in Thee abiding  
The conflict can endure :  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe ;  
Thy love our hearts sustaineth,  
In all their cares and woe.

3 Soon shall our eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face,  
And, resting there in Glory,  
We'll sing Thy power and grace :  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

218 TUNE—"Aurelia." 7.6.

1 O LORD, how blest our journey,  
Tho' here on earth we roam,  
Who find in Abba's favour  
Our spirit's present home :  
For where Thou now art sitting,  
By faith we've found repose,  
Free to look up to Heaven,  
Since our blest Head arose.

2 In spirit there already ;  
Soon we ourselves shall be  
In soul and body perfect,  
All glorified, with Thee :  
Thy Father's love sustains us  
Along the thorny way,  
Thy Father's house, the dwelling  
Made ready for that day.



3 The Comforter, now present,  
Assures us of Thy love ;  
He is the blessed earnest  
Of Glory there above :  
The river of Thy pleasure  
Is what sustains us now,  
Till Thy new name's imprinted  
On every sinless brow.

4 Lord, we await Thy glory ;  
We have no home but there,  
Where the adopted family  
With us Thy joy shall share.  
No place can fully please us  
Where Thou, O Lord, art not ;  
In Thee, and with Thee, ever  
Is found, by grace, our lot.

219 TUNE—"Aldwyn." 8.7.

- 1 O LORD ! how does Thy mercy  
throw  
Its guardian shadow o'er us,  
Preserving while we're here below,  
Safe to the rest before us.
- 2 As weaker than a bruised reed,  
We cannot do without Thee ;  
We want Thee here each hour of  
need,  
Shall want Thee too in Glory.
- 3 And though our efforts now to praise  
Are often cold and lowly,  
A nobler, sweeter song, we'll raise  
With all Thy saints, in Glory.
- 4 We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,  
We'll worship and adore Thee,  
Whose precious blood has made us  
meet  
To dwell with Thee in Glory.

220 TUNE—"Ellacombe." 7.6.

- 1 O LORD, our hearts are waiting  
The Archangel's heaven-sent  
cry,  
Which wakes the saints now sleeping,  
And to Thee brings them nigh.

When we, with them ascending,  
Shall meet Thee in the air,  
To gaze upon Thy Glory,  
And all Thy likeness bear.

- 2 O hour for which in patience  
Thou'st waited through the night,  
Whilst we Thy saints were gathered,  
And brought into the light ;  
Then, then the Church completed,  
God makes no more delay ;  
O Lord, with shouts of triumph  
We pass into the day !
- 3 O hour of richest blessing—  
When brought to Thee so nigh,  
To be Thy joy for ever,  
We share Thy throne on high ;  
To rest in all that brightness,  
And ever there abide ;  
To find Thy heart delighting  
In us Thy ransomed Bride !
- 4 O Blessed, coming Saviour,  
Speak then the joyous word,  
To which our hearts responding,  
"For ever with the Lord."  
For ever with Thee, Saviour—  
For evermore shall be—  
In deepest, fullest blessing,  
For ever *one* with Thee !

221 TUNE—"Missionary." 7.6.

- 1 O LORD ! Thou now art seated,  
Above the heavens, on high,  
(The gracious work completed,  
For which Thou cam'st to die) ;  
To Thee our hearts are lifted,  
While pilgrims wandering here,  
For Thou alone art gifted  
Our every weight to bear.
- 2 We know, Lord, Thou hast bought us,  
And wash'd us in Thy Blood ;  
We know Thy grace has brought us  
As kings and priests, to God.  
We know that that blest morning,  
Long looked for, draweth near,  
When we, at Thy returning,  
In Glory shall appear.

8 O by Thy love constrain us,  
And fix our hearts on Thee :  
Let nothing henceforth pain us,  
But that which paineth Thee ;  
Our joy, our blest endeavour—  
Through suffering, conflict, shame,  
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
And magnify Thy Name.

**222** TUNE—"Munich." 7.6.

1 O LORD, Thy love's unbounded !  
So full, so vast, so free !  
Our thoughts are all confounded  
Whene'er we think of Thee :  
For us Thou cam'st from Heaven,  
For us to bleed and die,  
That, purchased and forgiven,  
We might ascend on high.

2 But oh the hope of being  
For ever with the Lord,  
The joyful hope of seeing  
That Face for us so marred !  
It fills our heart with comfort,  
It fills our lips with praise,  
So that, amidst our sorrow,  
A joyful song we raise.

3 O Lamb of God, we thank Thee,  
We bless Thy holy Name ;  
Thy love once made Thee willing  
To bear our sin and shame.  
And now Thy love is waiting  
Thy saints like Thee to raise ;  
Firstborn of many brethren,  
To Thee be all the praise.

**223** TUNE—"Aurelia." 7.6.

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

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

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

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

5 And thus, Thy deep perfections  
Much better should I know,  
And with adoring fervour  
In this Thy nature grow.

6 Still sweet 'tis to discover,  
If clouds have dimmed my sight,  
When passed, *Eternal Lover*,  
Towards me, as e'er, Thou'rt bright.

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

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

**224** TUNE—"Stella." 6-8s.

1 O LORD ! Thy rich, Thy bound-  
less love  
No thought can reach, no tongue  
declare ;  
O give our hearts its depth to prove,  
And reign without a rival there :  
From Thee, O Lord, we all receive,  
Thine, wholly Thine, alone we'd live.

2 O Lord ! how cheering is Thy way !  
How blest, how gracious in our  
eyes !  
Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away,  
And fear before Thy presence flies.  
Lord Jesus ! nothing would we see,  
Nothing desire, apart from Thee !

3 'Mid conflict be Thy love our peace !  
In weakness be Thy love our  
strength !  
And when the storms of life shall  
cease,  
And Thou to meet us com'st at  
length,  
O Jesus, then these hearts shall be  
For ever satisfied with Thee.

**225** TUNES—"Warwick;" "Abridge."

C.M.

- O** LORD, 'tis joy to look above,  
And see Thee on the throne,  
To search the heights and depths of love  
Which Thou to us hast shown.
- 2** To look beyond the long dark night,  
And hail the coming Day  
When Thou, to all Thy saints in light  
Thy glories wilt display.
- 3** And, oh, 'tis joy the path to trace,  
By Thee so meekly trod,  
Learning of Thee to walk in grace  
And fellowship with God!
- 4** Joy to confess Thy blessed Name,  
The virtues of Thy Blood,  
And to the wearied heart proclaim,  
Behold the Lamb of God!

**226** TUNES—"Adeste Fideles;" "O Lord, we adore Thee." P.M.

- 1** **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 redeem'd us;  
Our title to Glory  
We read in Thy blood.
- 2** O God, we acknowledge  
Thy greatness, Thy Glory!  
For of Thee are all things  
On earth and in heaven;  
How rich is Thy mercy!  
How great Thy salvation!  
We bless Thee, we praise Thee:  
Amen, and Amen.

**227** TUNE—"Sawley." C.M.

- 1** **O** LORD, we know it matters not  
How sweet the song may be;  
No heart but of the Spirit taught  
Makes melody to Thee.

**2** Then teach Thy gathered saints, O Lord,

- To worship in Thy fear;  
And let Thy grace mould every word  
That meets Thy holy ear.
- 3** Thou hast by blood made sinners meet,  
As saints in light, to come  
And worship at the mercy seat,  
Before th' eternal throne.
- 4** Thy precious Name is all we show,  
Our only passport, Lord;  
And full assurance now we know,  
Confiding in Thy word.
- 5** O largely give, 'tis all Thine own,  
The Spirit's goodly fruit:  
Praise, issuing forth in life, alone  
Our living Lord can suit.

**228** TUNE—"Abridge." C.M.

- 1** **O** LORD! we would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
Our safe unfailing Friend.
- 2** When human cisterns all are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May we with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy Name.
- 3** No good in creatures can be found,  
All, all is found in Thee;  
We must have all things and abound,  
Through Thy sufficiency.
- 4** Thou that hast made our heaven secure,  
Wilt here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich, can we be poor?  
Christ who for us has died!
- 5** O Lord! we cast each care on Thee,  
And triumph and adore;  
O that our great concern may be  
To love and praise Thee more.

229 TUNE—"Christian's Good-night."

P.M.

1 O LORD, what love for sinners  
Thou hast shown,  
To give Thy life for those by sin  
undone;  
But is that Blood which doth for sin  
atone,

For me ?

2 Was it for guilty sinners such as I  
That Thou, O Lord, didst suffer,  
bleed, and die ?  
And is that grace which Thou dost  
now supply

For me ?

3 Is it for me, who early went astray,  
Who turned from God to tread a  
self-willed way ?  
Is it for me that mercy flows to-day ?

For me ?

4 If it's the hopeless case Thou lov'st  
to meet,  
If it's a sinner Thou dost run to greet,  
Then 'tis for me to worship at Thy  
feet,—

For me.

5 Yes, if my hope is placed in Thee  
alone;  
Yes, if I trust in Thee, th' Eternal  
Son;  
Then 'tis for me, that work which  
Thou hast done,—

For me.

6 Yes, 'twas for me, Lord Jesus, Thou  
didst come;  
To me Thou givest pardon, peace,  
and home,  
And, Saviour, on Thy loving breast  
there's room—

For me.

7 And till I meet Thee in that Glory  
bright,  
And when I walk with Thee in robe  
of white,  
O Lord, I'll find my sweet, my full  
delight

In Thee.

230 TUNE—"St. Peter." C.M.

1 O LORD! when we the path re-  
trace  
Which Thou on earth hast trod,  
To man Thy wondrous love and  
grace,  
Thy faithfulness to God;

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,  
Proved stronger than the grave;  
The very spear that pierced Thy side  
Drew forth the Blood to save:

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,  
'Mid darkness only light,  
Thou didst Thy Father's Name con-  
fess,  
And in His will delight;

4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,  
Or suffering, shame, and loss,  
Thy path, uncheered by earthly  
smiles,  
Led only to the cross:—

5 We wonder at Thy lowly mind,  
And fain would like Thee be,  
And all our rest and pleasure find  
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

231 TUNES—"Hesperus;"  
"Rockingham." L.M.

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

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

3 In Him it is ordained to raise  
A temple to Jehovah's praise,  
Composed of all the saints, who own  
No Saviour but the "Living Stone."

- 4 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."
- 5 But most adore His precious Name ;  
His glory and His grace proclaim ;  
For us, condemned, despised, un-  
done ;  
He gave Himself, the " Living Stone."

**232** TUNE—"Anchored ;" "Ellington."  
6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 O N earth the song begins ;  
In Heaven more sweet and  
loud,—  
" To Him that cleansed our sins  
" By His atoning Blood ;  
" To Him," we sing in joyful strain,  
" Be honour, power, and praise,  
Amen."
- 2 Alone He bare the cross,  
Alone its grief sustained ;  
His was the shame and loss,  
And He the victory gained ;  
The mighty work was all His own,  
Though we shall share His glorious  
throne.

**233** TUNES—"Venice ;" "Greenwood,"  
"Ripon." S.M.

- 1 " O NE spirit with the Lord ;"  
O blessed, wondrous word !  
What heavenly light, what power  
divine,  
Doth that sweet word afford !
- 2 " One spirit with the Lord : "  
Jesus, the Glorified,  
Esteems the Church for which He  
bled,  
His body and His Bride.

- 3 And though by storms assailed,  
And though by trials pressed,  
Himself our Life, He bears us up  
Right onward to the rest.

- 4 There we shall drink the stream  
Of endless bliss above :  
There we shall know, without a cloud,  
His full unbounded love.

**234** TUNES—"Monellan ;" "Look, ye  
Saints." 8.7.4.

- 1 O N His Father's throne is seated  
Christ the Lord, the living  
One !

All His toil on earth completed,  
All His work for sinners done ;  
In the Glory  
See Him, God's eternal Son !

- 2 Every knee shall bow before Him,  
Every tongue confess His Name,  
Ransom'd myriads shall adore Him,  
Who endured the sinner's shame !  
From the Glory  
God doth now His worth proclaim.

- 3 Man the cross to Him awarded ;  
Man the Saviour crucified ;  
This world's judgment stands re-  
corded,  
God's own justice satisfied !  
By the Glory,  
Christ was claim'd on earth Who  
died.

- 4 Son of God, His incarnation  
Open'd first the tale of grace ;  
Son of Man, in new creation  
Leader of a chosen race !  
Well may Glory  
Crown Him, in the ordered place !

**235** TUNE—"Remembrance." 7.6.

- 1 O N that same night, Lord Jesus,  
When all around Thee joined  
To cast its darkest shadow  
Across Thy holy mind.

We hear Thy voice, blest Saviour,  
 "This do, remember me:"  
 With joyful hearts responding,  
 We do remember Thee.

- 2 The depth of all Thy suffering  
 No heart could e'er conceive;  
 The cup of wrath o'erflowing  
 For us Thou didst receive;  
 And, oh! of God forsaken,  
 On the accursed tree.  
 With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,  
 We now remember Thee.
- 3 We think of all the darkness  
 Which round Thy spirit pressed,  
 Of all those waves and billows  
 Which rolled across Thy breast.  
 Oh there, Thy grace unbounded,  
 And perfect love we see;  
 With joy and sorrow mingling,  
 We would remember Thee.

- 4 We know Thee now as risen,  
 The First-born from the dead;  
 We see Thee now ascended,  
 The church's glorious Head.  
 In Thee by grace accepted,  
 The heart and mind set free,  
 To think of all Thy sorrow,  
 And thus remember Thee.

- 5 Till Thou shalt come in Glory,  
 And call us hence away,  
 To rest in all the brightness  
 Of that unclouded Day,  
 We show Thy death, Lord Jesus,  
 And here would seek to be  
 More to Thy death conformed,  
 Whilst we remember Thee.

**236** TUNE—"Rhineland;" "Stuttgart."  
 8.7.

- 1 **O**N the Lamb my soul is resting,  
 What His love no tongue can  
 say,  
 All my sins, so great, so many,  
 In His Blood are washed away.

- 2 Sweetest rest and peace have filled  
 me,  
 Sweeter praise than tongue can  
 tell,  
 God is satisfied with JESUS,  
 I am satisfied as well.
- 3 Conscience now no more condemns  
 me,  
 For His own most precious Blood  
 Once for all has washed and cleansed  
 me,  
 Cleansed me in the eyes of God.
- 4 Filled with this sweet peace for ever,  
 On I go through strife and care,  
 Till I find that peace around me  
 In the Lamb's bright Glory there.

**237** TUNE—"Mullaghmore" S.M.

- 1 **O** PATIENT, spotless One;  
 Our hearts in meekness train,  
 To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,  
 That we may rest obtain.
- 2 Jesus! Thou art enough  
 The mind and heart to fill;  
 Thy patient life—to calm the soul;  
 Thy love—its fear dispel.
- 3 O fix our earnest gaze  
 So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
 That, with Thy beauty occupied,  
 We elsewhere none may see.

**238** TUNE—"German Hymn (Pleyel)." 7s.

- 1 **O** PRESERVE us, Blessed God,  
 In the path that Jesus trod;  
 In Thyself do we confide,  
 Shield us round on every side.
- 2 May we seek no other god,  
 May we take no other road,  
 But the path, which leads us on,  
 Where Thy Christ Himself has gone.
- 3 Whilst we travel through the waste,  
 May we love yet more the taste  
 Of the manna—heavenly food,  
 Satisfied with Thee, our God.

- 4 Oh, how pleasant is the spot  
Where Thou dost maintain our lot ;  
Goodly heritage have we,  
Where, O God, we've nought but  
Thee.
- 5 Wondrous portion, too, Thou art !  
Thou dost more than fill the heart,  
Be the vessels large or small,  
Thou canst over-fill them all.
- 6 Make our faith in Thee more bright,  
And, in closer bonds, unite  
All "the excellent" on earth,  
In this scene of death and dearth.
- 7 Here, midst all to make us sad,  
Through Thy grace our hearts are  
glad ;  
Nor could death our joy molest,  
For in hope our flesh would rest.
- 8 Thou the "Path of Life" hast shown,  
Thou hast raised Thy "Holy One ;"  
Full of joy before Thy Face  
See we Him Who came in grace.
- 9 We that same blest path would tread,  
Following close our glorious Head ;  
Till we find for evermore  
Pleasures where He's gone before.

**239** TUNE—"Elland." 8s.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! Whom absent we  
love,  
Whom not having seen we adore,  
Whose Name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 2 O come, and display us as Thine,  
And leave us no longer to roam ;  
May we in Thy Glory, Lord, shine,  
Thy presence soon summon us  
home.
- 3 O when shall the mists be removed,  
And round us Thy brightness be  
poured ?  
When meet Thee, Whom absent  
we've loved,  
When see, Whom unseen we've  
adored ?

- 4 O then never more shall the tears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on our blissful repose.
- 5 Or if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall  
raise,  
They will bring but new thoughts of  
Thy love,  
New themes for our wonder and  
praise.

**240** TUNE—"St. Anne." C.M.

- 1 O TEACH us more of Thy blest  
ways,  
Thou Holy Lamb of God !  
And fix and root us in Thy grace,  
As those redeemed by blood.
- 2 O tell us often of Thy love,  
Of all Thy grief and pain ;  
And let our hearts with joy confess  
That thence comes all our gain.
- 3 For this, O may we freely count  
Whate'er we have but loss ;  
The dearest object of our love,  
Compared with Thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts  
With an eternal pen,  
That we may, in some small degree,  
Return Thy love again.

