

H Y M N S

FOR MALAWI

ENGLISH VERSION OF
NYIMBO ZA MULUNGU

Jenni Barr
June 2005

HYMNS FOR MALAWI

English version of

NYIMBO ZA MULUNGU ZOLEMBEDWA M'CHICHEWA

Published by the
Christian Literature Association in Malawi
P.O. Box 503, Blantyre, Malawi.

First Edition (Chicheŵa) January 1916
Revised Edition (Chicheŵa) February 1954
Second Revision (Chicheŵa) May 1967
Revised Music-Edition (Chicheŵa) July 1974
This English Edition June 1975

PREFACE TO THE FIRST CHICHEŴA EDITION

This Hymn-book is the work of a Committee appointed by the Conference of the *Federated Missions of Nyasaland* (now Malawi) which was held in 1910.

It contains hymns from many sources, more especially the hymn-books of the various missionary bodies at work in the country. Some of the older hymns have been revised, and many new ones added to make the collection as complete as possible. While the hymns are largely of European composition, not a few (some, indeed, both words and music) are of African production.

The Committee take this opportunity of expressing their indebtedness to all, African and European alike, who by their help have made this collection possible.

The Committee have also to return sincere thanks to the authors and proprietors of copyright music, for the generous manner in which they have responded to requests to make use of their tunes.

For permission to use copyright tunes the Committee are specially grateful to the following, who, without payment of fee, have kindly allowed their use:—

Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for "Aber"; "Alstone"; "Gerontius"; "In Memoriam"; "Leicester"; "Misericordia"; "Morning"; "Requiescat"; "Stephanos"; "St. Andrew"; "St. Margaret"; "Vox Dilecti"; John Adcock, Esq., for "Woodbrook"; A. M. Bramall, Esq., for "Compassion"; Rev. W. Garnett Horder, for "Hesperus"; Miss J. G. Matheson, for "St. Margaret" (A. L. Peace, Mus.D.); A. H. Mann, Esq., Mus.D., for "Angels' Story"; Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., Ltd., for "Regent's Square"; "Bethany"; "Lancashire";

Sir E. C. Perry, for "Vesalius";

Praise Committee of the U.F. Church, for "Invermay";

Trustees of the *Church Hymnary*, for "Remembrance";

Rev. F. G. Wesley, for "Aurelia";

Miss A. G. Hatley, for "St. Helen";

A. M. C. Bell, Esq., W.S., for "St. Giles";

Permission has been obtained by payment of fee, in many cases of a purely nominal amount, for the following, for which the Committee are also deeply indebted:—

Sacred Songs and Solos, for a very large number of tunes, the granting of which has made this collection possible in its present form.

Charles M. Alexander, Esq., for "Redemption Ground"; "Gospel of Thy Grace"; "Christ Receiveth"; "Crowning Day";

Josiah Booth, Esq., for "Beechwood";

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., for "Pax Tecum";

Alfred Legge, Esq., for "Theodora";

Miss Florence Monk, for the representatives of the late W. H. Monk,

Mus.D., for "Minto"; "Adsis Jesu"; "Colyton";

Edward M. Oakeley, Esq., for "Abends";

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PREFACE TO SECOND REVISION (CHICHEWA EDITION)

In 1962 the *Fellowship of Christian Churches in Malawi* (the former *Federated Missions of Nyasaland*) appointed a committee to revise the Hymn-book. This revision was necessitated by the dissatisfaction of most Christians with the words-revision in the 1954 edition, and there was a general demand for returning to the words of the 1916 edition. In the present revision we have generally returned to the words of the 1916 edition, but some were revised for both contents and better Chichewa. A very few hymns were replaced, and some new hymns were added, to bring the total to 376. As most hymns are translations from English, the first lines of the English version have been added. The tunes have not been revised, but a Musical Committee will later be appointed for this purpose.

This revision of the words is intended to be final. If the present book no longer satisfies, a completely new Hymn-book must be published, giving special attention to African hymns and tunes.

