

A FEW
HYMNS
AND SOME
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SELECTED
1856,
FOR
THE LITTLE FLOCK.

REVISED 1881.



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PREFACE.

A NEW edition of this Hymn Book being required, the present Editor was asked by the publisher to take charge of it. Of course the responsibility of its new contents and form must rest with him, but as it was meant for all, he took counsel with brethren in various places who came in his way, who he thought would be likely to aid in the work—a work far more difficult than those imagine who have never undertaken it.

Three things are needed for a hymn book. A basis of truth and sound doctrine ; something at least of the spirit of poetry, though not poetry itself, which is objectionable, as merely the spirit and imagination of man ; and thirdly, the most difficult to find of all, that experimental acquaintance with truth in the affections which enables a person to make his hymn (if led of God to compose one) the vehicle, in sustained thought and language, of practical grace and truth which sets the soul in communion with Christ, and rises even

to the Father ; and yet this in such sort that it is not mere individual experience, which, for assembly worship, is out of place. In a word, the Father's love, and Christ developed in the soul's affections, rising in praise back again to its source. God alone can give this, so as to meet the wants of an assembly. Like assembly-prayer, it must not rise too completely beyond the state of the assembly, yet must reach up to God, and raise the assembly's affections up to Him, so that what He is in grace developed in the affections of the soul should be jointly proclaimed. It is not mere wants—that would be a hymn for a prayer-meeting. A basis of truth has been spoken of, or, to speak more justly, the truth ; this is evidently fundamentally necessary, but much more is. There is based on this truth a large sphere of scriptural thoughts, feelings, experiences, and hopes, in which the soul moves, which ought to be scriptural.

Now in a vast number of hymns there is real piety in the affections, but connected with statements which may not touch any great foundational truth, but are unscriptural, and thus the best affections are connected with unscriptural thoughts, and this is a very real injury to the soul. Thus,

suppose uncertainty as to salvation, the absence of the spirit of adoption, a bright hope of being in glory when we die; these are merely taken as instances, for it applies to very many points; and souls are quite angry at losing a hymn which their piety has enjoyed, but which has connected their hopes and affections with what is not scriptural. Many such have been eliminated heretofore from the collection, but there remained still something to do. Hymns should be simple, full of Christ and the Father's love, unaffected, and in some measure elevated, so as not to be mere prose. The singer must be there, but the singer associated in his thoughts with God filled from on high; yet not individualise himself and leave the assembly behind him. Many most sweet hymns are too individual, too experimental, for an assembly. In this collection an Appendix is therefore added, where there may be as beautiful hymns, but the assembly has been less thought of. Where possible the hymns for the assembly are in the plural. There are hymns which suit prayer-meetings, home-devotion, even the gospel; though there the difficulty is very great. Abstractedly you are making people sing as having certain feelings, and then preaching to them because they have not.

But in actual Christendom things are not so sharply defined, and there are hidden souls and hidden wants which the hymn may give expression to, and set a soul free or make it apprehend God's love sometimes more effectually than the sermon; still, there is *very great* danger of widespread delusion and loose apprehension of sin and grace, and the difficulty is very real. You may often find the loudest singers where the conscience is the least reached.

Only about fifteen hymns were at first excluded by the Editor, but others pruned with a far more unsparing hand — *they* had not to get good ones to fill their places. Some forty or more have been struck out, but many of those that have not maintained their place in the first part will be found in the Appendix. Their places have been supplied from searching a great many collections, but which, for reasons stated above, furnished but few that could be introduced. A good number are original, from various quarters, these have been submitted to different brethren before being put in. Many authors may be comforted by knowing their hymns were sometimes very nice, but not suited to an *assembly* of saints; several have gone into the

Appendix, not necessarily as inferior, but of a different character. Many hymns have been corrected on the principles referred to. These corrections were also shewn to different brethren, but it is not expected that every one will be satisfied ; certainly more might have been, and may be, done. The Editor has done the best he could, and, though none, unless he undertake it, can feel the difficulty, he believes the Lord has been with him. More may be added to the Appendix by further research, or original, but this will require time.

For convenience, the numbers of the hymns which remain are the same, new hymns having been substituted for the excluded ones, with the exception of 148 (now 341), and 84 (now 264).

Finally is added what perhaps should have come first : the great principle in selecting and correcting has been that there should be nothing in the hymns for the assembly but what was the expression of, or at least consistent with, the Christian's conscious place in Christ before the Father.

The reader will kindly remark that there are changes necessitated by putting "we" for "I,"

which, but for that, there would be no occasion for.

The book is commended to Him who alone can give songs in the night, trusting that a hymn book, already the best known to the Editor, may be still more useful to brethren ; sure that the Spirit, who alone can indite a genuine hymn, can alone enable it to be sung aright.



I N D E X.

HYMN

- 104 "Abba," Father—Lord! we call Thee
21 "Abba Father," we approach Thee
326 A debtor to mercy alone
267 A fulness resides in Jesus our Head
272 Ah! who upon earth can conceive
259 Ah, yes! Lord Jesus! Thou whose heart
173 "A little while"—the Lord shall come
199 All praise and glory, Jesus
15 All that we *were*—our sins—our guilt
159 All things that God or man could wish
226 And art Thou, gracious Master, gone
306 And art Thou with us, gracious Lord
270 And shall we see Thy face
81 Arm of the Lord, whose wondrous power
118 Awake, each saint, in joyful lays
129 Awake, each soul! awake, each tongue
46 Away with our sorrow and fear
- 321 Behold the Lamb, Whose precious blood
125 Behold the Lamb with glory crown'd!
336 Behold, what wondrous love and grace
178 Blest Father, infinite in grace
97 Blest Lamb of God! with grateful praise
95 Break forth and sing the song
179 Brightness of th' eternal glory
111 By Thee, O God, invited

212 Call'd from above, and heavenly men
by birth

49 Christ deliver'd us when bound

266 Christ the Lord will come again

102 Come, let us join our cheerful songs

196 Come let us sing the matchless worth

279 Come, saints, your grateful voices raise

254 Death and judgment are behind us

126 Endless praises to the Lord

4 Ere God had built the mountains

112 Eternal praise, our God, shall rise

222 Everlasting glory be

320 Farewell to this world's fleeting joys

310 Father, O how vast the blessing

25 Father, Thy name our souls would bless

331 Father, Thy sovereign love has sought

2 Father, 'twas Thy love that knew us

340 Father, we commend our spirits

36 Father, we own Thy sovereign claim

9 Father, we, Thy children, bless Thee

41 Father, we worship Thee, our God

161 "For ever with the Lord"

293 From all that dwell below the skies

258 From Egypt lately come

249 From every stormy wind that blows

- 93 From the palace of His glory
250 From various cares our hearts retire
- 98 Gazing on the Lord in glory
105 Glory, glory everlasting
90 Glory, honour, praise, and power
142 Glory to God on high !
121 Glory unto Jesus be
66 Go, and search the tomb of Jesus
329 God's sovereign grace to us has given
10 Grace is the sweetest sound
47 Grace taught our wandering feet
192 Great Captain of Salvation
276 Guide us, O Thou gracious Saviour
- 221 Happy they who trust in Jesus
14 Hark ! ten thousand voices crying
233 Hark ! the choirs of angels crying
292 Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes
115 Head of the church, Thy body
165 Head of the church triumphant !
171 He bids us come ; His voice we know
248 Henceforward, till the Lord shall come
48 High, in the Father's house above
257 Himself He could not save
295 Holy Saviour, we adore Thee
89 Hosanna to the King of kings !
214 How blessèd is our portion ! when we look
127 How blest a home ! the Father's house

- 22 "How bright, there above, is the mercy
of God!"
- 23 How good is the God we adore
- 317 How pleasant is the sound of praise
- 92 How sweet away from self to flee
- 54 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
- 61 How wondrous the glories that meet
- 157 In all things more than conquerors
- 141 In deep, eternal counsel
- 208 In hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes
- 87 In Jesus Himself
- 62 In the Lord we have redemption
- 309 Jesus! before Thy face we fall
- 33 Jesus, Captain of Salvation
- 6 Jesus! how much Thy name unfolds
- 315 Jesus! life-giving sound
- 193 Jesus, my Saviour! Thou art mine
- 186 Jesus, of Thee we ne'er would tire
- 77 Jesus! O name divinely sweet!
- 124 Jesus, our Lord, Thou Morning Star
- 51 Jesus, our Lord! we know Thy name
- 123 Jesus, spotless Lamb of God
- 109 Jesus! that name is Love
- 11 Jesus, the Lord, is risen
- 45 Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness
- 82 Jesus, Thou alone art worthy
- 122 Jesus, Thou glorious Priest and King

- 285 Jesus, Thy head, once crown'd with thorns
228 Join all the glorious names
332 Just as I was—without one plea
- 143 King of glory, set on high
- 27 Lamb of God, our souls adore Thee
28 Lamb of God! Thou now art seated
312 Lead on, almighty Lord
299 Let earthly themes now cease
133 Let saints on earth their anthems raise
314 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing
67 Like Thee, O Lord—how wondrous fair
170 Lo! He comes, from heaven descending
217 Look, look, ye saints, within the veil
198 Lord, accept our feeble song!
227 Lord, e'en to death Thy love could go
327 Lord Jesus! are we one with Thee!
251 Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour
260 Lord Jesus, come
324 Lord Jesus, come
113 Lord Jesus, 'tis our joy to think
328 Lord Jesus! to tell of Thy love
149 Lord Jesus! we remember
20 Lord Jesus! we worship and bow at Thy
feet
151 Lord Jesus! when we think of Thee
134 Lord of glory, we adore Thee!
108 Lord of life, and King of glory!

- 271 Lord of the worlds above
166 Lord, Thou hast drawn us after Thee
52 Lord, *we are Thine*: bought by Thy blood
169 Lord, we can see, by faith in Thee
216 Lord, we rejoice, that Thou art gone
176 Lord, we shall see Thee as Thou art
219 Lord! what is man? 'Tis He who died
58 Lord! who can pay the mighty debt
296 Love divine, all praise excelling
- 44 Maker of earth and heaven
16 Many sons to glory bringing
282 Master! we would no longer be
17 May the grace of Christ our Saviour
194 May the Saviour's love and merit
225 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature-
complaints
- 289 "No condemnation!"—precious word!
43 Not all the blood of beasts
117 Not to ourselves we owe
100 Now in a song of grateful praise
207 Now may the God of peace and love
- 302 O Blessed Lord, what hast Thou done
88 O Blessed Saviour, is Thy love
29 O Blessed Saviour, Son of God
137 O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
294 O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God!

- 335 O God, how wide Thy glory shines
189 O God of matchless grace!
269 O God, the spring of all our joys
110 O God! Thou now hast glorified!
3 O God! we see Thee in the Lamb
197 O God! what cords of love are Thine
223 O God, whose wondrous name is Love
236 O gracious Father, God of Love
64 Oh bright and blessed scenes!
148 Oh for the robe of whiteness
265 Oh, God of grace, our Father
140 Oh! Lord, our hearts are waiting
205 Oh would we be as angels bright
229 O happy morn! the Lord will come
298 O haste away, my brethren dear
119 O Head! once full of bruises
65 O how the thought that I shall know
164 O Jesus Christ, most holy
211 O Jesus Christ, the Saviour
71 O Jesus! everlasting God!
187 O Jesus, gracious Saviour
203 O Jesus! Lamb of God
107 O Jesus, Lord! 'tis joy to know
280 O joyful day! O glorious hour
318 O Lamb of God, still keep us
56 O Lord, how blest our journey
273 O Lord! how does Thy mercy throw
249 O Lord, in Thee believing
86 O Lord! Thou now art seated

- 85 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded !
274 O Lord ! Thy rich, Thy boundless love
106 O Lord ! 'tis joy to look above
8 O Lord, we adore Thee
206 O Lord, we know it matters not
243 O Lord ! we would delight in Thee
230 O Lord ! when we the path retrace
26 O love divine, Thou vast abyss !
174 O patient, spotless One
116 O render thanks to God above
291 O Saviour ! whom absent we love
215 O solemn hour ! O hour alone
172 O teach us more of Thy blest ways
224 O that we never might forget
40 O Thou great all gracious Shepherd
120 O Thou who didst Thy glory leave
288 O Thou, Whose mercies far exceed
91 O what a debt we owe
78 O what blessings flow from grace
38 O what shall we do the Saviour to praise.
1 Of all the gifts Thy love bestows
247 Of Thy love some gracious token
213 On Calvary we've adoring stood
200 Once I stood in condemnation
99 On Christ salvation rests secure
80 On earth the song begins
214 " One spirit with the Lord "
39 On His Father's throne is seated
245 On that same night, Lord Jesus

- 57 On the Lamb our souls are resting
50 Our Father, we praise Thee, Thou blest
 One, who gave us
154 Our Father we would worship
275 Our God is light: and though we go
339 Our God is our salvation
220 Our hearts are full of Christ, and long
301 Our rest is in heaven, our rest is not here
238 Our Shepherd is the Lord
319 Our sins were borne by Jesus
 60 Our thanks to God most high
209 Our times are in Thy hand
182 Our tongues shall spread the Saviour's
 fame

 18 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed
307 Poor and feeble though we be
 19 Praise the Lord! He died to save us
256 Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him
131 Praise we to the Father give
156 "Praise ye the Lord," again, again

237 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise
 79 Rest of the saints above
 35 Rise, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus
 76 Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee
232 Rock of Ages! cleft for sin

144 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
268 Salvation's Captain, and the Guide

- 183 Saviour, come, Thy saints are waiting
308 Saviour divine, whose name we know.
241 Saviour through the desert lead us
278 Saviour, we long to follow Thee
158 Secured in Christ, their Head on high
128 See mercy, mercy from on high
83 See ! see, the blessèd Saviour comes
253 Since Christ and we are one
338 Since Thou, the everlasting God
242 *Sing aloud to God our strength*
12 Sing without ceasing, sing
138 Soft the voice of mercy sounded
32 Son of God ! with joy we praise Thee
313 Soon righteousness shall come
304 Soon the saints in glory singing
286 Soon Thou wilt come again
218 Soon will the Master come : soon pass
away
70 Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding
191 Still in a land of drought and dearth
252 Sweet the moments, which in blessing

37 Th' atoning work is done
244 That bright and blessèd morn is near
305 That we are seen, O God, by Thee
74 The day of glory bearing
31 The Father, from eternity
240 The gloomy night will soon be past
337 The God who dwells above, we call

- 114 The holiest we enter
261 The Holy One who knew no sin
277 The Lamb of God our Shepherd is
323 The Lord Himself shall come
 94 The Lord is risen indeed
 34 The Lord is risen: the Red Sea's judg-
 ment flood
 73 The Lord of life in death hath lain
168 The night is far spent, and the day is at
 hand
263 The night is now far spent
132 The Person of the Christ
255 The Prince of Life, once slain for us
184 There is a Name we love to hear
322 There is a stream of precious blood
 96 The Saviour lives, no more to die
 53 The Son—He left God's throne above
190 The stream that from the fountain flows
136 The veil is rent:—our souls draw near
139 This world is a wilderness wide
150 Thou art the everlasting Word
177 Though in a foreign land
160 Though troubles assail
284 Thou hidden Source of calm repose!
 30 Thou Holy One of God
 69 Thou, LAMB OF GOD! didst shed Thy blood
264 Thou sitst on high, eternal Word
 7 Thou Son of God!—the woman's seed
334 Through the love of God our Saviour

- 55 Through waves, through clouds and storms
167 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus
75 Thy mercy, O God, is the theme of my
 song
68 Thy name we bless, Lord Jesus
152 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus
287 'Tis not far off—the hour
204 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest
145 To God who gave His Son
42 To Him that saved us from the world
147 To Him that loved us, gave Himself
333 To Thee, O God, our hearts we raise
239 To us, our God His love commends
262 To wait for that important day
188 'Twas on that night of deepest woe
341 'Twas past and o'er that deathful pain
5 Unto Him who loved us—gave us
180 We are but strangers here
316 We are by Christ redeem'd
146 We bless our Saviour's name
101 We bless Thee, O Thou great Amen
201 We fly not now from that all-seeing eye
185 We have a home above
84 We hear the words of love
135 We joy in our God, and we sing of that
 love
72 Well may we sing! with triumph sing
235 We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord

- 103 We'll sing of the Shepherd that died
234 We're not of the world which fadeth away
231 We're pilgrims in the wilderness
175 We sing the praise of Him who died
325 We wait for Thee, O Son of God!
330 What raised the wondrous thought
162 What rich eternal bursts of praise
155 What was it, blessed God
202 What will it be to dwell above
297 When all Thy mercies, O my God
303 When Israel, by divine command
181 When Satan appears
63 When wandering far from the Father's
abode
283 When we survey the wondrous cross
24 Where shall my wondering soul begin?
163 While created things are wasting
311 While to several paths dividing
153 Whom have we, Lord, but Thee
290 Why those fears! Behold 'tis Jesus
59 Wisdom! Jehovah's first delight
130 With Christ our theme begins
281 With joy we meditate the grace
13 Worship, and thanks, and blessing
195 Worthy of homage and of praise
300 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim

A P P E N D I X .

HYMN

- 27 A mind at "perfect peace" with God
53 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!
35 All the path the saints are treading
63 "All things are ready," Come
18 And is it so! I shall be like Thy Son
14 Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep
52 Behold! behold the Lamb of God
74 Behold the Lamb enthroned on high
83 Behold the Lamb! 'tis He who bore
7 Blest be the God and Father
50 Broken heart! the fountain's open
68 By faith I see the Saviour dying
55 "Call them in"
13 Child of God, by Christ's salvation
66 Come! hear the gospel sound
5 Come, Thou fount of every blessing
82 Come to the blood-stain'd tree
57 Come, weary, anxious, laden soul
54 Come, ye sinners poor and needy
1 Forgiveness 'twas a joyful sound
47 God in mercy sent His Son
44 God moves in a mysterious way
65 Go, tell thy wants to Jesus
6 Gracious Lord! my heart is fixèd
40 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
60 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling
46 Have I an object, Lord, below
4 His be "the Victor's name"

- 58 Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
39 How can we sink with such a prop
62 I am not told to labour
26 I heard the voice of Jesus say
73 I was a wandering sheep
78 I'm waiting for Thee, Lord
32 In weakness and trial
19 In Heavenly Love abiding [Thine
72 It passeth knowledge! that dear love of
29 Lead, light divine, amid th' encircling gloom
81 Let all who know the joyful sound
31 Lord, Thy love has sought and found us
8 My soul, repeat His praise
75 "No separation"!—oh, my soul
59 Not all the gold of all the world
24 Nothing but Christ, as on we tread
43 O God of Grace, our Father
45 O gracious Shepherd! bind us
71 Oh, my Saviour crucified
69 Oh! the peace of simply resting
21 Oh! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord
16 O Jesus! Friend unfailing
23 O Jesus, precious Saviour
2 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded
25 O Thou who hast redeem'd of old
51 O what a gift the Father gave
84 One there is above all others
79 Our great High Priest is sitting
41 Raise glad the song! for we can tell

- 33 Rest, my soul, the work is done
30 Rest of the saints in glory
42 Saviour! lead us by Thy power
17 Son of the Father, Hail
20 "Stricken, smitten, and afflicted"
85 The cross! the cross, oh, that's our gain
48 The Father sent the Son
15 The Lamb was slain, His precious blood
37 The Lord of Life is risen
67 The perfect righteousness of God
49 There is life in a look
28 There is no other name than Thine
77 The sands of time are sinking
3 The wanderer no more will roam
76 Thine, Jesus, Thine
64 Though all the beasts that live and feed
10 Though dark be our way, since God is our
 Guide
22 Thou Holy One and true
80 Trembling soul, behold thy Saviour
56 Vain is the thought of man
38 We adore Thee evermore; Hallelujah!
9 We cannot always trace the way
36 We go to meet the Saviour
70 We sing of the realms of the blest
11 What cheering words are these!
61 What, sinner, canst thou do?
12 What, though th' Accuser roar
34 Ye trembling saints who love the Lord

1

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.

