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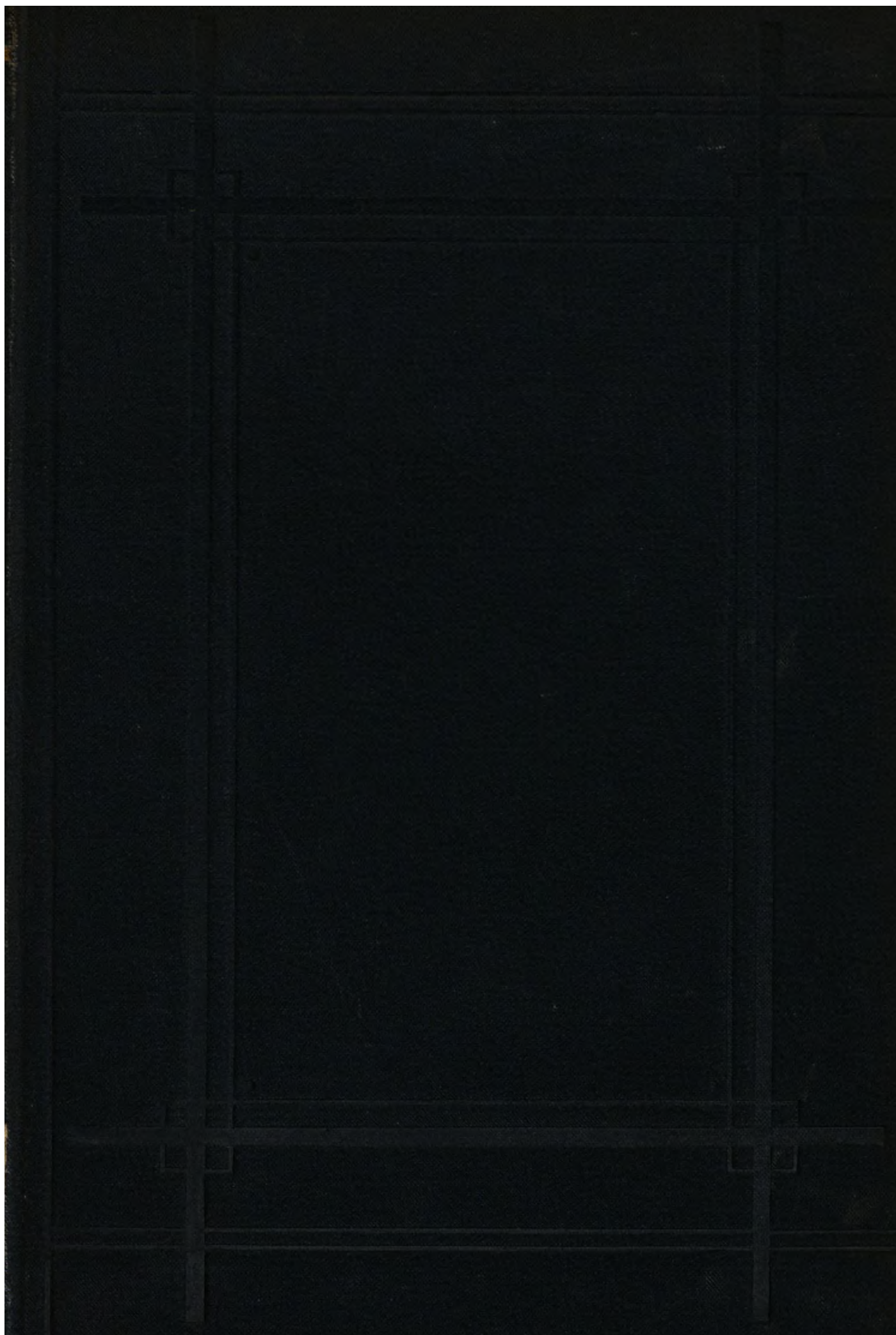
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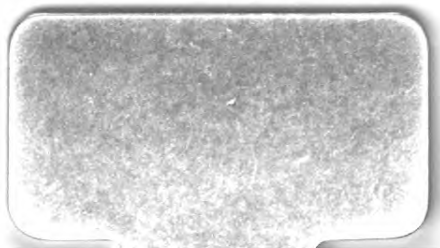
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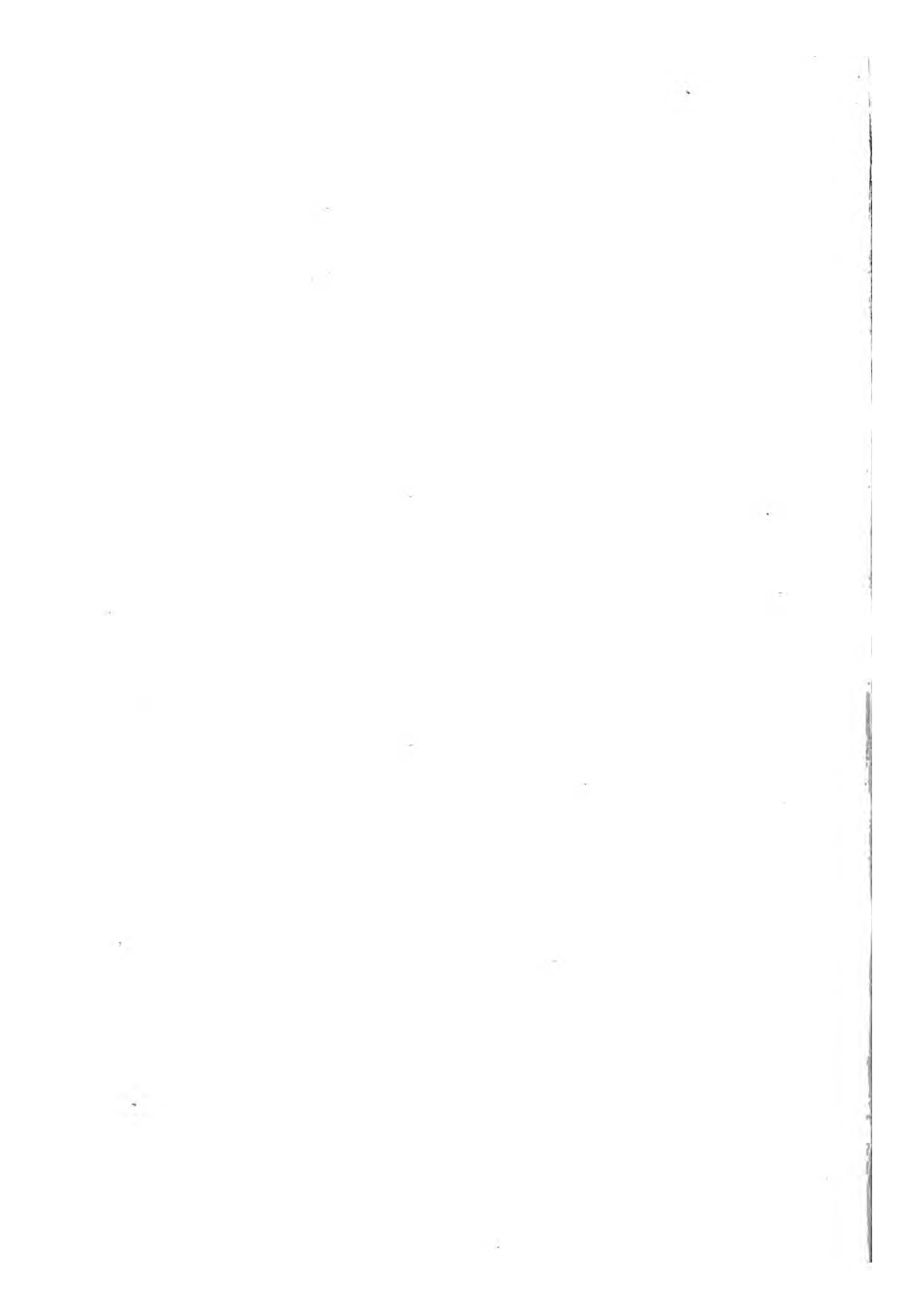
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SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

of the 1st
J. N. DARBY.