The Committee thanks all who assisted with the present revision. We also thank His Excellency the Life President of Malawi for permission to include the National Anthem of Malawi in this book.

It is our fervent prayer that these hymns will adorn the worship of the Churches in Malawi, when we all together raise our songs to Him who must be worshipped and praised for evermore.
May 1967

Proprietor of this Hymnbook: On 18th May 1967 *The Fellowship of Christian Churches in Malawi* gave the ownership of this Hymn-book to the former Literature Committee of *The Christian Council of Malawi*, but as from 1968 the Hymn-book is in the hands of the *Christian Literature Association in Malawi* (C.L.A.I.M.). The original owner (*The Fellowship of Christian Churches in Malawi*) ceased to function and was disbanded.
March 1968

PREFACE TO THE REVISED MUSIC-EDITION (CHICHEWA).

Because of the Chichewa revision of 1967, the music-edition of *Nyimbo za Mulungu* had to be revised (in Chichewa many hymns have one syllable or metre more per line than the English, and the 1954 Chichewa-edition had eliminated this extra syllable). At the same time a serious effort was to be made of introducing indigenous (African) tunes, and some unknown tunes were to be replaced.

In doing this the Committee decided to write down all tunes exactly as they are sung in Malawi, for European tunes are generally spontaneously adapted to the African way of singing (especially through the use of the *pentatonic scale*, elimination of *half-tones* and *quarter-beats*, etc.). We accordingly give our apologies to the composers and owners of tunes for these changes to their tunes. However, it must be emphasized that the Committee itself did not change these tunes: we simply wrote down what has become the traditional way of singing such tunes in this country.

We are very grateful indeed for the many indigenous tunes which were found. Certain hymns have quite a number of such local tunes. For this edition we

L. R. Peace, Esq., for "Crux Crudelis"; "Greenhill"; Messrs. John F. Shaw & Co., for "Nox Praecessit"; Rev. F. G. Wesley, for "Winnscott";

Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department, for "Cliftonville"; Messrs. Novello & Co., for "Coena Domini"; "Courage Brother"; "Day of Rest"; "Deerhurst"; "Evelyn"; "Evening Prayer"; "Humility"; "Longwood"; "Maidstone"; "Mansfield"; "North Coates"; "Radford"; "Ruth"; "St. Agnes"; "St. Gertrude"; "Springtime"; "Veni Domine Jesu".

The Committee also desire very specially to tender their warmest thanks to the Rev. George Bell, M.A., Mus.D., for the invaluable aid he has so ungrudgingly given while this book was in preparation.

Great care has been taken to ascertain the proprietorship of all copyright tunes and to obtain permission for their use. Should there occur, however, any unintentional infringement of copyright or omission of special acknowledgment in this collection, the Committee beg to express their regret, and trust that any such will be pardoned.
January 1916.

PREFACE TO REVISED CHICHEWA EDITION

As long ago as 1934, the *Consultative Board of Federated Missions* appointed a representative committee to revise the Chichewa Hymn-book. From the outset this committee took a wide view of its remit, purposing to replace many of the translations of European hymns by hymns more typically African in thought and expression, and much of the European music by African airs, or where that was not possible by more suitable European tunes. Various causes have conspired to delay the work, but the idea in the mind of the original committee has never been abandoned. On the contrary it is realised more than ever that many of the hymns are far from being suitable either in words or music as a medium of praise for the African Church. A more truly African hymnbook is an urgent need.

The Church however cannot wait longer for a new edition of its Hymnbook, and it has been decided meantime to reprint all the hymns contained in the 1916 edition with such alterations as the Committee has been able to make by way of improvement. Some hymns have been set to a tune different from that in the old edition, most of these new tunes being already in use in some of the Churches using the book. A short supplement has been added containing new material from various sources. We are grateful to *Sumu za Ukristu* for permission to use several African airs, in most cases set to translations from ChiTumbuka.