2

8,7.

1 **F**ATHER, '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 !

3

L.M.

1 O GOD ! we see Thee in the Lamb
To be our hope, our joy, our rest ;
The glories that compose Thy name
Standing engaged to make us blest.

2 Thou great and good ! Thou just and wise !
Hail ! as our Father and our God !
For we are Thine by sacred ties,
Thy sons and daughters, bought with blood.

3 Then, oh ! to us this grace afford,
That far from Thee we ne'er may move ;
Our guard—the presence of the Lord ;
Our joy—Thy perfect present love.

4 This gives us ever to rejoice,
Turning to light our darkest days ;
And lifts on high each feeble voice,
While we have breath to pray or praise.

1 **E**RE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before He fill'd the fountains,
That feed the running rills ;
In Thee, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is Thy name.

2 When like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure
And Thou wast with Him then :
Thyself the Father's pleasure,
And Thine, the sons of men.

3 And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nail'd Thee to a tree !
Unfathomable wonder !
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, " Sinner, I am thine !"

UNTO 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 !

6

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! how much Thy name unfolds
 To every open'd ear ;
 The pardon'd sinner's memory holds
 None other half so dear.
- 2 Thy name encircles every grace
 That God as man could shew ;
 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.

5 The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee ;
The chiefest of ten thousand Thou,
Whose love has set us free.

7

8,8,6.

1 **T**HOU Son of God!—the woman's seed,—
Who didst for us on Calv'ry bleed,
And bear our heavy load ;
Spoiler of death's o'erwhelming power,
O'ercome by Thee in that dread hour ;
Thou Holy One of God !

2 Thy blood we sing ; by that alone,
With boldness to th' eternal throne,
Through Thee we now draw nigh ;
It blots out ev'ry stain of sin,
Washes the guilty conscience clean,
And makes th' accuser fly.

3 Behold us, Lord ! a feeble band,
In conflict with the foe we stand,
The ransom'd of Thy cross ;
We sing the triumphs of Thy name,
All other glory here is shame,
All other gain 's but loss.

1 **O** LORD, we adore Thee,
 For Thou art the slain One
 That livest for ever,
 Enthronèd 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.

1 **F**ATHER, we, Thy children, bless Thee
 For Thy love on us bestow'd,
 Source of blessing ! we confess Thee
 Now, our Father and our God.
 Wondrous was Thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die !
 Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, the heavens on high !

2 Now the sprinkled blood has freed us,
Hast'ning onward to our rest,
Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
With Thy constant favour blest :
By Thy truth and Spirit guiding,
Earnest He of what 's to come,
And with daily strength providing,
Thou dost lead Thy children home.

3 Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
This is not our resting-place ;
Shall we of the way be weary
When we see our Master's face ?
No :—e'en now anticipating,
In this hope our souls rejoice,
And His promised advent waiting,
Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

10

S.M.

1 **G**RACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears,
When conscience charged and justice frown'd,
'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.

11

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, is risen
Triumphant o'er the grave ;
For us He burst the prison,
Almighty now to save :
Captivity is captive led,
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity or guilt ?
Our sin is done away
Since Jesus' blood was spilt.
Captivity, etc.

3 Who now accuseth them
Whom God hath justified ?
Or who shall those condemn
For whom the Surety died ?
Captivity, etc.

4 Christ hath the ransom paid,
The wondrous work is done ;
On Him our help is laid,
The victory is won.
Captivity, etc.

12

S.M.

- 1 **S**ING 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 stay'd 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.

13

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 pass'd thro' the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
We sing Thine arm unshorten'd,
 Brought thro' each sore temptation ;
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.

14

87

1 **H**ARK! 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 unnumber'd 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.

15

C.M.

- 1 **A**LL 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.

16

8,7.

1 **M**ANY sons to glory bringing,
God sets forth His heavenly name ;
On we march in chorus singing,
“Worthy the ascended Lamb!”

2 God who gave the blood to screen us,
God looks down in perfect love ;
Clouds may seem to pass between us,
There’s no change in Him above.

3 Though the restless foe accuses,
Sins recounting like a flood ;
Every charge our God refuses :
Christ has answer’d with His blood!

4 In the refuge God provided,—
Though the world’s destruction lowers,—
We are safe,—to Christ confided,
Everlasting life is ours.

5 And, ere long, when come to glory,
We shall sing a well-known strain,
This,—the never-tiring story,
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain!”

17

8,7.

1 **M**AY 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.

18

8,7.

1 **P**ASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood,
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for us with God.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

19

8,7.

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.

20

11s.

LORD Jesus ! we worship and bow at Thy
feet,
And give Thee the glory, the honour that's
meet ;
While through Thee, O Saviour, our praises
ascend
And join in the chorus that never shall end.

21

8,7.

1 **A** BBA, 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 wash'd 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
Abba's love as shewn in Jesus,
 And how full is Abba's name!

1 **H**OW 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."

1 **H**OW 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.

1 **WHERE** shall our wondering souls begin ?
 How shall we all to heaven aspire ?
 As slaves redeem'd from death and sin,
 As brands pluck'd from eternal fire,
 How shall we suited triumphs raise,
 Or sing our great Deliverer's praise ?

2 O how shall we the goodness tell,
 Father, which Thou to us hast shew'd,
 Children of wrath and doom'd to hell,
 But children now redeem'd to God !
 On earth we know our sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven !

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.

- 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.

26

6—8s.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, Thou vast abyss!
 Our sins are swallow'd up in Thee ;
 Cover'd is our unrighteousness ;
 From condemnation we are free :
 In Jesu's blood our hearts can trace
 The boundless riches of Thy grace.

2 Fix'd on this ground must we remain ;
 Though heart may fail and flesh decay,
This anchor shall our souls sustain,
 When earth and heaven shall pass away.
Mercy's full worth we then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

27

8,7.

- 1 **L**AMB 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.
Thy 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 :
O 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
Nail'd to the accursèd tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord, we own, with hearts adoring,
Thou hast wash'd us in Thy blood :
Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God !

28

8,7.

- 1 **L**AMB 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."

- 2 Lord, in all Thy power and glory
Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here ;
Watching o'er Thy ransom'd people
To Thy gracious heart so dear.

Thou for us art interceding,
Everlasting is Thy love ;
And a blessed rest preparing
In our Father's house above.

3 Lamb of God ! Thy faithful promise
Says " Behold I quickly come ;"
And our hearts, to Thine responsive,
Cry, " Come, Lord, and take us home."
Oh ! the rapture that awaits us,
When we meet Thee in the air,
And with Thee ascend in triumph,
All Thy deepest joys to share.

4 Lamb of God ! when Thou in glory
Shalt to this sad earth return,
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
All who now despise Thee mourn ;
Then shall we at Thine appearing,
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign,
Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

29

8,8,6.

1 **O** BLESSED Saviour, Son of God !
Who hast redeem'd us with Thy blood
From guilt, and death, and shame,—
With joy and praise, Thy people see
The crown of glory worn by Thee,
And worthy Thee proclaim.

2 Exalted, by the Father's love,
All thrones, and powers, and names above,
At God's right hand in heaven :
Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honour, Lord, are Thine—
All things to Thee are given.

3 Head of the Church ! Thou sittest there,
Thy members all the blessings share,—
Thy blessing, Lord, is ours :
Our life Thou art, Thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us each victory gains,
O'er Sin and Satan's powers.

4 And soon, the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach her destined home,
And all Thy beauty see :
How great our joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee.

30

6,6,8,6,8,8.

1 **T**HOU Holy One of God,
Glorified in Thy cross,
He owns the value of that blood
Which speaks to Him for us.
The curse is gone, through Thee we're blest,
God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

2 Soon the bright glorious day,
The rest of God, shall come,
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home.
Then of the promised joy possess'd,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

31

P.M.

1 **T**HE Father, from eternity,
Chose us, O Jesus Christ, in Thee,
In Thee, His well-belovèd :
And we, as given to Thee—Thy bride,
In Thee, Lord Jesus, can confide :
Thy love remains unmovèd.
From Thee daily,
Strength receiving—to Thee cleaving,
Blessèd Jesus !
May we all shew forth Thy praises.

2 Before the world we'd make our boast,
That Thou, in whom is all our trust,
Art Lord of life and glory ;
And soon Thou 'lt bring us to that place
Where we shall see Thee face to face,
And, glorified, adore Thee.
Amen !—Be then
Praise and blessing—never ceasing
To Thee given
Here, and when we come to heaven.

1 SON of God ! with joy we praise Thee,
 On the Father's throne above ;
 All Thy wondrous work displays Thee,
 Full of grace and full of love !
 Lord, accept our adoration—
 For our sins Thou once wast slain ;
 Through Thy blood we have salvation ;
 Soon shall share Thine endless reign.

2 God, in Thee His love unfolding,
 Shews how vast, how rich His grace ;
 Blest our lot, with joy beholding
 All His glory in Thy face.
 Oh ! the mercy which hath blest us,
 Purposed thus ere time begun,
 Mercy which in Thee hath kept us,
 Where His blessèd race He run.

JESUS, Captain of Salvation,
 Conqueror both of death and hell !
 Thou who didst as sin's oblation,
 Feel what Thou alone couldst feel :
 Through Thy sufferings, death and merit,
 We eternal bliss inherit,
 Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
 Jesus, Lord, for ever be !

- 1 **T**HE Lord is risen: the Red Sea's judgment
flood
Is pass'd, 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 vanquish'd all our
foes.
The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment
land,
In Him, in resurrection-life we stand.
- 3 The Lord is risen : redeemèd 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 prevail'd ! Thy people, Lord, are
free !"

- 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,
 Shews 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 ransom'd sever,
 Nought divide them from the Lord.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we own Thy sovereign claim
 And bless Thy Son's most precious name,
 Whom Thou for us hast given ;

Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Quickened our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.

2 'Tis by the Holy Ghost alone
That Christ, the Lord, is made our own,
The gift of grace divine :
But since to us, in His blest face,
There shines the glory of Thy grace,
We know that we are Thine.

3 Oh while we here together join,
Before the throne of Grace Divine,
Bow down a Father's ear ;
Our hearts have listen'd to Thy word,
Thy name we praise with glad accord,
Reveal Thyself as near.

37

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.

38

10s. or 11s.

1 **O** WHAT shall we do the Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, to save from all harm
The weakest believer that leans on His
arm!

2 How happy the man whose heart is set
free,
The people, O God, that are joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy
face,
For ever to talk of Thy mercy and grace.

39

8,7.

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 recorded,
 God's own justice satisfied !
 By the glory
 Christ was claim'd on earth who died.
- 4 Son of Man, 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 order'd place !

40

8,7.

- 1 **O** THOU great all-gracious Shepherd,
 Shedding for us Thy life's blood,
 Unto shame and death deliver'd,
 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.

41

L.M. D.

FATHER, we worship Thee, our God !
What rich unfathomable grace,
On us, in Christ hast Thou bestow'd !
Children of wrath (our nature's place),
Now ransom'd and with Him made one,
Glories around unbounded shine,
The fulness of our God alone
The limit is of grace divine !

- 1 **T**O Him that saved us from the world,
 And wash'd us in His blood,
 Call'd us to share His glorious throne,
 As kings and priests to God ;—
- 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love !
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above !

- 1 **N**OT 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' accursèd 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.

- 1 **M**AKER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the power that blesses ;
While every day that rolls away,
Thy gracious care confesses.
- 2 Though trials and affliction
May cast their shadows o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us ;
That love has smiled from heaven,
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way thro' earth's dark day,
To realms of joy and gladness.
- 3 The light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ our Saviour,
The Crucified—who lived and died,
That we might live for ever.
And since Thy great compassion
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And keep for ever near Thee.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our righteousness!
 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 redeem'd 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."

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!
 We soon shall have enter'd our home,
 The heavenly city appear,
 The day of our glory have come!

From earth we shall quickly remove,
To dwell in our proper abode,
In mansions of glory above—
The house of our Father and God.

- 2 There Christ has our dwelling-place won,
And we in His glory shall be
With Him everlastingly one,
His glory and bliss we shall see.
All tears shall have pass'd from our eyes,
When Him we behold in the cloud,
And taste the full joy of the skies,
The love of our Father and God.

47

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
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

48

C.M.

1 **H**IGH, 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.

49

7s.

1 **C**HRISt deliver'd us when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd our wound,

Sought us wandering, set us right,
Turn'd 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,
Oh for grace to love Him more !

50

12s. 11s.

OUR Father, we praise Thee, Thou blest
One, who gave us

In grace without limit, Thy well-beloved
Son !

O Christ, we exalt Thee, who diedst once to
save us,

And now by Thy Spirit hast quicken'd each
one !

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord ! we know Thy name,
 Thy name is all our trust ;
 Thou wilt not put our souls to shame,
 Nor let our hope be lost.
- 2 Firm as Thy life the promise stands,
 And Thou canst well secure
 What we 've committed to Thy hands,
 Till the appointed hour.
- 3 Then wilt Thou own us each by name
 Before Thy Father's face ;
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Give us our blood-bought place.

- 1 **L**ORD, *we are Thine*: bought by Thy
 blood,
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin,
 But Thou redeemedst us to God,
 And mad'st Thy Spirit dwell within ;
 Thou hast our sinful wanderings borne
 With love and patience all divine ;
 As brands, then, from the burning torn,
 We own that we are *wholly Thine*.
- 2 *Lord, we are Thine* : Thy claims we own,
 Ourselves to Thee we 'd wholly give ;

Reign Thou within our hearts alone,
And let us each Thy glory live ;
Here let us each Thy mind display,
In all Thy gracious image shine ;
And haste that long expected day
When Thou shalt own *that we are*
Thine.

53

6—8s.

1 **T**HE Son—He left God's throne above
(So free, so infinite His grace !)
Emptied Himself, and then in love
Bled for our lost, our ruin'd race :
'Tis mercy, all beyond our thought,
That us to God in Jesus brought.

2 No condemnation now we dread,
Jesus is ours, prepared our place,
Our life in Him, our hidden Head,
Himself our righteousness through grace,
Bold we approach the heavenly throne
Heirs of the crown He for us won.

54

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, fill'd
 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 blessèd Name
 Which quells the power of Death.

55

S.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH waves, through clouds and
 storms,
 God gently clears the way ;
 We wait His time ; so shall the night
 Soon end in blissful day.

- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 3 When He makes bare His arm,
Who shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay His hand?
- 4 We leave it to Himself,
To choose and to command,
With wonder fill'd, we soon shall see
How wise, how strong His hand!
- 5 We comprehend Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell
God sits as sov'reign on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

56

7,6.

- 1 **O** LORD, how blest our journey,
Though 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 blessèd 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.

57

87.

1 **O**N the Lamb our souls are resting,
 What His love no tongue can say,

All our sins, so great, so many,
In His blood are wash'd away.

2 Sweetest rest and peace have fill'd us,
Sweeter praise than tongue can tell ;
God is satisfied with Jesus,
We are satisfied as well.

3 Conscience now no more condemns us,
For His own most precious blood
Once for all has wash'd and cleansed us,
Cleansed us in the eyes of God.

4 Fill'd with this sweet peace for ever,
On we go, through strife and care,
Till we find that peace around us
In the Lamb's high glory there.

58

C.M.

1 **L**ORD ! who can pay the mighty debt
Of love so rich as Thine ?
Love—which surpasseth finding out,
Unspeakable, divine !

2 Oh rather give us, daily, more—
More every hour—to see
That such a bounteous Giver Thou,
We must Thy debtors be.

- 1 **W**ISDOM! Jehovah's first delight,
The everlasting Son!
Before the first of all His works,
Creation, was begun ;
- 2 Before the skies and watery clouds,
Before the solid land ;
Before the fields, before the floods,
Thou wast at His right hand !
- 3 When He adorn'd the arch of heaven
And built it, Thou wast there,
To order where the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 4 When ocean's bed was measured out,
And spread the hoary deep,
Thou gav'st the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.
- 5 When, hung amid the empty space,
The earth was balanced well,—
With joy Thou saw'st the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 6 Jesus! from everlasting days
Thy thoughts upon us ran ;
Ere sin was known, ere Adam's dust
Was fashion'd into man.

1 **O**UR thanks to God most high !

The Father of our Lord,
The Saviour God is He,
And be His name adored !
O God, Thy mercy shall endure,
Thy word abide for ever sure.

2 He sent His only Son

And saved us from our woe ;—
From Satan, guilt, and hell,
And every hurtful foe.
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
Thy word abide for ever sure.

3 Give thanks aloud to God,

To God your praises bring,
To God upon His throne
His works and glories sing.
His power and grace are still the same,
Let endless praise exalt His name.

1 **H**OW wondrous the glories that meet

In Jesus, and from His face shine,
His love is eternal and sweet,
'Tis human, 'tis also divine !

- 2 His glory—not only God's Son—
 In manhood He had His full part,—
 And the union of both join'd in one
 Form the fountain of love in His heart.
- 3 The merits and worth of His blood
 Have freed us from hell and from fear,
 That we, as the blest sons of God,
 May make His good pleasure our care.
- 4 Oh then may this union and love
 Make us walk in the service of Heaven,
 'Mid obedience and suffering to prove
 That we to the Lamb have been given.

62

8,7,8,7,7,7.

- 1 **I**N the Lord we have redemption,
 Full remission in His blood ;
 From the curse entire exemption,
 From the curse pronounced by God :
 What a Saviour Jesus is !
 Oh what grace, what love is His !
- 2 Sweet His name, that name transcending
 Every name on earth, in heaven ;
 Praise through ages never-ending,
 To the Son of God be given !
 He alone the Saviour is,
 Everlasting praise be His.

- 1 **W**HEN wandering far from the Father's
abode,
The heart full of pride and hatred to God,
The children of darkness, of Satan the
slaves,
'Twas Jesus redeem'd us—His merit that
saves.
- 2 Our sins on the cross He on Calvary bore,
He blotted them out and they are no more ;
Now pardon'd and washèd we boldly draw
near,
And cry "Abba, Father !" unhinder'd by
fear.
- 3 Despised by the world, we 're strangers
below,
But callèd to heaven we cheerfully go ;
The Lord is our Leader ; and, strong in His
might,
Though Satan opposes, we fight the good
fight.
- 4 We look for the day when Jesus shall come,
And take all His blood-purchased brethren
home ;
When we shall behold all His glory and
grace,
And a heaven be found in the light of His
face.