**241** TUNE—"Benediction." 8.7.

- 1 O THOU great all-gracious Shep-  
herd,  
Shedding for us Thy life's Blood,  
Unto shame and death delivered,  
All to bring us nigh to God !  
Now our willing hearts adore Thee,  
Now we taste Thy dying love,  
While by faith we come before Thee—  
Faith which lifts our souls above.
- 2 As our Surety we behold Thee,  
Ransoming our souls from death ;  
As the willing Victim view Thee  
Yielding up to God Thy breath.

In this broken bread we own Thee,  
Bruised for us and put to shame ;  
And this cup, O Lord, we thank Thee,  
Speaks our pardon through Thy  
Name.

- 3 But 'tis past, and, Lord, we hail Thee  
Crown'd with glory on the throne ;  
Meet it is Thy saints should bless  
Thee

For the place Thy death hath won ;  
Won for us—that in full measure  
We should have our part with Thee,  
Taste the river of Thy pleasure,  
Share in all Thy victory.

## 242 TUNE—"St. Agnes (Langran)"

- 1 <sup>IOS.</sup>  
OUR God and Father, Thou  
would'st have us know  
Those deep affections which to Jesus  
flow,  
Which fill those glorious courts of  
Heaven above,  
And find in Him the object of Thy  
love.

- 2 Thou lov'st, our God and Father, to  
be known ;  
Yet who could Thee reveal except  
the Son ?  
Yes, He alone Thy heart of love  
could tell,  
Who in Thy bosom doth for ever  
dwell.

- 3 To do Thy will it was that Jesus came,  
And, Abba, Father, manifest Thy  
Name  
To us, who by Thy grace to Him are  
given,  
That we might share His place of  
love in Heaven.

- 4 What greater blessing could there  
be than this—  
To be before Thee now as Jesus is,  
In all Thy love, our Father, to Thy  
Son,  
And know that we with Christ are  
ever one !

- 5 'Twas on account O God, of Thy  
bless'd Name,  
That Jesus lived, 'midst all the scorn  
and shame ;  
He fully knew the depth of Thy  
great heart,  
And died, that we with Him might  
have a part.

- 6 Yes, part with Him ! in all the love  
that's there,  
At *Home*, where all the sons those  
joys shall share ;  
What nearer place to creatures  
could be given,  
Than Thou dost give to us with  
Christ in Heaven ?

- 7 Our God and Father, by Thy Spirit  
*now*  
We reach that Home, where 'tis Thy  
joy to show  
Thy love to Jesus, Thy beloved Son,  
Thy love to us, who with Thy Christ  
are one.

- 8 And Jesus fully to Thy love responds,  
And links us with Himself in closest  
bonds ;  
With joy He leadeth us in Thy blest  
praise,  
In songs to Thee, our God, through  
endless days.

## 243 TUNES—"Evensong," "Oh, how He loves !"

- 1 ONE there is above all others—  
Oh, how He loves !  
His is love beyond a brother's—  
Oh, 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,  
Oh, how He loves !
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
Oh, how He loves !  
Think, oh, think how much we owe  
Him !  
Oh, how He loves !



With His precious Blood He bought  
us ;  
In the wilderness He sought us ;  
To His loved ones safely brought us ;  
Oh, how He loves !

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

- 4 Through His Name we are forgiven—  
Oh, how He loves !  
Backward shall our foes be driven—  
Oh, 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—  
Oh, how He loves !

**244** TUNE—"French." C.M.

- 1 O UR God is light : and though  
we go  
Across a trackless wild,  
Our Jesus' footsteps ever show  
The path for every child.
- 2 At every step afresh we prove  
How sure our Heavenly Guide ;  
The faithful and forbearing love  
That never turns aside.
- 3 Thou weariest not, most gracious  
Lord,  
Though we may weary grow ;  
In season the sustaining word  
Thou giv'st our hearts to know.
- 4 Death's bitter waters met our thirst,  
Thy cross has made them sweet ;  
Then on our gladdened vision burst  
God's shady, cool retreat.

- 5 Through scenes of strife, by graves of  
lust,  
Our desert path has been ;  
But here, O Lord, we've learned to  
trust  
And love Thee, though unseen.

- 6 The manna and the springing well  
Suffice for every need ,  
And Eshcol's grapes the story tell  
Of where Thy path doth lead.

**245** TUNE—"Carey." 6-8s.

- 1 O UR hearts are full of Christ, and  
long  
Their glorious matter to declare !  
Of Him we make our loftier song,—  
We cannot from His praise forbear:  
Our ready tongues make haste to sing  
The glories of the heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;  
Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,  
And full of love Thy tender heart,  
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,  
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

**246** TUNE—"The crowning day." P.M.

- 1 O UR Lord is now rejected,  
And by the world disowned ;  
By the many still neglected,  
And by the few enthroned :  
But soon He'll come in glory—  
The hour is drawing nigh ;  
For the crowning day is coming  
By-and-by.
- Oh, the crowning day is coming !  
Is coming by-and-by ;  
When our Lord shall come in "power"  
And "glory" from on high.  
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden  
Each waiting, watchful eye,  
In the crowning day that's coming  
By-and-by.*

2 The heavens shall glow with splendour,  
But brighter far than they  
The saints shall shine in glory,  
As Christ shall them array.  
The beauty of the Saviour  
Shall dazzle every eye,  
In the crowning day that's coming  
By-and-by.\*

3 Our pain shall then be over,  
We'll sin and sigh no more ;  
Behind us all of sorrow,  
And nought but joy before.  
A joy in our Redeemer,  
As we to Him are nigh,  
In the crowning day that's coming  
By-and-by.\*

247 TUNES—"Ivillie ;" "Easton ;"  
"Priory." P.M.

1 OUR Shepherd is the Lord,  
The living Lord, who died :  
With all His fulness can afford  
We are supplied.  
He richly feeds our souls  
With blessings from above ;  
And leads us where the river rolls  
Of endless love.

2 Our souls He doth restore,  
And keeps us in His way ;  
He makes our cup of joy run o'er,  
From day to day ;  
Through love so full, so deep,  
Anointed is our head ;  
Mercy and goodness us shall keep,  
Where'er we tread.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,  
And love abide alone,  
Then shall we see Him face to face,  
And know as known :  
Still shall we lift our voice,  
His praise our song shall be ;  
And we shall in His love rejoice  
Who set us free.

248 TUNE—"Munich." 7.6.

1 OUR sins were borne by Jesus,  
The holy Lamb of God :  
He took them all, and freed us  
From that condemning load.  
Our guilt was borne by Jesus,  
Who washed the crimson stains  
White in His Blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2 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.

3 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.

249 TUNES—"Humility ;" "Launceston." L.M.

1 OURS is a pardon bought with  
Blood ;  
Amazing truth ! the Blood of One  
Who, without usurpation, could  
Lay claim to Heaven's eternal  
throne !

2 No victim of inferior worth  
Could ward the stroke that justice  
aimed :  
For none but He, in Heaven or earth,  
Could offer that which justice  
claimed.

3 But He, the Lord of glory, came ;  
Upon the cross He bowed His  
head ;  
He suffered pain, He suffered shame,  
And lay a prisoner with the dead.

- 4 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 end-  
less shame.

**250** TUNES—"Pilgrim;" "Ripon." S.M.

- 1 **O** UR times are in Thy hand,  
Father, we wish them there;  
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.
- 2 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified!  
The hand our many sins had pierced  
Is now our Guard and Guide.
- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the Advocate!  
Nor can that hand be stretched in  
vain,  
For us to supplicate.
- 6 Our times are in Thy hand;  
We'd always trust in Thee,  
Till we have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

**251** TUNES—"Venice;" "St. Michael;" "Solyma." S.M.

- 1 **O** WHAT a debt we owe  
To Him who shed His Blood,  
And cleansed our souls, and gave us  
power  
To stand before His God.
- 2 Saviour and Lord! we own  
The riches of Thy grace;  
For we can call Thy God, our God—  
Can bow before His Face.

- 3 Thy Father, too, above,  
We worship as our own,  
Who gave with Thee the Spirit's cry,  
To us His sons foreknown.

**252** TUNES—"St. Peter;" "Wondrous love." C.M.

- 1 **O** WHAT a gift the Father gave  
When He bestowed His Son!  
To save poor ruined, guilty man,  
By sin defiled, undone.
- 2 For I was lost and vile indeed!  
To sin a willing prey;  
Till God in mercy interposed,  
And turned my night to day.
- 3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,  
Though all unworthy still;  
I'm sheltered by His precious Blood  
Beyond the reach of ill.
- 4 Come, all who trust in Jesus, now,  
And tell our joys abroad;  
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend  
For Christ the gift of God.
- Chorus*—Oh! 'twas love, 'twas won-  
drous love,  
The love of God to me;  
It brought my Saviour from above  
To die on Calvary!

**253** TUNE—"He sitteth o'er the water floods." C.M.D.

- 1 **O** WONDROUS theme—the  
Father's love!  
Who knows it, Lord, like Thee?  
For this Thou camest from above  
That we might in it be—  
In all the love the Father bears  
To Thee, His blessed Son,  
In it Thine own Assembly shares,  
Since we with Thee are one.
- 2 What interest, Lord, belongs to Thee,  
In which we have no part?  
What closer union could there be  
Than with Thee, where Thou art?  
The Father's things—how great  
they are!  
And all belong to Thee,

And Thou dost give Thy Bride to share  
In them eternally.

3 The fulness of the Father's heart,  
Who but Thyself could tell?  
Yet 'tis Thy will that we have part  
In love Thou know'st so well.  
And what a part! in light divine,  
Before the Father, too,  
Where all His brightest glories shine,  
Where all to us is new.

4 Not new to Thee, O Blessèd Lord,  
For Thou hast ever been  
Where Thou the Son, the Living  
Word,  
Dost more than fill that scene.  
On glories, that we cannot share,  
Adoring we may gaze  
Whilst, Lord, to Thee how near and  
dear  
Thy Bride, through endless days!

254 TUNE—"Dismissal." 8.7.4.

1 PASSING onward, quickly passing;  
ing;

Yes, but whither, whither bound?  
Is it to the many mansions,  
Where eternal rest is found!  
Passing onward—

Yes, but whither, whither bound?

2 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Nought the wheels of time can  
stay!

Sweet the thought that some are  
going

To the realms of perfect day:

Passing onward—

Christ their Leader—Christ their  
Way.

3 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Many on the downward road;  
Careless of their souls immortal,  
Heeding not the call of God,  
Passing onward,  
Slighting still the Saviour's Blood!

4 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Time its course will quickly run;  
Still we hear the fond entreaty  
Of the ever gracious One—  
"Come and welcome,  
'Tis by Me that life is won."

255 TUNES—"Pax Tecum;" "Yet  
there is room." P.M.

1 PEACE! perfect peace! yes, peace  
for all who trust

In Him, Who came to seek and  
save the lost.

Peace, peace! sweet peace!

'Tis everlasting peace!

2 Peace! perfect peace! word fraught  
with sweetest rest,  
To meet deep longings breathed by  
souls distressed.

3 Peace! cloudless peace! no mists of  
doubt or fear,  
All bright and joyous, wondrous  
portion here.

4 Peace! perfect peace! peace made  
by Jesus' blood,  
As steadfast as th' eternal throne of  
God.

5 [Peace! perfect peace! since Jesus'  
work is done,  
And He, "our Peace," is on the  
Father's throne.]

6 Peace! changeless peace! through  
Thee, Lord, this is mine,  
'Midst changing scenes so marred  
with wrecks of time.

7 Yes; tranquil peace! till blissful  
moment dawn,  
When peace surrounds in Heaven's  
eternal calm.

256 TUNES—"Benediction;" "Even-  
tide." IOS.

1 PEACE was procured by Christ,  
the Son of God,  
When on the Cross He shed His  
precious Blood,  
Which brings a pardon, perfect, full  
and free,  
To guilty rebel sinners such as we.

2 *Peace is proclaimed* from Heaven's  
bright courts of love,  
Where Jesus sits at God's right  
hand above,  
And on His brow a crown of glory  
bright—  
Blest token of acceptance in His  
sight.

3 *Peace is possessed* by those who  
simply hide  
In Christ alone, and in His word  
confide ;  
They read their pardon written full  
and plain,  
By God Himself, who sees them  
without stain.

4 "*He is our Peace*" in glory's highest  
height,  
Changeless, the Same, though  
clouds may dim our sight,  
Our peace remains, though joy may  
come and go,  
Peace, perfect peace, our portion  
here below.

## 257 TUNE—"Mozart." 7s.

1 POOR and feeble though we be,  
Saviour, we belong to Thee !  
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,  
Thine, the purchase of Thy Blood.

2 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable, are Thine ;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Son of God, and Heir of Heaven !

## 258 TUNE—"Melbourne." 8.7.4.

1 PRAISE the Lord ! He died to  
save us !  
'Tis by Him alone we live ;  
And in Him the Father gave us  
All that boundless love could give :  
Life eternal  
In the Saviour we receive.

## 259 TUNE—"Scatter Seeds." P.M.

1 PRAISE the peerless Name of  
JESUS,  
Sing of Him for evermore.  
Praise the precious Name of Jesus,  
Tell its value o'er and o'er.  
Jesus Christ is God's salvation ;  
All who live through Jesus' Name  
Were in death and condemnation,  
Heirs of Adam's sin and shame.  
'Tis through Thy death, Lord  
Jesus,  
Faith can life eternal claim.

2 Precious Blood, the Blood of Jesus,  
Did for all my sins atone.  
Sprinkled Blood, the Blood of Jesus,  
Speaks for ever from the throne ;  
Telling how His life was given,  
And that He Who once was dead—  
Son of Man, God's Son from heaven—  
Is "the Saviour" as He said.  
Oh, precious blood of Jesus !  
For a world of sinners shed.

3 At this Name supreme of "JESUS,"  
Every knee, God saith, shall bow :  
Lord of all, 'tis this same Jesus  
Whom the world refuses now.  
Every eye shall gaze upon Him,  
Every tongue confess His Name,  
Every glory centres on Him,  
Wronged of men, and put to shame.  
Oh, blessed Name of Jesus !  
Now His matchless worth pro-  
claim.

4 Praise the peerless Name of Jesus,  
Tell of Him for evermore !  
See Him in God's glory—JESUS,  
Who the weight of judgment bore.  
In the cross, Thy death, Lord Jesus,  
God required what is past ;  
Thou art Alpha and Omega,  
Thou art First, and Thou art last.  
Now in Thy Name, Lord Jesus,  
All God's counsel standeth fast.

260 TUNES—"Praise the Saviour ;"  
"Exultation." P.M.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who  
know Him,  
Who can tell how much we owe  
Him ?  
Gladly let us render to Him  
All we have and are.
- 2 Jesus is the Name that charms us,  
He for conflict fits and arms us,  
Nothing moves and nothing harms  
us,  
While we trust in Him.
- 3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever,  
He is faithful, changing never :  
Neither force nor guile can sever  
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, oh keep us cleaving  
To Thyself and still believing,  
Till the hour of our receiving  
Promised joys with Thee.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be,  
Then we shall be what we should  
be ;  
Things that are not now nor could be  
Soon shall be our own.

261 TUNES—"Pleyel ;" "Weber ;" 7s.

- 1 PRAISE we to the Father give,  
God in Whom we move and live ;  
Children's praise He loves to hear,  
Children's songs delight His ear.
- 2 Praise we to the First-born bring,  
Christ the Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
Glad we raise our sweetest strain  
To the Lamb that once was slain !
- 3 Praises for the Holy Ghost  
Sent from Heaven at Pentecost !  
'Tis through Him alone we live,  
And the precious truth receive.
- 4 Blest our portion, thus to be  
Glorying in the Trinity  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that " God is love."

262 TUNES—"Sheffield ;" "St. Anne."  
C.M.

- 1 " PRAISE ye the Lord," again,  
again,  
The Spirit strikes the chord ;  
Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain :  
We praise, we praise the Lord.
- 2 " Rejoice in Him," again, again,  
The Spirit speaks the word,  
And faith takes up the happy strain ;  
Our joy is in the Lord.
- 3 " Stand fast in Christ ;" ah ! yet,  
again,  
He teacheth all the band ;  
If human efforts are in vain,  
In Christ it is we stand.
- 4 " Clean every whit ;" Thou saidst it,  
Lord ;  
Shall one suspicion lurk ?  
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,  
And thine a finished work.
- 5 For ever be the glory given  
To Thee, O Lamb of God !  
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,  
We owe it to Thy Blood.

263 TUNES—"Art thou weary ?"  
"Precious Name." 8.5.8.3.

- 1 P RECIOUS Name ! the Name of  
JESUS,  
Son of God Most High,  
Who in love to guilty sinners,  
Came to die.
- 2 Precious Name ! the story telling,  
Of His humble birth ;  
Of His lonely pathway, trodden  
Here on earth.
- 3 Precious Name ! of Him the Saviour,  
Come the lost to save ;  
In His grace, for ruined sinners,  
All He gave.
- 4 Precious Name ! of Him who suffered  
On the shameful tree ;  
Gave Himself, the willing Victim,  
Spotless He.

- 5 Precious Name ! enthroned in Heaven  
Still that Name He bears ;  
On His brow, the crown of glory,  
Now He wears.
- 6 Precious, peerless, Name of Jesus,  
None can tell its worth ;  
Sweetest Name there is in Heaven  
Or on earth.

**264** TUNE—"Art thou weary?" 8.5.8.3.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS, precious Blood of  
Jesus,  
Jesus, God's own Son ;  
Telling that the work is finished ;  
All is done.
- 2 Precious, precious Blood that cleanseth  
All who come to God ;  
This the sinner's only title—  
Jesus' Blood.
- 3 Precious, precious Blood that shelters  
From the wrath to come ;  
Gives the sinner right to enter  
That bright Home.
- 4 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus,  
Theme in glory bright ;  
Through it saved ones walk and  
worship  
In the light.