“And stayed by joy divine,
As hireling fills his day,
Through scenes of strife,
And desert life,
I tread in peace my way.”

DUBLIN:
13, WESTLAND ROW.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

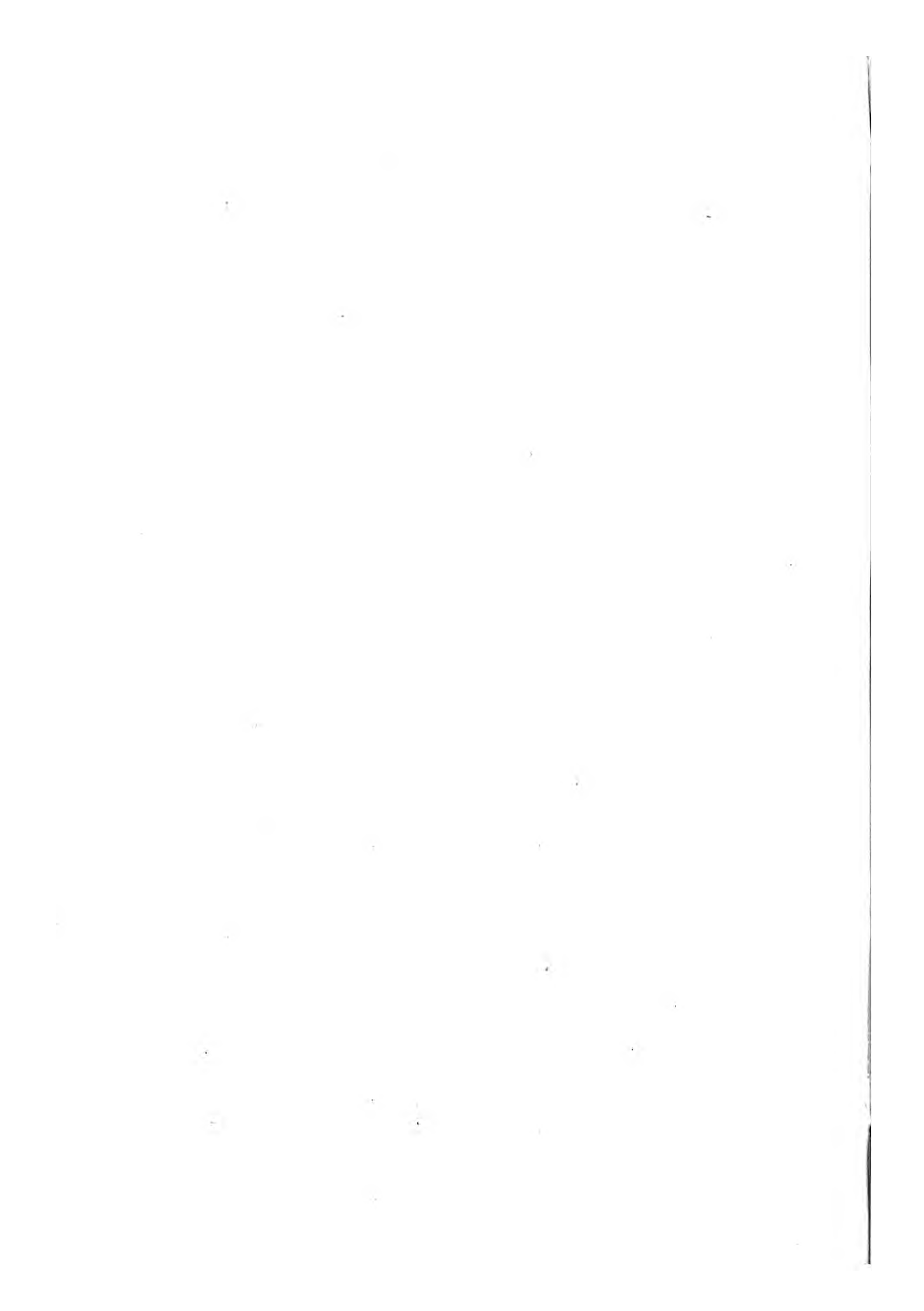
1883.

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PREFACE.

THE early Hymns in this Collection, with the exception of the first one, are already well known. The later Hymns, from pp. 45 to 76, were bequeathed by Mr. Darby, and would have been brought out by themselves, but that the wish was expressed, that those already made public, with any others that might be obtained, should be printed with them. Hence the Hymns in their present form.

No absolute or undeviating rule has been followed in determining the text, which varies considerably, both in the manuscripts, and in the different printed issues. It may be stated generally, that, unless some after-departure has special claims, preference has been given to the form as originally completed.

The original manuscripts have only slight indications of punctuation. That which seems to give the best reading, has therefore been employed. Some of the titles have appeared elsewhere: a few only are found in the manuscripts. The remainder are added for completeness.

The first Hymn, and the last four (two of which were finished, the other two being fragments), were found among Mr. Darby's papers, after his departure. One of these fragments is most interesting, as an example of his sympathy with children, which was such a sweet trait in his character. The first Hymn was quite unknown till thus found. Now, however, that the Lord's faithful servant is no longer with us, there is no further reason for its being withheld.

It has been said, "It is sweet now to think of the beloved servant at rest. How often, in his Hymns, that word 'Rest' occurs!" This is most true. But it was "the Rest of God" that he longed for, and not rest only. It was on this Rest he loved to dwell, as that which would be true rest to him. But for the first also, he could not have failed to

long, after what may be truly described, as his "arduous and varied life, and labour." Yet, he could write,

" 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 ! "

And this was true of him to the end.

During his last illness he often referred to the need of the affections being in exercise. On one occasion, a few weeks before April 29, 1882, when (in his 82nd year,) the Lord took him to be with Himself, he remarked as follows: " It is not the mind, but the conscience, which is the link between us and God. Yes: and when that is in a proper condition it makes way for the affections. . . . Precisely so: you see, when we own the authority of God, *then* the affections can come into play."

May the Lord use these Hymns to deepen those affections, the formation and fostering of which by the ministry of the truth, was always the beloved Author's aim.

SUNDRIDGE HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH.

October, 1883.

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“Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.”—*John* xv. 16.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

THE CALL.



[1832.]

WHAT powerful, mighty Voice, so near,
Calls me from earth apart,
Reaches, with tones so still, so clear,
From th' unseen world, my heart ?

'Tis solemn : yet it draws with power,
And sweetness, yet unknown :
It speaks the language of an hour
When earth's for ever gone !

It soothes, yet solemnizes all !
What yet of nature is
Lies silent, through the heavenly call ;
No earthly voice like this !