- 1 **O**H 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 unstain'd,
Our stainless souls shall live,
Our heart's deep longings more than gain'd,
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 own'd 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
 Unhinder'd 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.

65

8,8,7,8,8,8,7.

- 1 **O** HOW the thought that I shall know
 The Man that suffer'd here below,
 To manifest God's favour
 For me, and for the saints I love,
 Both here, and with Himself above,
 Doth my renewèd nature move
 At that sweet word, " For ever !"
- 2 For ever to behold Him shine !
 For evermore to call Him mine !
 And see Him still before me ;

For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet the full assembled rays,
While all His beauty He displays
To all the saints in glory !

3 Not all things else are half so dear
As is His blissful presence here,
What will it be in heaven !
'Tis heaven on earth that we can say,
As now we journey, day by day,
“ Himself has borne our guilt away,
Our sins are all forgiven.”

4 But how will His celestial voice
Make each enraptured heart rejoice,
Of saints in glory near Him !
When we no longer absent wait,
But like Him in His glorious state,
Where nought our bliss can e'er abate,
With joy in heaven shall hear Him !

66

8,7.

1 **G**O, and search the tomb of Jesus,
Where the Lord of glory lay ;
Jesus is not there, but risen,
And has borne our sins away,
It is finish'd !
Captive led captivity.

- 2 Could not all our sins retain Him,
Prison'd in the guarded cave?
These He blotted out in dying,
By His cross He spoil'd the grave:
Lo! He's risen!
Yes, the Lord is risen indeed.

67

L.M.

- 1 **L**IKE Thee, O Lord—how wondrous fair
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are.
A life divine to them is given—
The bright inheritance of heaven.
- 2 Just as we were we came to Thee,
As heirs of wrath and misery;
Just as Thou art—now we are Thine,
We stand in righteousness divine.
- 3 Just as Thou art—nor doubt, nor fear,
Can e'er to those like Thee be near,
O boundless love! as Thee we're seen
The "righteousness of God in Him."
- 4 Just as Thou art—O blissful ray
That turn'd our darkness into day!
That woke us from our death of sin
To know our perfectness in Him.

5 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,
And worlds on worlds adoring see,
The part Thy members have in Thee.

68

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 redeem'd 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 securèd.

3 Thou from the dead wast raisèd—
And from all condemnation
Thy saints are free, as risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation !

On high Thou hast ascendèd,
To God's right hand in heaven,
The Lamb once slain, alive again,—
To Thee all power is given.

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

69

L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU, LAMB OF GOD! didst shed Thy
blood,
Thou didst our load of misery bear ;
And hast exalted us to share
The rank of kings and priests to God.

- 2 To Thee we render evermore
The honour, glory, praise that's due ;
Might, power, and obedience, too,
And in our hearts we Thee adore.

Amen ! Amen !

O Lord, Amen !

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN grace o'er sin abounding :
 Ransom'd souls the tidings swell !
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding ;
 Who its length or breadth can tell ?
- 2 Saved by Christ, we 're free for ever,
 This the Spirit's voice declares !
 Death, nor life, nor aught can sever
 Jesus from the chosen heirs.
- 3 Souls above, in His communion,
 Now with Him from conflict rest,
 While below with Christ in union,
 We can sing how saints are blest.

- 1 **O** JESUS! everlasting God !
 Who didst for sinners shed Thy blood
 Upon th' accurs'd tree ;
 And finishing redemption's toil,
 Didst win for us the happy spoil,—
 All praise we give to Thee.
- 2 Fain would we think upon Thy pain,
 Would find in Thee our life and gain,
 And firmly fix our heart
 Upon Thy grief and dying love,
 Nor evermore from Thee remove,
 Though from all else we part.

- 3 The more through grace ourselves we know
The more rejoiced we are to bow
And glory in Thy cross ;
To trust in Thine atoning blood,
And look to Thee for every good,
And count all else but dross.

72

C.M.

- 1 **W**ELL may we sing ! with triumph sing,
The great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of the living God,
Reveal'd in Jesu's face.
- 2 The love of God it was that sought
From sin to set us free ;
That gave the Son, whose precious blood
Has wrought our liberty.
- 3 In Him we read the Father's love,
And find eternal peace ;
We meet in Him a Saviour-God,
And fear and terror cease.
- 4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad
The great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of the living God,
The riches of His grace !

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life in death hath lain,
 To clear me from all charge of sin ;
 And, Lord, from guilt of crimson stain
 Thy precious blood hath made me clean.
- 2 And now, a righteousness divine
 Is all my glory, all my trust ;
 Nor will I fear since that is mine,
 While Thou dost live, and God is just.
- 3 Clad in this robe, how bright I shine !
 Angels possess not such a dress ;
 Angels have not a robe like mine,—
 Jesus, the Lord's my righteousness.

- 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.

75

10s.

THY mercy, O God, is the theme of my
song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue ;
'Tis free grace alone, from the first to the
last,
That wins the affections, and binds the soul
fast.

76

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 wean'd 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 dwelling
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,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

77

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O name divinely sweet!
How soothing is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly power
In that blest name is found.
- 2 Our souls, as guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls with countless sins defiled,
Of death and hell the prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away our guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on the cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

78

7s.

- 1 **O** WHAT blessings flow from grace,
Treasured up in Christ the Head!
He who perfected life's race,
Bore sin's burden in our stead.
- 2 Christ our ransom doth appear
In the glorious courts above:
Righteousness divine we wear,
Loved with everlasting love.

- 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-throng'd 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 oped the heavenly door,
Has brought me to that favour'd 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 Call'd by that sacred 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 dress'd,
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 unveil'd mystery.

80

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 sustain'd ;
His was the shame and loss,
And He the victory gain'd ;
The mighty work was all His own,
Tho' we shall share His glorious throne.

81

C.M.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, whose wondrous power
The world and all things made,
Thou art our Rock, our Shield, our Tower ;
Our ransom Thou hast paid.

2 Revealer of the Father's love,
His glory and His power ;
Upholding all things now above,
Till the appointed hour—

3 That hour when all Thy foes to Thee
A footstool shall be given ;
Thy praise Thy people's food shall be ;
Their place with Thee in Heaven.

82

8,7.

1 **J**ESUS, 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
Perfected we'll sing His praise.

83

C.M.

1 **S**EE ! see, the blessèd Saviour comes,
The God of love and grace ;
With Him we spend eternity
In triumph and in praise.

- 2 For ever our still wondering eyes
 Shall o'er His beauties rove ;
To endless ages we'll adore
 The riches of His love ?

84

S.M.

- 1 **W**E hear the words of love,
 We gaze upon the blood,
We see the mighty sacrifice,
 And we have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace !
 Sure as Jehovah's name ;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
 For evermore the same.
- 3 Our love is oftentimes low,
 Our joy still ebbs and flows ;
But peace with Him remains the same,
 No change Jehovah knows.
- 4 We change—He changes not ;
 Our Christ can never die :
His love, not ours, the resting-place,
 We on His truth rely.
- 5 The cross still stands unchanged,
 Though heaven is now His home ;
The mighty stone is roll'd away,
 But yonder is His tomb !

6 And yonder is our peace,
The grave of all our woes ;
We know the Son of God has come,
We know He died and rose.

7 We know He liveth now
At God's right hand above ;
We know the throne on which He sits,
We know His truth and love !

85

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 marr'd !
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.

86

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 look'd for, draweth near
When we at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 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.

87

10,11.

1 **I**N Jesus Himself
(The Father's delight),
The saints, without blame,
Appear in God's sight ;
And while He in Jesus
Our souls shall approve,
So long shall the Father
Continue His love.

2 In Jesus, free grace
All blessings secures ;
We know and rejoice
That all things are ours ;
And God from His purpose
Will never remove,
But love us, and bless us,
And "rest in His love."

- 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 crown'd,
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.

89

C.M.

1 **H**OSANNA to the King of kings!
The great incarnate Word!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
The coming of our Lord!

2 Thy victories and Thine endless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

90

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!

91

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.

92

P.M.

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.

93

8,7.

- 1 **F**ROM 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.

94

S.M.

1 **T**HE LORD IS RISEN INDEED,
And all His work perform'd !
The captive Surety now is freed,
And Death, our foe, disarm'd.

2 **T**HE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
He lives—to die no more ;
He lives—His people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

3 **T**HE LORD IS RISEN INDEED :
And death has lost its prey :
And with Him all the ransom'd seed
Shall reign in endless day.

95

S.M.

1 **B**REAK 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 intercedes 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 ransom'd 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 !”

96

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE 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.

97

L.M.

1 **B**LEST Lamb of God! with grateful praise
Our voices now to Thee we raise—
O'er earth to reign, redeem'd by blood,
Kingdom and priests are we to God.

2 Soon too, in glory shall we sing,
And louder praises to Thee bring,
While every nation, tongue and tribe,
Strength, glory, might, to Thee ascribe!
Amen! Amen!

O Lord, Amen!

98

8,7.

1 **G**AZING 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 marr'd 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.

- 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 ordain'd 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, condemn'd, despised, undone,
 He gave Himself the "Living Stone."

100

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
 To our dear Lord the voice we'll raise ;
 With all His saints we'll join to tell,
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."
- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess,
 His wisdom all His works express ;
 But, O His love !—what tongue can tell ?
 "Our Jesus hath done all things well."

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

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

101

8,8,6.

1 **W**E bless Thee, O Thou great Amen!
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,
Confirming all His word!
Doubtful no promises remain,
For all are Yea, and all Amen,
In Thee, the faithful Lord.

2 How great the grace of God to bless
By Thee, the Lord, our righteousness!
By Thee, we say again:
For to us all things thus are sure,
Through life, in death, and evermore,
By Thee, the Great Amen.

3 O faithful Witness of our God,
Who cam'st by water and by blood!
In Thee (the holy One)

God's record doth for ever stand,
Of life eternal, from His hand,
To all in Thee the Son.

- 4 Gladly His promises we hear,
For God's "Amen" dispels all fear,
His faithfulness it proves;
And while such grace from God is shewn,
To His Amen we add our own;
For our Amen He loves.

102

C.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
And thus approach 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 Redeem'd creation join in one,
T'adore the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to exalt the Lamb.

103

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 Himself 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.

104

8,7.

- 1 " **A**BBA," Father—Lord! we call Thee,
(Hallow'd 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
Seem'd 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."

105

8,7.

1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting
Be to Him who bore the cross,

Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us!
Spread His glory
Who redeem'd 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.

106

C.M.

1 **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 shewn.

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 blessèd name,
The virtue of Thy blood,
And to the wearied heart proclaim,
Behold the Lamb of God !

107

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 finish'd 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.

108

87.

- 1 **L**ORD of life, and King of glory !
Now to Thee our hearts we raise ;
While we sing the joyful story
Of the triumphs of Thy grace.
- 2 Long in error's path benighted,
Deeply sunk in sin's abyss,
We Thy proffer'd mercy slighted,
Would not have eternal bliss.
- 3 Straying then on sin's dark mountain,
Thou didst bid us cease to roam,
Make us see the living fountain,
Call with power Thy wanderers home.
- 4 Jesus, strength of our salvation,
None can pluck us from Thy hand ;
In the hour of dark temptation,
Kept by Thee we safely stand.

5 Though by enemies surrounded,
Onward still our steps we wend ;
All our foes shall be confounded,
Safely come our journey's end.

6 Grace begun shall end in glory ;
Jesus, He the victory won ;
In His own triumphant story
Is the record of our own.

109

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 !

110

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 !

111

7,6.

- 1 **B**Y 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.

112

8,8,6.

1 **E**TERNAL praise, our God, shall rise :
In mansions far beyond the skies
Thy name shall be adored.
With joyful hearts our songs we raise ;
Our God and Father, Thee we praise,
While waiting for our Lord.

- 2 When ruin'd, guilty, and undone,
Thou gav'st for us Thine only Son,
We trust Thy truthful word.
Rejoicing in Thy love we sing,
Praise for Thy gift of gifts we bring,
Thy goodness we record.
- 3 We praise Thee in our pathway here ;
Far off we were, but now brought near
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Fresh grace for every moment here,
Fresh manna o'er the desert drear,
Thy Spirit doth afford.
- 4 When Thou shalt come, for whom we wait,
We then shall see and know how great
The gain that faith hath stored.
With joyful hearts our songs we raise ;
Our God and Father, now to praise,
While waiting for our Lord.

113

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS, 'tis our joy to think
Our life is so bound up with Thine,
That nothing can divide the link,
Secure and fix'd by love divine.

- 2 By faith we see Thee, Lord, enthroned
At God's right hand of power on high ;
And Thy redeemèd ones we 're own'd
As one with Thee, in Thee brought nigh.

114

7,6.

- 1 **T**HE holiest we enter
In perfect peace with God :
Through whom we found our centre,
In Jesus and His blood :
Though great may be our dulness
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
Of Him that meets our need.

- 2 Much incense is ascending
Before th' eternal throne ;
God graciously is bending
To hear each feeble groan ;
To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume,
And Love the censer raises,
These odours to consume.

- 3 O God, we come with singing,
Because Thy great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least :

For us He wears the mitre,
Where "Holiness" shines bright ;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unsullied light.

115

7,7,4,4,7,bis.

- 1 **H** E A D of the church, Thy body,
O Christ, the great Salvation !
Sweet to the saints
It is to think
Of all Thine exaltation !
All power 's to Thee committed,
All power on earth, in heaven ;
To Thee a name
Of widest fame
Above all glory 's given.
- 2 With Thee believers raised,
In Thee on high are seated ;
All guilty once,
But clear'd by Thee :
Redemption-toil 's completed.
And when Thou, Lord and Saviour,
Shalt come again in glory,
There by Thy side,
Thy spotless bride
Shall crown the wondrous story.

3 At length—the final kingdom,
No bound, no end possessing :
 When heaven and earth—
 God all in all
Shall fill with largest blessing.
All root of evil banish'd,
No breath of sin to wither,
 On earth—on high—
 Nought else but joy,
And blissful peace for ever !

116

L.M.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and doth for ever last.
- 2 The Father's boundless love we sing,
 The fountain whence our blessings spring ;
How great the depth, how high it flows,
No saint can tell, no angel knows.
- 3 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
No thought explore the bounds of grace ;
The love that saved our souls from hell
Transcends the creature's power to tell.

- 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 blessèd 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.

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

- 2 He saw us ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet loved us notwithstanding all;
 He saved us from our lost estate:
 His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell our way oppose;
 He safely leads His saints along:
 His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud;
 He with His Church has always stood:
 His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Soon shall we mount and soar away,
 To the bright realms of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

119

7,6.

- 1 **O** HEAD! once full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn,
 'Mid other sore abuses
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
 O Head! e'en now surrounded
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded
 On the accursèd tree.

Thou Countenance transcendent!
 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 sustainèd
When Thou for us didst bleed ;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness ;
Until to glory taken,
We see Thee face to face.

120

8,8,6.

- 1 **O** THOU Who didst Thy glory leave,
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall !
Thou, Thou hast bought us with a price—
Our sins against us ne'er can rise,
For Thou hast borne them all.

- 2 See Him for our transgressions given ;
See the blest Lamb of God from heaven,
For us, His foes, expire ;
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the tidings hear !
He bore, that we might never bear,
Th' Almighty's righteous ire.

- 3 Ye saints, "the Man of sorrows" bless,
The Lord, for your unrighteousness
Deputed to atone ;
Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng
Ye sing the never-ending song,
And sit upon His throne !

121

7s.

1 **G**LORY 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 blessèd work is done,
God's well pleasèd 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 !"

122

L.M.

1 **J**ESUS, Thou glorious Priest and King !
Accept the tribute that we bring ;
Accept the feeble song of praise
Which here on earth Thy people raise.

- 2 May every minute as it flies
Augment our love, increase our joys,
Till we are brought to sing Thy name
At the glad supper of the Lamb.
- 3 And soon the months will roll away,
And quickly come the nuptial day,
When Thou, the Lamb, shalt take Thy
 throne,
And fully there Thy church shalt own.
- 4 The gladness of that happy day,
In this sad world's our strength and stay—
Then let not faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

123

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 than each lip shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 ruin'd race,
 Thy love and lowliness still shine
 Upon that glorious face.
- 3 Jesus, the One who trod the earth,
 The lowly subject One,
 Obedience unto death was Thine—
 God's well-belovèd Son!
- 4 Jesus! what mem'ries thrill our hearts
 Of Thy blest footprints here,
 While now to heaven 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.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb with glory crown'd!
 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.

126

P.M.

- 1 **E**NDLESS praises to the Lord,
 Ever be His name adored !
 Hallelujah !
 He is worthy—praise His name.
- 2 We adore Him, sound His fame,
 Us He saved from endless shame :
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the Priest and King.

- 1 **H**OW 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.

128

L.M.

- 1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
Descend to rebels doom'd to die ;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound :
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound !
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
When God announced the blessèd news,
“ The woman's seed thy head shall bruise.”
- 3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
When Christ, the holy child, was born ;
And brighter still in splendour shone
When Jesus, dying, cried, 'Tis done !
- 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 confound
Of all that seek its course to bound.

129

C.M.

- 1 **A**WAKE each soul ! awake each tongue ;
The subject is divine ;
The Saviour's love demands our song ;
Let all His people join.
- 2 This Saviour is the Mighty God,
The God of heaven above ;
Revealed in flesh, He shed His blood,
Blest proof of endless love.
- 3 Jesus, Thy love exceeds our thought ;
But this at least we see,
The soul that knows Thy love is taught
To value nought but Thee.
- 4 And though Thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise ;
Without it, Lord, we still had been .
Ensnared in Satan's ways.

130

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- 1 **W**ITH 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.

131

7s.

- 1 **P**RAISE 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."

132

S.M.

- 1 **T**HE 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 open'd now ;
 Sound it through earth abroad ;
And we, by faith, in HEAVEN behold
 Jesus, the Christ, our Lord.

133

C.M.

- 1 **L**ET saints on earth their anthems raise,
 Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
Sing, till in heaven they tune His praise,
 And hail Him " Prince of Peace."

- 2 Praise Him who laid His glory by
 For man's apostate race ;
 Praise Him who stoop'd to bleed and die,
 And hail Him " Prince of Peace."
- 3 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 And view His glorious face ;
 His name for ever to adore,
 And hail Him " Prince of Peace."

134

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 crown'd,
 Rightful heir and Lord of all !
 Once rejected, scorn'd, disown'd,
 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 ;
 Blessor, 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.

135

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **WE** joy in our God, and we sing of that
love,
So sovereign and free which did His heart
move !
When lost our condition, all ruin'd, undone,
He saw with compassion, and spared not
His Son !
- 2 His Son, His delight, His loved One, He
gave
The curse to endure—by suffering to save ;
Sure love so amazing, unmeasured, untold,
Since Him it hath given ; no good will
withhold !