**265** TUNE—"Art thou weary?" 8.5.8.3.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS, precious Blood of  
Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.
- 2 Precious, precious Blood of Jesus,  
All the price is paid !  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.
- 3 Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious Blood can make them  
White as snow.

**266** TUNE—"My God I have found." ITS.

- 1 **R**EJOICE and be glad ; The  
Redeemer has come !  
Go look on His cradle, His cross,  
and His tomb !  
Sound His praises ! tell the story  
of Him who was slain !  
Sound His praises ! tell with glad-  
ness, He liveth again !
- 2 Rejoice and be glad ! it is sunshine  
at last !  
The clouds have departed, and  
shadows are past.
- 3 Rejoice and be glad ! for the Blood  
hath been shed :  
Redemption is finished, the price  
hath been paid.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad ! now the pardon  
is free,  
The Just for the unjust has died on  
the tree.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad ! for the Lamb  
that was slain  
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth  
again.
- 6 Rejoice and be glad ! for He cometh  
again ;  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that  
was slain.  
Sound His praises ! tell the story  
of Him who was slain !  
Sound His praises ! tell with glad-  
ness, He liveth again !
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- 267** TUNES—"Pilgrim," "Solyma,"  
"Ripon," "Troyte." S.M.
- 1 **R**EST of the saints above,  
Jerusalem of God,  
Who in thy palaces of love,  
Thy golden streets have trod ?

- 2 To me thy joy to tell,  
Those courts secure from ill,  
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell  
And every bosom fill.
- 3 Who shall to me that joy  
Of saint-thronged courts declare;  
Tell of that constant sweet employ  
My spirit longs to share?
- 4 That rest secure from ill,  
No cloud of grief e'er stains,  
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,  
And love eternal reigns.
- 5 The Lamb is there, my soul—  
There, God Himself doth rest,  
In love divine diffused through all  
With Him supremely blest.
- 6 God and the Lamb—'tis well,  
I know that source divine  
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,  
Yet know that all is mine.
- 7 And see, the Spirit's power  
Has ope'd the heavenly door,  
Has brought me to that favoured hour  
When toil shall all be o'er.
- 8 There on the hidden bread  
Of Christ—once humbled here—  
God's treasured store—for ever fed,  
His love my soul shall cheer.
- 9 Called by that secret name  
Of undisclosed delight,  
(Blest answer to reproach and shame)  
Graved on the stone of white.
- 10 There in effulgence bright,  
Saviour and Guide, with Thee  
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light  
Whiter my robe shall be.
- 11 There in th' unsullied way  
Which His own hand hath dressed,  
My feet press on where brightest day  
Shines forth on all the rest.

- 12 But who that glorious blaze  
Of living light shall tell,  
Where all His brightness God displays,  
And the Lamb's glories dwell?
- 13 (There only to adore,  
My soul its strength may find,  
Its life, its joy for evermore,  
By sight, nor sense, defined.)
- 14 God and the Lamb shall there  
The light and temple be,  
And radiant hosts for ever share  
The unveiled mystery.

**268** TUNE—"Dublin." 7.6.

- 1 **R**EST of the saints in Glory,  
The labourer's bright reward,  
How constant sounds before me  
"For ever with the Lord."  
Rest through the toil of Jesus,  
For saints there doth remain;  
An endless rest, and precious,  
A rest from sin and pain.
- 2 My longing heart, now pillowed  
On Jesu's breast of love,  
Hath oft to me foreshadowed  
That blissful rest above.  
But, O my soul, remember,  
None shall be weary there;  
The ransomed without number,  
God's blessed rest will share.
- 3 His face in radiant Glory,  
With rapture they will see;  
His wounds will tell a story,  
To swell the jubilee!  
The subjects of salvation  
Will praise Him ever there;  
While all the new creation  
God's endless rest will share.

**269** TUNES—"Stuttgart;" "Isle of Beauty." 8.7.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,  
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;  
See Him now in Glory seated,  
Where thy sins no more can rise.



- 2 There in righteousness transcendent,  
Lo ! He doth in Heaven appear,  
Shows the Blood of His atonement  
As thy title to be there.
- 3 All thy sins were laid upon Him,  
Jesus bore them on the tree ;  
God, Who knew them, laid them on  
Him,  
And, believing, thou art free.
- 4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,  
Spreads for thee His feast divine,  
Bids thee welcome, ever telling,  
What a portion there is thine.
- 5 Blessèd, glorious word, " for ever "—  
Yea, " for ever " is the word,  
Nothing can the ransomed sever,  
Nought divide them from the Lord.

**270** TUNE—"German Evening  
Hymn." 8.7.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, thy God directs  
thee,  
Stranger hands no more impede ;  
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,  
Strength that has the captive  
freed.
- 2 Is the wilderness before thee,  
Desert lands where drought abides ?  
Heavenly springs shall there restore  
thee,  
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
- 3 Light divine surrounds thy going,  
God Himself shall mark thy way,  
Secret blessings, richly flowing,  
Lead to everlasting day.
- 4 God, thine everlasting portion,  
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat,  
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,  
Egypt's food no more to eat.
- 5 Art thou weaned from Egypt's  
pleasures,  
God in secret thee shall keep,  
There, unfold His hidden treasures,  
There His love's exhaustless deep.

- 6 In the desert God will teach thee  
What the God that thou hast  
found,  
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,  
All His grace shall there abound.
- 7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,  
E'en thy wants and woes shall  
bring,  
Suited grace from high descending,  
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
- 8 Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew :  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied  
Tell how God hath brought thee  
through.
- 9 When to Canaan's long-loved dwell-  
ing  
Love divine thy foot shall bring ;  
There with shouts of triumph  
swelling,  
Zion's songs in rest to sing—
- 10 There no stranger-God shall meet  
thee,  
Stranger thou in courts above,  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greet thee with a well-known love.

**271** TUNES—"Deerhurst ;" "Meet  
me at the Fountain" (with  
Chorus first four lines). 8.7.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, 'tis Jesus calls  
Thee ;  
Fear not though the waves be  
high ;  
Christ will guide thee safe and surely,  
Though unseen, He's always nigh.  
Once He bade thee wait upon Him :  
"Stand still" was the word to thee ;  
Now He bids thee "Rise ! go forward !  
March right onward through the  
sea."
- 2 Thou hast seen " the Lord's salva-  
tion,"  
He has made the waves recede ;  
Not one billow shall approach thee,  
Boldly now in faith proceed.

Canst thou hear the world behind thee,  
Angry that they lose their grasp ?  
Thou art one with Christ in glory,  
Holden by His golden clasp.

3 See, the cloud is now behind thee,  
Stands betwixt thee and the foe ;  
They have darkness, thou hast glory ;  
Jesus bids thee onward go.  
Christ has trod that path before thee,  
Knows each footstep of the way ;  
His own gracious smile doth cheer thee,  
He is all thy strength and stay.

4 Soon to see thy God in Glory,  
Soon to gather round the Lamb ;  
There to join in Hallelujahs,  
Praising loud the great " I AM."  
Where no foe shall ever touch thee,  
Every trial will be o'er :  
Nought but God will be before thee  
And the Lamb for evermore.

272 TUNES—"Crown Him, Crown Him ;" "Spanish Chant." 78.

1 ROCK of Ages ! cleft for sin,  
Grace hath hid us safe within !  
Where the water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Are of sin the double cure ;  
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

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

3 Found by Thee before we sought,  
Unto Thee, in mercy brought ;  
We have Thee for righteousness,—  
From Thy fulness grace on grace :  
Thou hast washed us in Thy Blood,  
Made us live and live to God.

4 While we draw this fleeting breath,  
If our eyes are closed in death,  
When we soar to worlds unknown,  
Sit with Thee upon Thy Throne :—  
Thou our joy shalt be in Heaven,  
Who for us Thyself hast given.

273 TUNE—"Near the Cross." P.M.

1 SAFE in Christ, the weakest child  
Stands in all God's favour ;  
All in Christ are reconciled  
Through that only Saviour.  
Safe in Christ ! safe in Christ !  
He's their glory ever :  
None can pluck them from His  
hand,  
They shall perish never.

2 Once their sins on every side  
Seemed to tower o'er them,  
Christ has stemmed the angry tide,  
Been through death before them.

3 In His death they've crossed the sea,  
Passed through condemnation :  
Well they may triumphant be,  
Saved through God's salvation.

4 On the resurrection side,  
Death's dark sea behind them ;  
All their sins beneath the tide,  
None can ever find them.

5 Now by faith the justified  
Know that God is for them ;  
To the world they're crucified,  
Glory is before them.

274 TUNE—"O Paradise (Henry)."

1 SALVATION ! oh ! how sweet the  
word,  
How great the love of God !  
When we so far from Him had erred,  
In wilful paths had trod—  
That He should plan the way  
Our ruined souls to save,  
And all the cost should pay,  
For His own Son He gave.

2 Salvation ! oh, how great it is,  
And not one thing to do !  
'Tis God's own word declareth this,  
It is divinely true ;  
The work has all been done,  
For Jesus' Blood is shed,  
And God's Belovèd Son  
Is risen from the dead.

- 3 Salvation ! God's eternal plan,  
No matter what we've been,  
Avails for the most sinful man  
The world has ever seen ;  
For Jesus paid the cost,  
On Calv'ry suffered there,  
And died, to save the lost,  
Believers' sins to bear.
- 4 Salvation ! offered now to all,  
Yes ! even to a child,  
The young, the old, may hear the  
call—  
" To God be reconciled."  
The first and feeblest cry,  
From Him who seeks His Face,  
Brings God the Father nigh,  
The lost one to embrace.
- 5 Salvation ! yes, He does it all,  
The distance He removes,—  
And no reserve, however small,  
His heart of love approves.  
To all on earth's vast globe,  
Who come by Christ to God,  
He gives the kiss and robe,  
Procured by Jesus' Blood.

**275** TUNE—"Ashley." P.M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound,  
What pleasure to our ears !  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

*Chorus—*

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever :  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

- 2 Salvation ! O ascended Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs,  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

*Chorus—*

Glory, honour, praise, and power, etc.

**276** TUNES—"Whither, Pilgrims ?"  
"What a Friend !" 8.7.

- 1 **S**AVED for glory ! yes, for glory !  
By the work of God's blest Son ;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
We believe what Christ has done.  
Saved for glory, saved by JESUS,  
All our meetness His alone ;  
Meetness, which the Father pleases  
Ours should be, in Christ the Son.

- 2 All of grace, yes grace surpassing,  
Such a portion to bestow ;  
But the love all knowledge passing,  
Grace has called us now to know ;  
Love that bore the stripes and  
sorrow,  
Love that suffered on the tree ;  
Love that shares the bright to  
morrow  
With the loved ones, you and me.

- 3 Through that perfect Offering, never  
Can our sins against us rise,  
Perfectured are we for ever  
By that wondrous Sacrifice.  
JESUS, Saviour ! we are graven  
Ever on Thy heart of love ;  
We shall reach the wished-for haven  
In Thy Father's House above.

- 4 Grace's riches, priceless treasure,  
Love unfolds to meet our sin ;  
Glory's riches now the measure  
Of the Spirit's power within.  
Strengthened by the power of glory,  
Soon to be for ever known :  
Saint of God ! it lies before thee—  
Grace has made the hope thine  
own.

**277** TUNE—"Safe in the Arms of  
Jesus." 7.6.

- 1 **S**AVED through the Blood of  
JESUS,  
Saved from all sin and shame,  
Saved too to share Christ's Glory,  
Are all who trust His Name

Safe in the Rock of Ages,  
Fearlessly there they hide,  
Safe from the storms of judgment,  
Safe from the swelling tide.

2 Saved through the Blood of Jesus,  
Saved from the wrath to come,  
Saved for eternal Glory,  
Saved for the Father's Home.  
Saved from o'erwhelming sorrow,  
Saved from distracting care,  
Saved from a world of evil,  
Saved from all doubt and fear.

3 Saved through the Blood of Jesus,  
God's great High Priest above;  
Borne on His mighty shoulders,  
Grav'd on His heart of love.  
Watched by the faithful Shepherd,  
Kept with the Father's care,  
Safe in those Hands for ever,  
No one can perish there.

4 Saved, too, to tell of Jesus,  
Saved to confess His Name,  
Telling how He has suffered,  
Bearing the sin and shame:  
Saved now to wait with patience,  
Looking by faith afar,  
Wait, till before the dawning,  
Rises the Morning Star.

*Chorus, first four lines, or—*  
Saved through the Blood of Jesus,  
Perfect and only plea;  
Nought else avails for sinners,  
Nought else avails for me.

## 278 TUNES—"St. Agnes;" "St. Peter."

C.M.

1 SAVIOUR, we long to follow Thee,  
Daily Thy cross to bear,  
And count all else, whate'er it be,  
Unworthy of our care.

2 We are not now our own, but Thine,  
The purchase of Thy blood,  
And made, by grace and love divine,  
The sons and heirs of God.

3 Thy Spirit too, the present seal  
Of all the Father's love,  
Dwells in our souls, and does reveal  
The glorious rest above.

4 Thy life is now beyond the grave;  
Our souls Thou hast set free;  
Life, strength, and grace in Thee we  
have,  
For we are one with Thee.

5 O teach us so the power to know  
Of risen life with Thee;  
Not *we* may live while here below,  
But Christ our life may be.

## 279 TUNE—"Ernan." L.M.

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

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

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

4 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.

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

- 1 SINCE Christ and we are one,  
What room for doubt or fear?  
He sits upon the Father's throne,  
And we are in Him there.
- 2 The Spirit doth unite  
Our souls to Him our Head,  
And forms us to His image bright  
While in His steps we tread.
- 3 And grace it is—free grace—  
Which keeps us on the road,  
Till we behold the Saviour's Face,  
And city of our God.

## 281

TUNE—"Chanson Roland."

- 1 SING we our choral strain,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Heaven loves the grand refrain,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Central amid the Throne,  
Worthy art Thou!  
All spheres Thy Name shall own,  
Worthy art Thou!
- 2 Meet for Thy God's delight,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Lovely as is the light,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thou camest down to die,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thou art gone up on high,  
Worthy art Thou!
- 3 Thou for the world wert slain,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thou wilt triumphant reign,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Thou wert on earth alone,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Millions in heaven own,  
Worthy art Thou!
- 4 Meek were Thy steps and right,  
Worthy art Thou!  
True as the rays of light,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Sent, God's whole will to do,  
Worthy art Thou!  
None here Thy glories knew,  
Worthy art Thou!

- 5 God's vast resource to be,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Matchless in majesty,  
Worthy art Thou!  
By Thine own Blood made nigh,  
Worthy art Thou!  
Join we redemption's cry.  
Worthy art Thou!

## 282

TUNES—"Silchester;" "Greenwood;" "Moreland." S.M.

- 1 SING without ceasing, sing  
The Saviour's present grace,  
How all things shine in light divine  
For those who've seen His Face.
- 2 He's gone within the veil,  
For us that place has won;  
In Him we stand, a heavenly band,  
Where He Himself is gone.
- 3 There all's unsullied light,  
Our hearts let in its rays;  
And heavenly light makes all things  
bright,  
Seen in that blissful gaze.
- 4 Such here on earth we are,  
Though we in weakness roam;  
Our place on high, God's self so nigh,  
His presence is our home.
- 5 And stayed by joy divine,  
As hireling fills his day,  
Through scenes of strife and desert  
life  
We tread in peace our way.
- 6 That way is upward still,  
Where life and glory are;  
Our rest's above in perfect love,  
The glory we shall share.
- 7 For ever with the Lord,  
For ever like Him then,  
And see His Face in that blest place,  
Our Father's house in heaven.

## 283

TUNE—"Lead me to Jesus." P.M.

- 1 SUFFER the children! suffer the  
children!  
Such still the words of Jesus  
to-day;

Though now in Heaven, still He's  
unwilling  
Even to turn the children away.  
Children now may come and rest at  
Jesus' feet,  
Thither come and sing the Saviour's  
praises sweet:  
Christ, still the same now as  
yesterday,  
E'en little children won't send  
away.

2 Since those sweet words of Jesus  
were spoken,  
Christ on the cross for sinners has  
bled;  
Thousands of children now are with  
Jesus,  
Waiting with Him Who rose from  
the dead.

3 How many children yet in their folly  
Won't come to Jesus now whilst  
they may,  
Searching for pleasures just for a  
season,  
Losing the joys of that endless day.

4 Still there is room in His blessed  
bosom,  
For every child who'll trust Him  
to-day:  
Still He is calling, even from Heaven,  
"Drive not the little children  
away."

**284** TUNE—"Stuttgart." 8.7.

1 SWEET the moments, which, in  
blessing,  
Musing o'er the cross we spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the dying sinners' Friend.

2 Here we rest—in wonder viewing  
All our guilt on Jesus laid!  
And a full redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.

3 Here we find the dawn of Heaven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze,  
See our trespasses forgiven,  
And our songs of triumph raise.

4 Oh! that strong in faith abiding,  
We may to the Saviour cleave,  
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,  
All for Him content to leave.

5 May we still, God's mind discerning,  
To the Lamb for wisdom go;  
There new wonders daily learning,  
All the depths of mercy know.

**285** TUNE—"Praise." 8.8.6.

1 THAT bright and blessed morn is  
near  
When He the Bridegroom shall  
appear,  
And call His bride away.  
Her blessing then shall be complete,  
When with her Lord she takes her  
seat  
In everlasting day.