'Tis His. Yes, yes ; no other sound
 Could move my heart like this—
The Voice of Him that earlier bound,
 Through grace, that heart to His ;
In other accents now, 'tis true,
 Than once my spirit woke
To life and peace, through which it grew
 Under His gracious yoke !
Blest Lord, Thou speak'st ! 'Twas erst Thy
 Voice
 That led my heart to Thee,—
That drew me to that better choice,
 Where grace has set me free !
Then would'st Thou that I should rejoice,
 And walk by faith below,
Enough, that I had heard Thy Voice,
 And learnt Thy love's deep woe,
Thy glory, Lord ? This living waste
 Thenceforth no rest could give :
My path was on with earnest haste,
 Lord, in Thy rest to live. .

Yes ! then 'twas faith—Thy Word : but now
Thyself—my soul draw'st nigh,
My soul with nearer thoughts to bow,
Of brighter worlds on high.

And oh ! how all that eye can see,
To others now belongs !
The eternal home's so nigh to me—
My soul's eternal songs !

For Thou art near ! Thou call'st me now,
In love I long have known,
While waiting on Thy will below,
Till Thou my hopes should'st crown.

And Thou would'st have me soon with Thee ;
Thou, Lord, my portion art !
Thou hast revealed Thyself to me—
Thy Nature to my heart !

My happiness, O Lord, with Thee
Is long laid up in store,
For that bless'd day, when Thee I'd see,
And conflict all be o'er.

Yes ! love Divine in Thee I know ;
The Father's glories soon
Shall burst upon my ravished view,
Thyself—my eternal crown !

Thou mak'st me brighter hopes to prove,
Because Thou nearer art ;
With secrets of eternal love
Thou fill'st my longing heart.

How shall I leave Thee, Lord ? This joy
Is from Thyself : it is
My brightest hope, without alloy,
My pure, eternal bliss !

With Thee, O Lord, I all things have—
Unclouded joy divine
In Thee, Who first these "all things" gave
For ever to be mine.

Yet I will wait, in labour still
In Thy blest service here :
What Thou hast given me to fulfil,
Thy will—to me is dear !

I well can wait ! Thou waitest yet
The word of that dread hour,
Which shall Thy foes for ever set
As footstool of Thy power.

Yet, Lord ! were once Thy will fulfilled,
How better far with Thee,
With Thee, my joy, my strength, my shield,
In cloudless light to be !

O endless joy ! how shall my heart
Thy riches all unfold :
Or tell the grace that gave me part,
In bliss no tongue hath told.

Lord ! let me wait, for Thee alone :
My life be only this,
To serve Thee here on earth, unknown,—
Then share Thy heavenly bliss.

* * * *

Lord, be it soon ! Thou know'st our heart,
In this sad world, no rest
Can find, nor wish, but where Thou art—
That rest itself possessed !

Soon shall we see Thee as Thou art :
O hope for ever blessed !
Thou'lt call us, in our heavenly part,
The Father's house, to rest.

O Rest ! ineffable, divine,
The Rest of God above :
Where Thou for ever shalt be mine,
My joy, eternal love !

His counsels all, fulfilled in Thee :
His work of love, complete :
And heavenly hosts shall rest, to see
Earth blest beneath Thy feet !

THE ENDLESS SONG.



1835.

OH ! the joy of the salvation
We possess around the throne !
Countless thoughts of admiration
Mingling, leave that joy but one.

Hark ! Ten thousand voices, crying
“Lamb of God !” with one accord :
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Bursts, at once, the echoing chord !

Long, with free and glad devotion,
Universal praise prevails,
Till, blest fruit of deep emotion,
Voice by voice in silence fails.

Now, in wondrous adoration—
Dwelling on His matchless love,
Swayed with power of that salvation,
Silence fills the courts above.

Then, their richest thoughts unfolding,
Each to each, with joy divine
Heavenly converse blissful holding,
Tells, how bright His glories shine.

Some, on God's high glories dwelling,
Brightly beaming in His Face ;
Some, His first-born greatness telling,
Ordering all things in their place :

These, of Godhead's counsels deep
Him th' Accomplisher proclaim ;
These, how Jesus' self could weep—
Of Godhead's love the Witness came !

All, on love surpassing rest,
That clothed in flesh the great I AM ;
Till, from one heart divinely prest,
Bursts forth at length the loud exclaim,

“Praise the Lamb!” At once awaking,
The gathered hosts their voices throng;
Loud and wide—each tongue partaking—
Rolls renewed the endless song!

Grateful incense—this, ascending,
Rises to the Father’s throne;
Every knee to Christ is bending,—
All the mind in heaven is one;

All the Father’s counsels, claiming
Equal honours to the Son,
All the Son’s effulgence beaming—
Glory of His Father’s throne.

By the Spirit all-pervading,
Radiant hosts unnumber’d round,
Breathing glory never-fading,
Echo back the blissful sound!

Joyful now the wide creation
Rests, in undisturbed repose;
Blest in Jesus’ full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thraldom knows!

Rich the streams of bounty flowing,
Common blessings from above,
Life, and holy joy bestowing,
Tell of God's unwearied love.

Hark ! the heavenly notes again !
Loudly swells the air-borne praise :
Throughout creation's vault, " Amen,
Amen ! " responsive joy doth raise !

A SONG
FOR THE WILDERNESS.

1837.

RISE, my soul ! Thy God directs thee ;
Stranger hands no more impede :
Pass thou on ! His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands, where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light Divine surrounds thy going ;
God Himself shall mark thy way ;
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion—
Egypt's food—no more to eat !

Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.

In the desert, God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found ;
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound !

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.

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 !

When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love Divine thy foot shall bring,
There, with shouts of triumph swelling,
Zion's songs, in rest, to sing,

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.

THE SAINTS' REST.

1845.

REST of the saints above,
 Jerusalem of God !
 Who, in thy palaces of love,
 Thy golden streets have trod,

 To me thy joy to tell ?
 Those courts secure from ill,
 Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,
 And every bosom fill !

 Who shall to me that joy
 Of saint-thronged courts declare,
 Tell of that constant, sweet employ,
 My spirit longs to share ?

That Rest, secure from ill,
No cloud of grief e'er stains ;
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,
And love eternal reigns.

The Lamb is there, my soul !
There God Himself doth rest
In love Divine, diffused through all
With Him supremely blest.

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.

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.

There on the hidden Bread,
Of Christ once humbled here—
God's treasured store, for ever fed,
His love my soul shall cheer.

Called by that secret name
Of undisclosed delight,
Blest answer to reproach and shame,
Graved on the stone of white ;

There, in effulgence bright,
Saviour and Guide, with Thee
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light,
Whiter my robe shall be !

There, in th' unsullied way,
Which His Own hand hath dressed,
My feet press on, where brightest day
Shines forth on all the Rest.

But who that glorious blaze
Of living light shall tell,
Where all His brightness God displays,
And the Lamb's glories dwell ?

There, only, to adore
My soul its strength may find,
Its life, its joy, for evermore
By sight nor sense defined !

God and the Lamb shall there
The light and temple be,
And radiant hosts for ever share
The unveiled mystery!

UNCHANGING LOVE.

1845.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PILGRIM'S PATH.

1849.

THIS world is a wilderness wide :
I have nothing to seek or to choose,
I've no thought in the waste to abide,
I've nought to regret nor to lose.

The Lord is Himself gone before ;
He has marked out the path that I tread ;
It's as sure as the love I adore :
I have nothing to fear nor to dread.

There is but that one, in the waste,
Which His footsteps have marked, as His
And I follow, in diligent haste, [own ;
To the seats where He's put on His crown.