- 3 We praise, then, our God; how rich is His
 grace!
We were far from Him once—estranged
 from His face,
By blood we are purchased, are cleansed and
 made nigh,
And blest in His presence, in Jesus, on high!

136

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE 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 finish'd!—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.

137

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 drain'd 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 flow'd :
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 in 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.

138

8,7,8,7,7,7.

- 1 **S**OFT the voice of mercy sounded,
Sweet as music to the ear,
“ *Grace abounds, where sin abounded ;*”
This the word that soothed our fear.
Grace, the sweetest sound we know,
Grace to sinners here below.
- 2 Grace, we sing, God's grace through Jesus ;
Grace, the spring of peace to man ;
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us ;
Grace, too high for thought to scan ;
Grace, the theme of God's own love ;
Grace, the theme of themes above.

- 1 **T**HIS 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 mark'd 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 mark'd 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 now 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.

140

7,6.

1 **O**H! Lord, our hearts are waiting,
Th' 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 Oh! hour, for which in patience,
Thou'st waited through the night,
Whilst we Thy saints were gather'd,
And brought into the light;
Then, then, the church completed,
God makes no more delay;
Oh! Lord, with shouts of triumph,
We pass into the day.

3 Oh! 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 ransom'd bride.

4 Oh! 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.

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 conformèd,
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,

Array'd 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
Conformèd to His image
As known, be brought to know,
And with increasing fervour,
Our ceaseless praise shall flow.

142

6,6,4.

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

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 blessèd 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 sin 's forgiven.
 Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
 Honour and majesty,
 Now, and for ever be,
 Here, and in heaven.

143

7s.

- 1 **K**ING 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 bestow'd ;
 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-belovèd Son.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

8s.

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.

TO God who gave His Son,
 To save us from our sin;
 To Christ Himself who died,
 And made His people clean:
 Eternal thanks
 And praise be given,
 By saints on earth,
 The heirs of heaven.

- 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.*

- 1 **T**O Him that loved us, gave Himself,
 And died to do us good,
 Has wash'd 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 Himself,
And died to do us good,
Has wash'd us from our scarlet sins
In His own precious blood.

148

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.

149

7,6.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS! we remember
 The travail of Thy soul,
 When, through Thy love's deep pity,
 The waves did o'er Thee roll ;
 Baptised in death's dark waters,
 For us Thy blood was shed ;
 For us Thou (Lord of glory)
 Wast number'd with the dead.
- 2 O Lord! Thou now art risen,
 Thy travail all is o'er ;
 For sin Thou once hast suffer'd—
 Thou liv'st to die no more ;
 Sin, death, and hell are vanquish'd,
 By Thee the church's head ;

And lo! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou First-born from the dead.

- 3 Unto Thy death baptisèd,
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 ransom'd by Thy blood,
And here would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee to God.

150

8,6,8,6,8,8.

- 1 **T**HOU art the everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son ;
God manifest, God seen and heard,
The Heaven's belovèd One ;
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou
That every knee to Thee should bow.

- 2 In Thee most perfectly express'd,
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 belovèd One :
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow.

151

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 stay'd,
Hard following after Thee,
Till we, in robes of white array'd,
Thy face in glory see.

152

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 ruin'd 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 ordainèd,
To bear our sins (Thyself all clean),
And hast our guilt sustainèd :
We see Thee crown'd in glory,
Above the heavens now seated,
The victory won, Thy work well done,
Our righteousness completed.

153

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 ransom'd 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.

154

7,6.

- 1 **O**UR Father we would worship,
In Jesu's holy name ;
For He, whate'er our changes,
For ever is the same :
Through Him our childlike praises
As incense sweet will be ;
The songs Thy Spirit raises
Can ne'er want melody.
- 2 The fire Thy love hath kindled,
Shall never be put out ;
The Spirit keeps it burning,
(Though dimmed by things without) :
O make it burn more brightly !
By faith more freely shine ;
That we may value rightly
The grace that made us Thine.

1 **WHAT** was it, blessèd God,
 Led Thee to give Thy Son,
 To yield Thy well-beloved
 For us by sin undone ?
 'T was 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 ?
 'T was 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 ?
 'T was 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.

- 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 finish'd 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.

I N all things more than conquerors
 Through Him that lovèd us,—

We know that neither death, nor life,
Nor angels, rulers, powers,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Nor even height, nor depth,
Nor any other creature-thing,
Above, below, around,
Can part us from the love of God
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

158

8,8,6.

SECURED in Christ, their Head on high,
The saints below may boldly cry—
Praise to our God, Amen!
To God in Christ all praise be given—
For evermore, on earth, in heaven,
Amen! Amen! Amen!

159

C.M.

1 **A**LL things that God or man could wish,
In Jesus richly meet;
Not to our eyes is light so dear,
No earthly tie so sweet.

2 O may His name still cheer our hearts
And shed its fragrance there!
The sweetest balm of every wound,
The cure of every care.

1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite :
Yet one thing secures us
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn
Or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
His saints, what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written
The LORD will provide.

3 We may, like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost ;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages
The LORD will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abram of old,

Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers,
We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers
The LORD will provide.

161

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 gladden'd heart
Enjoy eternal peace.

162

8,8,6.

- 1 **W**HAT rich eternal bursts of praise
Shall fill yon courts through end-
less days,
When time shall cease to be.
Round and around the notes shall swell,
As each redeem'd 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 unhinder'd 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.

WHILE created things are wasting,
 Still our God abides the same ;
 All His words are everlasting,
 All His works His love proclaim ;
 Blood-bought children,
 Sing we praises to His name.

O JESUS CHRIST, most holy—
 Head of the church, Thy bride,
 In us each day more fully
 Thy name be magnified !
 O may, in each believer,
 Thy love its power display,
 And none among us ever
 From Thee, our Shepherd, stray !

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 through 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.

166

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 parch'd 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 view'd ;
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.

167

7,7,8,7.

- 1 **T**HY love we own, Lord Jesus ;
In service unremitting,
Within the veil, Thou dost prevail,
Each soul for worship fitting :
Encompass'd 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 bidst 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.

168

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **T**HE 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.

169

8,7.

1 **L**ORD, 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, unfailling ;
Where God shall shine in light divine,
In glory never fading.

170

87.

1 **L**O ! He comes, from heaven descending,
Once for favour'd 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 ransom'd 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 nail'd 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 !

171

8,8,6.

- 1 **H**E bids us come ; His voice we know,
And boldly on the waters go
To Him, our God and Lord ;
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,
For He who died to set us free
Hath call'd us with His word.
- 2 Secure, on boisterous waves we tread,
Nor all the billows round us dread,
While on the Lord we look ;
The Tempter drives his vortex round,
We pass it as on solid ground ;
The wave is firm as rock.
- 3 But if from Him we turn the eye,
We see the raging floods run high,
Our hearts are full of fear ;
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
Forgetting He is near.
- 4 Lord ! we our unbelief confess,
Do Thou our little faith increase,
That we may fail no more,
But fix on Thee a steady eye,
And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

- 1 **O** TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root us in Thy grace,
 As those redeem'd 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.

- 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 :
 Let us the precious hours redeem ;
 Our only grief to give Him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow Him.
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those that wait their Lord to see,
- 3 "A little while"—'t will 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 conform'd to Thee !

174

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.

175

L.M.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's Hope—let men deride ;
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " GOD IS LOVE !"
The Lamb who died upon the tree,
Has brought us mercy from above.
- 3 The CROSS ! it took our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The theme of praise in heaven above.

- 1 **L**ORD, we shall see Thee as Thou art,
 In yonder mansions fair,
 We shall behold Thee face to face,
 Thy glorious image bear.
- 2 With what delight, what wond'ring love,
 Each thrilling heart shall swell,
 When we, as sharers of Thy joy,
 Are called in heav'n to dwell !
- 3 O hasten, hasten on that hour,
 And call us to Thy seat :
 Lord, Thou without us ne'er wilt count
 Thy joy and work complete.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our rest above
 We every moment come.
- 2 Secure within the veil,
 Christ is our anchor strong ;
 While power supreme, and love divine,
 Still guide us safe along.
- 3 And should the surges rise—
 Should sore afflictions come,
 Blest in the sorrow, kind the storm,
 That drives us nearer home.

4 God's grace will to the end
Clearer and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Can change His love divine.

5 Soon shall our pains and fears
For ever pass away ;
For we shall soon the Saviour see
In everlasting day.

178

C.M.

1 **B**LEST 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, fill'd 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,
Fulfill'd 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,
Reveal'd in Christ the Son.

179

8,7.

1 **B**RIGHTNESS 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 the Father's throne ;
Sing—till heaven and earth surprising,
Reigns the Nazarene alone.

- 1 **W**E 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 !

181

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **W**HEN Satan appears
To stop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us,
Though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise,—
The LORD will provide.
- 2 He tells us we 're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have tried,
This answers all questions,—
The LORD will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own,
No goodness we claim ;
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,

In this, our strong tower,
For safety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

- 4 Should life sink apace,
And death be in view,
This word of His grace
Shall comfort us through :
No fearing or doubting,—
With CHRIST on our side—
Through faith we'll die shouting,
The LORD will provide.

182

C.M.

- 1 **O**UR tongues shall spread the Saviour's
fame,
Whose grace we daily prove,
For since our souls have known His
name,
His banner has been—LOVE.
- 2 When walking in the paths of sin,
We far from Him did rove,
By sweet constraint He drew us in,
And waved His banner—LOVE.
- 3 He spread the banquet, made us eat,
Bid all our fears remove ;
Yea, o'er our guilty rebel heads
He placed His banner—LOVE.

- 4 When weary of His rich repast,
 We've sought (alas !) to rove,
 He has recall'd His faithless guest,
 And shewn His banner—LOVE.
- 5 In every conflict we sustain,
 Our enemies shall prove,
 Through Him the victory we obtain,
 Beneath His banner—LOVE.
- 6 And when He calls us home at length,
 To feast with Him above,
 Through all eternity we'll sing,
 His never-changing LOVE.

183

8,7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, come, Thy saints are wait-
 ing,
 Waiting for the nuptial day,
 Thence their promised glory dating ;
 Come, and bear Thy saints away.
 Come, Lord Jesus,
 Thus Thy waiting people pray.
- 2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
 Here on earth to find our rest ;
 Till we see Thy face, we never
 Shall or can be fully blest ;
 In Thy presence
 Nothing shall our peace molest.

- 3 Lord, we wait for Thine appearing ;
 “ Tarry not,” Thy people say ;
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding Thee that day ;
 When our sorrow
 Shall for ever pass away.
- 4 Till it comes, O keep us steady,
 Keep us walking in Thy ways ;
At Thy call may we be ready,
 On Thee, Lord, with joy to gaze ;
 And in glory
 Sing Thine everlasting praise.

184

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.

185

S.M.

- 1 **W**E have a home above,
 From all defilement free :
A mansion which eternal love
 Prepared our rest to be.
- 2 The Father's gracious hand
 Has built that blest abode ;
From everlasting it was plann'd,
 The dwelling-place of God.
- 3 The Saviour's precious blood
 Has made our title sure ;
He passed through death's dark raging
 flood,
 To make our rest secure.
- 4 The Comforter is come,
 The Earnest has been given ;
He leads us onward to the home
 Reserved for us in heaven.

- 5 Thy love, most gracious Lord,
Our joy and strength shall be ;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids us rise to Thee.
- 6 And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains, we 'll praise
The grace that made us Thine.

186

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 prison'd spirits raise,
What are the joys that cause, ere long,
Eternal bursts of praise.
- 3 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 gain'd,
Fulfill'd each precious word ;
And fully all to have attain'd
The image of our Lord.

5 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.

187

7,6.

1 O JESUS, gracious Saviour,
Upon the Father's throne—
Whose wondrous love and favour
Have made our cause Thine own ;
Thy people to Thee ever
For grace and help repair,
For Thou, they know, wilt never
Refuse their griefs to share.

2 O Lord, through tribulation
Our pilgrim-journey lies,
Through scorn and sore temptation,
And watchful enemies :
Midst never-ceasing dangers
We through the desert roam ;
As pilgrims here and strangers,
We seek the rest to come.

3 O Lord, Thou too once hasted
This weary desert through,
Once fully tried and tasted
Its bitterness and woe ;

And hence Thy heart is tender
In truest sympathy,
Though now the heavens render
All praise to Thee on high.

- 4 O by Thy Holy Spirit
Reveal in us Thy love,
The joy we shall inherit
With Thee, our Head, above ;
May all this consolation
Our trembling hearts sustain—
Sure—though through tribulation—
The promised rest to gain.

188

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 allurèd.
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.

189

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 possess'd,
We wait Thy face to see ;
Now to the Father's heart received,
We know in whom we have believed.

190

8s.

- 1 **T**HE stream that from the fountain
flows,
The fountain of eternal love,
Imparts its virtue as it goes,
A gift all other gifts above :
'Tis life and peace divinely given,
The love of God come down from heaven.
- 2 How blessèd to enjoy the gift,
To taste of mercy here below ;
In humble thankfulness to lift
Our hearts to Him whom now we know.
To know His love, how great it is,
To own and feel that we are His.
- 3 How blessèd is the hope of good,
The good that without measure is,
Of seeing Him, who shed His blood
To save us and to make us His.
Redeem'd by blood and saved by grace,
We look to see the Saviour's face.

- 1 **S**TILL in a land of drought and dearth,
 Our longing spirits cry
 To Thee, the Lord of heaven and earth,
 Our thirst to satisfy.
- 2 O Thou with love more strong than death,
 Unquench'd by deepest waves ;
 We need throughout the walk of faith
 The same free grace that saves.
- 3 We would not take from falsehood's fire,
 Though glittering be the spark ;
 Thou only art our hearts' desire,
 Art light where all is dark.
- 4 Dark unbelief alone can shroud
 A Sun that sets no more ;
 And when Thy grace removes the cloud,
 We see Thee as before.
- 5 We soon shall join the white-robed
 throng,
 We soon shall walk by sight ;
 Till then by faith we raise the song,
 By faith in Thee delight.

- 1 **G**REAT Captain of Salvation,
 Now crown'd with highest glory,

Joyful we raise,
Our songs of praise,
And lowly bow before Thee :
We worship and adore Thee,
Each heart and tongue confessing,
Worthy to reign,
The Lamb, once slain,
Of honour, power, and blessing.

2 Thou hast the cross endured—
In love beyond all measure !

The curse, the grave,
Thy saints to save,
And have us as Thy treasure.
We see Thee as the Victim,
Our sins and sorrows bearing ;
The Lamb, once slain,
Alive again,
The crown of glory wearing.

3 Head of the new creation,
To God's right hand ascended ;
Thy saints rejoice,
With heart and voice,
Before Thy feet low bended :
We own Thee, Lord, exulting
In all Thy joy and glory :
And long to be
On high with Thee,
Where all shall bow before Thee.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 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 Poor, feeble, wretched, as I am,
 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 shelter'd at Thy wounded side,
 Each hour receiving "grace on grace,"
 Until I see Thee face to face.

- 1 **M**AY the Saviour's love and merit
 Fill our hearts both night and day,
 And the unction of His Spirit
 All our thoughts and actions sway.
- 2 May we thus, in God confiding,
 And from self-dependence free,
 Find our rest—in Christ abiding—
 Till with joy Himself we see.

- 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.

- 1 **C**OME let us sing the matchless worth,
 And sweetly sound the glories forth
 Which in the Saviour shine :
 To God and Christ our praises bring :
 The song with which high heaven will
 ring,
 " Praises for grace divine."

- 2 How rich the precious blood He spilt,
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin against our God ;
 How perfect is the righteousness,
 In which unspotted beauteous dress
 His saints have ever stood !
- 3 How rich the character He bears,
 And all the form of love He wears,
 Exalted on the throne ;
 In songs of sweet untiring praise,
 We e'er would sing His perfect ways,
 And make His glories known.
- 4 And soon the happy day shall come,
 When we shall reach our destined home,
 And see Him face to face ;
 Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
 The one unbroken day we'll spend
 In singing still His grace.

197

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD ! what cords of love are Thine,
 How gentle, yet how strong !
 Thy truth and grace their strength com-
 bine,
 To draw our souls along.
- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away ;

And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

- 3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In blest profusion flows ;
And glory of unnumber'd years,
Eternity bestows,
- 4 Drawn by such chords we'll onward move,
Till round the throne we meet,
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Saviour's feet.

198

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, accept our feeble song !
Power and praise to Thee belong ;
We would all Thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
- 2 Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,
Thence is all Thy people's hope ;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee.
- 3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;
Joy, that Thou couldst pity thus ;
Shame, for such returns from us.
- 4 Yet we hope the day to see
When from ev'ry hindrance free,
When to Thee, in glory, brought,
We shall serve Thee as we ought.

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

- 1** **O**NCE we stood in condemnation,
 Waiting thus the sinner's doom,
 Christ in death has wrought salvation,
 God has raised Him from the tomb.
- 2** As strangers then to God we lived,
 Fill'd with enmity and fear ;
 Our souls from death He has relieved,
 Love reveal'd and brought us near.
- 3** Now we see in Christ's acceptance
 But the measure of our own ;
 Him who lay beneath our sentence,
 Seated high upon the throne.
- 4** Quicken'd, raised, and in Him seated,
 We a full deliverance know ;
 Every foe has been defeated,
 Every enemy laid low.

5 Now we have a life in union
With the risen Life above ;
Now we drink in sweet communion
Some rich foretaste of His love.

6 Soon, O Lord ! in brightest glory,
All its vastness we 'll explore ;
Soon we 'll cast our crowns before Thee,
Whilst we worship and adore.

201

P.M.

1 **WE** FLY not now from that all-seeing
eye,
Which once we shunn'd, to hide ourselves
in night ;
The blood that purged our sins has brought
us nigh,
To dwell in God's own love, and walk in
light ;
Thee, holy, holy, holy, Lord, we love,
Whose holy will we now delight to learn
and prove.

2 Sin can't condemn, for grace has justi-
fied ;
Sin shall not reign, for grace has set us
free ;

Sin we abhor, since Christ our Surety
died ;
His grace now rules our souls in
liberty ;
The grace that has the wondrous work
begun
Shall crown with glory when its mighty
work is done.

202

6—8s.

- 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 't will 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 fix'd 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.

- 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.

- 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 ;
 In 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 ransom'd 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.

205

6—8s.

- 1 **O**H would we be as angels bright,
To stand before the throne in light,
And join the myriads that proclaim
The honour of the ascended Lamb.
Ah, no !—what losers were we thus :
We could not sing, He died for us !
- 2 We would not bear an angel's name ;
A sinner saved is that we claim.
We'd rather debtors be to grace
Than fill e'en Gabriel's honour'd place,
And wash'd in Calvary's precious flood,
Owe all to Christ's atoning blood.

206

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 gather'd 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.

207

C.M.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
 Who from the silent grave,
 Brought back the Shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save,—
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which He on Calvary spilt,
 To make the gracious work secure,
 On which our hopes are built—

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To do His blessèd will,
And all that's pleasing in His sight
Inspire us to fulfil.