2 The days and months are gliding  
past,  
Soon shall be heard the trumpet's  
blast  
Which wakes the sleeping saints.  
The dead in Christ in glory rise,  
When we with them shall reach the  
skies

Where Jesus for us waits.  
3 What wonder, joy, and glad surprise  
Shall fill our hearts as thus we rise,  
To meet Him in the air;  
To see His face, to hear His voice,  
And in His perfect love rejoice,  
Whose glory then we'll share.

4 No more deferred our hope shall be,  
No longer through a glass we'll see,  
But clearly face to face.  
We'll dwell with Jesus then above,  
Whom absent we have learned to  
love,  
Blest samples of His grace.

5 O may this hope our spirits cheer,  
While waiting for our Saviour here;  
He'll quickly come again.  
O may our hearts look for that day,  
And to His word responsive say,  
"Come, Jesus, Lord. Amen."

**286** TUNE—"Darwell's." 6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **T**H' atoning work is done;  
The Victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead:  
He sits in Heaven their great High  
Priest,  
And bears their names upon His  
breast.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

**287** TUNE—"Irish." C.M.

- 1 **T**HE cross of Christ! what untold  
love,  
What *grace*, was there expressed!  
The only way to Heaven above—  
To God's eternal rest.
- 2 The good-for-nothing hopeless ones  
Find mercy on the spot,  
For thus God's glorious message runs:  
"To him that worketh not."
- 3 The work of Christ was so complete,  
Its glory nought can dim;  
The point where God and sinners  
meet,  
And thousands meet with Him.
- 4 And art thou *wretched, vile, undone*,  
Aye, *worse* than all beside?  
Why, 'twas for such a *hopeless one*  
That Christ Himself has died.
- 5 The day of grace will soon be o'er  
(The closing hour is set),  
Still open stands salvation's door,  
And you may enter yet.

**288** TUNES—"St. Alphege," "Bremen,"  
"St. Benet." 7.6.

- 1 **T**HE day of Glory bearing  
Its brightness far and near,  
The day of Christ's appearing  
We now no longer fear.
- 2 He once a spotless victim  
For us on Calvary bled;  
Jehovah did afflict Him,  
And bruised Him in our stead.
- 3 To Him by grace united,  
We joy in Him alone;  
And now by faith, delighted,  
Behold Him on the throne.
- 4 Then let Him come in Glory,  
Who comes His saints to raise,  
To perfect all the story  
Of wonder, love, and praise.

**289** TUNES—"O Jesus, Lamb of God;"  
"Leoni;" "Priory;" "Westland;"  
"Troyte No. 2." 6.6.8.4.

- 1 **T**HE Father sent the Son  
A ruined world to save;  
Man meted to the Sinless One  
The cross, the grave;  
Blest Substitute from God,  
Wrath's awful cup He drained,  
Laid down His life, and e'en the  
tomb's  
Reproach sustained.
- 2 Earth shuddered as He died,  
God's well-belovèd Son;  
The darkness sought His woes to  
hide,  
His work is done.  
He lives to die no more!  
Joy dwells upon His brow,  
His agonies untold are o'er,  
He triumphs now,
- 3 The new and living Way  
Stands open now to Heaven;  
Thence, where the Blood is seen  
always,  
God's Gift is given.

The River of His grace,  
Through righteousness supplied,  
Is flowing o'er the barren place  
Where Jesus died.

- 4 The Lord shall come again ;  
The Conqueror must reign ;  
No tongue but shall confess Him then,  
The Lamb once slain.  
Jesus is worthy now  
All homage to receive ;  
Worthy that all to Him shall bow,  
The Truth believe.

290 TUNE—"Safe Home" (Sullivan) ;  
"The Gospel of Thy Grace."  
6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 THE Gospel is of God  
To magnify His Son,  
For Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
By power God's will hath done :  
By power He crushed the serpent's  
head,  
By power God raised Him from the  
dead.
- 2 The Holy Spirit came  
On Jesus from above ;  
Not "whirlwind" then, nor  
"flame"—  
"Descending like a dove :"  
And lo ! from Heaven the Father's  
voice  
Owned Him in Whom He doth  
rejoice.
- 3 The Saviour Christ the Lord  
'Mid guilty sinners came,  
Maintained the truth of God,  
Bore grief, reproach, and shame :  
Unwearied in His love, His grace,  
He took the guilty sinner's place.
- 4 Alone upon His cross,  
God's judgment Jesus bore,  
He paid in full the cost  
Of glory evermore :  
His precious Blood was freely shed,  
And Jesus crushed the serpent's  
head !

- 5 By resurrection now  
God doth His rights declare ;  
Let men and angels bow  
To Jesus everywhere :  
For to "this Man," God's Son, is  
given  
All power on earth, all power in  
Heaven.

291 TUNE—"The Gospel of Thy  
Grace." P.M.

- 1 THE Gospel of Thy grace  
My stubborn heart has won ;  
For God so loved the world,  
He gave His only Son,  
That "whosoever will believe  
Should everlasting life receive."
- 2 The serpent "lifted up"  
Could life and healing give,  
So Jesus on the cross  
Once died that we might live :  
For "whosoever will believe  
Shall everlasting life receive."
- 3 "The soul that sinneth dies ;"  
My awful doom I heard ;  
I was for ever lost,  
But for Thy gracious word,  
That "whosoever will believe  
Should everlasting life receive."
- 4 Not to condemn the world  
The "Man of sorrows" came ;  
But that the world might have  
Salvation through His Name :  
For "whosoever will believe  
Shall everlasting life receive."

292 TUNES—"Prospect ;" "Vox  
Delecta." D.C.M.

- 1 THE Holy One who knew no sin,  
God made Him sin for us ;  
The Saviour died our souls to win,  
Upon the shameful cross.  
His precious Blood alone availed  
To wash our sins away ;  
Through weakness He o'er hell pre-  
vailed,  
Through death He won the day.



- 2 His beauty shineth far above  
Our feeble power of praise ;  
And we shall live and learn His love  
Through everlasting days.  
The knowing this, that us He loves,  
Hath made our cup run o'er ;  
Jesus, Thy Name our spirit moves,  
To-day and evermore.

**293** TUNE—"Moreland." S.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Himself shall come,  
And shout a quickening word ;  
Thousands shall answer from the tomb :

"For ever with the Lord !"

- 2 Then, as we upward fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be our shout of victory :  
"For ever with the Lord !"  
3 There with unwearied gaze  
Our eyes on Him we'll rest,  
And satisfy with endless praise  
A heart supremely blest.  
4 "Knowing as we are known !"—  
How shall we love that word,  
How oft repeat before the throne :  
"For ever with the Lord !"  
5 That resurrection-word,  
That shout of victory—  
Once more : "For ever with the Lord."  
Amen, so let it be !

**294** TUNES—"Easton ;" "Ixille ;"  
"Thornfield." P.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Himself," 'tis He  
Whose death on earth we  
show ;  
His life, His power, His victory,  
Through grace we know.  
2 He shall from Heaven descend ;  
"Chief Messenger," 'tis He  
Whose coming shall faith's trial end,  
And make us "free."  
3 The dead in Christ shall rise,  
And we, transformed as they,  
Caught up with them in yonder skies,  
His voice obey.

- 4 He'll meet us in the air,  
Beyond the clouds of time ;  
In glory and in beauty there,  
In joy sublime.

- 5 His signal-shout, "Arise !"  
God's trumpet, our ears shall greet,  
One blissful moment of surprise,—  
Our Lord we meet.

- 6 All need for patience o'er,—  
Like Him, in truth and grace,  
With Him in glory, evermore,  
Then face to face.

**295** TUNES—"Silchester ;" "St.  
Michael." S.M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen indeed !  
Then justice asks no more ;  
Mercy and truth are now agreed,  
Which stood opposed before.  
2 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
Then is His work performed ;  
The captive Surety now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarmed.  
3 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
He lives—to die no more ;  
He lives—His people's cause to plead  
Whose curse and shame He bore.  
4 "The Lord is risen indeed !"  
And hell has lost its prey ;  
And with Him all the ransomed seed  
Shall reign in endless day.

**296** TUNES—"Abide with me ;"  
"Ellers." 108.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen : the Red Sea's  
judgment flood  
Is passed, in Him who bought us with  
His Blood,  
The Lord is risen : we stand beyond  
the doom  
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty  
tomb.  
2 The Lord is risen : with Him we  
also rose,  
And in His grave see vanquished all  
our foes.

The Lord is risen : beyond the judgment land,  
In Him, in resurrection-life we stand.

3 The Lord is risen : redeemed now to God,

We tread the desert which His feet have trod,

The Lord is risen : the Sanctuary's our place,

Where now we dwell before the Father's Face.

4 The Lord is risen : the Lord is gone before,

We long to see Him, and to sin no more.

The Lord is risen : our triumph-shout shall be,

"Thou hast prevailed ! Thy people, Lord, are free."

297 TUNE—"Home, sweet Home." 108. or 118.

1 THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand :

No sign to be look'd for, the Star's in the sky ;

Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command ;

Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour appears !

How welcome to those who have shared in His cross !

A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,

A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,

To the glory that then will from heaven be reveal'd ?

"The Saviour is coming," His people may say ;

"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord ! that our love to Thy Name

Is so faint, with so much our affections to move !

Our coldness might fill us with grief and with shame,

So much to be loved, and so little to love.

5 O kindle within us a holy desire, Like that which was found in Thy people of old,

Who tasted Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,

While they waited, in patience, Thy Face to behold.

298 TUNE—"Rockingham." L.M.

1 THE perfect righteousness of God Is witnessed in the Saviour's Blood ;

'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.

2 God could not pass the sinner by, His sin demands that he must die ; But in the cross of Christ we see How God can save, yet righteous be.

3 The sin alights on Jesus' head, 'Tis in His Blood sin's debt is paid ; Stern justice can demand no more, And mercy can dispense her store.

4 The sinner who believes is free, Can say, "The Saviour died for me;" Can point to the atoning Blood, And say, "This made my peace with God."

5 How wondrous the redemption plan, Designed by God for ruined man ! His precious Son in death laid low, That He might endless life bestow.

299 TUNE—"Cambridge." S.M.

1 THE person of the Christ, Enfolding every grace, Once slain, but now alive again, In Heaven demands our praise.

- 2 Gladly of Him we sing,  
Since we with Him are dead :  
Our life is hid with Christ in God,  
In Christ the Church's Head.
- 3 The Heavens are opened now !  
Sound it through earth abroad ;  
And we, by faith, in HEAVEN behold  
Jesus the Christ our Lord.

**300** TUNE—" *All Saints.*" C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Prince of Life, once slain  
for us,  
Is now gone up on high ;  
Captivity was captive led,  
And Christ no more can die.
- 2 His word is faithfulness and truth--  
" Behold, I quickly come ;"  
And faith that counts the promise  
sure,  
Can pierce the midnight gloom.
- 3 Far spent already is the night,  
In hope we hail the day  
Of the beloved Lord's return,  
To wipe all tears away.
- 4 Jesus, at the appointed hour,  
In glory shall appear ;  
Then, fashioned by His mighty hand,  
We shall His image bear.
- 5 Soon shall the saints with glory  
crowned  
Dwell in that cloudless light,  
And see their Lord in glory owned,  
Heaven's constant sweet delight.

**301** TUNE—" *St. Peter.*" C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Son of God, who dwelt in light  
Unreached by mortal eye,  
Came forth as man the foe to fight,  
And won the victory.
- 2 In perfect light was sin laid bare,  
And met its utmost due ;  
While perfect love in triumph there  
Revealed salvation too.
- 3 Who but the sinless One could be  
Sin-offering meet for God ?  
And who in Heaven or earth but He  
Could cleanse me with His Blood ?

- 4 To save the sinner Jesus came,  
To set the captive free ;  
And now my willing lips proclaim  
What He hath done for me.
- 5 His finished work is all my trust,  
And now He lives above,  
Eternal proof that God is just  
In all this way of love.
- 6 Delivered from the wrath to come,  
I soon shall see His Face ;  
And praise, in God's eternal Home,  
The riches of His grace.

**302** TUNES—" *God is Love ;*" " *Christ for me ;*" " *Evangelia.*" P.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a better world above,  
Oh, so bright !\*  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
And all are free from every care,  
And Jesus Christ the Lord is there,  
And harps of God, and mansions  
fair,\*
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,  
Happy land !\*  
No tear-drops glisten in the eye,\*  
They drink the gushing streams of  
grace,  
And gaze upon the Saviour's Face,  
Whose brightness fills the Holy  
place,\*
- 3 But though we're sinners every one,  
Jesus died ;\*  
And though forlorn, condemned,  
undone,\*  
All may be cleansed from every stain,  
And find in Christ eternal gain,  
And in that land of pleasure reign.\*

**303** TUNES—" *Martyrdom ;*" " *Spohr.*"  
" *Belmont.*" C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a Name we love to hear,  
We love to sing its worth ;  
It sounds like music in our ear,  
The sweetest Name on earth.

- 2 It tells us of a Saviour's love  
Who died to set us free ;  
It tells us of His precious Blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name we love so well,  
The Name we love to hear !  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 4 This Name shall shed its fragrance  
still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads us up to God.
- 5 And there the whole triumphant  
throng,  
Of blood-bought saints on high,  
Shall sing the new eternal song  
With Jesus ever nigh.

**304** TUNE—" *There is a Fountain.*"

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a stream of precious  
Blood,  
Which flowed from Jesus' veins,  
And sinners washed in that blest  
flood,

Lose all their guilty stains.

*Chorus*—I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross He shed  
His Blood,  
From sin to set me free.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Saviour in his day ;  
And by that Blood, though vile as he,  
My sins are washed away.
- 3 Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious  
Blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till every ransomed saint of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 Soon, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save ;  
No more with lisping stammering  
tongue,  
But conqueror o'er the grave.

- 5 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared—  
Unworthy though I be—  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A harp of God for me.
- 6 '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.

*Alternative Chorus*—

I want no other argument,  
I need no other plea,  
It is enough that Jesus died  
And rose again for me.

**305** TUNE—" *Oh, so bright.*" P.M.

- 1 THERE is forgiveness full and free  
Through the Blood  
Of Jesus, who on Calvary's tree  
Shed His Blood.

It fits poor sinners for the sky,  
Yea, unto God it brings them nigh,  
Made meet to dwell with Christ on  
high,

Through the Blood.

- 2 No glittering gold redeems the soul,  
But the Blood.  
No prayers, or tears, can make us  
whole,  
Just the Blood.  
Yes, 'tis the Blood, the precious  
Blood  
Of Christ, the chosen Lamb of God,  
That clears away sin's heavy load :  
Precious Blood !

- 3 Thousands of souls in Heaven will be,  
Through the Blood,  
Praising the Lamb, who on the tree  
Shed His Blood.

All white and pure, all glorious fair,  
They praise the Lamb, whose joy  
they share ;  
Oh ! happy throng ! And all are  
there  
Through the Blood !

306 "There is life for a look." P.M.

1 THERE is life in a look at the crucified One;

There is life at this moment for thee;

Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved—

Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

2 We are healed by His stripes.

Wouldst thou add to the word?

And He is our righteousness made;  
The best robe of Heaven He bids them put on;

Oh! couldst thou be better arrayed?

3 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God hath declared

There remaineth no more to be done;

Christ once in the end of the world hath appeared,  
And completed the work He begun.

4 O take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once

The life everlasting He gives;  
And know with assurance thou never canst die,  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

5 There is life in a look at the crucified One:

There is life at this moment for thee:

Then look, sinner—look unto Him and be saved,  
And know thyself spotless as He.

307 TUNE—"The sweet by-and-by!" P.M.

1 THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,

And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Saviour has now gone away  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

\* In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!

In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—

Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.\*

3 To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.\*

308 TUNES—"Ellacombe;" "Eden Grove." 7.6.

1 THERE'S a Rest for little children,

Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And "Abba, Father," cry;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and danger free;  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

2 There's a Home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A Home of peace and joy.  
No home on earth is like it,  
Or can with it compare;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a Friend for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious Name He bears.

4 There's a Crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by ;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who've found His favour,  
And loved His Name below.

5 There's a Song for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually :  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing ;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a Robe for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And a palm of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
Oh come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own !

**309** TUNE—" *Rutherford.*" 7.6.

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 dayspring 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 stream 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 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 planned,  
When throned where Glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

4 Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,  
And my Belovèd's mine !  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His " house of wine ! "  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where Glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

5 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.

**310** TUNE—" *Hursley.*" L.M.

1 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.

2 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.

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

4 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,  
And sing His praise with cheerful  
voice :  
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,  
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

# 311 TUNES—"Belmont;" "Sawley."

C.M.

- 1 THE veil is rent :—our souls draw near  
Unto a throne of grace ;  
The merits of the Lord appear,  
They fill the Holy place.
- 2 His precious Blood has spoken there,  
Before and on the throne :  
And His own wounds in Heaven  
declare,  
The atoning work is done.
- 3 'Tis finished !—here our souls have  
rest,  
His work can never fail :  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We pass within the veil.
- 4 Within the Holiest of all,  
Cleansed by His precious Blood,  
Before the throne we prostrate fall,  
And worship Thee, O God !
- 5 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.

# 312 TUNES—"Ilseley;" "Rockingham." 8.8.8.6.

- 1 THE wanderer no more will roam,  
The lost one to Thyself hath  
come,  
The prodigal is welcomed Home,  
O Lamb of God, To Thee !
- 2 Though clothed in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father did embrace His child ;  
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 3 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 !
- 4 And now my famish'd soul is fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread,  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God in Thee !

- 5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,  
God put me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His Face,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 6 Not half His love can I express,  
Yet Lord ! with joy my lips confess,  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !
- 7 Thy precious Name it is I bear,  
In Thee I am to God brought near,  
And all the Father's love I share,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee !

# 313 TUNE—"Lord Jesus, come!" P.M.

- 1 THINE, Jesus, Thine,  
No more this heart of mine  
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee,  
The world is crucified to me,  
And I am Thine.
- 2 Thine—Thine alone,  
My joy, my hope, my crown :  
Now earthly things may fade and die,  
They charm my soul no more, for I  
Am Thine alone.
- 3 Thine—ever Thine,  
For ever to recline  
On love eternal, fixed and sure—  
Yes, I am Thine for evermore.  
Lord Jesus, Thine.
- 4 Then let me live  
Continual praise to give  
To Thy dear Name, my precious Lord,  
Henceforth alone beloved, adored,  
So let me live—
- 5 Till Thou shalt come  
And bear me to Thy Home,  
For ever freed from earthly care,  
Eternally Thy love to share,—  
Lord Jesus, come !

# 314 TUNE—"Elland." P.M.

- 1 THIS world is a wilderness wide !  
We have nothing to seek or to  
choose ;  
We've no thought in the waste to  
abide ;  
We've nought to regret nor to lose.

- 2 The Lord is Himself gone before ;  
He has marked out the path that  
we tread ;  
It's as sure as the love we adore,  
We have nothing to fear nor to  
dread.
- 3 There is but that one in the waste,  
Which His footsteps have marked  
as His own ;  
And we follow in diligent haste  
To the seats where He's put on  
His crown.
- 4 For the path where our Saviour is  
gone  
Has led up to His Father and God,  
To the place where He's now on the  
throne,  
And His strength shall be ours on  
the road.
- 5 And with Him shall our rest be on  
high,  
When in holiness bright we sit  
down,  
In the joy of His love ever nigh,  
In the peace that His presence  
shall crown.
- 6 'Tis the treasure we've found in His  
love  
That has made us here pilgrims  
below,  
And 'tis there, when we reach Him  
above,  
As we're known, all His fulness  
we'll know.
- 7 And Saviour ! 'tis Thee from on high  
We await till the time Thou shalt  
come,  
To take those Thou hast led by Thine  
eye  
To Thyself in Thy heavenly Home.
- 8 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,  
Our delight and our comfort shall  
be :  
We're content with Thy staff and  
Thy rod,  
Till with Thee all Thy glory we see.

# 315 TUNES—" St. Gertrude ;" " Any- where with Jesus." IIS.

- 1 THOU alone, Lord Jesus, canst  
true peace impart,  
Thou dost know the sorrow of the  
human heart,  
Thou Who cam'st from Glory here  
that heart to win,  
And in love for sinners suffered once  
for sin.  
There is none, Lord Jesus [there  
is] none like Thee,  
For the broken-hearted there is  
none like Thee.
- 2 Hearts bowed down with sadness,  
laden with their sin,  
Through Thy Blood, Lord Jesus,  
boldly enter in,  
Gladly hear Thee calling, " Come to  
Me and rest,"  
Lose their heavy burden on Thy  
loving breast.  
There is none, Lord Jesus, [there  
is] none like Thee,  
For the heavy laden there is none  
like Thee.
- 3 Worldly joy is fleeting, vanity itself ;  
Vain the dazzling brightness, vain  
the stores of wealth :  
Vain the pomp and glory ; only Thou  
canst give  
Peace and satisfaction, whilst on  
earth we live.  
There is none, Lord Jesus [there  
is] none like Thee,  
For the soul that thirsteth there  
is none like Thee.
- 4 Occupied, Lord Jesus, with Thy  
wondrous grace,  
Changed into Thy image, gazing on  
Thy Face,  
Onward, upward, homeward, leads  
the golden way,  
In that happy pathway, keep Thy  
saints to day.



There is none, Lord Jesus, [there  
is] none like Thee,  
For the heart no object satisfies  
but Thee.

*N.B.—In the Chorus to "Anywhere,"  
the words in brackets should be omitted.*

**316** TUNES—"Spring is passing,"  
"Adoration," "Haydn's Hymn."  
(Chorus first four lines).

1 **THOU** art coming, Mighty Saviour!  
"King of kings," Thy written  
Name!

Thou art coming, Royal Saviour!  
Coming for Thy promised reign.  
Oh, the joy when sin's confusion  
Ends beneath Thy righteous sway;  
Oh, the peace when all delusion  
At Thy presence dies away.

2 Thou art coming, Loving Saviour;  
Coming first to claim Thine own.  
Thou art coming, Faithful Saviour!  
Thou wouldst not abide alone.  
In Thy Father's House, in Glory,  
Sinners saved shall dwell with  
Thee;  
Oh, the sweetness of the story!  
Love's own record we shall be.

3 Once Thy coming, Holy Saviour,  
Brought Thee to the sinner's place!  
Wondrous coming,—Lowly Saviour!  
Wonderful Thy love, Thy grace!  
Thine the wisdom, in the manger,  
Thine the power, upon the cross;  
Thine the glory—as the Stranger;  
Riches,—though in utter loss!

4 Thou art coming, Crownèd Saviour!  
Not "the second time" for sin;  
Thou art coming, Thronèd Saviour!  
Bringing all the Glory in.  
All Thy Father's House, its Glory,  
Hangs by sure behest on Thee:  
Oh, the sweetness of the story!  
Saviour, come, we wait for Thee!

**317** TUNE—"Rose of Sharon." P.M.

1 **THOU** art my joy, Lord Jesus,  
For the Father joys in Thee;  
Thou art my peace, Lord Jesus,  
Thou art throned on high for me.  
In the battle's deadly fray,  
In the coming Glory day,—  
Thou art my joy:  
Thou art my peace, my sure founda-  
tion,  
Thou art the rock of my salvation.

2 Thou art my bread, Lord Jesus,  
Evermore I live by Thee;  
Thou art my wine, Lord Jesus,  
For Thy Blood was shed for me.  
Ere my race, my course be run,  
Ere the crown of life be won,—  
Thou art my bread:  
Thou art my wine, mine exultation,  
Thou art the strength of my salvation.

3 Thou art my strength, Lord Jesus;  
Power and praise belong to Thee:  
Thou art my song, Lord Jesus,  
For Thy grace sufficeth me.  
Till the tears of time be o'er,  
Till the tempter tempt no more,  
Thou art my strength:  
Thou art my song in tribulation,  
Thou art the horn of my salvation.

4 Thou art my light, Lord Jesus,  
And I love to gaze on Thee;  
Thou art my life, Lord Jesus,—  
Thou didst give Thyself for me.  
Though the lesser lights may  
pale,  
Though my flesh and heart may  
fail,—  
Thou art my life:  
Thou art the Sun of God's creation,  
Thou art my light and my salvation.

5 Thou art my hope, Lord Jesus,—  
I am waiting here for Thee;  
Thou art my gain, Lord Jesus,  
Thou art all in all to me.

Thou my joy, my peace, my  
light,

Thou my life, my hope, my  
might,—

Thou art my praise.

Thou art my Lord, mine adoration,  
Thou art the God of my salvation.

**318** TUNES—"Arabia;" "Palmyra."  
8.6.8.6.88

1 **T**HOU art the Everlasting Word,  
The Father's only Son;  
God manifest, God seen and heard,  
The Heaven's beloved One;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee most perfectly expressed,  
The Father's self doth shine;  
Fulness of Godhead, too: the blest—  
Eternally Divine.  
Worthy, etc.

3 Image of th' Infinite Unseen  
Whose being none can know;  
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,  
God's Love revealed below.  
Worthy, etc.

4 The higher mysteries of Thy fame  
The creature's grasp transcend:  
The Father only Thy blest Name  
Of Son can comprehend.  
Worthy, etc.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love  
Ineffable doth rest,  
The worshippers, O Lord, above,  
As one with Thee, are blest:  
Worthy, etc.

6 Of the vast universe of bliss,  
The centre Thou, and Sun:  
Th' eternal theme of praise is this,  
To Heaven's beloved One:  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

**319** TUNE—"St. Michael." S.M.

1 **T**HOU Holy One and True,  
Our hearts in Thee confide,  
And in the circle of Thy love,  
As brethren we abide.

2 In Thee the Father rests,  
His own Anointed One,  
In Thee alone He finds delight,  
His well-beloved Son.

3 In Thee we find delight,  
Firstborn 'mongst brethren Thou;  
To Thy dear Name alone we cling,  
To Thy sure word we bow.

4 Teach us that Name to own,  
Whilst waiting, Lord, for Thee;  
Unholiness and sin to shun,  
From all untruth to flee.

**320** TUNES—"Abide with me,"  
"St. Agnes (Langran)."

1 **T**HOU shalt be saved! Oh, how  
we hail that word,  
And with the mouth acknowledge  
Jesus Lord!  
Whilst we in heart believe what God  
hath said,  
That He hath raised Him from  
among the dead.

2 Yes, with the heart how gladly we  
believe,  
And God's best robe of righteousness  
receive!  
Whilst with the mouth we Jesus  
Lord confess,  
And boast in Christ alone as  
righteousness.

3 Oh great Salvation! and 'tis all of  
God,  
Who laid on Jesus His avenging rod,  
Delivered His own Son our sins to  
bear,  
Then raised Him up as Lord, and  
crowned Him there.

- 4 At His right hand. There sits the  
crownèd Lord,  
Who yet shall by creation be adored;  
And God has raised Him up no more  
to die,  
That all believers He might justify.
- 5 And, justified by faith, we've peace  
with God,  
Through Him who in our place in  
grace has stood ;  
Who in His body braved God's  
judgment storm,  
When on Him broke the waves in  
fearful form.
- 6 'Tis finished now ! the tempest all is  
o'er,  
And death shall have dominion now  
no more ;  
The Risen Lord dispels all dread  
alarm,  
And o'er His people breathes eternal  
calm.
- 7 Eternal calm ! the waves their force  
have spent,  
For Jesus all the judgment under-  
went,  
And died, but rose again and peace  
declared,  
Peace made by Him, and by His  
people shared !

### 321 TUNES—"St. Bees," "Weber." 7s.

- 1 THOU wilt have us, Blessèd Lord,  
Thou hast told us in Thy Word,  
Objects of Thy love are we,  
Thou wilt have us dwell with Thee.
- 2 Lord, we need no other proof  
Of Thy love—Thy death's enough,  
In Thy Cross we clearly see  
That Thou *wilt* have us with Thee.
- 3 Never could we tell Thee why  
Thou didst come down here and die,  
Give up all Thy rights that we,  
Thine own Church, might be with  
Thee.

- 4 Such a love was never known  
Till Thou here didst bring it down,  
Down from God, its blessèd source,  
To the cross we trace its course.
- 5 There, in brightest rays, it shone  
When Thou, Lord, didst, all alone,  
In the depth of Calvary's night,  
Prove *for us* that " God is light."
- 6 Blessèd Lord, with joy we see  
All God's love expressed in Thee ;  
In Thyself, His blessèd Son,  
In the work on Calvary done.
- 7 Oh, how infinite the price !  
Nothing less could ere suffice  
If Thou wouldst have us to be  
There in Glory, Lord, with Thee.
- 8 Would our God, whose praise we sing,  
Many sons to Glory bring ?  
Only through Thy precious Blood  
Could those counsels be made good.
- 9 Leader of salvation Thou !  
Perfected through sufferings now,  
Thy companions soon shall be  
Glorified alike with Thee.

### 322 TUNE—"All is well." 8.4.

- 1 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 stretched forth to  
shield us.  
All must be well.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.

**323** TUNE—"Cyprus." 7.7.8.7. bis.

- 1 **T**HY love we own, Lord Jesus ;  
 In service unremitting,  
 Within the veil, Thou dost prevail,  
 Each soul for worship fitting :  
 Encompassed here with failure,  
 Each earthly refuge fails us ;  
 Without, within, in strife with sin—  
 Thy Name alone avails us.
- 2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :  
 For though Thy toils are ended,  
 Thy tender heart doth take its part  
 With those Thy grace befriended.  
 Thy sympathy, how precious !  
 Thou succourest in sorrow,  
 And bid'st us cheer, while pilgrims  
 here,  
 And haste the hopeful morrow.
- 3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus :  
 Thy way is traced before Thee :  
 Thou wilt descend, and we ascend,  
 To meet in heavenly Glory :  
 Soon shall the blissful morning  
 Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee ;  
 Our only Lord, alone adored,  
 With gladness then we'll greet  
 Thee.
- 4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus,  
 And wait to see Thy Glory,  
 To know as known, and fully own  
 Thy perfect grace before Thee :  
 We plead Thy parting promise,  
 Come, Saviour, to release us,  
 Then endless praise our lips shall  
 raise,  
 For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

**324** TUNES—"Cyprus ;" "Lucretia."

7.7.8.7. bis.

- 1 **T**HY 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 redeemed to  
 God,  
 As children He doth own us.
- 2 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 sufferedst thus,  
 And hast our peace secured.
- 3 Thou from the dead wast raised—  
 And from all condemnation  
 Thy saints are free, as risen in Thee,  
 Head of the new creation !  
 On high Thou hast ascended,  
 To God's right hand in Heaven,  
 The Lamb once slain, alive again—  
 To Thee all power is given.
- 4 Thou hast bestowed the earnest  
 Of that we shall inherit ;  
 Till Thou shalt come to take us  
 Home,  
 We're sealed 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 !
- 325** TUNE—"Scobell." 7.7.8.7. bis.
- 1 **T**HY Name we love, Lord Jesus :  
 And lowly bow before Thee ;  
 And while we live, to Thee we give,  
 All blessing, worship, glory ;  
 We sing aloud Thy praises,  
 Our hearts and voices blending,  
 'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,  
 Thy beauty's all transcending.

- 2 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus ;  
It tells God's love unbounded  
To ruined man ere time began,  
Or heaven and earth were founded;  
Thine is a love *eternal*,  
That found in us its pleasure,  
That brought Thee low to bear our  
woe,  
And make us Thine own treasure.
- 3 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus ;  
It tells Thy birth so lowly,  
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,  
Thy lonely path, so holy ;  
Thou wast the "Man of sorrows;"  
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it ;  
Our bitter cup Thou drankest up ;  
The thorny crown,—didst wear it.
- 4 Thy Name we love, Lord Jesus ;  
God's Lamb—Thou wast ordained,  
To bear our sins (Thyself all clean),  
And hast our guilt sustained :  
We see Thee crowned in Glory,  
Above the Heavens now seated,  
The victory won, Thy work well done,  
Our righteousness completed.

**326** TUNES—" *St. Peter* ;" " *Spohr*."  
C.M.

- 1 'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,  
Who sleep in Christ the Lord,  
Whose spirits now with Him are blest  
According to His word.
- 2 They once were pilgrims here with us ;  
Through Jesus now they sleep ;  
And we for them, while resting thus,  
As hopeless cannot weep.
- 3 How bright the resurrection-morn  
On all the saints will break !  
The Lord Himself will then return,  
His ransomed Church to take.
- 4 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,  
Whose Blood for us was shed ;  
With Him for ever we shall be,  
Made like our glorious Head.

- 5 We cannot linger o'er the tomb :  
The resurrection-day  
To faith shines bright beyond its  
gloom,  
Christ's glory to display.

**327** TUNES—" 'Tis the promise of  
God ;" " *Happy Day* !" P.M.

- 1 'TIS the gospel of God full sal-  
vation to give  
Unto him who on Jesus His Son  
will believe.

*Chorus—*

- All the work has been done ; all  
who trust in the Son  
Are saved through the Blood of  
the Crucified One.
- 2 The vilest of sinners is brought nigh  
to God  
The moment he trusteth in Christ's  
precious Blood.
- 3 For all who believe, the pardon is  
free,  
The just for the unjust has died on  
the tree.
- 4 To give us assurance He rose from  
the dead,  
Redemption is finished, the price  
has been paid.
- 5 Yea, in Christ all shall rise when He  
comes in the sky,  
From the grave or from earth, to  
meet Him on high.

**328** TUNES—" *Prospect*," " *St. Asaph*."  
D.C.M.

- 1 TO Him that loved us, gave  
Himself,  
And died to do us good,  
Has washed us from our scarlet sins  
In His most precious Blood ;  
Who made us kings and priests to  
God  
His Father infinite ;  
To Him eternal glory be,  
And everlasting might !

2 Through Him to God—the God most High—

Praise for all grace be given ;  
Whose gifts through all eternity  
We'll gladly sing in Heaven :  
His Christ has loved us, given Him-  
self,  
And died to do us good ;  
Has washed us from our scarlet sins  
In His own precious Blood.

329 TUNE—"Nothing but the precious Blood." P.M.

1 TO this world of sin and woe  
Came the Saviour, long ago,  
The Eternal Word the Father's Only  
Son !

He became a Child of days,  
And, to God's eternal praise,  
He hath suffered, and His mighty  
work is done !

He was numbered with the dead ;  
On the cross His Blood was shed ;  
Oh, adore ye Him in Glory,  
Set on high o'er all things Head !

2 Jesus,—evermore " the Same ! "  
There is not another name  
Under heaven that is given among  
men,—

None whereby we must be saved,  
We, by sin and death enslaved ;  
" Jesus " only, who is coming soon  
again !

The ascended living One,  
Hear Him—God's beloved Son !  
Oh, adore ye Him in Glory !  
Praise Him ! Heaven is begun !

3 All the way is open now—  
Glory, honour, crown His brow.  
See Him seated with His Father on  
His throne !

Oh ! extol His worthy Name,  
Jesus, evermore " the Same,"  
Who is coming, from that Glory, for  
His own !  
Sing, His precious Blood was shed,

And He liveth who was dead.

Oh, adore ye Him in Glory,  
CHRIST THE LORD, o'er all things  
Head !