For the path where my 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 mine on the road.

And with Him shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down,
In the joy of His love, ever nigh,
In the peace that His Presence shall crown.

'Tis the treasure I've found in His love
That has made me a pilgrim below ;
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know !

And, Saviour ! 'tis Thee from on high
I await, till the time Thou shalt come
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye
To Thyself, in Thy heavenly home.

Till then, 'tis the path Thou hast trod,
My delight and my comfort shall be :
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
Till, with Thee, all Thy glory I see.

THE "PATIENCE OF HOPE."

1856.

O JESUS, precious Saviour,
 Oh ! when wilt Thou return ?
 Our hearts, with woe familiar,
 To Thee, our Master, turn.

Our woe is Thine, Lord Jesus !
 Our joy is in Thy love :
 But woe and joy all lead us
 To Thee, in heaven above !

We ponder the long story
 Of this world's mournful ways ;
 We think on holy glory
 With Thee, through endless days.

We see God's gracious order
All spoiled by man below ;
See all around disorder,
Meek hearts beset with woe.

Where'er we ope' the pages,
In which—Thy wondrous word—
Man's path through varied ages
Is given us, to record,

Of failure, ruin, sorrow,
The story still we find :
God's love but brings the morrow
Of evil in mankind.

To Thee we look, Lord Jesus,
To Thee, Whose love we know ;
We wait the power that frees us
From bondage, sin, and woe.

We look for Thine appearing,
Thy Presence here to bless ;
We greet the day that's nearing,
When all this woe shall cease.

But oh, for us, blest Saviour !
How brighter far the lot,
With Thee to be for ever,
Where evil enters not !

To see Thee, Who'st so loved us,
Then face to face above,
Whose grace at first had moved us
To taste, and know, Thy love !

With Thee, O Lord, for ever !
Our souls shall be content ;
Nor act, nor thought, shall ever
Full joy with Thee prevent.

Thy Father's perfect favour
Our dwelling-place shall be,
And all His glory, ever
Shine forth on us and Thee.

Oh, come then soon, Lord Jesus !
In patience still we wait
(Await the power that frees us)
Our longed-for heavenly seat !

THE UPWARD WAY.



1856.

SING, without ceasing sing,
 The Saviour's present grace ;
 How all things shine
 In light Divine,
 For those who've seen His Face !

He's gone within the veil,
 For us that place He's won ;
 In Him we stand,
 A heavenly band,
 Where He Himself is gone.

There all's unsullied light,
My heart lets in its rays ;
And heavenly light
Makes all things bright,
Seen in that blissful gaze !

Such, here on earth, I am,
Though I in weakness roam ;
My place on high,
God's Self, so nigh,
His Presence is my home.

My heart is filled with bliss,
Heaven's own eternal joys !
My soul at rest,
Of peace possessed,—
That world its strength employs.

Thus, in divine delight
Of love so richly known,
God's works below
With beauty glow ;
His hand, His grace, I own :

And stayed by joy divine,
As hireling fills his day,
Through scenes of strife,
And desert life,
I tread in peace my way.

That way is upward still,
Where life and glory are ;
My rest's above :
In perfect love
The glory I shall share—

For ever with the Lord,
For ever like Him, then,—
And see His Face,
In that blest place,
My Father's house in heaven !

HOME.

1867.

OH ! bright and blessed scenes,
Where sin shall never come !
Whose sight my longing spirit weans
From earth, where yet I roam.

And can I call my home,
My Father's house on high,—
The Rest of God, my rest to come,
My place of liberty ?

Yes ! In that light unstained,
My stainless soul shall live ;
My heart's deep longings more than gained,
When God His rest shall give !

His Presence there, my soul
Its rest, its joy untold
Shall find, when endless ages roll,
And time shall ne'er grow old.

My God the centre is :
His Presence fills that land ;
And countless myriads, own'd as His,
Round Him adoring stand.

My God, Whom I have known,
Well known in Jesus' love,
Rests, in the blessing of His own
Before Himself above.

Glory supreme is there,
Glory that shines through all :
More precious still that love to share,
As those that love did call !

Like Jesus, in that place
Of light and love supreme,
Once Man of sorrows, full of grace,
Heaven's blest and endless theme !

Like Him ! O grace supreme !
Like Him before Thy Face ;
Like Him, to know that glory beam
Unhindered, face to face.

O love, supreme and bright,
Good to the feeblest heart !
That gives me now, as heavenly light,
What soon shall be my part !

Be not to me, my God,
As one that turned aside
To tarry for a night, and trod
His onward path ! Abide

With me, as light Divine,
That brings into my breast
Those gladdening scenes, e'en now, as
mine ;
Soon my eternal rest.

THE "MAN OF SORROWS."

1867.

O EVER homeless Stranger !
Thus dearest Friend to me ;
An outcast in a manger,
That Thou might'st with us be !

How rightly rose the praises
Of heaven, that wondrous night,
When shepherds hid their faces
In brightest angel-light !

More just those acclamations,
Than when the glorious band
Chanted earth's deep foundations,
Just laid by God's right hand.

Come now, and view that manger,
The Lord of Glory see,
A houseless, homeless Stranger,
In this poor world, for thee,—

*"To God, in the highest, glory,
And peace on earth,"* to find ;
And learn that wondrous story,
"Good pleasure in mankind."

*How blessed those heavenly spirits
Who joy increasing find,
That, spite of our demerits,
God's pleasure's in mankind ;

*And chant the highest glory
Of Him they praise above,
In telling out the story,
Of God come down in love !

* The insertion of these two verses was left doubtful in the original manuscript.—ED.

Oh, strange, yet fit beginning,
Of all that life of woe,
In which Thy grace was winning
Poor man his God to know !

Bless'd Babe ! who lowly liest
In manger-cradle there ;
Descended from the highest,
Our sorrows all to share.

Oh, suited now in nature
For Love's Divinest ways,
To make the fallen creature
The vessel of Thy praise !

O Love ! all thought surpassing !
That Thou should'st with us be :
Nor yet in triumph passing,
But—human infancy !

We cling to Thee in weakness,
The manger and the cross ;
We gaze upon Thy meekness,
Through suffering, pain, and loss ;

There see the Godhead glory
Shine through that human veil ;
And willing, hear the story
Of love that's come to heal !

My soul in secret follows
The footsteps of His love ;
I trace the Man of sorrows,
His boundless grace to prove.

A child in growth and stature,
Yet full of wisdom rare :
Sonship in conscious nature,
His words and ways declare.

Yet still, in meek submission,
His patient path He trod,
To wait His heavenly mission,
Unknown to all but God.

But who, Thy path of service,
Thy steps removed from ill,
Thy patient love to serve us,
With human tongue can tell ?

Midst sin, and all corruption,
Where hatred did abound,
Thy path of true perfection
Was light on all around.

In scorn, neglect, reviling,
Thy patient grace stood fast,
Man's malice unavailing
To move Thy heart to haste.

O'er all, Thy perfect goodness
Rose blessedly Divine ;
Poor hearts oppressed with sadness,
Found ever rest in Thine !

The strong man in his armour
Thou mettest in Thy grace ;
Did'st spoil the mighty charmer
Of our unhappy race.

The chains of man, his victim,
Were loosened by Thy Hand,
No evils that afflict him
Before Thy power could stand.

Disease, and death, and demon,
All fled, before Thy word,
As darkness, the dominion
Of day's returning lord !