4 For His, the risen Shepherd's sake,
We every blessing pray ;
With glory let His name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day.

208

10s.

1 **I**N hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes,
Waiting to see the Morning-Star arise ;
How bright, how gladsome will His ad-
vent be,
Before the Sun shines forth in majesty.

2 How will our eyes to see His face delight,
Whose love has cheer'd 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 discordant
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 ?

209

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 stretch'd 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.

210

S.M.

- 1 " ONE spirit with the Lord ;"
O blessèd, 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 assail'd
And though by trials press'd,
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.

211

7,6.

1 **O** JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour,
We only look to Thee ;
'Tis in Thy love and favour
Our souls find liberty.
When Satan seeks to sift us,
And shipwreck we might fear,—
'Tis this o'er all will lift us
That *Thou* art ever near.

2 Yes, though the tempest round us
Seems safety to defy ;
Though rocks and shoals surround us,
And billows swell on high—
Thou dost from all protect us,
And cheer us by Thy love ;
Thy counsels still direct us
Safe to the rest above.

3 There with what joy reviewing
Past conflicts, dangers, fears,—
Thy hand our foes subduing,
And drying all our tears,—

Our hearts with rapture burning,
The path we shall retrace,
Where now our souls are learning
The riches of Thy grace.

212

10s.

- 1 CALL'D from above, and heavenly men
by 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 ransom'd
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;
Come from His bosom, from the heavens
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 sovereign
grace,
And now what glory in Thine unveil'd
face;
Thou didst 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
flow'd,
Has put away our sins of scarlet dye,
Wash'd 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 sever'd ties which bound us
here,
Thyself our treasure in a brighter sphere.

1 **O**N Calvary we've adoring stood,
 And gazed on that wondrous cross,
 Where the holy, spotless Lamb of God
 Was slain in His love for us ;
 How our hearts have stirr'd at that solemn
 cry,
 While the sun was enwrapt in night,
 "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani !"
 Most blessèd, most awful sight.

2 Our sins were laid on His sacred head,
 The curse by our Lord was borne ;
 For us a victim our Saviour bled,
 And endured that death of scorn ;
 Himself He gave our poor hearts to
 win—
 (Was ever love, Lord, like Thine !)
 From the paths of folly, and shame, and
 sin,
 And fill them with joys divine.

3 We've watch'd by the tomb where our
 Saviour lay
 When He enter'd the gloomy grave ;
 And by death the power of death might
 slay
 And His lambs from the lion save.
 Oh ! glorious time when the Victor rose !
 He liveth, no more to die ;

He hath bruised the head of our mighty
foes,

For us was His victory!

4 The gates of heaven are open'd wide,

At His name all the angels bow ;

The Son of man who was crucified

Is the King of glory now :

We love to look up and behold Him there,

The Lamb for His chosen slain ;

And soon shall His saints all His glories
share,

With their Head and their Lord shall
reign.

5 And now we draw near to the throne of
grace,

For His blood, and the Priest, are
there ;

And we joyfully seek God's holy face.

With our censer of praise and prayer—

The burning mount and the mystic veil,

With our terrors and guilt, are gone ;

Our conscience has peace that can never
fail,

'Tis the Lamb on high on the throne.

214

P.M.

1 **H**OW blessèd is our portion! when we
look

Upward, within the veil, our life is there :

Our names are written in the Lamb's own
book,

For grace hath made us each with Him
an heir

Of all those glories, which by right belong
To Him, whose worthiness is heaven's
eternal song.

2 We have a Father in the heavens above,
We have a happy home prepared on
high;

We have a Saviour, whose surpassing
love

Made Him content e'en for our sins to
die;

He fought, and has our cruel foes o'ercome,
And has engaged to guard, and bring us
safely home.

3 Yes! blessèd is our portion! blessèd He,
Who, in His grace before the world
began,

Did set on us His love sovereign and free

On us the sinful heirs of dying man:

And blest us with all blessings in His Son,
Whose priceless love our hearts from sin
and folly won.

215

P.M.

1 O SOLEMN hour! O hour alone,
In solitary might;

When God the Father's only Son,
As man, for sinners to atone,
Expires—amazing sight !
The Lord of glory crucified !
The Lord of life has bled and died !

2 O mystery of mysteries !
Of life and death the tree ;
Centre of two eternities,
Which look with rapt, adoring eyes,
Onward, and back, to Thee—
O Cross of Christ, where all His pain
And death is our eternal gain.

3 O how our inmost hearts do move,
While gazing on that cross ;
The death of the Incarnate Love !
What shame, what grief, what joy we
prove,
That He should die for us :—
Our hearts were broken by that cry,
“ Eli, lama sabachthani !”

4 Worthy of death, O Lord, we were ;
That vengeance was our due ;
In grace Thy spotless Lamb did bear
Himself our sins, and guilt, and shame ;
Justice our Surety slew.
With Him our Surety we have died,
With Him we there were crucified.

- 5 Quicken'd with Him with life divine,
 Raised with Him from the dead ;
His own, and all His own are Thine,
Shall with Him in His glories shine,
 His Church's living Head!
We, who were worthy but to die,
Now with Him, "Abba Father," cry.

216

8s.

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 retrace
 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 robb'd of all its gloom ;
The stone for ever roll'd 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 't will be
To spend eternity with Thee !

217

C.M.

- 1 **L**OOK, look, ye saints, within the veil,
And raise your happy song ;
Your joys can never, never fail,
For you to Christ belong.
- 2 O happy saints, for ever freed
From guilt and every care ;
Dwell, dwell, with your exalted Head,
And let your life be there.
- 3 And glory in your Lord and God ;
See, see Him as He is ;
Your robes are spotless through His blood,
Your happiness is His.
- 4 O think not of this world of woe,
Though subject still to grief ;
But seek your portion there to know,
For this will give relief.
- 5 Aye trust, for ever trust in God,
For every promise given ;
And dwell with Him through Jesu's blood,
Within the veil of heaven.

- 1 **S**OON will the Master come: soon pass
 away
 Our times of conflict, grief, and suffer-
 ing here ;
 Our night of weeping end in cloudless day,
 And sorrow's moment like a dream
 appear :
 Eternity—with Jesus—in the skies—
 How soon that Sun of Righteousness may
 rise !

- 2 We shall behold Him, whom not seen we
 love,
 We shall be with Him, whom we long
 to see ;
 We shall be like Him, fit for realms above,
 With Him, and like Him, for eternity !
 Is now to sit at Jesus' feet our choice ?
 How will fruition then our souls rejoice !

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man? 'Tis He who died
 And all Thy nature glorified ;
 Thy righteousness and grace display'd
 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 own'd as universal Lord ;
O, hasten that long-promised day,
When all shall own Thy rightful sway.

220

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.

- 1 **H**APPY they who trust in Jesus ;
Sweet their portion is and sure,
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep His own secure.
Happy people !
Happy, though despised and poor.
- 2 Since His love and mercy found us,
We are precious in His sight ;
Thousands now may fall around us,
Thousands more be put to flight.
But His presence
Keeps us safe by day and night.
- 3 Lo! our Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful is His care ;
Though we cannot boast of numbers,
In His strength secure we are.
Sweet our portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.
- 4 As the bird beneath her feathers,
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord His children gathers,
Spreads His wings and hides them there :
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

- 1 **E**VERLASTING glory be
 God and Father, unto Thee,
 'Tis with joy Thy children raise
 Hearts and voices in Thy praise.
- 2 Thou the light that show'd our sin,
 Show'd how guilty we had been ;
 Thine the love that us to save
 Thine own Son for sinners gave.
- 3 Call'd 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.

- 1 **O** GOD, whose wondrous name is Love,
 Whose grace has fashion'd us anew,
 Before Thy face now stands the Lamb,
 Whom sinful man once pierced and slew :
 For us Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
 For us how canst Thou cease to care ?

- 2 O Heavenly Father, grant us all
The new-born babe's simplicity !
From us the doubtful mind remove ;
We boast a God that cannot lie !
Taught to repose, through love divine,
On truth itself, on truth divine.
- 3 Thou art the potter, we the clay,
Thy will be ours, Thy truth our light,
Thy love the fountain of our joy,
Thine arm a safe-guard day and night,
Till Thou shalt wipe all tears away,
And bring forth everlasting day.

224

6—8s.

- 1 O THAT we never might forget
What Christ has suffer'd for our sake,
To save our souls and make us meet
Of all His glory to partake ;
But keeping this in mind, press on
To glory and the victor's crown.
- 2 But gracious Lord, when we reflect
How apt to turn the eye from Thee,
Forget Thee, too, with sad neglect,
And listen to the enemy,
And yet to find Thee still the same—
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

3 Astonish'd at Thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought,
Henceforth be Thou our all in all,
Thou who our souls with blood hast
bought ;
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget Thy ceaseless love.

225

10s. or 11s.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion, and creature-
complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with
saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
To feel in communion a foretaste of *home*.
- 2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children
of peace!
And thrice blessed Saviour, whose love can-
not cease !
Though oft amid trials and dangers we roam,
With Thine we're united, and hasting
towards *home*.
- 3 While here, in the valley of conflict, we
stay,
O give us submission, and strength as the
day:

Soon, free from afflictions, to Thee we shall
 come,
And find with our Saviour a heavenly
 home.

4 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give us Thy
 grace,
Thy Spirit's blest witness, the smiles of
 Thy face,
And grant us still patience to wait at Thy
 throne,
And find, never ceasing, the foretaste of
 home.

5 We wait, blessèd Lord, in Thy beauties to
 shine,
To see Thee in glory—the glory divine ;
With all Thy redeem'd, from the earth,
 from the tomb,
To be to Thy praise, blessèd Saviour, at
 home.

226

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.

227

C.M.

1 **L**ORD, 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 bow'd Thy blessed head
Is hush'd 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.

228

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 **J**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.

229

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 ransom'd church shall rise
And wing their way to yonder skies—
Call'd 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 reveal'd
Thyself our strength and tower.

230

C.M.

- 1 O LORD ! when we the path retrace
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 confess,
And in His will delight ;
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheer'd 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

P.M.

- 1 **W**E'RE pilgrims in the wilderness :
Our dwelling is a camp ;
Created things, though pleasant,
Now bear to us death's stamp.
But onward we are speeding,
Though often let 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 learn'd 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.

232

7s.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages! cleft for sin,
Grace hath hid us safe within!
Where the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
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 wash'd 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.

233

8,7.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the choirs of angels crying,
Glory to the Lamb once slain,
None in heaven or earth denying
Tribute to the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom His life was given,
Higher themes to you belong,
Wake then here the joy of heaven,
Raise the everlasting song.
- 3 See how God hath now enthroned Him
At His own right hand on high,
There the heavenly hosts have own'd
Him,
Filling with His praise the sky.
- 4 Fill'd with blest anticipation,
Chant as soon to be above ;

Sweet the theme—a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love.

- 5 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His glorious name,
Glory, honour, power, and blessing
Be for ever to the Lamb.

234

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **WE** 'RE not of the world which fadeth
away,
We're not of the night, but children of
day ;
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus
are riven,
We're strangers on earth, and our home
is in heaven.
- 2 Our path is most rugged, and dangerous
too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies
through ;
But the pillar of cloud that shows us our
way,
Is our sure light by night, and shades us by
day.
- 3 Our Shepherd is still our Guardian and
Guide,
Before us He goes to help and provide :

The springs that refresh us from heaven
were given,
Our bread is the Manna that came down
from heaven.

4 'Mid mightiest foes—most feeble are we—
Yet, trembling before our great Leader,
they flee ;
The Lord is our Banner, the battle is His,
The weakest of saints more than con-
queror is.

5 And soon shall we enter our own promised
land,
Around His bright throne in glory shall
stand :
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
*“ All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to
Thee !”*

235

S.M.

1 **W**E'LL praise Thee, glorious Lord,
Who died to set us free,
No earthly songs can joy afford
Like heavenly melody.

2 Love, that no suffering stay'd,
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 seem'd to prevail
Redemption's glory shed.
- 5 And now we see Thee risen,
Who once for us hast died,
Seated above the highest heav'n :
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 display'd.
- 7 Jesus, we wait for Thee,
With Thee to have our part ;
What can full joy and blessing be
But being where Thou art ?

- 1 O GRACIOUS FATHER ! God of Love,
We own Thy power to save,—

That power by which the Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may Thy Spirit guide our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That from Thy paths we ne'er may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still !

4 That to the Saviour's stature full
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

237

L.M.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise
The blessings of redeeming grace ;
Jesus, our everlasting tower,
Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.

2 His love 's a refuge ever nigh,
His watchfulness, a mountain high ;
His name 's a rock, which winds above
Nor waves below can ever move.

3 His faithfulness, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure ;
His perfect love will ever prove
The depths of His unchanging love.

4 While all things change, He changes not,
Nor e'er forgets, though oft forgot ;
His love 's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as His name.

238

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.

239

C.M.

- 1 **T**O us, our God His love commends,
When by our sins undone ;
That He might spare His enemies,
He would not spare His Son,—
- 2 His only Son, on whom was placed
His whole delight and love,
Before He form'd the earth below,
Or spread the heavens above.
- 3 Our sorrows and our guilt to bear,
Our judgment to sustain ;
He came, upon the tree to die,
That we might life obtain.
- 4 His word assures He'll quickly come—
For this His brethren pray ;
The whole creation for it groans,
Come, Lord, without delay.

- 1 **T**HE gloomy night will soon be past,
 The morning will appear ;
 The harbinger of day at last
 Each waiting eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou Bright and Morning Star, Thy light
 Will to our joy be seen ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
 Without a cloud between.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without Thee we cannot go ;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 And hast laid the tyrant low :
 Let Thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
 Though our destined journey lie,
 Render'd by Thy presence fearless,
 We may every foe defy :
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.
- 3 With a price Thy love has bought us,
 (Saviour, what a love is Thine !)

Hitherto Thy power has brought us,
(Power and love in Thee combine):
Lord of glory,
Ever on Thy household shine.

242

7,7,7,8,8.

- 1 **S**ING *aloud to God our strength* ;
He has brought us hitherto :
He will bring us home at length ;
This the Lord our God will do :
Doubt not, for His word is stable ;
Fear not, for His arm is able.
- 2 *Sing aloud to God our strength* ;
Sing with wonder of His love ;
Who can tell its breadth or length !
Who below, or who above ?
Who its depth or height can measure ?
'Tis a rich, unbounded treasure !
- 3 *Sing aloud to God, our strength* ;
He is with us where we go ;
Fear we not the journey's length,
Fear we not the mighty foe :
All our foes shall be defeated,
And our journey safe completed.

243

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.

244

8,8,6.

1 **T**HAT 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 deferr'd 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 learn'd 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."

245

7,6.

- 1 **O**N that same night, Lord Jesus,
When all around Thee join'd

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 accursèd tree,
With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,
We now remember Thee.

3 We think of all the darkness
Which round Thy spirit press'd,
Of all those waves and billows
Which roll'd 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 shew Thy death, Lord Jesus,
And here would seek to be
More to Thy death conformèd,
Whilst we remember Thee.

246

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 sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Before the common Mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?
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.

247

P.M.

O F Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
May our hearts with Thee remain:
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

248

8,8,6.

H ENCEFORWARD, till the Lord shall
come
To take His whole redeemèd home,
(With Him, for ever then) ;
The Lord send blessings from above,
The Father's, Son's, and Spirit's love,
Be with us all. Amen.

249

7,6.

1 O LORD, in Thee believing,
Our souls have peace with God,
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.

2 Our curse and condemnation
Thou barest in our stead ;
Secure is our salvation,
In Thee our risen Head.

3 The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy grace, hath given us rest,
Thy stripes have been our healing,
Thy love doth make us blest.

4 In Thee the Father sees us,
Accepted and complete ;
Grace, which from evil frees us,
For glory makes us meet.

250

8,8,6.

1 **F**ROM 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
Our souls which to Thee cleave.

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.

251

C.M.

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

2 We know the love that brought Thee
down,
Down from that bliss on high ;
To meet our ruin'd 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 transports,
 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 blessèd Lord ?

252

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.

253

S.M.

- 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.

- 1 **D**EATH and judgment are behind us,
 Grace and glory are before ;
 All the billows roll'd 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.

- 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 belovèd Lord's return,
 To wipe all tears away.

- 4 Jesus, at the appointed hour,
In glory shall appear ;
Then, fashion'd by His mighty hand,
We shall His image bear.
- 5 Soon shall the saints with glory crown'd
Dwell in that cloudless light,
And see their Lord in glory own'd,
Heaven's constant sweet delight.

256

P.M.

- 1 **P**RAISE 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.

257

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 **H**IMSELF He could not save
He on the cross must die,
Or mercy cannot come
To ruin'd 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 flow'd,
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.

258

6,6,8,6,4,7.

- 1 **F**ROM 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 !
We are on our way to God.
- 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 !
We are on our way to God.

- 1 **A**H, yes! Lord Jesus! (Thou whose
heart
Still for Thy saints doth care),
We shall behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy full image bear.
- 2 Thy love sustains us by the way,
While pilgrims here below ;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy suited grace bestow.
- 3 But, oh! the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And fully prove Thy love.
- 4 Then shine, Thou Bright and Morning
Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom ;
Oh take, from sin and grief afar,
Thy blood-bought people home !

- 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 !
 Crown'd 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 !

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.

261

8,6.

- 1 **T**HE 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 avail'd
To wash our sins away ;
Through weakness He o'er hell prevail'd,
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.

- 1 **T**O wait for that important day,
 When Christ His glorious power 'll
 display,
 Be this our one great care :
 To do His will, our business here ;
 No toil to shun, no danger fear ;
 Resolved our cross to bear.
- 2 And though He should prolong His stay,
 And sinners mock at the delay,
 His people need not fear ;
 The Man who wore the crown of thorns,
 Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
 In glory will appear.
- 3 In patience then we now may rest,
 (Assured the Father's time is best,)
 And all His word obey :
 We wait till that blest day shall come
 When Jesus will convey us home,
 And all His power display.

- 1 **T**HE night is now far spent,
 The day is drawing nigh,
 Soon will the morning break,
 In radiance through the sky :
 O let the thought our spirits cheer,
 The Lord Himself will soon appear !

2 Though men our hope deride,
 Nor will the truth believe,
 We in His word confide,
 And it will ne'er deceive :
Soon all that grieves shall pass away,
And saints shall see a glorious day.

3 For us the Lord intends
 A bright abode on high,
 The place where sorrow ends,
 And nought is known but joy :
With such a hope let us rejoice,
We soon shall hear the Saviour's voice.

264

L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU sitst on high, eternal Word,
 As Son of Man, as sovereign Lord,
And now by faith on Thee we rest.
Till all Thy title have confess'd.
- 2 Thou hast our souls from sins made clean,
Thy Spirit gives us strength within ;
Whilst Thou for us in all our need,
At God's right hand dost ever plead.
- 3 O keep us in the narrow way,
That ne'er from Thee our footsteps stray ;
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,
And to Thy presence keep us near.