4 There is yet a brief delay,  
And who'er will come, he may  
Come to Jesus, and for evermore be  
blest.

Oh, He saith, " Come unto Me !  
Saved for ever thou shalt be :  
Come to Me, ye laden, I will give you  
rest."

'Tis His voice awakes the dead,  
Where His precious Blood was  
shed.

Oh, adore ye Him in Glory,  
Jesus, Saviour, Lord, and Head !

330 TUNE—" Our Blest Redeemer (St. Cuthbert)." P.M.

1 'T WAS not for our great love to  
Thee  
That Thou didst send Thy Son ;  
That spring of love, O God, we see  
In Thee alone.

2 What love, Lord Jesus, brought Thee  
down  
Our hardened hearts to win,  
To be despised and spit upon,  
And bear our sin !

3 The sins of many Thou didst bear,  
Of all who look to Thee,  
When God, Thy God, forsook Thee  
there,  
On Calvary's tree.

4 'TIS FINISHED ! Loud triumphant  
cry !  
Ere Thou didst yield Thy breath,  
The veil was rent, and we draw nigh  
To God, through death.

5 That glorious Resurrection morn  
Bids doubts for ever cease,  
For far and wide the news is borne  
Of perfect peace.

6 Yes, Peace ! since every claim is met,  
Lord Jesus, by Thy Blood,  
And Thou, "our Peace," art RISEN,  
and set  
On high by God.

7 No goodness in *ourselves* we feel ;  
We trust Thy precious Blood.  
And now Thy Spirit is the seal  
We're sons of God.

8 Thy grace, O Lord, alone revealed  
That wondrous heart of Thine ;  
We thank Thee, Thou hast made us  
yield  
To love divine.

**331** TUNE—"Luther." 8.7.8.7.8.8.

1 'T WAS on that night of deepest  
woe,  
When darkness round did thicken,  
When through deep waters Thou  
didst go,  
And for our sins wast stricken ;  
Thou, Lord, didst seek that we  
should be,  
With grateful hearts remembering  
Thee.

2 How deep the sorrow, who can tell,  
Which was for us endured ?  
Oh love divine, which broke the spell  
Which had our hearts allured.  
With hearts and conscience now set  
free,  
It is our joy to think of Thee.

3 Oh ! Lord, how precious is Thy  
thought,  
How wondrous Thy desire.  
To win our hearts, once worse than  
naught,  
Who now by grace aspire  
To seek Thy Glory, bear Thy shame,  
To keep Thy word, and love Thy  
Name.

4 We know Thee now exalted high,  
Ourselves in Thee accepted ;  
We wait the hour which now draws  
nigh,  
Thy coming long expected.  
Till Thou dost come we still would  
be,  
With grateful hearts remembering  
Thee.

**332** TUNE—"Helmshley." 8.7.

1 U NTO Him who loved us—gave us  
Every pledge that love could  
give ;  
Freely shed His Blood to save us ;  
Gave His life that we might live ;  
Be the kingdom,  
And dominion,—  
And the Glory evermore !

**333** TUNES—"Ixille," "Easton,"  
"Thornfield." 6.6.8.4

1 W E are by Christ redeemed ;  
The cost—His precious  
Blood ;  
Be nothing by our souls esteemed  
Like this great good.  
Were the vast world our own,  
With all its varied store,  
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert un-  
known,  
We still were poor.

2 Our earthen vessels break ;  
The world itself grows old ;  
But Christ our precious dust will take  
And freshly mould :  
He'll give these bodies vile  
A fashion like His own ;  
He'll bid the whole creation smile,  
And hush its groan.

3 Thus far, by grace preserved,  
Each moment speeds us on ;  
The crown and kingdom are reserved  
Where Christ is gone.  
When cloudless morning shines  
We shall His Glory share,  
In pleasant places are the lines.  
The Home, how fair.

- 4 To Him our weakness clings  
Through tribulation sore,  
And seeks the covert of His wings  
Till all be o'er.  
And when we've run the race,  
And fought the faithful fight,  
We hope to see Him face to face  
With saints in light.

**334** TUNE—"Easter Hymn." P.M.

- 1 WE adore Thee evermore; Hal-  
lelujah!  
Saviour, for Thy boundless grace;  
Hallelujah!  
For the cross, whereby to us, Halle-  
lujah!  
Sure is made eternal bliss; Halle-  
lujah!  
For Thy death which set us free,  
Hallelujah!  
From sin's cruel slavery; Hallelujah!  
For Thine all-atoning Blood, Halle-  
lujah!  
Which hath brought us nigh to God:  
Hallelujah!

**335** TUNES—"Chanson Roland;"  
"St. Edmund's." P.M.

- 1 WE are but strangers here;  
Heaven is our home!  
Earth is a desert drear;  
Heaven is our home!  
Dangers and sorrows stand  
Round us on every hand;  
Heaven is our father-land,  
Heaven is our home!
- 2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is our home!  
Short is our pilgrimage;  
Heaven is our home!  
This life's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast:  
We shall reach home at last;  
Heaven is our home!

- 3 There at our Saviour's side,  
In Heaven our home!  
We shall be glorified;  
Heaven is our home!  
There with the good and blest,  
Those we love most and best,  
We shall for ever rest,  
In Heaven our home!

- 4 Therefore we'll murmur not,  
Heaven is our home!  
Whate'er our earthly lot;  
Heaven is our home!  
We shall yet surely stand,  
There at our Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is our father-land,  
Heaven is our home!

**336** TUNE—"We are glad we ever  
heard." P.M.

- 1 WE are glad we ever heard the  
blessed news,  
How that Jesus died to pay our  
mighty dues,  
And that God has said He never  
will refuse  
Those who trust in Jesus' Blood.
- \* Blessed news! Joyful news!  
Sound the joyful tidings forth.  
We are glad we ever heard the  
blessed news,  
How that Jesus died to pay our  
mighty dues,  
And that God has said He never  
will refuse  
Those who trust in Jesus' Blood.
- 2 And God is telling forth, both far  
and wide,  
The cleansing virtues of the crimson  
tide,  
That flowed in sovereign grace from  
Jesus' side,  
For all who will believe.



- 3 Oh! what love of God to send Him  
from on high  
Oh! what love of Jesus thus to  
bleed and die;  
Oh! what love we owe for pardon  
brought so nigh,  
Through faith in Jesus' Blood.\*

**337** TUNES—"The Sweet By and By,"  
"Elland" (without chorus). P.M.

- 1 **W**E are saved from the judgment  
of God,  
We're redeemed by the Lamb that  
was slain,  
'Tis by faith in the Saviour's shed  
Blood  
Which alone can remove every stain.

*Chorus*—Through the Lamb's precious  
Blood  
We are saved from the judgment  
of God,  
Through the Lamb's precious  
Blood  
We are saved for the Glory of God.

- 2 It was God Who in love sent His  
Son,  
He the Lamb for *Himself* did pro-  
vide,  
All the work of atonement is done  
Through the Saviour Who suffered  
and died.
- 3 And 'tis God Who assures us of this,  
On His own precious Word we rely;  
And no other salvation there is  
But the one which His love doth  
supply.
- 4 Every foe has been conquered and  
slain,  
And the victory won by His Blood,  
For the Saviour is risen again  
And assures us of peace now with  
God.

- 5 'Twas the God, in Whose hand is  
our breath,  
Who devised such a wonderful plan  
Of removing the judgment of death  
Through the risen and glorified Man.
- 6 We are saved for the Glory of God,  
And to walk for His pleasure down  
here  
In the path which "The Righteous  
One" trod,  
In a path free from care and from  
fear.

**338** TUNE—"Mount Ephraim." S.M.

- 1 **W**E bless our Saviour's Name,  
Our sins are all forgiven;  
To suffer once to earth He came  
He now is crowned in Heaven.
- 2 Lord, let us ne'er forget  
Thy rich, Thy precious love;  
Our theme of joy and wonder here,  
Our endless song above.
- 3 O let Thy love constrain  
Our souls to cleave to Thee!  
And ever in our hearts remain  
That word, *Remember me*.

**339** TUNES—"Dennis;" "Swabia;"  
"Cambridge." S.M.

- 1 **W**E'LL praise Thee, glorious  
Lord,  
Who died to set us free;  
No earthly song can joy afford  
Like heavenly melody.
- 2 Love that no suffering stayed,  
We'll praise true love divine  
Love that for us atonement made,  
Love that has made us Thine.
- 3 Love in Thy lonely life  
Of sorrow here below;  
Thy words of grace, with mercy rife,  
Make grateful praises flow.
- 4 Love that on death's dark vale  
Its sweetest odours spread,  
Where sin o'er all seemed to prevail,  
Redemption's glory shed.

- 5 And now we see Thee risen,  
Who once for us hast died ;  
Seated above the highest Heaven  
The Father's Glorified.
- 6 Soon wilt Thou take Thy Throne,  
Thy foes Thy footstool made,  
And take us with Thee for Thine own  
In glory love displayed.
- 7 Jesus we wait for Thee,  
With Thee to have our part ;  
What can full joy and blessing be,  
But being where Thou art ?

**340** TUNE—" *Elland.*" 8s.

- 1 **W**E'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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Our song then for ever shall be  
Of the Shepherd who gave Him-  
self thus ;  
No subject's so glorious as He,  
No theme so affecting to us.
- 4 Of Him and His love will we sing,  
His praises our tongues shall  
employ,  
Till heavenly anthems we bring  
In yonder bright regions of joy.

**341** TUNE—" *Sweet Home.*" P.M.

- 1 **W**E'RE pilgrims in the wilder-  
ness :  
Our dwelling is a camp ;  
Created things, though pleasant,  
Now bear to us death's stamp.  
But onward we are speeding,  
Though often led and tried :  
The Holy Ghost is leading  
Home to the Lamb, His bride.

- 2 With fellow-pilgrims meeting  
As through the waste we roam ;  
'Tis sweet to sing together,  
" We are not far from Home ! "  
And when we've learned our lesson,  
Our work, in suffering, done,  
Our ever-loving Father  
Will welcome every one.
- 3 We look to meet our brethren,  
From every distant shore ;—  
Not one will seem a stranger,  
Though never seen before :  
With angel hosts attending,  
In myriads through the sky :—  
Yet 'midst them all, Thou only,  
O Lord, wilt fix the eye !
- 4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
O give us pilgrims' ways !  
Low thoughts of self, befitting  
Proclaimers of Thy praise ;  
O make us each more holy,  
In spirit, pure and meek :  
More like to heavenly citizens,  
As more of Heaven we speak.

**342** TUNE—" *Reaper.*"

- 1 **W**E sing a loving Saviour,  
Who left His Throne above,  
And came on earth to ransom  
The children of His love ;  
It is an oft-told story,  
And yet we love to tell  
How Christ the King of Glory  
Once deigned with men to dwell.
- 2 We sing a holy Saviour ;  
No taint of sin defiled  
The Babe of David's city,  
The pure and stainless Child.  
Oh, teach us, then, Lord Jesus,  
Thy heavenly grace to seek,  
And let our whole behaviour,  
Like Thine, be mild and meek.
- 3 We sing a mighty Saviour  
Whose voice will raise the dead ;  
The sightless eyes He opened,  
The famished souls He fed :

Thou camest to deliver  
The lost from sin and shame ;  
Redeemer and Life-giver,  
We praise Thy Holy Name.

**343** TUNES—"Elland;" "Celeste." 8s.

1 **W**E speak of the mercy of God,  
So boundless, so rich, and so  
free !

But what will it profit thy soul,  
Unless 'tis relied on by thee ?

2 We speak of salvation and love,  
By the Father in Jesus made  
known ;

But, if thou wouldst live unto God,  
By faith thou must make it thine  
own.

3 We speak of the Saviour's dear Name,  
By which God can sinners receive,  
Yet still art thou lost and undone,  
Unless in that Name thou'lt be-  
lieve.

4 We speak of the Blood of the Lamb,  
Which frees from pollution and sin;  
But its virtues by thee must be  
proved,  
Or thou wilt be ever unclean.

5 We speak of the Glory to come,  
Of the heavens so bright and so fair,  
But unless you in Jesus believe,  
Thou wilt not, thou canst not be  
there.

**344** TUNE—"Baden." 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

1 **W**E wait for Thee, O Son of God,  
And long for Thine appear-  
ing ;

A little while Thou'lt come, O  
Lord,

Thy waiting people cheering.  
This hast Thou said ; we lift the head  
In joyful expectation,  
For Thou wilt bring salvation.

2 We wait for Thee, content to share,  
In patience, days of trial ;  
So meekly Thou the cross didst  
bear,

Our sin, reproach, denial :  
How should not we receive with Thee  
The cup of shame and sorrow,  
Until the promised morrow ?

3 We wait for Thee, for Thou, e'en here  
Hast won our heart's affection ;  
In spirit still we find Thee near,  
Our solace and protection :  
In cloudless light, and glory bright,  
We soon with joy shall greet Thee,  
And in the air shall meet Thee.

4 We wait for Thee—Thou wilt arise  
Whilst hope her watch is keeping,  
Forgotten then in glad surprise  
Shall be our years of weeping :  
Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh  
That ends our pilgrim story  
In Thine eternal Glory !

**345** TUNE—"Aurelia." 7.6.

1 **W**E worship Thee, our Father,  
Thy Blessed Name we own,  
It is Thyself who lov'st us  
Because we love Thy Son.  
Yet human language faileth  
When our full hearts would tell  
But something of the Glory  
Which in Thyself doth dwell.

2 To sing, our God and Father,  
Thy fullest praise we long,  
It is Thyself we worship,  
Our holy theme and song.  
What note of praise is higher  
Than this—the Father's Name ?  
Thy blessedness, Thy Glory,  
Transcend all other fame.

3 The Son in thine own Bosom,  
"A Father's only One,"  
'Twas He alone had title  
To make the Father known ;

Prerogative so blessed,  
To bring Thee out in light,  
Our God, belonged to Jesus,  
He only had the right.

- 4 How blest Thy Name, our Father  
How sweet that love of Thine !  
Its depth we could not fathom,  
'Tis perfectly divine ;  
Yet knowing it in measure,  
Our God, we sing to Thee,  
Thy blessedness, our Father,  
Fills all eternity.

**346** TUNE—" *What a Friend.*" 8.7.

- 1 **W**HAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear !  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer !  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit !  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?  
Is there trouble anywhere ?  
We should never be discouraged ;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share ?  
Jesus knows our every weakness ;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care ?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
In His arms He'll take and shield  
thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

**347** TUNE—" *Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.*"

- 1 **W**HAT a theme for us to sing—  
Precious is the Blood of Jesus !  
Where O death is now Thy sting ?  
\*Precious is the Blood of Jesus.

*Chorus*—His own blest life He gave,  
Our ruined souls to save,  
And triumph o'er the grave !  
Precious is the Blood of Jesus.

- 2 Death and judgment on us lay \*  
Jesus' Blood put all away,\*
- 3 Thus He saved the dying thief,\*  
And of sinners e'en the chief,\*
- 4 Only by the price He paid \*  
Could He "peace with God" have  
made,\*
- 5 "Peace" He preached beyond  
death's tide,\*  
Showed when ris'n His hands and  
side,\*
- 6 Many, once far off from God,\*  
Now are nigh thro' Jesus' Blood.\*
- 7 Millions this sweet song have sung—\*  
Rich and poor, both old and young.\*

**348** TUNE—" *St. Michael.*" S.M.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these !  
Their sweetness who can tell !  
In time and to eternal days,—  
'Tis with believers well !"
- 2 In every state secure,  
Watched by the Saviour's eye,  
'Tis well with them should life en-  
dure,  
And well if called to die.
- 3 Well in affliction's ways,  
Or on the mount with God ;  
Well when they joy, and sing, and  
praise,  
Or buffet with the flood.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
Or darkness seems to veil the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.
- 5 'Tis well when on the mount,  
They feast and joy in love ;  
And 'tis as well, in God's account,  
When they the furnace prove.

- 6 But above all, how well !  
When Jesus speaks the word,  
And, at the trumpet's sounding swell,  
They rise to meet their Lord.

**349** TUNE—"Cambridge." S.M.

- 1 **W**HAT raised the wondrous thought;  
Or who did it suggest ?  
"That we, the church, to glory brought,  
Should WITH the Son be blest."
- 2 O God ! the thought was Thine !  
(Thine only it could be)  
Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,  
Peculiar unto Thee :
- 3 For, sure, no other mind,  
For thoughts so bold, so free,  
Greatness or strength, could ever find ;  
Thine only it could be.
- 4 The motives, too, Thine own,  
The plan, the counsel, Thine !—  
Made for Thy Son, bone of His bone,  
In glory bright to shine.
- 5 O God ! with great delight  
Thy wondrous thought we see,  
Upon *His* throne, in glory bright,  
The bride of Christ shall be.
- 6 Seal'd with the Holy Ghost,  
We triumph in that love,  
Thy wondrous thought has made our boast,  
"Glory WITH Christ above."

**350** TUNES—"Praise;" "Plymouth." 8.8.6.

- 1 **W**HAT rich eternal bursts of praise  
Shall fill yon courts through endless days,  
When time shall cease to be.  
Round and around the notes shall swell,  
As each redeemed one joins to tell  
Thy love, so vast and free.

- 2 Each shall the Saviour's likeness bear,  
A royal crown each brow shall wear  
With robes unsullied white.  
The everlasting song shall be,  
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
'Mid scenes of purest light.
- 3 Our joy unhindered then with Thee,  
Our eyes undimmed Thy glory see,  
Whilst worthy praise we give.  
Through that eternal cloudless day,  
Our burning hearts with rapture say,  
He died that we might live.