The love that bore our burden
On the accursed tree,
Would give the heart its pardon,
And set the sinner free.

Love, that made Thee a mourner
In this sad world of woe,
Made wretched man a scorner
Of grace, that brought Thee low ;
Still in Thee, love's sweet savour
Shone forth in every deed,
And showed God's loving favour
To every soul in need.

* * * *

I pause :—for, in Thy vision,
The day is hastening now,
When, for our lost condition,
Thy holy head shall bow ;

When, deep to deep still calling,
The waters reach Thy soul,
And, death and wrath appalling,
Their waves shall o'er Thee roll.

O day of mightiest sorrow,
Day of unfathomed grief !
When Thou should'st taste the horror
Of wrath, without relief :

O day of man's dishonour !
When, for Thy love supreme,
He sought to mar Thine honour,
Thy glory turn to shame :

O day of our confusion !
When Satan's darkness lay,
In hatred, and delusion,
On ruined nature's way.

Thou soughtest for compassion,
Some heart Thy grief to know,
To watch Thine hour of passion,
For comforters in woe.

No eye was found to pity,
No heart to bear Thy woe :
But shame, and scorn, and spitting ;
None cared Thy Name to know.

The pride of careless greatness
Could wash its hands of Thee :
Priests, that should plead for weakness,
Must Thine accusers be !

Man's boasting love disowns Thee ;
Thine own Thy danger flee ;
A Judas only owns Thee,
That Thou may'st captive be.

O man ! How hast thou proved
What in thy heart is found ;
By grace Divine unmoved,
By self in fetters bound !

Yet, with all grief acquainted,
The Man of sorrows view
Unmoved, by ill untainted,
The path of grace pursue !

In death, obedience yielding
To God His Father's will,
Love still its power is wielding
To meet all human ill.

On him who had disowned Thee
Thine eye could look in love,
'Midst threats and taunts around Thee,
To tears of grace to move !

What words of love and mercy
Flow from those lips of grace,
For followers that desert Thee,
For sinners in disgrace !

The robber learned, beside Thee
Upon the cross of shame,
While taunts and jeers deride Thee,
The savour of Thy Name.

Then, finished all, in meekness
Thou to Thy Father's hand,
Perfect Thy strength in weakness,
Thy spirit dost commend.

O Lord ! Thy wondrous story
My inmost soul doth move ;
I ponder o'er Thy glory,
Thy lonely path of love.

But, O Divine Sojourner
'Midst man's unfathomed ill,
Love, that made Thee a mourner,
It is not man's to tell !

We worship, when we see Thee
In all Thy sorrowing path ;
We long soon to be with Thee,
Who bore for us the wrath !

Come then, expected Saviour,
Thou Man of Sorrows, come !
Almighty, blest Deliverer !
And take us to Thee—home.

“THE TREE OF LIFE.”

1870.

SOON we taste the endless sweetness
 Of the Tree of life above ;
 Taste Its Own eternal meetness
 For the heavenly land we love !

In eternal counsels founded,
 Perfect now, in fruit Divine ;
 When the last blest trump has sounded,
 Fruit of God, for ever mine !

Fresh, and ever new, are hanging
 Fruits of life, on that blest Tree ;
 There is stilled each earnest longing ;
 Satisfied my soul shall be :

Safety—where no foe approaches ;
Rest—where toil shall be no more ;
Joy—whereon no grief encroaches ;
Peace—where strife shall all be o'er !

Various fruits of richest flavour
Offers still the Tree Divine :
One Itself, the same for ever,
All Its various fruits are mine !

Where deceiver ne'er can enter,
Sin-soiled feet have never trod,
Free, our peaceful feet may venture
In the paradise of God,

Drink of life's perennial river,
Feed on life's perennial food,
Christ, the fruit of life and giver,
Safe through His redeeming blood !

Object of eternal pleasure ;
Perfect in Thy work Divine !
Lord of glory ! Without measure,
Worship, joy, and praise are Thine !

But, my soul ! hast thou not tasted
Of that Tree of life on high ?
As through desert lands thou'st hasted,
Eshcol's grapes been never nigh ?

Ah ! that Tree of life was planted,
Rooted deep in love Divine,
Ere the sons of God had chanted
Worlds where creature glories shine !

Love Divine without a measure,
Godhead glory must reveal ;
In the Object of its pleasure,
All its ways of grace must seal.

As a tender sucker, rising
From a dry and stony land,
Object of man's proud despising,
Grew the Plant of God's right hand !

Grace and truth, in love unceasing,
Rivers on the thirsty ground,
Every step to God well pleasing,
Spread their heavenly savour round.

He the Father's Self revealing,—
Heavenly words none else could tell,
Words of grace, each sorrow healing,
On the ear of sorrow fell.

Yes! that Tree of life is planted,
Sweetest fruit e'en here has borne!
To Its Own rich soil transplanted,
Waits alone the eternal morn;

Fruits that our own souls have tasted,
By the Spirit from above,
While through desert lands we've hasted;
Fruits of perfect, endless love!

THE HOPE OF DAY.



1872.

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!

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!

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 !

Nor I alone ; Thy loved ones all, complete
In glory, around Thee with joy shall meet !
All like Thee : for Thy glory like Thee,
 Lord !
Object supreme of all, by all adored !

And yet it must be so : a perfect state,
To meet Christ's perfect love, what we
 await ;
The Spirit's hopes, desires, in us inwrought,
Our present joy, with living blessings fraught.

The heart is satisfied, can ask no more ;
All thought of self is now for ever o'er :

Christ, its unmingled Object, fills the heart
In blest adoring love, its endless part.

Father of mercies, in Thy Presence bright,
All this shall be unfolded in the light ;
Thy children all, with joy Thy counsels know
Fulfilled, patient in hope while here below.

SONS.



1879.

FATHER ! Thy Name our souls would bless,
As children taught by grace,
Lift up our hearts in righteousness,
And joy before Thy Face !

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.

There, in the purpose of Thy love,
Our place is now prepared,
As sons with Him Who is above,
Who all our sorrows shared.

Eternal ages shall declare
The riches of Thy grace,
To those who, with Thy Son, shall share
A son's eternal place.

Absent as yet, we rest in hope,
Treading the desert path,
Waiting for Him Who takes us up
Beyond the power of death.

Unchanging glory fills the place
Where Jesus dwells on high ;
But brighter joy our spirits trace
With Him, for ever nigh !

We joy in Thee ; Thy holy love
Our endless portion is,
Like Thine Own Son, with Him above,
In brightest heavenly bliss :

His Father, Thou, and ours thro' grace,
We taste the same delight,
Blest, in the brightness of Thy Face,
In heaven's unclouded light.

Father ! Thy love my portion is,
As soon, like Christ, with Thee ;
Oh ! who can tell of love like this,
So sov'reign, full, and free !

O Holy Father ! keep us here
In that blest name of Love ;
Walking before Thee without fear,
Till all be joy above.

ECHO OF "SONGS IN THE
NIGHT."

1879.

TO live of Thee,—blest Source of deepest
joy !

To hear, e'en now by faith, Thy voice of
love,

Thou living spring of bliss without alloy,
Bright inlet to the light of heaven above !

Come, fill my soul ! Thy light is ever pure,
And brings from heaven what Thou alone
canst give,

Yea, brings Thyself, the revelation sure
Of heaven's eternal bliss. In Thee we live !