4 Oh be it thus till that blest day,
When God shall wipe all tears away ;
Quickly, 'tis promised in the word,
E'en so, Amen. Come quickly, Lord.

265

7,6.

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.

266

7s.

1 **C**HRI^ST 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 !"
Ransom'd hosts will shout aloud :
" Praise, eternal praise be given,
" To the Lord of earth and heaven !"

267

10s. or 11s.

1 **A**FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,
A fulness abides to answer all need :
The Father's good pleasure has laid up a
store,
A plentiful treasure, to give to the poor.

2 *Whatever distress awaits us below,*
Such plentiful grace the Lord will bestow,

As still shall support us and silence our
fear,
And nothing can hurt us while Jesus is
near.

- 3 When sorrows assail us, or terrors draw
nigh,
His love will not fail us, He'll guard with
His eye ;
And when we are fainting and ready to fail,
He'll give what is wanting, and make us
prevail.
- 4 We trust His protection ; we'll lean on His
might ;
We're sure His direction will guide us
aright :
We know *who* surrounds us, almighty to
save ;
And no one confounds us the Saviour who
have.

268

6—8s.

- 1 **S**ALVATION'S Captain, and the Guide
Of all that seek the rest above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,
Our end the glory of our Lord.

- 2 Lord, by Thy word and Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
Or light for our direction need,
Or lose, if dark and drear, our way ;
Still kept from danger and from fear,
Since Thy almighty love is near.

269

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD, the spring of all our joys,
The life of our delights :
The glory of our brightest days,
The comfort of our nights.
- 2 The open'd heaven around us throws
Fresh beams of sacred bliss,
The Saviour shews that He is ours,
And whispers we are His.
- 3 Our souls would leave this cumbrous clay,
At that transporting word ;
And brighten'd hope brings near the day,
To meet and see the Lord.

270

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 trustèd 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.

271

6,6,6,6,8,8.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of Thy love
The heavenly mansions are !
To Thine abode
Our hearts aspire,
With warm desire,
To see our God.

2 There is Thy throne of grace,
And there the sprinkled blood ;
There lives, before Thy face,
Our great High-Priest, O God !
His name our plea,
We now draw near
In holy fear,
To worship Thee.

3 We go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
And safe in heaven appears :
O glorious seat !
Where God the King
Shall shortly bring
Our willing feet.

272

8s.

1 **A**H ! who upon earth can conceive
The bliss that with Jesus we 'll share !
Or who this dark world would not leave,
And earnestly long to be there !

There Christ is the light and the sun,
His glories unhinder'dly shine ;
Already our joy is begun,
Our rest is the glory divine.

- 2 'Tis good, at His word, to be here,
Yet better e'en now to be gone,
And there in His presence appear,
And rest where He rests on the throne ;
Yet, ah ! what the joy 't will afford,
When Him we shall see in the air :
And enter the joy of the Lord,
For ever to be with Him there.

273

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.

274

6—8s.

- 1 O LORD! Thy rich, Thy boundless 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.

275

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 gladden'd 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 learn'd 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.

276

8,7.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O Thou gracious Saviour,
Pilgrims through this barren land ;

We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven !
Feed us now and evermore.

2 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in Thy love abide :
Keep us ever, gracious Saviour !
Cleaving closely to Thy side,
Still relying
On the Father's changeless love.

3 Saviour, come, we long to see Thee,
Long to dwell with Thee above,
And to know in full communion
All the sweetness of Thy love.
Come, Lord Jesus,
Take Thy waiting people home.

277

C.M.

1 **T**HE Lamb of God our Shepherd is,
And He who doth us feed ;
While He is ours and we are His,
What can we want or need ?

2 He leads us to the tender grass,
And there we feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass,
In both we have the best.

- 3 And if we stray, He doth convert
And bring our minds in frame ;
And all this not for our desert,
But for His holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode,
Well may we walk, nor fear
While Thou art with us, and Thy rod,
To guide, Thy staff to bear.
- 5 If through the darksome vale of death
We pass, we need not fear ;
Our Saviour, He who gave us breath,
Brings light and triumph there.
- 6 Yea, in the face of deadliest foes
He spreads our board in peace ;
In Him secure may we repose,
While all our joys increase.
- 7 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all our days ;
Thy Father's house, our home above.
Where dwells eternal praise.

278

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

C.M.

- 1 COME, saints, your grateful voices raise,
For grace's boundless store ;
Dwell on the Lamb's unchanging love,
And praise Him evermore.
- 2 His mercy who our ransom paid,
And all our sorrows bore,
Sing with a note of loftiest joy,
And praise Him evermore.

3 Soon the redeeming Lord shall come,
For us whose sins He bore,
To see the glories of the Lamb,
And praise Him evermore.

4 Then endless praise our lips shall move,
And joy our spirits fill ;
The objects of His love divine,
Oh who that joy can tell ?

280

8,8,6, bis.

1 **O** JOYFUL day ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Revived and left the grave ;
In all His works behold Him great,
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

2 The first-begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, His people's Head,
And thus their life's secure ;
And if, like Him, they yield their breath,
Like Him they'll burst the bonds of death,
Their resurrection sure.

3 Why should His people then be sad ?
None have such reason to be glad
As those redeem'd to God :
Jesus, the mighty Saviour lives,
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.

- 4 Then let our gladsome praise resound,
And let us in His work abound,
Whose blessèd name is Love ;
We're sure our labour's not in vain,
For we with Him ere long shall reign,—
With Jesus dwell above.

281

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of God's High Priest above ;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His very name is Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what sorest trials mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, undefiled, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out His cries and tears,
And, though ascended, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 Then boldly let our faith address
The throne of grace and power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every needed hour.

- 1 **M**ASTER! 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 scorn'd 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.”

- 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 flow'd 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.

284

6—8s.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose !
Thou all-sufficient Love divine !
Our help and refuge from our foes,
Secure we are, for we are Thine ;
And, lo ! from guilt, and grief, and shame,
We're hidden, Saviour, by Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name Salvation is,
And keeps our happy souls above ;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love ;
To us, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, our All in all Thou art,
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain ;
The medicine of a broken heart ;
'Mid storms, our peace ; in loss, our gain ;
Our smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, our glory and our crown.

4 In want, our plentiful supply ;
In weakness, our almighty power ;
In bonds, our perfect liberty ;
Our refuge in temptation's hour ;
Our comfort, 'midst all grief and thrall,
Our Life in death, our All in all.

285

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy head, once crown'd with
thorns,
Is crown'd 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.

286

P.M.

SOON Thou wilt come again,
Jesus, our Lord !
We shall be happy then,
Jesus, our Lord !
Then we Thy face shall see,
Then we shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, our Lord !

287

S.M.

- 1 'TIS not far off—the hour
When Christ will claim His own !
We soon shall hear that voice of power,—
The Lord Himself shall come !
- 2 The days are passing by,
The years flow on apace,
Lord Jesus ! Thy return draws nigh,
We long to see Thy face !
- 3 Eternal in the heavens,
Is our prepared abode,—
Radiant and pure, in light divine,
The building of our God.
- 4 Rest, Lord, in serving Thee,
As none have served below ;

Oh, through that blest eternity
What tides of praise shall flow !

5 Come quickly, blessèd Lord !
Like exiles here we roam ;
Fulfil to us Thy gracious word,
Lord Jesus, take us home.

288

8,6.

1 **O** THOU, Whose mercies far exceed
All we can do or say,
As in Thy people Thou indeed
Dost daily more display ;
Let, for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of Christ's death and blood,
Thy richest blessings flow.

2 Preserve Thy flock most graciously,
Within Thy sheltering fold ;
Move them from every harm away,
And in Thy safeguard hold ;
Till Thou shalt fully have obtain'd
In us the fruits of grace,
And we, in joys that never end,
Shall see Thee face to face.

3 Do Thou, the very God of peace,
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of power from on high,

That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preservèd free from stain,
Be blameless until that great day ;
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen !

289

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.

290

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 amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh :
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

4 Render'd 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.

- 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 pour'd ?
 When meet Thee, whom absent we've loved,
 When see, whom unseen we've adored ?
- 4 O then never more shall the fears,
 The trials, temptations, and woes,
 Which darken this valley of tears,
 Intrude on our blissful repose.
- 5 Or, if yet remember'd above,
 Remembrance no sadness shall raise,
 They will bring but new thoughts of Thy
 love,
 New themes for our wonder and praise.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
 comes!
 The Saviour promised long :

Take up the word, ye savèd saints,
Renew the gladsome song.

- 2 He comes! creation to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The tyrant's thralldom to destroy,
And make th' usurper yield.
- 3 He comes! the mighty foe to bind,
The groaning earth to free:
While (chief of all His goodness gives)
Himself its Lord shall be.
- 4 Hosannas glad, Thou Prince of peace
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And all creation shall rejoice
In Thy belovèd name.

293

L.M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
And praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

294

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 shelter'd 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 Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

295

8,7,4.

- 1 **H**OLY 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 ransom'd 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 ransom'd saints to reign,
 Then shall end all days of mourning,
 We shall sing with triumph then.
 " Thou art worthy."
 Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.

296

8.7.

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

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

297

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
To taste those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
The desert past, in glory bright,
The precious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I 'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

298

8,6,8,6,
10,6,6,6,6,7,8.

1 O HASTE away, my brethren dear,
And come to Canaan's shore ;
We 'll meet and sing for ever there,
When all our toils are o'er.
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
O that will be joyful !
To meet to part no more,
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore.
And then sing Hallelujah,
With the saints that have gone before.

2 In bridal robes, all cloth'd in white,
Will all His saints appear :
And, shining in His glory bright,
We 'll see our Jesus there.
O that will be joyful, etc.

3 In heaven triumphant joy is found,
When sons to God are born ;
How will its vaults with praise resound
On the millennial morn !
O that will be joyful, etc.

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

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

299

S.M.

1 LET earthly themes now cease,
And joyful let us dwell
On our sweet theme of heavenly peace:
O we 've enough to tell.

2 We worship at Thy feet,
We wonder and adore;
The coming glory scarce more sweet
Than sweet the peace before.

300

10s. or 11s.

1 YE servants of God, your Master pro-
claim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious,—He 'll reign
over all.

- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
 But still He is nigh, His presence we have ;
 The great congregation His triumph shall
 sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus, their King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all shout aloud, and honour the Son ;
 The praises of Jesus God's saints will pro-
 claim,
 They 'll fall on their faces to worship the
 Lamb.

301

10s. or 11s.

- 1 **O**UR rest is in heaven, our rest is not
 here ;
 Then why should we tremble when trials
 are near ?
 Be hush'd, our sad spirits, the worst that
 can come
 But shortens the journey, and hastens us
 home.
- 2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,
 And building our hopes in a region like
 this :
 We look for a city which hands have not
 piled—
 We pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around us may
grow—

We would not lie down, e'en on roses,
below :

We ask not our portion, we seek not a
rest,

Till we find them for ever where Jesus
is blest.

4 Let trial and danger our progress oppose

They'll only make heaven more sweet at
the close ;

Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may
befall,

A home with our God will make up for
it all.

5 With a scrip on the back, and a staff in
the hand,

We march on, in haste, through an enemy's
land ;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long,

And we'll smooth it with hope, and we'll
cheer it with song.

302

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 !

303

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, throughout the barren land.
A sure resource in God.

- 2 A cloudy pillar mark'd the road,
And screen'd them from the heat ;
From the hard rock the water flow'd,
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.

304

8,7.

- 1 **S**OON the saints in glory singing,
Will with joy exalt the Lamb ;
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 To us, now the earnest's given,
Here by grace these themes belong ;

Let us sing the song of heaven,
'Tis our everlasting song.

- 3 See how God has now enthroned Him
At His own right hand in heaven,
There the heavenly hosts have own'd Him
Lord, to whom all power is given.
- 4 Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His glorious name,
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

305

C.M.

- 1 **T**HAT we are seen, O God, by Thee,—
This is our happy lot,—
Presented faultless to Thine eye,
And all our sins forgot.
- 2 *Each hour of joy, this is the light*
Which shines on all our ways ;
And in affliction's deepest gloom
Its power it still displays.
- 3 Then cheerfully through life we pass ;
And if we're call'd to die,
The valley's shade we will not dread,
For Thou wilt still be nigh.

306

C.M.

- 1 **A**ND art Thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear ;

Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God,
Our Father ever near ?

- 2 With such support our souls may rest,
And banish every care ;
The darkest path is cheer'd with smiles,
Since Thou art with us there.

307

7s.

1 **P**OOOR 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 !

308

C.M.

1 **S**AVIOUR divine, whose name we know,
In whom alone we trust,
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thy people's boast.

2 The guilty soul, by sin defiled,
The conscience sore opprest,
In Thee believing, stands approved,
And finds abiding rest.

3 To Thee, our great redeeming Lord,
What lasting thanks we owe,
For raising sinners to such joys,
From depths of endless woe.

309

L.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! before Thy face we fall,
Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all,
For we have nowhere else to flee:
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.
- 2 In Thee we every glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too;
'Tis all our rest and peace to see
Our Sanctuary, Lord, in Thee.
- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In Thy blest presence let us hide;
And while we rest our souls on Thee,
Thou shalt our Sanctuary be.
- 4 Through time with all its changing scenes,
And all the grief that intervenes,
Let this support each fainting heart,
That Thou our Sanctuary art.

310

8,7.

THE CHURCH.

- 1 **F**ATHER, O how vast the blessing,
When Thy Son returns again!

Then the church, its rest possessing,
O'er the earth with Him shall reign.

ISRAEL.

- 2 For the fathers' sakes belovèd,
Israel, in Thy grace restored,
Shall on earth, the curse removèd,
Be the people of the Lord.

Rev. vii.

- 3 Then, too, countless myriads, wearing
Robes made white in Jesu's blood,
Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
Stand before the throne of God :—
- 4 These, redeem'd from every nation,
Shall in triumph bless Thy name ;
Every voice shall cry " Salvation
" To our God, and to the Lamb !"

311

8,7.

WHILE to several paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Still be kept in constant view !
May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till, in everlasting union,
We attain our resting-place.

- 1 **L**EAD on, almighty Lord,
 Lead on to victory :
 Encouraged by Thy blessèd 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 possess'd,
 We hear of war no more,
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
 On yonder peaceful shore.

- 1 **S**OON righteousness shall rule,
 All Satan's power restrain :
 Jesus Jehovah be the King,
 O'er Jews and Gentiles reign.
- 2 Jesus Himself shall come,
 The world receive His word ;
 And all creation own His sway—
 The Universal Lord.

- 1 **L**ET *sinner*s saved give thanks and sing,
 Salvation's theirs and of the Lord ;

They draw from heaven's eternal spring,
The living God, their great reward.

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

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

315

6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 **J**ESUS ! 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 blessèd name,

We sing Thy dying love,
Thy rising power proclaim :
But soon to give Thee worthy praise,
Both heaven and earth their songs shall
raise.

316

P.M.

- 1 **WE** are by Christ redeem'd :
The cost—His precious blood ;
Be nothing by our souls esteem'd
Like this great good.
Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
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.

317

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise !
It well becomes the saints of God :
Should we refuse our songs to raise,
The stones might tell our shame abroad.
- 2 For Him who wash'd us in His blood,
Let us our sweetest songs prepare ;
He sought us wandering far from God,
And now preserves us by His care.
- 3 One string there is of sweetest tone,
Reserved for sinners saved by grace ;
'Tis sacred to one class alone,
And touch'd by one peculiar race.

- 4 Though angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows in Jesu's blood,
It is not theirs to prove, as we,
The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5 Though angels praise the heavenly King,
And Him their Lord adoring own,
We can with exultation sing,
"He wears our nature on the throne."
- 6 Lord, we adore the wondrous love
Which brought Thee here to bleed and
die;
Soon may we meet in heaven above,
To sing Thy praises in the sky.

318

7,6.

- 1 **O** LAMB of God, still keep us
Close to Thy piercèd 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.

319

7,6.

- 1 **O**UR 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 wash'd 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 ransom'd throng,
To sing for aye His praises,
The one eternal song.

320

C.M.

- 1 FAREWELL to this world's fleeting
joys,
Our home is not below ;
There was no home for Jesus here,
And 'tis to Him we go.
- 2 To Him in yonder home of love,
Where He has gone before :
The home He changed for Calvary's
cross,
Where all our sins He bore.
- 3 He bore our sins, that we might be
His partners on the throne !
The throne He'll shortly share with
those
For whom He did atone.

- 4 Up to our Father's house we go,
To that sweet home of love :
Many the mansions that are found
Where Jesus dwells above !
- 5 And He who left that home above,
To be a sufferer here,
Has left this world again for us,
A mansion to prepare.
- 6 His errand to the earth was love,
To wretches such as we !
To pluck us from the jaws of death
Nail'd to th' accursèd tree.
- 7 Th' accursèd tree was the reward,
Which this sad world did give,
To Him who gave His precious life
That this lost world might live.
- 8 And has this world a charm for us,
Where Jesus suffer'd thus ?
No ! we have died to all its charms
Through Jesu's wondrous cross.
- 9 The cross on which our Lord expired
Has won the crown for us !
In thankful fellowship with Him,
We bear our daily cross.
- 10 Set free in grace—He vanquish'd him
Who held us in his chains—

But more than this, He shares with us
The fruit of all His pains.

11 To all His ransom'd ones He'll give,
(To us amongst the rest)
With Him to dwell, with Him to reign,
With Him for ever blest.

12 Farewell, farewell, poor faithless world,
With all thy boasted store :
We'd not have joy where *He* had woe—
Be rich where *He* was poor.

321

C.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb, Whose precious
blood
Drawn from His riven side,
Had power to make our peace with God,
Nor lets one spot abide.
- 2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb
Expiring by his side,
And proved the value of the Name
Of Jesus crucified.
- 3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,
To paradise received,
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,
From sin and death retrieved.

- 4 We, too, the cleansing power have known,
Of the atoning blood,
By grace have learnt His Name to own,
Which brings us back to God.
- 5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,
Who stoop'd in grace so low :
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,
Let ceaseless praises flow.

322

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a stream of precious blood
Which flow'd from Jesu's veins ;
And sinners wash'd in that blest flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Saviour in His day ;
And by that blood, though vile as he,
Our sins are wash'd away.
- 3 Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till every ransom'd saint of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, we saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for sin,
Redeeming love has been our theme,
Our joy and peace has been.

- 5 Soon in a nobler; sweeter song,
 We'll sing Thy power to save;
 No more with lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 But conquerors o'er the grave.
- 6 Lord, we believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though we be)
 For us a blood-bought free reward,
 And harps of minstrelsy.
- 7 Harps strung and tuned for endless years
 And form'd by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears,
 No other Name but Thine.

323

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!

324

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 !

325

P.M.

- 1 **W**E wait for Thee, O Son of God !
And long for Thine appearing ;
“ A little while ” Thou ’lt come, O Lord,
Thy waiting people cheering.
Thus 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 hearts' 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 !

326

8s.