The Committee records its thanks to the following holders of copyright for kind permission to make use of tunes, as well as to those named in the preface to the Hymnbook of 1916:—

Messrs. Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd., for "Wye Valley" by Rev. Dr. Mountain ("Like a River", 134) and "Must I go and emptyhanded?" (171).

The Committee has endeavoured to respect all Copyright, but if any omission has inadvertently been made it is hoped that it will be forgiven.

It is the earnest prayer of the Committee that by the blessing of God this book may be for the enrichment of the Church's praise.
February 1954.

are taking up all such tunes, with the understanding that a selection of the most popular of these tunes will be made in a future reprint of the book.

A special word of thanks to those Malawians who composed some new tunes. Acknowledgements are made with each hymn, but should any name inadvertently have been omitted, please inform the publishers, so that this can be put right when the book is reprinted. There are still some hymns with unsatisfactory or difficult tunes, and we trust that Malawians will compose new tunes for these hymns as well.

Africans have a natural way of harmonising, which is often quite different from the original harmony of the European composer of that tune. We therefore wrote only the melody part (*soprano*), so that singers can harmonise as they please; African people cannot be forced to use the European harmony. In Malawi it is usual to draw out the singing of hymns at funerals and rural prayer meetings by repetition of the chorus (refrain). However, at public worship in the main centres the chorus is sung once only after each verse. Holders of the copyright of hymns are again thanked for permission to use their tunes and hymns. In addition to previous acknowledgements, we also thank the Assemblies of God Mission for "I'm just a-passing thru", and *Sumu za Ukristu* for some more translated hymns. In many instances we were unable to trace the names of composers and owners of copyright, e.g. in the case of tunes picked up by Malawians working in Rhodesia and S. Africa, and we apologise to the holders of such copyright.

There were many complaints about the omission of some well-loved hymns, in the 1967 edition. Most of these are now included in an appendix as Hymns 377-384.

Minor corrections and alterations of the language (Chicheŵa) have been made in this edition, but the old and new books can be used together, as this was not a major revision of the text as with the 1967 edition.

Some European tunes are quite acceptable in Africa and many of them are well-loved, and should not be removed. Yet there are still a few foreign tunes left in this book which are strange and unacceptable, and which cannot be sung well even when diligently taught. On the other hand, the local African tunes are in no way inferior, or "pagan", or fit for use only in villages or at funerals or at women's meetings. The African tunes should most certainly be used at public worship in our Churches, so that our singing can be lively and joyful, out of the hearts.

July 1974

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

The people of Malawi are mostly rural people, and the Churches therefore used to worship in the vernacular only. With the rapid development of the country and its people since Independence, English is now also being used for worship in churches, colleges and schools—especially in the towns and cities.

Unfortunately none of the scores of English hymnals is quite suitable for use

in many Churches in Malawi, because generally most of their hymns are unknown to users of *Nyimbo za Mulungu*. This book (in use now for nearly three-quarters of a century) was compiled from many sources, the greatest part coming from *Sacred Songs and Solos* (Sankey), *The Church Hymnary*, *The Keswick Hymnbook* (formerly *Hymns of Consecration and Faith*) and *The Methodist Hymn-book*, but with some hymns from many other sources. No one of these books on its own can be taken as the English counterpart of *Nyimbo za Mulungu*.

Therefore CLAIM granted the request from one of the main users of *Nyimbo za Mulungu* that an English version of the book be published, with the numbers in the Chicheŵa and English versions corresponding. The original English (or translations into English) of most hymns were found, but there are about 70 hymns for which other hymns had to be substituted in the English, because they were either original Chicheŵa, Chitumbuka or Dutch hymns which had no English version, or were duplicated in the Chicheŵa (e.g. Nyimbo 15 and 311, 64 and 70, 257 and 258, 117 and 382, 155 and 322, 105 and 354, 122 and 355, 128 and 133, 201 and 383, 107 and 337, 274 and 336). These hymns were replaced by hymns of similar contents where possible, and they are indicated by an asterisk (*) next to their numbers.