I hail Thee, Lord ! Of Thee my song shall
 speak ;
Poor and unworthy strains, yet still of Thee :
Yes, fill my soul ! 'tis this my heart doth
 seek,
To dwell in love, and God my dwelling be !

Thou'st made the Father known ! Him have
 we seen
In Thy blest Person : infinite delight !
Yes, it suffices : though we here but glean
Some foretaste of His love, till all be light.

O ! dwell with me ; let no distracting thought
Intrude to hide from me that heavenly light.
Be Thou my strength ! Let not what Thou
 hast brought
Be chased by idle nature's poor delight.

Father, Thou lov'st me ! Favour, all divine,
Rests on my soul : a cloudless favour. There
Thy Face shines on me, as it still doth shine
On Thy blest Son ! His image I shall bear !

But now, e'en now, Thy love can fill my soul—
That love that soars beyond all creature
thought,—

In spirit bring where endless praises roll,
And fill my longing heart, till there I'm brought.

Thee will I hail, O Lord ! in Whose blest Face
God's glory shines unveiled ! Thee will I praise,
Whose love has brought me nigh, in righteous
grace,

And soon wilt come, eternal songs to raise !

* * * * *

And oh ! how deep the peace ! when, nature gone,
Thy Spirit fills the soul, strengthened with
might,

With love divine ; and God, as Love, is known !
Lord ! keep my soul, and guide my steps aright.

* * * * *

Praise be for ever His, Who giveth songs by night !

R E S T.

1879.

THERE is rest for the weary soul,
There is rest in the Saviour's love ;
There is rest, in the grace that has made me
whole,
That seeks out those that rove.

There is rest in the tender love
That has trodden our path below ;
That has given us a place in the realms
above,
But can all our sorrows know !

There is rest in the calming grace,
That flows from those realms above ;
What rest in the thought, we shall see His
Face,
Who has given us to know His love !

There is rest in the midst of grief,
For grief's been the proof of love ;
'Tis sweet, in that love to find relief,
When the sorrows of earth we prove.

There is rest in the Saviour's heart,
Who never turned sorrow away,
But has found, in what sin had made our part,
The place of His love's display.

There is rest in the blessed yoke,
That knows no will but His,
That learns, from His path, and the words
He spoke,
What that loving patience is !

Where He too has gone before,
Is the path which we have to tread ;
And it leads to the rest where sorrow's o'er,
To the place where His steps have led.

“FULNESS OF JOY.”

1879.

OH ! bright and blessed hope !
When shall it be,
That we His Face, long loved,
Revealed shall see !

Oh ! when, without a cloud,
His features trace,
Whose faithful love, so long,
We've known in grace ;

That love itself enjoy,
Which, ever true,
Did, in our feeble path,
Its work pursue !

O Jesus ! not unknown,
Thy love shall fill
The heart in which Thou dwell'st,
And shalt dwell still !

Still, Lord ! to see Thy Face,
Thy voice to hear ;
To know Thy present love,
For ever near ;

To gaze upon Thyself
So faithful known,
Long proved in secret help
With Thee alone ;

To see that love, content
On me flow forth,
For ever Thy delight,
Clothed with Thy worth !

O Lord ! 'twas sweet the thought
That Thou wast mine !
But brighter still the joy
That I am Thine ;

Thine own, O Lord, the fruit,
The cherished fruit
Of Thine all perfect love !
No passing root

Of evil, e'er will dim
Thy cloudless rays ;
But a full heart pour forth
Thine endless praise !

Nor, what is next Thy heart,
Can we forget :
Thy saints, O Lord, with Thee
In glory met,

Perfect in comeliness
Before Thy Face,
Th' eternal witness, all,
Of Thine Own grace,

Together, then, their songs
Of endless praise,
With one harmonious voice,
In joy shall raise !

O joy, supreme, and full !
Where sunless day
Sheds forth, with light Divine,
Its cloudless ray !

THE FATHER'S LOVE.

1879.

BLEST FATHER! infinite in grace :
 Source of eternal joy !
 Thou lead'st our hearts to that blest place,
 Where rest's without alloy.

There will Thy love find perfect rest,
 Where all around is bliss ;
 Where, all in Thee supremely blest,
 Thy praise their service is !

Eternal love their portion is,
 Where love has found its rest ;
 And, filled with Thee, the constant mind
 Eternally is blest !

There, Christ, the centre of the throng,
Shall in His glory shine ;
But not an eye, those hosts among,
But sees that glory—Thine !

Thy counsels too, in all Thine own
Fulfilled, by power Divine,
Spread wide the glory of Thy Throne,
Where all in glory shine.

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

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 !

THE FATHER'S GRACE.

1879.

FATHER! in Thine eternal power—
Thy grace—and majesty Divine—
No soul, in this weak mortal hour,
Can grasp the glory that is Thine!

E'en in its thoughts of sovereign grace,
It leaves us all far, far behind ;
The love that gives with Christ a place,
Surpasses our poor feeble mind !

And yet, that love is not unknown,
To those who have the Saviour seen ;
Nor strange, to those He calls His own,
Pilgrims, in scenes where He has been.

In Him, Thy perfect love revealed,
Has led our hearts that love to trace
Where nothing of that love's concealed,
But meets us, in our lowly place !

But grace, the source of all our hope,
From Thine eternal Nature flows :
Could to our lost condition stoop,
And now, through Christ, no hindrance knows ;

Has flowed, in fullest streams, below,
And opened to our hearts the place,
Where, in its ripened fruits, we'll know
The eternal blessings of that grace !

And here we walk, as sons, through grace,
A Father's love our present joy :
Sons, in the brightness of Thy Face
Find rest, no sorrows can destroy !

Nor is the comfort of Thy love,
In which we " Abba, Father " cry,
The only blessing that we prove ;
Because that love is ever nigh :

A holy Father's constant care
Keeps watch, with an unwearying eye,
To see what fruits His children bear,
Fruits that may suit their calling high ;

Takes ever knowledge of our state,
What dims communion with His love,
Might check our growth, or separate
Our hearts from what's revealed above.

Oh, wondrous Love ! that ne'er forgets
The objects of its tender care !
May chasten still, while sin besets,
To warn and guard them where they are,

But ne'er forgets, but feeds them still
With tokens of His tender love ;
Will keep, till, freed from every ill,
They find their rest with Him above !

Oh ! wondrous, infinite, Divine !
Keep near, my soul, to that blest place
Where all those heavenly glories shine,
Which suit the brightness of His Face !

O lowliness, how feebly known,
That meets the grace that gave the Son !
That waits, to serve Him as His own,
Till grace, what grace began, shall crown !

WAITING FOR THE GLORY.

1879.

I'M waiting for the glory :
 Are your thoughts with me too ?
 It is the old, old story,
 But all most sweetly true !

I'm waiting for the glory :
 Jesus Himself is there ;
 He's gone on high before me,
 Calls me with Him to share.

Jesus, the Lord, did love us,
 Will love us, to the end ;
 And lifts our hearts above us,
 To love that will not end !

For the day is nearing, nearing,
When we shall see His Face ;
Each step the way endearing,
Which leads to that blest place.

For Jesus comes with power,
To change these bodies vile,
Or raise them, in that hour,
From where they rest awhile :

Then shall His soul's deep travail
Find its love-fraught reward ;
Nor joy, nor promise shall fail,
With Him, like Him, their Lord !

But Who's this all-glorious Lord,
To Whom each knee doth bow ?
The Sorrower, once abhorred !
The Lord in His glory now !