**351** TUNE—"Ellington." 6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 **W**HAT was it, blessèd God,  
Led Thee to give Thy Son,  
To yield Thy Well-beloved  
For us by sin undone ?  
'Twas love unbounded led Thee thus  
To give Thy Well-beloved for us.
- 2 What led Thy Son, O God !  
To leave Thy Throne on high,  
To shed His precious Blood,  
To suffer and to die ?  
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,  
Led Him to die and suffer thus.
- 3 What moved Thee to impart  
Thy Spirit from above,  
Therewith to fill our heart  
With heavenly peace and love ?  
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,  
Moved Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.
- 4 What love to Thee we owe,  
Our God, for all Thy grace ;  
Our hearts may well o'erflow  
In everlasting praise !  
Make us, O Lord, to praise Thee thus—  
For all Thy boundless love to us.

**352** TUNE—"St. Catherine." 6-8.

- 1 **W**HAT will it be to dwell above,  
And with the Lord of Glory reign,  
Since the blest knowledge of His love  
So brightens all this dreary plain ?

No heart can think, no tongue can  
tell,

What joy 'twill be with Christ to  
dwell.

2 When left this scene of faith and  
strife,

The flesh and sense deceive no  
more,

When we shall see the Prince of life,  
And all His works of grace explore:

What heights and depths of love  
divine,

Will there through endless ages  
shine !

3 And God has fixed the happy day,  
When the last tear shall dim our  
eyes,

When He will wipe these tears away,  
And fill our hearts with glad  
surprise ;

To hear His voice, and see His Face,  
And know the fulness of His grace.

**353** TUNE—" *Old Hundredth.*" L.M.

1 **W**HAT wondrous grace, in Christ  
made meet ;

In Him believers are complete ;  
Yea, at His Table is their place ;  
'Tis not of works, but all of grace.

2 In Thee we can with joy confess,  
We are become God's righteousness ;  
We have redemption through Thy  
Blood ;

All praise to Thee, Thou Lamb of  
God !

3 Clean every whit, no stain, no spot ;  
Thy Blood has cleansed the darkest  
blot ;

No cloud above, no spot within,  
Thy Blood has cleansed from every  
sin.

4 'Tis sunshine now, the clouds are  
gone ;

No more we dread the great white  
throne,

No longer fear the fire of hell ;  
On Thee the sword of judgment fell.

**354**

TUNE—" *Jewels.*"

P.M.

1 **W**HEN He cometh, when He  
cometh,

To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

\* Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather  
These gems for His kingdom :  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.\*

3 Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.\*

**355**

TUNE—" *S. James.*"

C.M.

1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine com-  
mand,

The pathless desert trod,  
They found, throughout the barren  
land,  
A sure resource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar marked the road,  
And screened them from the heat,  
From the hard rock the water flowed,  
And manna was their meat.

3 Like them, we have a rest in view,  
Secure from hostile powers :  
Like them, we pass a desert too,  
But Israel's God is ours.

4 His word a light before us spreads,  
By which our path we see ;  
His love, a banner o'er our heads,  
From harm preserves us free.

5 Jesus, the Bread of life is given  
To be our daily food ;  
Within us dwells that well from  
heaven,  
The Spirit of our God.

6 Lord, 'tis enough, we ask no more  
Thy grace around us pours  
Its rich and unexhausted store,  
And all its joy is ours.

**356** TUNE—"Mothers of Salem." P.M.

1 **W**HEN mothers of Salem their  
children brought to Jesus,  
The stern disciples drove them back  
and bade them depart;  
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,  
And took them in His arms and  
said,  
"Suffer little children to come unto  
Me."

2 "For I will receive them, and fold  
them to My bosom;  
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs—  
oh, drive them not away!  
For if their hearts to Me they give,  
They shall with me in Glory live;  
"Suffer little children to come unto  
Me."

3 How happy the children who rest  
on Jesus' bosom,  
And there, like little folded lambs,  
lie safely and at rest;  
Thence none can pluck them e'er  
away,  
And He who keeps them loves to  
say,  
"Suffer little children to come unto  
Me."

4 How kind was the Saviour to bid  
these children welcome!  
But there are many thousands who  
have never heard His Name:  
The Bible they have never read;  
They know not that the Saviour  
said,  
Suffer little children to come unto  
Me."

5 And still the kind Saviour bids little  
children welcome,  
For Jesus' loving, tender heart, to  
children is the same;  
Though here His voice is no more  
heard,  
From Heaven itself He speaks this  
word,  
"Suffer little children to come unto  
Me."

**357** TUNE—"It is well." P.M.

1 **W**HEN peace, like a river, attend-  
eth 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."  
2 Though Satan should buffet, though  
trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my help-  
less estate,  
And hath shed His own Blood for  
my soul.  
3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious  
thought—  
My sins—not in part, but the  
whole,  
Were borne on the cross: and are  
gone evermore:  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
O my soul!  
4 O Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming  
we wait,  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh, trump of th' Archangel! oh,  
voice of the Lord;  
Blessed Hope! blessed rest of my  
soul!

**358** TUNE—"Rockingham." L.M.

1 **W**HEN we survey the wondrous  
cross  
On which the Lord of Glory died,  
Our richest gain we count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all our pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, our  
God ;  
All the vain things that charm us  
most,  
We'd sacrifice them to His Blood.
- 3 There from His head, His hands, His  
feet,  
Sorrow and love flowed mingled  
down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature ours,  
That were an offering far too small ;  
Love that transcends our highest  
powers,  
Demands our soul, our life, our all.

### 359 TUNE—"Rousseau."

- 1 **W**HERE is now the sinner's  
Surety,  
He Who once was crucified ?  
All God's waves of wrath went o'er  
Him  
When He suffered, bled, and died.  
"It is finished !"  
Grace and truth are glorified.
- 2 In the grave they could not find Him ;  
He had told them so before ;  
Justice could no longer bind Him,—  
Mourners let your fears be o'er,  
"He is risen !"  
Jesus lives for evermore.
- 3 "Peace unto you!" this His greeting,  
Word of Him that cannot lie.  
From the heart that bore our judg-  
ment,  
Heart of love that cannot die :  
"Peace unto you !"  
Still He speaketh from on high.
- 4 "It is finished !" "He is risen !"  
Ye who these blest words receive,  
Peace in Him is now your portion,  
Peace eternal He will give,—  
"Peace unto you !"  
All who on His Name believe.

### 360 TUNE—"Weeping will not save me."

- 1 **W**HO but Christ could save me ?  
Like a sheep I went astray,  
Seeking every selfish way,  
Sinning always day by day,  
Who but Christ could save me ?
- Chorus—*  
Oh, what love to die for me !  
Jesus suffered on the tree,  
Rose again triumphantly,  
Only Christ could save me.
- 2 Only Christ could save me.  
God could see me through and  
through,  
All my wickedness He knew ;  
All the works I tried to do  
Never could have saved me.
- 3 Nor could praying save me ;  
If my prayers, my sins, could hide,  
Christ in vain was crucified.  
No, He suffered, bled, and died,  
All that He might save me.
- 4 Only Christ could save me ;  
All the tears that I could shed  
Never could have done instead,  
Through the Blood for sinners shed  
He alone could save me.
- 5 Glorious Risen Saviour,  
Now with thankfulness to God  
Trusting in Thy precious Blood,  
Joyful every saved one would  
Bless Thee, Glorious Saviour.

#### *Chorus to last verse—*

- Lord, what love to die for me !  
Thou didst suffer on the tree,  
What a debt I owe to Thee  
Who alone couldst save me !

### 361 TUNE—"Tytherton." S.M.

- 1 **W**HOM have we, Lord, but Thee,  
Soul-thirst to satisfy !  
Exhaustless spring! The waters free!  
All other streams are dry.



- 2 Our hearts by Thee are set  
On brighter things above ;  
Strange that we ever should forget  
Thine own most faithful love.
- 3 Yet oft we credit not  
He freely gives as God,  
Though well we know our happy lot  
In trusting to His Blood.
- 4 None like the ransomed host  
That precious Blood have known ;  
Redemption gives faith's holy boast  
To draw so near the Throne.
- 5 Higher and higher yet !  
Pleading that same Life-blood ;  
We taste the love that knows no let,  
Of Abba, as of God.

**362** TUNE—"Whosoever will." P.M.

- 1 **W**HOSOEVER heareth," shout,  
shout the sound,  
Send the blessed tidings all the world  
around ;  
Spread the joyful news wherever  
man is found :  
" Whosoever will may come."  
" Whosoever will, whosoever will,"  
Send the proclamation over vale  
and hill ;  
'Tis a loving Father calls the wan-  
derer Home ;  
" Whosoever will may come."
- 2 Whosoever cometh must not delay,  
Now the door is open, enter while ye  
may,  
Jesus is the true, the only living Way,  
" Whosoever will may come."
- 3 " Whosoever will," the promise is  
secure ;  
" Whosoever will," for ever shall  
endure.  
" Whosoever will," 'tis life for ever-  
more ;  
" Whosoever will may come."

**363** TUNES—" Long, long ago ;"  
" Christ giveth rest." P.M.

- 1 **W**HY 'neath the load of your  
sins do ye toil ?  
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.  
Why be in slavery, why Satan's spoil?  
You may be blest, may be blest.  
Christ now invites you sweet rest to  
receive.  
Heavy's your burden, but He can  
relieve ;  
If but this moment in Him you  
believe,  
You shall have rest, shall have rest.
- 2 Why go ye onward, so weary and  
worn ?  
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.  
Why are ye hopelessly sad and for-  
lorn ?  
You may be blest, may be blest.  
Jesus our burden did bear on the  
tree,  
He was afflicted for you and for me :  
If you there Christ as your substitute  
see,  
You will have rest, will have rest.
- 3 Why are ye troubled when death  
comes in view ?  
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.  
Though after death there comes  
judgment too,  
You may be blest, may be blest.  
Christ bore God's judgment, poor  
sinners to save ;  
He gained the victory o'er death and  
the grave ;  
Oh, now believe Him, and life you  
shall have,—  
You shall have rest, shall have rest.
- 4 Money or price ye need not to bring,  
Christ giveth rest, giveth rest.  
Why to your rags and your poverty  
cling ?  
Come, and be blest, and be blest.  
Away with all fear, away with all  
doubt ;

Hear His own words, which none can  
refute :

Whoe'er comes to Me, I'll in no wise  
cast out—

I'll give him rest, give him rest.

**364** TUNE—"Mannheim." 8.7.

1 WHY those fears! Behold 'tis  
Jesus

Holds the helm, and guides the  
ship;

Spread the sails, and catch the  
breezes

Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions

Where the mourners cease to  
weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on,  
Only by report is known,

Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone,

And with Jesus,  
Through the trackless deep move  
on.

3 Led by faith, we brave the ocean ;  
Led by faith, the storm defy ;

Calm amid tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that the Lord is nigh :  
Waves obey Him,

And the storms before Him fly.

4 Rendered safe by His protection,  
We shall pass the watery waste,

Trusting to His wise direction  
We shall gain the port at last ;  
And with wonder,

Think on toils and dangers past.

5 O what pleasures there await us !  
There the tempests cease to roar :

There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more :  
Trouble ceases

On that tranquil, happy shore.

**365** TUNE—"Art thou weary." 8.5.8.3.

1 WILT thou come, or wilt thou  
linger ?

'Tis the Saviour calls ;  
Death and darkness are about thee,  
Sin enthalls.

2 Wilt thou come ? for still is mercy  
Pleading for Thy soul ;  
Heavenly voices leading onward  
To the goal.

3 Thou may'st come ! the vilest sinner  
May in Christ confide ;  
Thou art welcome, for to save thee  
JESUS died.

4 Night of wrath did shroud the  
Saviour,  
But 'tis light for thee ;  
Sacred spot for sin-stained sinners,  
Calvary !

5 See the Blood, and hear Him speak-  
ing  
Of redemption done ;  
And on glory's heights behold Him,  
God's own Son.

6 Hear Him speak the word of pardon ;  
Trust in Him who died ;  
And thy heart shall lose its burden  
By His side.

**366** TUNE—"Darwell's." 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 WITH Christ our theme begins,  
The Lord of truth and love ;

When He had purged our sins,  
He took His seat above.  
Our hearts are glad ; we raise the  
voice ;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

2 His power can never fail,  
He'll rule o'er earth, in heaven.  
The keys of death and hell  
To Him alone are given.  
Our hearts are glad ! we raise the  
voice :  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

- 3 And sweet that blessed hope :  
 Jesus, the Lord, shall come,  
 And take His brethren up  
 E'en to His Father's Home.  
 Our hearts are glad ; we raise the  
 voice ;  
 The Lord has made us to rejoice.

**367** TUNE—" *The New Song.*"

- 1 **W**ITH joy all the saints who to  
 Jesus belong,  
 Unite now in praises and sing this  
 sweet song :  
 Unto Him who hath loved us and  
 washed us from sin,  
 Unto Him be the glory for ever.  
 Amen.
- 2 All these once were sinners defiled  
 in His sight,  
 Now arrayed in pure garments in  
 praise they unite.
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a  
 king,  
 He hath bought him and taught  
 him this sweet song to sing.
- 4 How helpless and hopeless poor  
 sinners had been,  
 If He never had loved them till  
 cleansed from their sin !
- 5 Aloud in His praises their voices  
 shall ring,  
 So that others, believing, this sweet  
 song shall sing.

**368** TUNE—" *Hoyland.*" IOS.

- 1 " **W**ITHIN the veil"—what more  
 could we desire  
 Where Thine own presence doth our  
 souls inspire ?  
 There love and joy divine are all  
 supreme,  
 And Thou, our God, art our eternal  
 theme.

- 2 Our highest theme, we cannot but  
 adore !  
 For Thou hast brought us where we  
 want no more,  
 Where hunger, no, nor thirst is ever  
 known,  
 Where Thou art satisfied, and all  
 Thine own.
- 3 Our hearts are more than full, we  
 can't express  
 How deep our joy, yet would our  
 lips confess,  
 As at Thy feet we now adoring fall,  
 In having Thee, our God, we have  
 our *all*.
- 4 Thyself, our God, hast set us in the  
 light,  
 Thyself hast placed us there, at such  
 a height,  
 Where Thou canst find Thy fullest  
 joy in man,  
 In Christ, the object of eternal plan.
- 5 We have no grace nor glory of our  
 own,  
 It all belongs, O God, to Christ Thy  
 Son ;  
 It is in Him Thou hast Thy full  
 delight,  
 In Whom we stand accepted in Thy  
 sight.
- 6 It is enough ! we could not wish for  
 more ;  
 We joy in Thee, nor could we higher  
 soar ;  
 And in the Holiest of purest gold  
 The highest blessing Thou dost not  
 withhold.
- 7 But far beyond all blessing we have  
*Thee*,  
 Thyself, the Blessor, through eter-  
 nity,  
 Our God and Father, now in light  
 made known  
 By Thine own Spirit, and in Christ  
 Thy Son.

8 Our God, we bless Thee, and would  
 bless Thee still ;  
 In Christ we see accomplished all  
 Thy will ;  
 Thy Spirit now has ope'd for us the  
 door,  
 And brought us where we could not  
 wish for more !

**369** TUNE—"Rousseau." 8.7.4.

- 1 **W**ONDROUS is the simple story  
 Of the Blessèd Saviour's  
 death,  
 How the Lord of life and glory  
 Yielded, on the cross, His breath,  
 Spotless, holy,  
 Sinless, as the Scripture saith !
- 2 There He bore the awful burden,  
 Wrath of God, because of sin ;  
 Stooped, in grace, the costly guerdon  
 Of eternal life to win ;  
 Blood-bought pardon,  
 Access, too, the veil within !
- 3 Lost by Adam's first transgression,  
 We in death and darkness lay ;  
 Jesus, making full confession  
 For us, kept His victor way ;  
 All transgression,  
 None but He could put away.
- 4 Perfect reconciliation,  
 Jesus evermore hath made ;  
 Head o'er all the new creation,  
 See Him now in light arrayed ;  
 Full salvation !  
 All the purchase-price is paid !
- 5 All the righteous God requirèd  
 Jesus hath divinely done ;  
 All the Father's heart desired  
 He accomplished through the Son !  
 Alleluia !  
 Glory to the Three in One !

**370** TUNES—"Cyprus ;" "Scobell." 7.7.8.7. bis.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP, and thanks, and  
 blessing,  
 And strength ascribe to Jesus !  
 The Lord alone defends His own,  
 When earth or hell oppresses.  
 Omnipotent Redeemer !  
 Our ransom'd souls adore Thee ;  
 Our Saviour Thou, we own it now  
 And give to Thee the glory.
- 2 Thine arm hath safely brought us  
 A way no more expected,  
 Than when Thy sheep passed thro'  
 the deep,  
 By crystal walls protected.  
 We sing Thine arm unshorten'd,  
 Brought thro' each sore tempta-  
 tion ;  
 With heart and voice, in Thee  
 rejoice,  
 Thou God of our Salvation.
- 3 Thy Glory is our rear-ward,  
 Thy Hand our lives doth cover ;  
 And we, e'en we, have pass'd the sea,  
 And march'd triumphant over :  
 We own Thy great deliverance,  
 And triumph in Thy favour ;  
 And for the love which now we prove,  
 Shall praise Thy Name for ever.

**371** TUNE—"Old Hundredth." L.M.

- 1 **W**ORTHY of homage and of  
 praise ;  
 Worthy by all to be adored :  
 Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays !  
 Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus,  
 Lord.
- 2 Now seated on Jehovah's throne,  
 The Lamb once slain, in Glory  
 bright,  
 'Tis thence Thou watchest o'er Thine  
 own,  
 Guarding us through the deadly  
 fight.