As far as practicable the same tune as in the Chicheŵa version has been used for each hymn, but it should be remembered that in the Chicheŵa many hymns have an additional syllable or metre to each line. In a few cases the metres of the Chicheŵa and English differ completely, so that separate tunes have to be used. Sometimes the indigenous (African) tunes can also be used for the English versions.

It is not possible to publish a music edition of this book now, and therefore we have indicated, at the top of each hymn, the tune recommended, as well as the number where that tune can be found in three of the most readily available English hymnals, viz. *Church Hymnary*, *Hymns of Faith*, and *Sacred Songs and Solos*. Where a tune is not found in any of these three books, another book is indicated. When singing in English we should always endeavour to sing the tunes correctly as originally written, and not in the adapted or Africanised way used in the revised Chicheŵa *tonic-solfa* edition.

Some of the approximately 70 "new" hymns in this English edition of *Nyimbo za Mulungu* are already covered by the earlier copyright acknowledgements. We were not in a position to trace ownership of the remainder, but we shall be glad to rectify this in future editions where ownership has been ascertained.

May this English edition of *Nyimbo za Mulungu* find widespread use and be as well-loved as the Chicheŵa edition, to the glory of God!

June 1975

NOTICE

The following symbols and abbreviations are used in this book:

* An asterisk indicates that this hymn is only found in this English hymn book, and that it does not have an equivalent Chicheŵa version in *Nyimbo za Mulungu*.

13(311) The number in brackets indicate that in *Nyimbo za Mulungu* a second Chicheŵa version of hymn 13 is found in Nyimbo 311.

F230 Indicates the tune of Hymn No.230 in *Hymns of Faith*.
Other Hymn Books are indicated as follows:—

- C *The Church Hymnary*, Revised edition, 1927.
S *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1200 pieces (Sankey).
F *Hymns of Faith*, 1964.
M *The Methodist Hymn-Book*, 1933.
K *The Keswick Hymn-Book*.
A *Alexander's Hymns No.3*.
B *The Baptist Hymn Book*, 1962.
P *Church Praise*, Revised edition, 1907.
N *Nyimbo za Mulungu*, 1954.
V *Songs of Victory*, 3rd edition.
SU *Sumu za Ukristu*, 1961.
PH *Psalter Hymnal*, 1959.
CR *Crusader Hymns*, 1966.
OC *Old Church Hymnary*, 1898.
OS *Old Sacred Songs and Solos*, 888 pieces (Sankey).
OP *Old Church Praise*, 1882.
AP *Africa Praise*, 1968.
NS *120 Negro Spirituals*, Morija, 1951.
CD *Cantate Domino*, 1951 (1960).
T&N *Tunes from Nyasaland*, 1959.
SCO *S.C.O.M. Songs*, 1972.

GOD: THE HOLY TRINITY

1 *Nicaea*—S22, C1, F101

1 Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning
our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons,
blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy!
All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim
falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and
ever-more shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy!
Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man
Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy;
there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in
love and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name
in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy,
Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons,
blesséd Trinity!

2 *Crassellius*—C92
(also as 23, 313)

1 We praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound a-
broad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the great Jehovah own.

Loud hallelujahs to Thy Name
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in
heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
Earth and the heavens are full of
Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song,
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to Thee, O God most high:
Father, we praise Thy majesty,
The Son, the Spirit we adore,—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

3 *Rivaulx*—C5, F107

1 Father of heav'n, whose love pro-
found

A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer,
Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

4 Thrice holy Father, Spirit, Son;
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

4 *Regent Square*—C7, S255, F51

1 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,—
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory! Glory, glory
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,

Made us kings with Him to reign!
 Glory, glory! Glory, glory
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
 Glory to the Church's King,
 Glory to the King of nations!
 Heaven and earth, your praises bring:
 Glory, glory! Glory, glory
 To the King of Glory bring!