Art waiting for the glory ?
Thy thoughts go with me, too !
Yes ! 'tis the old, old story :
But all most sweetly true !

ETERNAL LOVE.

1880.

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 !

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.

Thou gav'st us, in eternal love,
To Him, to bring us home to Thee,
Suited to Thine Own thoughts above,
As sons, like Him, with Him to be

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 !

Oh, 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 !

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.

O Mind Divine ! so must it be,
That glory all belongs to God !
O Love Divine ! that did decree
We should be part, through Jesus' blood !

Oh, keep us, Love Divine, near Thee !
That we our nothingness may know ;
And ever to Thy glory be,
Walking in faith while here below.

HOPE.



1881.

AND shall we see Thy Face!
And hear Thy heavenly voice,
Well known to us in present grace!
Well may our hearts rejoice.

With Thee, in garments white,
O Jesus! we shall walk;
And, spotless in that heavenly light,
Of all Thy sufferings talk.

Close to Thy trusted side
In fellowship divine,
No cloud, no distance, e'er shall hide
Glories, that there shall shine!

Fruit of Thy boundless love,
That gave Thyself for us,
For ever we shall, with Thee, prove
That Thou still lov'st us thus.

And we love Thee, blest Lord :
E'en now, though feeble here,
Thy sorrows, and Thy cross, record
What makes us know Thee near !

We wait to see Thee, Lord ;
Yet now, within our hearts
Thou dwell'st in love, that doth afford
The joy that love imparts.

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 !

UNFOLDINGS OF GLORY.



1881.

O LORD ! Thy glory we behold,
 Though not with mortal eyes :
That glory, on the Father's throne,
 No human sight descries !

But though the world can see no more
 Him it cast out with scorn,
The eye of fresh-born faith can soar
 Above, where He is gone.

'Tis not for human eye to see,
 Nor human ear to hear,
Nor heart conceive what it may be,
 Or bring the prospect near ;

But God, in love, has freely given
His Spirit, Who reveals
All He's prepared, for those in heaven
Whom here on earth He seals.

'Tis thence, now Christ is gone on high,
Redemption's work complete,
The Spirit brings His glory nigh,
To those who for Him wait.

Blest Gift ! As sons we look above,
And see the Saviour there ;
And, fruit of God's now well-known love,
We shall His glory share !

God has been glorified in Man ;
Man sits at God's right hand ;
Obedient in the race He ran,
Can now all power command !

In lowliness on earth, as Son,
The Father He made known ;
And now, in heaven, His work all done,
He sits upon His throne !

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.

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 !

The Father's love, the source of all,
Sweeter than all it gives,
Shines on us now, without recall,
And lasts while Jesus lives.

The new creation's stainless joy
Gleams through the present gloom,
That world of bliss without alloy,
The saint's eternal home !

LOVE DISPLAYED.

1881.

WE'LL praise Thee, glorious Lord !
Who died to set us free :
No earthly songs can joy afford
Like heavenly melody !

Love, that no suffering stayed,
We'll praise, true love Divine ;
Love, that for us atonement made ;
Love, that has made us Thine.

Love in Thy lonely life
Of sorrow, here below ;
Thy words of grace, with mercy rife,
Make grateful praises flow !

Love, that on death's dark vale
Its sweetest odours spread ;
Where sin o'er all seemed to prevail,
Redemption—glory shed.

And now we see Thee risen
Who once for us hast died,
Seated above the highest heaven,
The Father's glorified.

Soon wilt Thou take Thy throne,
Thy foes Thy footstool made ;
And take us with Thee for Thine own
In glory—love displayed !

Jesus, we wait for Thee !
With Thee to have our part :
What can full joy and blessing be,
But being where Thou art !

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

1881.

I'M waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thyself then to see, Lord !
I'm waiting for Thee,
At Thy coming again :
Thy glory'll be great, Lord,
In heavenly state, Lord,
Thy glory'll be great,
At Thy coming again !

Caught up in the air, Lord,
That glory we'll share, Lord !
Each saint will be there,
At Thy coming again :

How glorious the grace, Lord,
That gave such a place, Lord,
It's nearing apace,
At Thy coming again.

We'll sit on Thy throne, Lord,
Confessed as Thine own, Lord !
Of all to be known,
At Thy coming again :
But glory on high, Lord,
Is not like being nigh, Lord,
When all is gone by,
At Thy coming again !

The traits of that Face, Lord,
Once marred through Thy grace, Lord !
Our joy'll be to trace,
At Thy coming again :
With Thee evermore, Lord,
Our hearts will adore, Lord,
Our sorrow'll be o'er,
At Thy coming again.

But, better than all, Lord,
To rise at Thy call, Lord !
 Adoring to fall,
 At Thy coming again :
With Thee, clothed in white, Lord,
To walk in the light, Lord,
 Where all will be bright,
 At Thy coming again.

For ever with Thee, Lord,
And like Thee to be, Lord !
 For ever with Thee,
 At Thy coming again ;
I'll live in Thy grace, Lord,
I'll gaze on Thy Face, Lord,
 When finished my race,
 At Thy coming again.

I'll talk of Thy love, Lord,
With Thee there above, Lord !
 Thy goodness still prove !
 At Thy coming again.

A CHILD'S ENQUIRY.

(Part of a Hymn.)

JESUS ! canst Thou receive
A feeble child like me ?
My little heart can scarce believe
That I may come to Thee !

With children I can go,
And all I think can say ;
With those I've often seen, and know,
I do not fear to stay.

But Lord of heaven art Thou,
And dwell'st far off, on high ;
Though at Thy Name I'm taught to bow,
Can I to Thee draw nigh ?

That Name is far above
My thoughts, howe'er I try :
How can I know Thou dost me love,
Nor fear before Thine eye?

* * * * *

THE ROAD.

(To Georgie L.)

IT is not with uncertain step
That we tread our homeless way ;
A well-known Voice has called us up,
To everlasting day !

The Voice of Him, Who whilom * trod
Alone the trackless way,—
And marked the road that leads to God,—
Where we once, as lost, did stray :

Nor leaves us now alone, to trace
Our path across the waste,
But leads us still, with living grace,
To the home to which we haste.

* "Whilom," i. e. "formerly—of old."—ED.

See ! open stands the heavenly door,
Whence the glory shines below,
To light the path where He's gone before,
And the bliss that awaits us, show !

In patience, then, we may tread the path,
Marked out by His footsteps here,
Who has freed us from the coming wrath,
Who has freed our hearts from fear ;

May abide His will, for the longer road,
Where patience and faith are tried
And count on a love which bears each load,
And our hearts from trial may hide.

He will still be there, be it long or brief,
Our strength in every need :
Himself our joy, our sure relief,
Till from care, in His Presence, we're freed.

EXPECTATION.

LORD JESUS! Source of every grace,
Glorious in light Divine,
Soon shall we see Thee face to face,
And in that glory shine ;

Be ever with Thee, hear Thy voice,
Unhindered then shall taste
The love, which doth our hearts rejoice,
Though absent in this waste.

In peaceful wonder, we adore
The thoughts of love Divine,
Which in that world, for evermore,
Our lot with Thine entwine !

NOTES.

NOTES.

The following notes, amongst other details and incidents of interest, give the grounds upon which the dates have been assigned. The earlier dates are only approximately given. The later Hymns, with the exception of "The Hope of Day," were all written during Mr. Darby's residence in Pau, in the years 1879 to 1881, when the thought of Hymns addressed to "The Father," was much present to his mind. Hymns from pp. 41 to 77 are given in the order in which they were written in Mr. Darby's manuscript book.