- 3 To Thee, e'en now, our song we raise,  
Though sure the tribute mean must prove :  
No mortal tongue can tell Thy ways,  
So full of life, and light, and love.
- 4 Yet, Saviour ! Thou shalt have full praise :  
We soon shall meet Thee on the cloud,  
We soon shall see Thee face to face,  
In Glory praising as we would.
- 372** TUNES—" *Peace, perfect peace*"  
(omitting chorus) ; " *Yet there is room.*"
- 1 " **Y**ES, there is room ! " Love, love eternal waits,  
The Saviour sits within the pearly gates—  
Come Home, oh come !  
The Christ of God receive.
- 2 Long suffering love waits, wanderer, for thee,  
Oh, hear the sounds of heaven's sweet melody !  
Come Home, oh come !  
The Father's love believe.
- 3 Within those doors the Father and the Son  
Rejoice o'er those to joys eternal won :  
Come Home, oh come !  
Come, join the glad some song.
- 4 The Father waits with welcome's tender kiss,  
For thee He keeps the ring of endless bliss :  
Come Home, oh come !  
Home joys to sons belong.
- 5 Thy restless feet with peace may yet be shod,  
And thou be clothed with Christ, the Christ of God :  
Come Home, oh come !  
God glories in His grace.
- 6 Then saved by Him, thou shalt be glorified,  
On harp of God shalt hymn the Lamb who died :  
Come Home, oh come !  
And see the Saviour's Face.
- 7 Behold His Hand, once nailed upon the tree,  
To heavenly mansions beckons even thee :  
Come Home, oh come !  
For soon 'twill be too late !

## APPENDIX

1 TUNE—"Wiltshire."

1 **A**T Thine own Supper, Blessed Lord,  
Thou dost Thy loved ones greet;  
We gather round with one accord,  
That we *Thyself* may meet.

2 Ob, how the feast which Thou hast spread  
Tells forth that love of Thine!  
Recalling Thee we break the bread  
And joyful drink the wine.

3 In love far stronger than the grave,  
Thou didst Thy life lay down  
For loved ones, whom the Father gave  
To Thee, His blessed Son.

4 We were the Father's, we were His,  
And given, Lord, to Thee,  
That we where life eternal is,  
With His own Son might be.

5 Before His Face, in love supreme  
As sons, in Heaven's bright light,  
The Father's pleasure—wondrous theme!  
Has placed us in His sight.

6 Thyself the Sanctifier, Lord,  
And we the sanctified,  
Are "all of one" declares Thy Word,  
In which our souls confide.

7 To Thee, O Lord, 'tis never shame  
Thy brethren us to call,  
Not e'en when all shall own Thy fame  
And at Thy feet shall fall.

8 In chains Thy love alone could make  
We're bound, O Lord, to Thee;  
Those chains no power can ever break  
Throughout eternity.

2 TUNE—"Luther's Hymn."

1 **B**LEST God, we joy to see and hear  
Thy Son in all His glory,  
In Him we learn Thy Name so dear  
And all Thy love's sweet story!  
Yes, in that scene of light divine  
He loves to tell that love of Thine,  
And lead us to adore Thee.

2 Our God and Father, Thee we bless,  
Thy holy Name revering,  
Whilst Thy dear Son in priestly dress

Our Names to Thee is bearing.  
Oh, what a Home of heavenly love  
Where Jesus every heart doth move,  
Thyself to us endearing!

3 The length and breadth, and depth  
and height,

Thy Son alone could measure,  
Yet now unfolds to saints in light  
Love's rich exhaustless treasure.  
Thy Christ Himself fills every heart,  
And gives us with Himself full part  
In Thy eternal pleasure.

4 How sweet Thy Holy Name to sing,  
And offer our oblation!  
How blest love's offering thus to bring

In endless adoration!  
We find eternal joy in Thee,  
Thy blessedness yet more we see,  
And sing with exultation.

3 TUNE—"Hoyland." IOS.

1 **E**TERNAL life, blest gift from  
Heaven above,  
Its home the Father's heart, the  
Father's love ;

Is found in Jesus, God's beloved Son,  
'Tis our blest portion, who with  
Christ are one.

2 Who loves his life, ere long his all  
will spend,  
Who hates life here, will keep it till  
it end

In life eternal, where love's glorious  
rays

Beam bright on every heart through  
endless days.

3 O Blessed God, may we make no  
mistake,

But Christ's own path of separation  
take :

And wait till glory dawns on yonder  
shore,

When this world's paltry glamour  
gleams no more.

4 What acclamations, what continued  
praise

To Thee, our God, will myriad voices  
raise !

What compensation for the scorn  
and shame,

When all the worlds exult in Jesus'  
Name !

5 Oh, keep before our eyes the eternal  
Day,

When Thou wilt all Thy glory then  
display,

When Christ His faithful ones with  
joy will own,

And every glory centre in the Son.

4 TUNE—"Wareham." L.M.

1 **O** God, how great is Thy delight  
In Him, Who all Thy will has  
done ;

That in Thy presence, in Thy light,  
We might be ever with Thy Son—

2 His own companions there above,  
To give Thee pleasure, Blessed God,  
That we with Him might share Thy  
love

Where never man before had trod !

3 Till Christ as Man ascended there,  
Where He the Son has ever been,  
That we, His fellows, too might share  
Thy love, in Heaven's brightest scene.

4 With Him to know the Father's heart,  
With Him to see Thine own delight  
In us, who with Thy Son have part  
Where all is love and all is light.

5 Where Thou hast Thine eternal rest  
In Thy vast universe of joy ;  
Where, God and Father, ever blest,  
Thou dwell'st in love without alloy.

6 Thy love makes all Thy sons to be  
At Home in Heaven's purest light,  
Like Jesus there, at Home with Thee  
Our God, Thy pleasure and delight !

5 TUNE—"Martyrdom." C.M.

1 **O** LORD, with gladness in our  
midst,

Thy loved ones Thou dost own ;

Thy very friends for whom Thou  
didst

Thy blessed life lay down.

2 The bread and wine with joy we take,  
And call Thyself to mind,

In bonds of love which Thou didst  
make

Our souls to Thee to bind.

3 The love Thou hadst for all Thine own  
Amidst them here on earth,

Death's many waters could not drown  
But only proved its worth.

4 Pre-eminent art Thou in love,  
Thou First-born from the dead,

And all Thy brethren far above,  
Our living glorious Head.

5 Thyself alone couldst e'er unfold  
The Father's blessed Name,

Bring out His glories never told,  
Eclipsing every fame.

6 How sweet to sing the Father's praise  
As led, O Lord, by Thee !  
Thou lov'st that Hymn of hymns to  
raise  
To God eternally.

6 TUNE—"Abridge." C.M.

1 OUR God and Father, joyful we  
Thy Holy Name would sing ;  
From hearts supremely blest by Thee,  
Doth praise for ever spring.

2 Thou didst eternally design  
That we should dwell with Thee,  
With Thine own Son in glory shine,  
And loved like Him should be.

3 Our joy is more than we can tell,  
As in Thy presence blest,  
For Thou dost give Thy sons to dwell  
Where Thou Thyself dost rest.

4 In Thine own Son, O God, we see  
Expressed Thy full delight ;  
In all His favour, too, are we,  
Like Jesus in Thy sight.

5 It is Thy pleasure we should be  
O God in all Thy love.  
Thy great delight in us we see,  
As one with Him above.

6 Our God and Father, Thee we bless,  
With Christ we'd sing to Thee ;  
Exult in all Thy blessedness,  
The Spirit's melody.

7 TUNE—"Hursley." L.M.

1 HOW brightly Thou hast made  
to shine,  
O God, Thy righteousness divine !  
Thy rights Thou couldst not justly  
waive,  
But hast Thyself come forth to save !

2 What glory shines in Jesus' face,  
Declaring all Thy love and grace !  
How Thou hast in Thy Son come  
down  
That Thou might'st have us for  
Thine own !

3 Thou hast Thine every right main-  
tained,

And in the cross great glory gained,  
Hast shone forth as a Saviour God,  
At priceless cost, e'en Jesus' blood !

4 Thy righteousness shall we display,  
When glory crowns the coming day,  
But grace, our God, has made us bow  
And own Thy rights upon us now.

5 The rays of righteousness divine  
Tell more and more that love of  
Thine.

We love to sing that Jesus died,  
That by His blood we're justified.

8 TUNE—"Eventide." 108.

1 HOW sweetly do those words "I  
Jesus," thrill  
The hearts of all, O Lord, who love  
Thee still !

What joy to find in Thee no sign of  
change,  
Though toward Thyself we've oft  
been cold and strange !

2 Thou art the same as when Thou  
wast on earth ;  
Jesus, Thy name, announced before  
Thy birth ;  
No other name was ever loved so  
well,  
Yet all its meaning who could fully  
tell ?

3 Oh, sacred vessel of all heaven's love!  
Filled full with grace for us from  
God above !  
Not one but Thee our griefs and  
sorrows bore,  
Nor tears like Thine were ever shed  
before.

4 Thy name must live whatever names  
may die,  
It must fill all the earth as heaven  
on high !  
Jesus ! Thy name by all shall yet  
be known,  
All kings and nations shall Thy  
greatness own !



- 5 Thou livest, Jesus, and all grace is there,  
That with such beauty shown in Thee  
down here !  
No trait is lost, each beauteous grace  
is found,  
All brought thro' death to resurrection ground !
- 6 Thy risen word was—" Handle me ;  
and see !  
'Tis I myself " ; there is no change  
in Thee !  
In Thy blest Person Thou art still  
the same,  
But death has had to own the  
Victor's name !
- 7 Oh ! joy of joys, we have Thee,  
Jesus, still !  
How many weary hearts Thy name  
doth thrill !  
'Tis what Thou art—Thine own, Thy  
wondrous worth,  
That holds Thy people as when here  
on earth.
- 8 'Tis just Thy name of Jesus wins a  
child,  
And bears him on all through the  
desert wild.  
The aged lisp that name with dying  
breath,  
And prove its sweetness in the hour  
of death !
- 9 We are not poor, O Lord, for we have  
Thee !  
And now we're waiting just Thy  
face to see !  
In this cold world, how cheering is  
Thy love !  
" I Jesus " means no change in Thee  
above !
- 9 TUNE—" *Around the throne of  
God in heaven.*"
- 1 HOW sweet to think that soon  
will dawn  
That bright and blessed day,
- When Jesus on that cloudless morn,  
Will everywhere have sway,  
Filling heaven and earth with  
glory !
- 2 The Morning Star must first appear,  
To herald those glad days,  
When God's bright Sun will rise and  
cheer  
The earth with healing rays,  
Filling all the world with glory !
- 3 Who sleep in Christ will then arise,  
And we with them shall see  
Our Saviour, with enraptured eyes,  
And ever with Him be,  
Singing, " Glory, glory, glory !"
- 4 He'll not forget the smallest child  
That ever owned His name  
And followed Him so meek and mild,  
Midst suffering, scorn and shame,  
Looking on to share His glory.
- 5 What millions then will rise to meet  
The One Who loves us so,  
With what delight we Him shall greet  
Whom here we've learnt to know,  
Singing, " Glory, glory, glory !"
- 6 He promised He Himself would come  
To take us there above,  
And bring us to the Father's home,  
Where we shall dwell in love,  
Gazing ever on His glory !
- 10 TUNE—" *Shall we gather.*"
- 1 OH ! how beautiful the River  
Flowing from the Throne of God  
And the Lamb exalted ever,  
Who redeems us by His blood !
- 2 There on either side the River  
Stands the fair perennial Tree,  
With its leaves that heal for ever,  
Always beautiful to see.
- 3 Drink we now the flowing River,  
Eat we now the Tree of Life,  
Where no storms its leaves can  
wither,  
Free from sorrow, sin, and strife.

- 4 Bright as crystal is the River,  
Fair and beautiful the Tree ;  
There no death the saints can sever,  
Nor the curse can ever be !
- 5 All is life beside the River,  
Nought can blast the fruitful Tree;  
Of its fruit we take for ever,  
And we live, O Lord, in Thee !
- 6 Oh, the fulness of the River !  
Oh, the life that marks the Tree !  
How, our hearts do thrill and quiver  
With eternal melody !
- 7 Drinking of that peaceful River,  
Eating of that Living Tree,  
We shall worship God for ever,  
And the Lamb eternally !
- 8 Soon in glory by the River,  
We shall all surround the Tree,  
Join with heart and voice together,  
And with Christ shall ever be !

*Chorus—*

Oh, how softly flows the River !  
The beautiful, perennial River !  
We shall drink that living stream for  
ever,  
That flows from the Throne of God.

11 TUNE—"Maidstone." 7s.

- 1 SEE, the glory of the King !  
How His Majesty doth shine !  
All His greatness we would sing,  
How it tells of love divine.  
Tells us how Himself He gave,  
Shed for us His precious blood,  
Broke the power of the grave,  
All to get a world for God !
- 2 See, the glory of the King !  
Shining in His blessed face,  
Universal praise we bring,  
For His glory is His grace !  
We extol the One who died,  
Died to have us for His own,  
And His sufferings ! tell them wide,  
For His sufferings are His crown !

- 3 Truly, He is King of kings,  
Soon to rule the world for God.  
Great the blessing that He brings,  
All secured by His blood !  
Brighter than the sun will shine  
All the glory in His face,  
And His Majesty divine  
Tells the greatness of His grace !

12 TUNE—"St. Agnes (Langran.)" 10s.

- 1 SINCE Thou hast said it :—" Let  
my people go."  
Who, then, O God, shall dare to say  
Thee, No,  
What force can fight against Thy  
stretched-out arm,  
Or who approach to do Thy people  
harm ?
- 2 Thy lost ones Thou hast title to  
redeem,  
Though hopeless they in cruel  
bondage seem,  
"The Stronger One" has come and  
bound "the strong"  
And spoiled his goods, for they to  
Thee belong.
- 3 Yes, "Let My people go"—'tis Thine  
own word !  
And now exult we in Thy triumphs,  
Lord !  
Thou camest forth from God to set  
us free,  
And charged to save us for eternity !
- 4 The waters saw Thee, then, and  
were afraid,  
For Thou through death's dark  
waves a path hast made ;  
Hast driven back and stilled our  
fiercest foe,  
And forced him thus to let Thy  
people go !

- 5 We go not out with haste, nor go  
by flight,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with us  
through the night  
To light our path, and shield us all  
the way,  
And make each one a sunbeam of  
the Day !
- 6 And now we sing Thy praise beyond  
death's tide,  
Where Thou dost show to us Thy  
hands and side,  
We joyful hear Thee saying " Peace  
to you,"  
And to our seal we set that " God is  
true."
- 7 Thou hast, Lord Jesus, made Thy  
people go,  
Hast placed us out of reach of every  
foe,  
Thine arm has done it and Thy  
powerful rod,  
That we may love and serve Thyself,  
our God !
- 8 May we go onward in the path of  
faith,  
And treasure every word that Jesus  
saith,  
May we have strength to shun each  
evil way,  
And walk in all the light of Christ's  
own day !
- 9 O Lord, support us by Thine own  
dear love,  
And lift us every evil far above ;  
Enable us each day Thy name to own  
Till we the fight have fought, the  
crown have won.
- 10 How bright beyond all telling that  
glad day  
For all who hear Thee, Blessèd  
Saviour, say :—  
That they through faithfulness a  
crown have won,  
And that with joy Thou say'st to  
them :—Well done !

**13** TUNE—" *I feel like singing  
all the time.*"

- 1 **T**HE Glory shines in Jesus' face  
For every one on earth,  
That young and old may know His  
grace,  
And tell how great His worth,  
Singing :—Glory, Glory, Glory, be  
to God on High !
- 2 It shines for all on every land  
So clearly and so bright,  
A little child can understand,  
And walk in heavenly light,  
Singing :—Glory, etc.
- 3 It tells to all alike the same—  
That freely God forgives,  
And every one that owns His name,  
Has proved it true, and lives,  
Singing :—Glory, etc.
- 4 God's blessèd thoughts towards us  
are told  
In Christ alike to all ;  
They make the very weakest bold  
On Jesus' name to call,  
Singing :—Glory, etc.
- 5 That God will make all evil cease,  
In Christ is clear and plain,  
And we believing find our peace  
In Him, Who rose again,  
Singing :—Glory, etc.
- 6 Then let us praise Him every day,  
Redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
And let us all unite to say—  
How great art Thou, our God !  
Singing :—Glory, Glory, Glory,  
be to God on High !

**14** TUNE—" *St. Peter.*" C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S nothing like Thy  
trusted love,  
Lord Jesus, here below ;  
Its sweetness we would daily prove,  
And all its fulness know.

- 2 Thy love is more than we can tell,  
It every test has stood ;  
And though, O Lord, we've known  
it well,  
Yet know it more we would.
- 3 All other love may fail us, Lord,  
Not so that love of Thine ;  
It is as stedfast as Thy Word,  
Eternal and Divine.
- 4 How beautiful to live with Thee,  
To live in all Thy love !  
How sweet to think that we shall be  
At home with Thee above !
- 5 Thy love has ever been our shield,  
Our comfort every hour :  
Our safety in the battlefield  
From every hostile power.
- 6 We wonder how Thy love can give  
Such constant, fresh delight ;  
And long yet more and more to live  
In love so pure and bright
- 7 Thy love has thought of every need,  
Of all the pressure here ;  
And ever lives to intercede,  
Till we are with Thee there.
- 8 In love Thou didst our souls redeem,  
And on the cross didst die ;  
And that same love shall be our  
theme  
When with Thee, Lord, on high.
- 9 Oh, may we prize the love of Christ  
As light and warmth each day ;  
For nothing less has e'er sufficed  
To keep us in the way.