- 1 **A**S DEBTORS to mercy alone,
 Of Heavenly mercy we sing ;
Nor fear to draw near to the throne,
 Our person and offerings to bring ;
The wrath of a sin-hating God
 With us can have nothing to do ;
The Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all our transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which *His* goodness began,
 The arm of *His* strength will complete :
His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet :
Things future, nor things that are now
 Nor all things below nor above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
 Or sever our souls from His love.
- 3 Our names, from the palms of His hands
 Eternity will not erase :
Impress'd on His heart they remain,
 In marks of indelible grace :

And we to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The spirits departed to heaven.

327

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.

- 1 **L**ORD 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?

- 1 **G**OD'S sovereign grace to us has given,
 While pilgrims here below,
 A share in all the joys of heaven,
 And that blest heaven to know.
- 2 With thankful hearts we now can bid
 Farewell to pleasure here!
 With Christ in God our life is hid,
 And all its springs are there.

3 'Tis now conceal'd and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son,
And there, as He, it shall endure,
Though to the world unknown.

4 Then, Lord, remove whate'er divides
Our longing souls from Thee;
'Tis fit that where the Head resides,
The members' hearts should be.

330

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."

331

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.
- 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.

332

8,8,8,6.

1 **J**UST as I was—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I came!

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

3 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 !

4 Just as I am—of that free love,
The fulness and the depth to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come !

333

6—8s.

1 **T**O Thee, O God, our hearts we raise,
In solemn songs of thankful praise ;
Thee as our God and Father own,
And bow our souls before Thy throne :
While, here below, we seek to sound
Thy praise to earth's remotest bound.

2 Worship and praise we render Thee,
Father of endless majesty ;
Thy true and only Son adore,
One with Thyself in bliss and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

- 1 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is His favour,
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that heal'd us,
 Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
 Strong the hand stretch'd forth to shield
 us,
 All must be well.
- 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.

- 1 O GOD, how wide Thy glory shines,
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs.
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power ;
Their motions speak Thy skill :
And on the wings of every hour,
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands
On every work impress'd ;
Each is the labour of Thy hands,
By each Thy power 's confess'd.
- 4 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :
- 5 Here Thy bright character is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,—
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly throne,
While saints on earth that know His name,
Their Lord and Saviour own.

7 How blest are we, who have a part
In the immortal song;
Wonder and joy become our heart,
And praise and thanks our tongue.

336

8s.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous love and
grace!

When we were wretched and undone,
To save a ruin'd, helpless race,
The Father gave His only Son!
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,
No gift like this could ever shine.

2 O gift of love unspeakable!

O gift of mercy all divine!

We once were slaves of death and hell,

But in Christ's image we shall shine:

For every gift a song we raise,

But this demands eternal praise.

3 Praise shall employ these tongues of
ours,

Till we with all the saints above,

Extol His name with nobler powers,

And see the ocean of His love:—

Then, while we look, and wondering

gaze,

We'll fill the heavens with endless praise.

- 1 **T**HE God who dwells above, we call
 Our Father and our Friend ;
 And, blessèd thought ! His children all
 Shall see Him in the end.
- 2 Though now dispersed, the day will come
 When He who made us His,
 Will call us hence, and take us home
 To see Him as He is.
- 3 Though now unknown, we then shall be
 The sons of God confess'd,
 Those who disown us, then shall see
 How richly we are blest.
- 4 Then let us, brethren, while on earth,
 With foes and strangers mix'd,
 Be mindful of our heavenly birth,
 Our thoughts on glory fix'd.
- 5 That we should glorify Him here
 Our Father's purpose is :
 Whene'er the Saviour shall appear,
 He'll fully own us His.

- 1 **S**INCE Thou, the everlasting God,
 Our Father art become ;

Jesus, our Guardian and our Friend,
And heaven our final home :

- 2 We welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when we know not what Thou dost,
We wait the light above.
- 3 Thy gracious love, in all our need,
Shall heavenly light impart ;
And be our theme of endless praise,
When all things else depart.

339

7,6.

- 1 OUR God is our salvation,
Our refuge in distress,
What earthly tribulation
Can shake our steadfast peace ?
- 2 The ground of our profession
Is Jesus and His blood :
He gives us the possession
Of everlasting good.
- 3 We know no condemnation,
No law that speaks despair :
And Satan's accusation,
With Christ, we need not fear.
- 4 For us there is provided
A city fair and new,

To it we shall be guided—
Jerusalem's in view ;

5 Our portion there is lying,
A destined heavenly lot ;
And though we're daily dying,
Our portion withers not.

6 The heart within us leapeth,
And cannot down be cast,
Since with our God it keepeth
Its never-ending feast.

7 The sun which, smiling, lights us,
Is Jesus Christ alone :
And what to song incites us,
Is heaven on earth begun.

340

87.

1 **F**ATHER, 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.

341

C.M.

- 1 **T**WAS past and o'er, that deathful pain
When forth the life-blood flow'd,
That wash'd our souls from ev'ry stain,
That paid the debt we owed.
- 2 Cleansed from our sins, renew'd by grace,
Thy royal throne above,
(Blest Saviour) is our 'destined place,
Our portion there, Thy love.
- 3 Thine eye in that bright cloudless day,
Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
Unblemish'd in Thy sight.

A P P E N D I X .

1

L.M.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS ! 't was a joyful sound
To guilty sinners doom'd to die :
We'd publish it the world around,
And gladly shout it through the sky.
- 2 'T was the rich gift of love divine ;
'T is full, effacing every crime ;
Unbounded shall its glories shine,
And know no change by changing time.
- 3 For this stupendous gift of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we shew !
Where much transgression is forgiven,
May love with fervent ardour glow.
- 4 By love inspired, may all our days
With every heavenly grace be crown'd ;
May truth and goodness, joy and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

2

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 dimm'd my sight,
When pass'd, 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.

3

8,8,8,6.

- 1 **T**HE wanderer no more will roam,
 The lost one to the fold 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.

4

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;
Trode 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!

5

8,7.

1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love:
Yet thou, Lord, hast deign'd to seal it
With Thy Spirit from above.

5 Rescued thus from sin and danger,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood,
May I walk on earth a stranger,
As a son and heir of God.

6

8,7.

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

2 Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loosed them all:

Arms of mercy now surround me,
Favours these, nor few, nor small :
Saviour, keep me !
Keep Thy servant, lest he fall.

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

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

7

7,6.

1 **B**LEST be the God and Father,
Of Jesus Christ the Son,
Who chose us for all blessing
Ere time had yet begun,
That we redeem'd—His children—
Might dwell with Him above,
And know the depth and fulness
Of His unbounded love.

2 Where all those deep affections,
Which fill the Father's heart,
Shall find their satisfaction,
Their joy to us impart ;
Where we, His throne surrounding,
Shall Abba Father say,
Within those many mansions
Prepared for that day.

3 E'en whilst we here are waiting,
His rest on high to share,
We know our blest relation
As children to Him there ;
And by His Spirit's leading,
We Abba Father cry,
With ever-growing longing
We seek our home on high.

8

S.M.

1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the earth we tread,
So far the riches of God's grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His power subdues our sin ;
 And His forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Did all our guilt remove.
- 4 Man's life is as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And all Thy people ever find
 Thy word of promise sure.

9

8,8,8,4.

- 1 **W**E cannot always trace the way
 Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
 move ;
 But we can always surely say,
 That God is love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
 O'er earth—our souls, to heaven above,
 As to their sanctuary, spring,
 For God is love.
- 3 When clouds hang o'er our darken'd path,
 We'll check our dread, each doubt re-
 prove ;
 For here each saint sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.

4 Yes, Thou art love—a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn our tears and woes to bliss ;
Our God is love.

10

10s. or 11s.

1 **T**HOUGH dark be our way, since God
is our Guide,
'Tis ours to obey ; 'tis His to provide :
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall surely
prevail.

2 His love in times past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink :
The Lamb in His glory is ever in view,
The pledge and the proof He will help us
quite through.

3 And since all we meet must work for our
good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease
before long,
And then, how triumphant the conqueror's
song !

- 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,
Watch'd by the Saviour's eye,
'Tis well with them should life endure,
And well if call'd 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 God!

- 1 **W**HAT, though th' Accuser roar
 Of ills that I have done!
 I know them well, and thousands more
 Jehovah findeth none.
- 2 Sin, Satan, Death appear
 To harass and appal :—
 Yet since the gracious Lord is near,
 Backward they go and fall.
- 3 Before, behind, around,
 They set their fierce array,
 To fight and force me from the ground,
 Along life's narrow way.
- 4 I meet them face to face,
 Through Jesu's conquest blest ;
 March in the triumph of His grace,
 Right onward to my rest.
- 5 There, in His book, I bear
 More than a conqueror's name,
 Of soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
 Who fought and overcame.

- 1 **C**HILD of God, by Christ's salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care—
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear ;

Think what Spirit dwells within thee—
Think what Father's smiles are thine—
Think that Jesus died to win thee—
Child of God! wilt thou repine?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before Thee,
God's right hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

14

L.M.

- 1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus, blessèd sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Where pow'rless is the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus: oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus, peaceful rest,
Whence waking we're supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb was slain, His precious blood
 On Calvary's awful tree was shed;
 He for the guilty sinner stood,
 And bore the judgment in his stead.
 He has made peace,
 And now He lives, who once was dead.
- 2 Proclaimer of that peace to all,
 He tells of full unmingled grace,
 To high and low—who hear the call
 To old and young of Adam's race
 He preaches peace,
 And love divine shines in His face.
- 3 Behold Him now, exalted high,
 Upon the throne He took His seat,
 Oh, wondrous grace, that we brought nigh
 And in Him seated are complete,
 He is our peace,
 For light divine He's made us meet.

- 1 **O** JESUS! Friend unfailing!
 How dear art Thou to me!
 And 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 court as pleasure,
 Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
 Thy sorrow, without measure,
 Earn'd 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 scorn'd, 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 unfailing !
How dear art Thou to me !

17

P.M.

SON of the Father, Hail !
Son of God Eternal !
Jesus ! the sinner's Friend,
Whose favour knows no end ;
Love made Thee condescend,
With men to make abode.
And, through Thy precious blood,
We're now brought nigh to God.

Thee, Saviour-Lord, we bless—
Our Lord Jesus !
Full of truth and power ;
Highly blessèd,
Blessèd, evermore.

- 1 **A**ND 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 Oh, 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 redeem'd 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.

- 1 **I**N Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe in 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 dismay'd ?
- 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 ransom'd 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.

20

8.7.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See Him dying on the tree !
'Tis the Christ by man rejected !
Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He !
Mark the sacrifice appointed !
See who bears the awful load !
'Tis the Word, 'tis God's Anointed,
Son of Man and Son of God.

2 Here we have a firm foundation ;
Here 's the refuge of the lost ;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation—
His the name of which we boast,

Lamb of God! for sinners wounded—
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hope have built.

21

10s.

1 **O**H! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,
Well might His name by His saints
be adored
He has redeem'd them from hell by His
blood,
Saved them for ever, and brought them
to God.

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 wretchedness
feel.

3 Thousands have fled to His spear-piercèd
side,
Welcome they all have been, none are
denied;
Weary and laden, they all have been
blest,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.

- 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-belovèd 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.

- 1 **O** JESUS, precious Saviour,
 O when wilt Thou return ?
 Our hearts, with woe familiar,
 To Thee our Master turn.
- 2 Our woe is Thine, Lord Jesus,
 Our joy is in Thy love,
 But woe and joy all lead us
 To Thee in heaven above.

- 3 To Thee we look, Lord Jesus,
To Thee whose love we know,
We wait the power that frees us
From bondage, sin and woe.
- 4 We look for Thine appearing,
Thy presence here to bless,
We greet the day that's nearing,
When all this woe shall cease.
- 5 But, oh, for us, blest Saviour,
How brighter far the lot,
To be with Thee for ever,
Where evil enters not!
- 6 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.
- 7 With Thee, O Lord, for ever,
Our souls shall be content,
Nor act nor thought shall ever
Full joy with Thee prevent.
- 8 O come, then, soon, Lord Jesus,
In patience still we wait,—
Await the power that frees us—
Our long'd-for heavenly seat.

- 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 ;
 Shewing 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.

- 1 **O** THOU who hast redeem'd of old,
 And made us of Thy grace take hold,
 With God at peace through Thee,
 Help me these blessings now to own,
 And tell aloud what Thou hast done,
 O holy Lamb, for me.
- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
 Thy power alone resolved to know,
 Thy love 's the plea I make ;
 Give me the power, 'tis this I claim,
 With heart and life to praise Thy name,
 Give, for Thy mercy's sake.

- 3 Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,
 And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
 Down from the throne above ;
 Love made Thee here a man of grief,
 Distress'd Thee sore for our relief,
 O mystery of love !
- 4 Lord, I am Thine ; Thy love to me
 Constrains my soul to cleave to Thee,
 And gladly to resign
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am ;
 My life be all with Thine the same,
 And all Thy shame be mine.

26

8.6.

- 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 quench'd, 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 look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.

27

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.

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."

28

L.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no other name than Thine,
Jehovah-Jesus ! name divine !
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.
- 2 Name above every name, Thy praise
Shall fill yon courts thro' endless days,
Jehovah-Jesus ! name divine !
Rock of salvation—Thou art mine.

29

P.M.

- 1 **L**EAD, light divine, amid th' encircling
gloom—
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant path, one step 's enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on,
I loved to choose and seek my path ; but
now,
Lead Thou me on ;

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

- 3 Thus far Thy power hath bless'd me, and
it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, through tangled brakes—
on till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn, the everlasting joy,
Which led me on, is mine without alloy.

30

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 pillow'd
On Jesu's breast of love,
Hath oft to me foreshadow'd,
That blissful rest above ;
But, O my soul, remember,
None shall be weary there ;

The ransom'd 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.

31

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 suffer'd, bled, and died :
Sing, my soul ! He lovèd thee,
Jesus gave Himself for me.

2 Hark ! what sounds of bitter weeping,
From yon lonesome garden sweep ;
'Tis the Lord His vigil keeping,
Whilst His followers sink in sleep.
Ah, my soul ! He lovèd thee,
Yes, He gave Himself for me.

3 He is speaking to His Father,
Tasting deep that bitter cup,

Yet He takes it, willing rather
For our sakes to drink it up.
Oh what love ! He lovèd me !
Gave Himself, my soul, for thee.

4 Then that closing scene of anguish ;
All God's waves and billows roll
Over Him, there left to languish
On the cross, to save my soul.
Matchless love ! how vast, how free !
Jesus gave Himself for me.

5 Hark again ! His cries are waking
Echoes on dark Calvary's hill ;
God, my God, art Thou forsaking
Him who always did Thy will ?
Ah, my soul ! it was for thee ;
Yes ! He gave Himself for me.

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

7 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.

1 **I**N weakness and trial,
With God we may plead ;
No fear of denial,
We're sure to succeed :
For, though we oft grieve Him,
His promise is clear,
And love will believe Him :
Our Father will hear.

2 'Gainst the giant-like might
Of our foes we can bring,
As our weapons of fight,
But a stone and a sling.
Should this have dismay'd us,
Our souls it may cheer,
That, call'd on to aid us,
Our Father will hear.

3 Our calls may be faint
As a child's timid cry,
Our hearts' feeble plaint
Scarce venture on high ;
Yet Christ for us pleading,
We may persevere ;
Through Him interceding,
Our Father will hear.

- 1 **R**EST, my soul, the work is done,
 Done by God's almighty Son ;
 This to faith is now so clear,
 There's no place for torturing fear.
- 2 Not through works of weary toil,
 Comes the sunshine of God's smile,
 Won by Christ, if found in Him,
 Brightly falls the glorious beam.
- 3 With belief in Jesus blest,
 We are entering into rest ;
 He who full salvation brought,
 In us all our works hath wrought.
- 4 Come, my soul, take up the cross,
 Count the gain, despise the loss ;
 Labour for and with the Lord,
 Brings exceeding great reward.
- 5 Free from every fear of wrath,
 Choose the labourer's happy path,
 Tread the way which Christ hath trod,
 Till the sabbath of thy God.

- 1 **Y**E trembling saints who love the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away ;
 For lo ! the tomb is empty now—
 The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do ;
There cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
For Jesus lives again ;
Not all the powers of death and hell
The Saviour could detain.
- 4 Exalted far above the skies,
Behold your living Head—
The Lord upon the Father's throne,
Who dwelt among the dead.

35

8,7.

- 1 **A**LL 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 pass'd through apart from sin.
- 2 Now come forth in resurrection,
Passing onward to the throne ;
Having suffer'd 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 pass'd ;
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 finish'd ! It is finish'd !
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.

- 1 **W**E go to meet the Saviour,
His glorious face to see ;
What manner of behaviour
Doth with this hope agree ?
May God's illumination
Guide heart and walk aright ;
That so our preparation
Be pleasing in His sight.
- 2 We 'd gladly while the hours,
Till night shall pass away,
And chant with all our powers
The blessings of that day ;
To Thee, the Lord of glory,
We 'd raise the happy song,
And make Thy love's bright story
The theme of every tongue.
- 3 Not sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw Thy sov'reign favour
To sinners in despair ;
Uncall'd, Thou cam'st with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life is risen,
Has left the darksome grave,
And, death by Him abolish'd,
He's mighty now to save ;
And we, with Him, are risen,
The fruit of all His toil,
The first-fruits of His harvest,
His suffering's richest spoil.
- 2 The Lord of life is seated
At God's right hand on high ;
God's just and righteous answer
To grace which stoop'd to die ;
In Him, we too are seated,
Oh blessèd, wondrous grace !
Accepted and belovèd,
In Him, in sonship's place.
- 3 The Lord of life is coming,
To perfect all His grace ;
To take His blood-bought people,
To fill their heavenly place ;
Oh ! with what joy ascending,
We'll meet Him in the air,
To dwell with Him in glory,
And His blest image bear.

- 1 **W**E adore Thee evermore ; Hallelujah !
 Saviour, for Thy boundless grace ;
 Hallelujah !
 For the cross, whereby to us, Hallelujah !
 Sure is made eternal bliss ; Hallelujah !
- 2 For Thy death which set us free, Hallelujah !
 From sin's cruel slavery ; Hallelujah !
 For Thine all-atoning blood, Hallelujah !
 Which hath brought us nigh to God,
 Hallelujah !

- 1 **H**OW can we sink with such a prop,
 As the eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up
 And spreads 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.

40

7,6.

- 1 **H**AIL 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 ;
Outstretch'd His wide dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

41

8,8,6.

- 1 **R**AISE glad the song ! for we can tell
How sovereign grace dissolved the spell
That kept us bound in chains :
And from that dear and happy day,
How oft constrain'd by grace to say,
That grace triumphant reigns !

- 2 Yes ! though we've stray'd like saints of old,
Grace has restored us to the fold
As captives in its chains ;
Thus, saved by grace, we'd gladly sing,
Till all the earth and heavens ring,
With *Grace triumphant reigns !*

3 Grace still,—till all redeem'd by blood
Are taught to know themselves and God,—
Its empire shall maintain ;
To spoil the mighty of the prey,
To set the captive exile free,
Shall grace triumphant reign.