5 * *Trumpet—S230*

Wesley—C76, F536
 (also as 49, 378)

1 We give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all our comforts here,
 And better hopes above.
 He sent His own eternal Son,
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe;
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live.
 His work completes the great design
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
 Be endless honours done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One.
 Where reason fails, with all her
 powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

GOD: IN CREATION

6 * *Lobe den Herren—C22, F33*

1 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,
 the King of creation;
 O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy
 health and salvation;

GOD: IN PROVIDENCE

Hath 'established it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light;
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.

5 O measureless Might!
 Ineffable Love!
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lip to Thy praise.

GOD: IN PROVIDENCE

8 *Nun danket—C29, F38*

1 Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices,—
 Who, from our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours today.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever-joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us,
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven,—
 The one, eternal God,
 Whom earth and heav'n adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

9 *Harts—C11, S329, F646*

1 Let us, with a glad some mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

*For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.*

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
 For of gods He is the God:

3 He, with all commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light:

4 He His chosen race did bless,
 In the wasteful wilderness:

5 He hath with a piteous eye,
 Looked upon our misery:

6 All things living He doth feed;
 His full hand supplies their need:

7 Let us then with glad some mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

10 *Monmouth—F52*

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being
 last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God! He made the sky,
 And earth, and sea, with all their
 train:
 His truth for ever stands secure:
 He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the
 poor,

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience
 peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow, and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet re-
 lease.

- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me
breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last
Or immortality endures.
- 11 * *Melcombe—F40, C259*
Wincott—C338
(also as 31, 64, 209, 214,
240, 248, 291, 313)
- 1 Father of all! whose pow'rful voice
Called forth this universal frame;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
- 2 Thy by Thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed,
Thou' hear'st Thy every creature's
call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
- 3 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
And guardian care for all are free,
To Thee, in fierce temptation's hour,
From sin and Satan let us flee.
- 4 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou
art;
In us be all Thy goodness showed.
Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
With peace, and joy, and heaven,
and God.
- 5 Father, 'tis Thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.
- 6 On Thee we cast our care; we live
Through Thee, who know'st our need:
O feed us with Thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread.

12

- Cwm Rhondda—F410*
Praise my soul—C21, F9
- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven
Evermore His praises sing:
Praise Him! praise Him!

- Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress:
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, an' swift to bless:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely yet His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, in the height adore Him;
Yet behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

13

- Dominus regit me—C438, F396*
St. Columba—C196, F396
(also: s 119)
- 1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures
grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight!
Thy unction grace bestoweth;

- And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

14

- Rousseau—C66, F648, S376*
(also as 199, 116, 287)
- 1 Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
I will sing the glorious praises
Of my God through all my days
Put no confidence in princes,
Nor for help on man depend;
He shall die, to dust returning,
And his purposes shall end.
- 2 Happy is the man that chooses
Israel's God to be his aid;
He is blest whose hope of blessing
On the Lord his God is stayed.
Heav'n and earth the Lord created,
Seas and all that they contain;
He delivers from oppression,
Righteousness He will maintain.
- 3 Food He daily gives the hungry,
Sets the mourning prisoner free,
Raises those bowed down with
anguish,
Makes the sightless eyes to see.
Well Jehovah loves the righteous,
And the stranger He befriends,
Helps the fatherless and widow,
Judgement on the wicked sends.

16

- Hanover—C9, F8, S11*
- 1 Though 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 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 good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord
will provide.

15 (311)

- Crimond—F411*
Grafenberg—C351, F214
- The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not
want;
He makes me down to lie

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

- 2 Happy is the man that chooses
Israel's God to be his aid;
He is blest whose hope of blessing
On the Lord his God is stayed.
Heav'n and earth the Lord created,
Seas and all that they contain;
He delivers from oppression,
Righteousness He will maintain.
- 3 Food He daily gives the hungry,
Sets the mourning prisoner free,
Raises those bowed down with
anguish,
Makes the sightless eyes to see.
Well Jehovah loves the righteous,
And the stranger He befriends,
Helps the fatherless and widow,
Judgement on the wicked sends.
- 4 Hallelujah, praise Jehovah,
O my soul, Jehovah praise;
I will sing the glorious praises
Of my God through all my days.
Over all God reigns forever,
Through all ages He is King;
Unto Him, thy God, O Zion,
Joyful hallelujahs sing.