PAGE.

- I. "What powerful, mighty Voice, so near,"

The date of this Hymn is, it is thought, somewhere about the year 1832 ; but being uncertain, is placed in brackets.

7. "Oh ! the joy of the salvation "

This Hymn was dictated by Mr. Darby, to a friend, while confined to his bed in a dark room, during the intervals of a severe and prolonged attack of gout in the eye, about the year 1835.

A selection from it, was published in the following year, in "The Christian Hymn Book, 2nd Edition (T. B. Rowe, Plymouth), 1836," but with considerable variations, introduced by Mr. Wigram (as in other of Mr. Darby's Hymns), to make the Hymn more suitable for singing purposes.

These variations are shown *by the italics*, in the following

text, which is taken from "The Christian Hymn Book;" the printing and punctuation being given as there found :—

* * * * *

"Hark! ten thousand voices crying
 'Lamb of God!' with one accord,
 Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

* * * * *

'Praise the Lamb,' *the chorus waking,*
All in heav'n together throng,
 Loud and *far* each tongue partaking,
 Rolls *around* the endless song.

Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
 Ev'ry knee to *Jesus* bending,
 All the mind in heav'n is one.

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

By the Spirit all pervading,
 Hosts unnumber'd round *the Lamb,*
Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great 'I am.'

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

V. 6, l. 1.—"Full" in "The Christian Hymn Book," is changed to "*new*" in "Hymns for the Poor of the Flock (1, Warwick Square, London), 1838,"—to avoid the recurrence of the word "full" in the 3rd line; and this is followed in other Hymn Books.

PAGE.

* * * * *

“ Hark ! the heav’nly notes again !
 Loudly swells the *song of* praise,
 Throughout creation’s vault, Amen !
 Amen, responsive joy doth raise.”

The complete Hymn, as given in this Collection, was not published in its original form, till it appeared in “The Present Testimony, vol. ix. (Groombridge, 5, Paternoster Row, London), 1857.”

11. “ Rise, my soul ! Thy God directs thee ; ”

This Hymn was written in Switzerland, when a large number of Christians left the Swiss Free Church (“ L’Eglise Libre ”), after some lectures that Mr. Darby had given on the Book of Exodus.

It was first published in “The Christian Hymn Book, 3rd Edition, 1837.”

14. “ Rest of the saints above,”

This was first published, on Mr. Darby’s return from Switzerland in 1845, in the form of a leaflet (T. B. Bateman, 1, Ivy Lane, London) ; and afterwards, in “The Prospect, vol. i. (S. Barber, Smith Street, Guernsey), 1848.”

18. “ O Lord, Thy love’s unbounded ! ”

Written on the top of a coach, while trying to recall a Hymn by Mr. Deck, beginning with the same words, well known to many.

It appeared on the same leaflet with the above ; and in “The Prospect, vol. i. 1848.”

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20. "This world is a wilderness wide :"

The manuscript of this was given by Mr. Darby, to a friend, at Montpellier, in 1849.

It was first published in "The Prospect, vol. i. 1849." It is called, in "The Present Testimony, vol. i. 1849," "A Song for the Wilderness."

22. "O Jesus, precious Saviour,"

First appeared in "The Present Testimony, vol. xiv. (Groombridge, 5, Paternoster Row, London), 1862."

25. "Sing, without ceasing sing,"

First came out in "The Present Testimony, vol. xiv. (Groombridge), 1862."

28. "Oh ! bright and blessed scenes,"

In "Present Testimony, a new series, vol. i. (Groombridge), 1867 ;" and called there, "Home."

31. "O ever homeless Stranger !"

This was written during a severe illness, in Canada, in which it was thought he was dying, and when medical aid had been in vain pressed upon him. He got up, although weak ; wrote the Hymn ; and was then obliged to go to bed again, for the remainder of his illness.

First printed in "Words of Truth, vol. i. (R. L. Allan, 75, Sanchiehall Street, Glasgow), 1867." It is called, in "Present Testimony, a new series, vol. i. 1867," "The Man of Sorrows."

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41. "Soon we taste the endless sweetness"

First published in "A Voice to the Faithful, vol. iv. (24, Warwick Lane, London), 1870." It is called, in "The Streams, (Tract Dépôt, Warwick Lane)," "The Tree of Life."

45. "And is it so ! I shall be like Thy Son !"

In "A Voice to the Faithful, vol. vi. (24, Warwick Lane, London), 1872."

Entitled, in Mr. Darby's manuscript, "The Hope of Day."

- *48. "Father ! Thy Name our souls would bless,"

Written at Pau, in the South of France, 1879.

Mr. Darby first concluded this hymn thus ;—

" In holiness Thou keep'st us here,
With all a Father's love ;
As Jesus loved,—we have no fear,—
Taught, led, by Thee above."

- *51. "To live of Thee,—blest Source of deepest joy !"

Entitled, in Mr. Darby's manuscript book, "Echo of Songs in the Night."

- *54. "There is rest for the weary soul—"

- *56. "Oh ! bright and blessed hope !"

* The Hymns thus indicated, were all written at Pau, in the same year, 1879.

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*60. "Blest Father ! infinite in grace :"

(1.) Another manuscript reading of verse 2, is as follows;—

"Thy love will find its perfect rest,
Where all around is joy ;
Where—all in Thee supremely blest—
Thou shalt their powers employ."

(2.) In place of the two last verses given in the text, the following verse occurs in the earlier manuscripts,—

"Yet more than all, a Father's love
Doth deeper joy recall ;
And is, where all is bliss above,
The chiefest song of all !"

(3.) There are further variations in the manuscripts.

*62. "Father ! in Thine eternal power—"

This Hymn was written for an invalid who was in great suffering.

*66. "I'm waiting for the glory :"

Entitled, in Mr. Darby's manuscript book, "Sonnet."

68. "Father ! Thy sovereign love has sought "

Written at Pau, 1880.

70. "And shall we see Thy Face !"

The manuscript is on the back of a letter sent to Mr. Darby in, February, 1881.

72. "O Lord ! Thy glory we behold,"

Written it is believed, in 1881.

* The Hymns thus indicated, were all written at Pau, in the same year, 1879.

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75. "We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord!"

This Hymn was given by Mr. Darby to a sick friend, in March, 1881.

77. "I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,—"

This was sent by Mr. Darby to a friend, in November, 1881. In the letter accompanying it, he says ;—"I send a hymn, suggested by one you like : but that brought you down, to being 'often weary.' This goes up, to where there is no weariness. I don't quite like it, as there is a certain levity about the metre. But it is Christ!"

The manuscript is roughly written, on a very small piece of paper, in single triplets. But now that the arrangement corresponds with the Hymn of which it is a paraphrase, an unfinished appearance is accidentally given to it. The Hymn, however, is complete.

80. "Jesus ! canst Thou receive "

Entitled, in Mr. Darby's manuscript, "Part of a Hymn."

82. "It is not with uncertain step "

Entitled, in Mr. Darby's manuscript, "To Georgie L."

NOTICE.

It is believed that all Mr. Darby's existing Hymns will be found in this collection. Should any, however, remain unknown to the Editor, he would be thankful to receive them for any future edition.

Any date or incidents known in connection with the origin or composition of the Hymns will also be gratefully received by

HENRY A. HAMMOND,
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Oct. 1883.

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