4 Then call'd to meet the church's Head,
The Saviour's grace shall banish dread,
His love our souls sustain ;
And, as we rise to endless day,
We'll raise the voice, and boldly say,
Grace doth triumphant reign !

42

8,7.

1 SAVIOUR, lead us by Thy power
Safe into the promised rest ;
Choose the path,—the way whatever
Seems to Thee, O Lord, the best :
Be our guide in every peril,
Watch and keep us night and day,
Else our foolish hearts will wander
From the strait and narrow way.

2 Since in Thee is our redemption,
And salvation full and free,
Nothing need our souls dishearten
But forgetfulness of Thee :

Nought can stay our steady progress,
More than conquerors we shall be,
If our eye, whate'er the danger,
Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.

- 3 In Thy presence we are happy ;
In Thy presence we 're secure ;
In Thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure ;
In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Wandering from Thee we are feeble ;
Let Thy love, Lord, keep us nigh.

43

7,6.

- 1 O GOD of Grace, our Father,
All praise we give to Thee,
'Tis in Thy sovereign favour
All blessedness we see ;
There only is the fountain
Whence living waters flow,
Which like a glorious river
Still gladden as they go.

- 2 As Thine, Thou didst foreknow us
From all eternity ;
Thy chosen, loved ones ever,
Kept present to Thine eye ;

And when was come the moment,—
Thou, calling by Thy grace,
Didst gently, firmly draw us
Each from his hiding-place.

- 3 Thy word, Thyself reflecting,
Doth sanctify by truth,
Still leading on Thy children
With gentle heavenly growth.
Thus still the work proceedeth,
The work begun by grace,
For each is meet, and training,
Father, to see Thy face.

44

C.M.

- 1 **G**OD 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.

45

7,6.

1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
With cords of love to Thee,
And evermore remind us
How mercy set us free.
O may the Holy Spirit
Keep this before our eyes,
That we Thy death and merit
Above all else may prize!

2 We are of God's salvation
Assured through Thy love,
Yet oft, on slight occasion,
How faithless do we prove!

Thou hast our sins forgiven—
Then leaving all behind,
We would press on to heaven,
Bearing the prize in mind.

- 3 O may we, then, Lord! ever,
While in this vale of tears,
Look up to Thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.
For Thou wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame;
O let Thy love then make us
True to Thy faith and name!

46

6—8s.

- 1 **H**AVE I an object, Lord, below,
Which would divide my heart with
Thee;
Which would divert its even flow
In answer to Thy constancy?
Oh teach me quickly to return,
And cause my heart afresh to burn.
- 2 Have I a hope, however dear,
Which would defer Thy coming, Lord!
Which would detain my spirit here,
(Where nought can lasting joy afford)?
From it, my Saviour, set me free,
To look, and long, and wait for Thee.

- 3 Be Thou the object, bright and fair,
To fill and satisfy the heart ;
My hope to meet Thee in the air,
And nevermore from Thee to part :
That I may undistracted be
To follow, serve, and wait for Thee.

47

7s.

- 1 **G**OD in mercy sent His Son
To a world by sin undone ;
Jesus Christ was crucified—
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.
O 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.
O the glory, &c.
- 3 All who in His name believe,
Everlasting life receive ;
Lord of all is Jesus now,
Every knee to Him must bow.
O the glory, &c.
- 4 Christ the Lord will come again,
He who suffer'd once will reign,

Every tongue at last shall own,
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.
O the glory, &c.

48

P.M.

- 1 **T**HE Father sent the Son
 A ruin'd world to save ;
Man meted to the Sinless One
 The cross—the grave :
Blest Substitute from God !
 Wrath's awful cup He drain'd ;
Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's
 Reproach sustain'd.
- 2 The new and living Way
 Stands open now to heaven ;
Thence, where the blood is seen alway,
 God's gift is given.
 The river of His grace,
 Through righteousness supplied,
Is flowing o'er the barren place
 Where Jesus died.
- 3 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 ;
O sinner, to the Saviour bow,
 The truth believe !

- 1 **T**HERE 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 nail'd to the tree.
- 2 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou
 seen ?
 His cry of distress hast thou heard ?
 Then why if the terrors of wrath He
 endured,
 Should pardon to thee be deferr'd ?
- 3 We are heal'd by His stripes. Wouldst
 thou add to the word ?
 And He is our righteousness made ;
 The best robe of heaven He bids thee put
 on ;
 Oh ! couldst thou be better array'd ?
- 4 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
 appear'd,
 And completed the work He begun.
- 5 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.

- 6 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.

50

8.7.

- 1 **B**ROKEN heart ! the fountain's open,
Christ hath died upon the tree,
All the powers of hell are shaken,
Grace flows down from God to thee.
- 2 God Himself, the Source, the Fountain,
Christ the Way the waters flow,
By the Spirit, down from heaven
To the thirsty heart below.
- 3 Now's the time, the time accepted,
Now to thee God's Light hath shone ;
Christ God's love hath manifested,
He the finish'd work hath done.
- 4 By one righteousness completed,
Adam's life receives its doom ;
Jesus Christ, in glory seated,
Everlasting life hath won.

5 Broken heart! the river's flowing,
Haste! delay not! yet there's room;
Hear the word of God beseeching—
“Whosoever thirsts may come.”

51

C.M.

1 **O** WHAT a gift the Father gave
When He bestow'd His Son!
To save poor ruin'd, 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 turn'd my night to day.

3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,
Though all unworthy still;
I'm shelter'd 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.

52

S.M.

1 **B**EHOLD! behold the Lamb of God
On the cross;
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the cross.

Oh, hear the overwhelming cry,—
“Eli lama sabachthani?”

Draw near and see the Saviour die,
On the cross.

2 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up,
On the cross :
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross ;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,—
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross.

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

53

C.M.

1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
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 groan'd 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.

54

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 ruin'd 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 Agonising in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies,—
“It is finish’d!”
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.

55

8.7.

- 1 “CALL them in”—the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stain’d 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 broken-hearted,
Cow’ring ’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."

56

S.M.

- 1 VAIN is the thought of man
To merit heaven by prayer ;
'Tis only Jesus' precious blood
Can give admission there.
- 2 Could ceaseless prayers ascend—
Could tears for ever flow ;
The soul were still unblest, unsaved,
And peace could never know.
- 3 But faith's one look at Christ
Expiring on the tree—
One heart-believing glance at Him,
Can set the sinner free.
- 4 None can, without the blood
Of Jesus, be forgiven ;
'Tis resting on the blood alone
That fits the soul for heaven.

57

8,8,8,6.

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

- 2 Behold the cross on which He died ;
Behold His wounded, bleeding side ;
Come, in His precious love confide—
Come, anxious sinner, come !
- 3 True joy the world can ne'er afford,
'Tis found alone in Christ the Lord,
In Him for wretched sinners stored—
Come, anxious sinner, come !
- 4 God loves to hear the contrite cry,
He loves to see the tearful eye,
To read the Spirit's deep-felt sigh—
Come, anxious sinner, come !
- 5 Oh ! if to Jesus you repair,
You'll find eternal comfort there,
And soon shall heavenly glory share—
Come, anxious sinner, come !

58

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 substance waste
On trifles light as air ? &c.

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, &c.

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

59

8,6.

1 **N**OT all the gold of all the world,
And all its wealth combined,
Could give relief, or comfort yield
To one distracted mind ;
'Tis only to the precious blood
Of Christ, the soul can fly,
There only can a sinner find
A flowing full supply.

2 Gold could not give the heart relief
The malefactor craved,
Ah, no ! 'twas Christ, the Christ of God,
That dying sinner saved ;
Faith's view of Him who bleeding hung
A victim by His side.
He saw, he knew the Lord was there,
The Lord for Him had died.

- 3 O what can equal joy divine ?
And what can sweeter be,
Than knowing that this Christ is mine
To all eternity ?
Safe in the Lord, without a doubt,
By virtue of the blood ;
For nothing can destroy the life
That 's hid with Christ in God.

60

8,7,4.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of Jesus calling—
“ Come, ye laden, come to Me ;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee :
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be.”
- 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 ;
Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be.”
- 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 :
“ Take salvation—
Take it *now* and happy be.”

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

61

S.M.

- 1 **W**HAT, sinner, canst thou do ?
Where, sinner, canst thou fly ?
Eternal wrath hangs o'er thy head,
And judgment lingers nigh.
- 2 For God must visit sin
With His displeasure sore :
Since He is holy, just, and true,
And righteous evermore.
- 3 So Jesus died for sin—
Upon the cross He died ;
God's righteousness was there display'd,
And justice satisfied.
- 4 Faith is the way of life ;
Believe in Christ and live ;
Fly to the shelter of His blood,
And peace with God receive.

62

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 ruin'd by the fall,
Christ for my soul hath suffer'd,
Yes! Christ has done it all.

2 And if I now would seek Him,—
In love He sought for me,
When far from home I wander'd
In sin and misery;
He oped 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 ransom'd 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 redeem'd me;
Yes, Thou hast done it all."

63

S.M.

- 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,
O make no vain excuse :
No yoke of oxen, wife, or field,
Instead of Jesus choose.
- 3 "All things are ready," Come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.
- 4 "All things are ready," Come,
The door is open wide,
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ His Son has died.
- 5 "All things are ready," Come,
All hindrance is removed ;
And God, in Christ, His precious love
To fallen man has proved.

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

64

8,8,6.

- 1 **T**HOUGH all the beasts that live and feed
Upon a thousand hills should bleed—
Though all their blood should flow,
The sacrifice would be in vain,
The stain of sin would still remain :
Sin is not cancell'd so.
- 2 "A better sacrifice" than these
It needs, the conscience to appease
Or satisfy the Lord :
No blood hath virtue to atone
For man's offence, but His alone
Whose title is "The Word."
- 3 His who could say, Himself the Son,
"My Father and Myself are One,"
Who made the world around ;
His, who Jehovah's Fellow stood,
And claimed equality with God,
Whose glory knows no bounds.
- 4 Jesus the Christ, on earth His Name,
He came—in love to sinners came—
And bow'd His head and died ;

A full atonement now is made,
The ransom, by His death, is paid
And Justice satisfied.

- 5 That sinners might draw near to Him
God plann'd this great, this gracious scheme,
And found the ransom too :
Let all His saints their voices raise,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise
While endless ages flow.

65

7,6.

- 1 **G**O, tell thy wants to Jesus,
Thou needy anxious one ;
Spread out thy case to Jesus,
And look to Him alone ;
To God confess, through Jesus,
He's faithful to forgive ;
And love the name of Jesus,
Through whom alone we live.

- 2 And follow only Jesus,
Through the world's trackless maze ;
And yield each day to Jesus
The tribute of thy praise ;
Oh ! praise the name of Jesus
Above aught else beside ;
Till thou above, with Jesus,
In light be glorified.

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 in *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 !”

67

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE perfect righteousness of God
Is witness’d 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.”

68

P.M.

- 1 **B**Y faith I see the Saviour dying—
On the tree ;
To ruin’d sinners He is crying—
“ Look to me.”

He bids the guilty now draw near,
Hark, hark ! His precious words I hear—
So soft, so sweet, they banish fear ;
“ Mercy’s free.”

2 This mercy still my soul refreshes—
“ Oh how free,”
And every moment Christ is precious—
Unto me.

None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through the wilderness I rove,
Enjoying still my Saviour’s love—
“ Mercy’s free.”

3 Long as I live I’d still be crying,
“ Mercy’s free ;”
Point to the Lamb for sinners dying,
On the tree.

There all my foes He hath withstood,
Washed all my sins away with blood,
Made manifest the love of God,
E’en to me.

4 How sweet the truth, ye sinners, hear it,
“ Mercy’s free.”
Ye saints of God, to all declare it,
“ Mercy’s free.”

Visit your neighbour’s dark abode,
Proclaim to all this love of God,
Oh spread the joyful news abroad,
“ Mercy’s free.”

- 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!

- 1 **W**E sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair,
 The glorious mansions of rest—
 But what must it be to be there?

- 2 We tell of its service of love ;
The robes which the glorified wear ;
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We tell of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

71

7s.

- 1 **O**H, my Saviour crucified,
Near Thy cross would I abide,
Gazing with adoring eye
On Thy dying agony.
- 2 Jesus bruised and put to shame,
Tells the glories of God's name ;
Holy judgment there I found,
Grace did there o'er sin abound.
- 3 God is love I surely know,
In the Saviour's depth of woe,
In the Sinless, in God's sight,
Sin is justly brought to light.

4 In His spotless soul's distress,
I have learnt my guiltiness;
Oh, how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great!

5 Rent the veil that closed the way
To my home of heavenly day,
In the flesh of Christ the Lord,
Ever be His name adored!

6 Yet in sight of Calvary,
Contrite should my spirit be,
Rest and holiness there find
Fashion'd like my Saviour's mind.

72

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.

73

S.M. D.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love the Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd :
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 follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild :
He found me nigh to death,
Famish'd 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 wash'd 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 the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controll'd;
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.

74

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 number'd 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 piercèd side, His hands, and feet,
Proclaim redemption's work complete—
“He is our peace.”

3 God finds eternal rest in Him—
“He is our peace ;”
That rest which was disturb'd 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.”

75

C.M.

1 “NO separation”!—oh, my soul,
’Tis God who speaks the word,
So close the Spirit thee unites
With Christ thy risen Lord.

2 “No separation”!—thou art His,
And His for evermore ;

- Upon the cross thy debt He paid,
And all thy judgment bore.
- 3 "No separation"!—precious word;
In it, my soul, be glad;
Loved with an everlasting love,
And one with Jesus made.
- 4 "No separation"!—life nor death,
Things present nor to come,
Can part thee from His precious care,
Or rob thee of thy home.
- 5 "No separation"!—link'd with Him,
His glory—all is thine;
Oh, wondrous love, that thus could plan
A union so divine!

76

P.M.

- 1 **T**HINE, 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, fix'd 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 !

77

7.6.

1 **T**HE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sigh'd 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 streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above !

There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

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

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 piercèd hand :—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

- 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 Whilst Thou art away, Lord,
I stumble and stray, Lord,
Oh! hasten the day of Thy coming again.
This is not my rest, Lord,
A pilgrim confess'd, Lord,
I wait to be blest, 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.

79

7,6.

- 1 **O**UR great High Priest is sitting
At God's right hand above,
For us His hands uplifting,
In sympathy and love :
Whilst here below, in weakness,
We onward speed our way ;
In sorrow oft and sickness,
We sigh and groan and pray.
- 2 Through manifold temptation,
My soul holds on her course,
Christ's mighty intercession
Alone is her resource ;
My gracious High Priest's pleadings,
Who on the cross did bleed,
Bring down God's grace and blessings,
Help in each hour of need.
- 3 Oh, Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
We hope to see Thee soon,
Who once on earth didst suffer,
Who soon for us wilt come ;
'T was God's most gracious favour,
That gave His Son to die,—
To live our Intercessor,
To plead for us on high.

- 1 **T**REMBLING soul, behold thy Saviour
 Seated on the Father's throne ;
Object of God's highest favour,
 See Him, God's belovèd Son !
- 2 Once on earth in Bethlehem's manger,
 As a helpless babe He lay,
God come down from heaven to suffer,
 Love to sinners to display.
- 3 Trembling soul, see God beside thee,
 In a servant's form come near,
Sitting, walking, talking with thee !
 Sinai's mount no longer fear.
- 4 See Him weary, yet that sought thee,
 Sitting on Samaria's well,
Or in Simon's house that found thee,
 Snatch'd thee from the jaws of hell.
- 5 See the lonely Man now bending,
 In the lone Gethsemane,
Drops of blood His conflict marking,
 Whilst He prays in agony !
- 6 Onward still to Calvary marching,
 Onward still He speeds His way,
(His own Father's will fulfilling,)
 Love to sinners to display.
- 7 Sinner, see the bleeding Saviour,
 Pierced and nail'd to Calvary's tree ;

Sacrifice of sweetest savour,
Object of man's enmity!

- 8 See the sun at noonday hidden,
See the rocks and mountains shake,
See the Man 'midst darkness smitten!
Why did God His Son forsake?
- 9 Sinner, hear the wondrous story,
Jesus died and rose for thee;
God in heaven now waits to save thee,
Now believing thou art free.

81

8,8,6.

- 1 **L**ET all who know the joyful sound,
With gladness send the tidings round,
And tell that God is love:
That God so loved the world, He gave
His own dear Son to save;
God's message from above.
- 2 That all who in the Son believe,
Shall never perish, but receive
Life endless and divine;
No condemnation e'er shall know,
From death to life they pass below,
And then in glory shine.
- 3 'Tis not of works: let no man boast,
Save in His name, who saves the lost,
The Lord our Righteousness!

Poor sinner, now from working cease,
And claim from God a blood-bought
 peace,
And Jesus, Lord confess.

4 Let all who know our God rejoice,
Praise Him in songs with cheerful voice,
 And live to Him alone :
Let sinners too take up the strain,
Exalt the Lamb for sinners slain,
 The coming Saviour own.

5 The Spirit and the bride say—Come !
Let him that heareth too, say—Come !
 Whoever thirsts may come :
Water of life is freely given
Till Christ the Lord descends from heaven ;
 Lord Jesus, quickly come !

82

P.M.

1 COME to the blood-stain'd tree ;
 The Victim bleeding lies ;
God sets the sinner free,
 Since Christ a Ransom dies :
The Spirit will apply
 His blood to cleanse the soul,
O burden'd soul draw nigh,
 For none can come in vain,—
 Come, come, come.

2 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson dye,
There's boundless mercy here—
Do not from mercy fly :
Oh, do not doubt His word,
There's pardon full and free,
For Justice smote the Lord,
And sheathes her sword for thee—
Come, come, come.

3 Look not within for peace,
Within there's nought to cheer ;
Look up, and find release
From sin, and self and fear ;
If gloom thy soul enshroud,
If tears faith's eye bedim,
If doubts around thee crowd,
Come tell them all to Him.
Come, come, come.

83

C.M.

1 **B**EHOLD 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 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 Would 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.

84

8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4.

1 ONE there is above all others—
O how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's—
O how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
O how He loves!

2 Joy and peace it is to know Him—
O how He loves:

Think, O think how much we owe Him—
O how He loves!

With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His loved ones safely brought us—
Oh how He loves!

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus—
O how He loves!

'Tis His great delight to bless us—

O how He loves !

How our hearts delight to hear Him

Bid us dwell in safety near Him—

Why should we distrust or fear Him ?—

O how He loves !

4 Through His name we are forgiven—

O how He loves !

Backward shall our foes be driven—

O how He loves !

Best of blessings He 'll provide us,

Nought but good shall e'er betide us—

Safe to glory He will guide us—

O how He loves !

85

L.M.

1 **T**HE cross ! the cross, oh, that's our gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain :

'Twas there the Lord was crucified,

'Twas there for us the Saviour died.

2 What wondrous cause could move Thy heart,

To take on Thee our curse and smart,

Well knowing we should ever be

So cold, so negligent of Thee ?

3 The cause was Love—we sink with shame

Before our blessèd Jesus' name,

That He should bleed and suffer thus,

Because He loved and pitied us.