- 4 No strength of our own or 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.
- 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.
- 5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo.
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

17

Wiltshire—F406

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

- 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

- 5 Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

- 6 Glory to God the only one—
The Lord and King adore!
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be praised for evermore!

GOD: IN REDEMPTION

18

Gerontius—C32, F176

- 1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

- God is love! God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sweetly sing for Jesu's sake—
God is love! God is love!

- 2 O tell to earth's remotest bound—
God is love! God is love!
In Christ is full redemption found—
God is love! God is love!
His blood can cleanse our sins away;
His Spirit turns our night to day,
And leads our soul with joy to say—
God is love! God is love!

- 3 How happy is our portion here—
God is love! God is love!
His promises our spirits cheer—
God is love! God is love!
He is our Sun and Shield by day,
By night He near our tents will stay
He will be with us all the way—
God is love! God is love!

- 4 In Zion we shall sing again—
God is love! God is love!
Yes, this shall be our highest strain—
God is love! God is love!
Whilst endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song—
God is love! God is love!

22

*Sacrifice of praise—PH228
(also as 306, 208)*

- 1 I love the Lord, the fount of life and grace;
He hears my voice, my cry and supplication,
Inclines His ear, gives strength and consolation;
In life, in death, my heart will seek His face.

- 2 I cried, "Deliver Thou my soul, O Lord!"
Jehovah heard; I pledge Him my devotion,
The Lord is just, His grace, wide as the ocean;
In boundless mercy He fulfils His word.

- The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

- 3 Great things He hath taught us,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our rapture, when Jesus we see.

20

Wondrous love—S17

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

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

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be giv'n
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heav'n.

- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

21 *

*Better world—OC591, M22
(see 302)*

- 1 Come, let us all unite and sing—
God is love! God is love!
While heav'n and earth their praises bring—

3 The Lord preserves the meek most tenderly;
Brought nigh to death, in Him I found salvation.
Come, thou my soul, relieved from agitation,
Turn to thy rest; the Lord has favoured thee.

4 What shall I render to Jehovah now
For all the riches of His consolation?
With joy I'll take the cup of His salvation,
And call upon His Name with thankful vow.

5 Before His saints I'll pay my vows to God;
E'en in death's vale He keepeth me from evil;
How dear to God the dying of His people!
Praise Him, ye saints, and sound His name abroad.

23 *

Melcombe—C646, F40
(also as 205)

1 Father, whose everlasting love,
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save:

2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The gen'ral Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world He suffered to redeem,
For all He hath th' atonement made,
For those that will not come to Him
The ransom of His life was paid.

5 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause!
The fullness of the Gentiles call;
Lift up the standard of Thy Cross
And all shall own Thou diedst for all.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS INCARNATION24 *Adeste fideles*—C55, S31, F154

1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to
Bethlehem;

Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels.

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

2 True God of true God,
Light of Light Eternal,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Son of the Father

Begotten, not created.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above
"Glory to God, all
Glory in the highest!"

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be all glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.

25

Melcombe—F40 C646
(also as 2)

1 My soul doth magnify the Lord;
In Him my spirit doth rejoice,
For He beheld my low estate,
And in His love made me His choice.

2 All generations from henceforth,
Shall now my blessedness proclaim,
For He has done great things to me;
Mighty and holy is His Name.

3 His mercy shall abide on them
That fear the Lord from age to age;
He has revealed His mighty arm,
Routing the haughty in their rage.

4 He has abased the mighty ones,
Exalted those of low degree;
He filled the hungry souls with good,
And smote the rich with poverty

5 He helped His servant Israel,
In honour of His mercy sure;
E'en as He spake to Abraham
And to His seed forevermore.

26

Bethlehem—C46, S30, F155

1 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

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

28

Winchester Old—S33,
C181, F143
(also as 314, 13, 259)

2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of
Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

4 That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around Thy chosen race.

27 *

Winchester Old—S33, C181,
F143

1 While shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not", said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall
find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing
bands
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heav'n
to men
Begin, and never cease!"

29

29

St. Jude—S792
St. Andrew—C500, F481

1 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS EXAMPLE

4 That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around Thy chosen race.

And promises were true.

4 That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around Thy chosen race.

2 As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and
kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store:
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys, and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than
these."

5 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thine obedience
Serve and love Thee best of all.

30 *

*St. Frances—C90
Martyrdom—C457, F322
(also as 229, 322, 314)*

1 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiv'n,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heav'n.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthiness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry:
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes de-
fame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiv'n,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heav'n.

31

*Hesperus (Elim)—C501, F495
(also as 166)*

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour
said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross, with willing
heart,
And humbly follow after Me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the
shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still:
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross, on Calv'ry's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His
strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
Thy will guide thee to a better home,
And lead to vict'ry o'er the grave.

5 "Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown."

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH32 *Gethsemane—C693, S102, F189*

1 "Man of Sorrows!" wondrous Name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we,
Spotless Lamb of God was He;
Full atonement—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished!" was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

33 *Abney (Remember me)—S630*

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

*Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
O, Lord, remember me.*

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
died

For man, the creature's sin.
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
Whilst His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

34

*Cruz crudelis—OC539
(also as 39, 166, 31)*

1 Beyond the holy city wall
They set the cruel cross on high,
Where the dear Lord who saved us
all
Did hang in pain, and bleed, and die.

4 O by Thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by Thy precious
blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make Thy sinful children good.

35

*St. Cross—C96
(also as 3, 31, 39)*

1 O come and mourn with me a while;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 Sev'n times He spoke, sev'n words
of love;
And all three hours His silence
cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of
mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is
tried.
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

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

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

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

**OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS RESURRECTION**

40 *Easter hymn—C119, F192, S158
Llanfair—C119, F193*

1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Hallelujah!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Hallelujah!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Hallelujah!
Our salvation have procured;
Hallelujah!
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah!
Where the angels ever sing
"Hallelujah!"

4 Sing we to our God above
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

38 *Rutherford—F187, C581
Passion chorale—C107, F182
(also as 377)*

1 O sacred Head, sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down!
O Kingly Head, surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thy Cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free;
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

39 *Rockingham (Communion)—
S115, C105, F281
Boston (Hamburg)—F323*

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died:
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride,

36 *Redemption ground—S20
(see 60)*

1 On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died,
'Twas there my Lord was crucified:
'Twas on the cross He bled for me
And purchased there my pardon free.

O Calvary! dark Calvary!
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,
O Calvary! blest Calvary!
'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

2 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning
skies
My Saviour bows His head and dies:
The op'ning veil reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for
me?
To bear the cross and agony
In that dread hour on Calvary

37 *Newland—C102*

1 O perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toils and sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He'ast felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies:
For me He dies, for me!
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION

41 *Darvall—C135, F202
Wesley—C76, F536*

1 On wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away.

5 We sing Thee Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS RESURRECTION

42 *Victory—C122, F200*

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Now be the song of praise begun,
"Hallelujah!"

2 The powers of death have done their
worst,
But Christ their legions hath dis-
persed;
Praise shouts of holy joy outburst —
"Hallelujah!"

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of
hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals
fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded
Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy ser-
vants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee:
"Hallelujah!"

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS GLORY

43

Ascension—F209
(also as 40)

1 Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Hallelujah!
Ravished from our wistful eyes!
Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Hallelujah!
Reascends His native heaven.
Hallelujah!

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Hallelujah!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in!
Hallelujah!

3 Him though highest heav'n receives,
Hallelujah!
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Hallelujah!
Though returning to His throne,
Hallelujah!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Hallelujah!

4 See! He lifts His hands above;
Hallelujah!
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hallelujah!

Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Hallelujah!
Blessings on His Church below.
Hallelujah!

44 *Diademata—C136, F111*

1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark how the heav'nly anthem
drowns

All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His hands and side,
His wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose pow'r a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may
cease,

And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flow'rs of Paradise extend,
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou has died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS HELP

45

Tenderness—P560

1 One is kind 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 kind, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us;
O how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
O how He loves!
Think, O think, how much we owe
Him.

O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought
us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us;
O how He loves!

3 Blessed Jesus, would you know Him?
Give yourself entirely to Him,
O how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow;
O how He loves!

4 Love this Friend: He longs to save
you,
O how He loves!
All through life He will not leave you
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide
you,
Safe to glory He will guide you;
O how He loves!

46

Pass me not—S488

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
And while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne o' mercy
Find a sweet relief:
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heav'n but Thee?

47

Light after darkness—S830
Theodora—C174, F670

1 Rest for the weary
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

48

Lead me, Saviour—S337

1 Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way;
I am safe when by Thy side,
I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul,
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
On Thy mercy I rely.

3 Saviour, lead me, till at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

49 *Darwall—C135, S154, F23*

1 Arise my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:

Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race
And sprinkles now the throne of
grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

50 *Seeking for me—S4*

1 Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem
came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and
shame;
O it was wonderful—blest be His
Name!
Seeking for me, for me!

Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
O it was wonderful—blest be His
Name!
Seeking for me, for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Paid the great debt, and my soul
He set free;
O it was wonderful—how could it
be?

Dying for me, for me!
Dying for me! Dying for me!
O it was wonderful—how could it
be?

Dying for me, for me!
3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring afar from the
fold,
Gently and long did He plead with
my soul,

Calling for me, for me!
Calling for me! Calling for me!
Gently and long did He plead with
my soul,

Calling for me, for me!
4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from
on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years
fly:

O, I shall see Him descend from the
sky,
Coming for me, for me!
Coming for me! Coming for me!
O, I shall see Him descend from
the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST: HIS COMING AGAIN

51 *He is coming—S172*

1 He is coming, the "Man of Sorrows,"
Now exalted on high;
He is coming with loud hosannas,
In the clouds of the sky.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is coming again;
And with joy we will gather round
Him,
At His coming to reign!

2 He is coming, our loving Saviour,
Blesséd Lamb that was slain!
In the glory of God the Father,
On the earth He shall reign.

3 He shall gather His chosen people,
Who are called by His name;
And the ransomed of every nation
For His own He shall claim.

52 *When the roll is called—S983*

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall
sound,

And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal,
bright, and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather
Over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morn-
ing,
When the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection
share;

When His chosen ones shall gather
To their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

3 Let me labour for the Master—
From the dawn till setting sun,
Let me talk of all His wondrous love
and care:
Then, when all of life is over,
And my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

53 *Regent Square—C7, F51, S255
Neander—C163, F225*

1 Christ is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story,
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign,
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home and Thee,
Soon, in heav'nly glory shining,
They their loving Lord shall see:
Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll on ev'ry tongue:
"Christ is coming! Christ is com-
ing!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

54

Crown Him!—S127

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:

Crown Him! crown Him! Angels,
crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!
Crown Him! crown Him! Angels,
crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown
Him!

Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthroned Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!

55 * *My Redeemer*—4426, PH439
(also as 116, 319)

- 1 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wondrous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free,
*Sing, O sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.*
- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His heavenly love for me:
He from death to life hath brought me
Son of God, with Him to be.

56

- Trumpet*—S230
- 1 Come every joyful heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate His fame;
Tell all above and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.
- 2 He left His starry crown
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured no tongue can tell,
What He endured no tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave He rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror
rode,
Up through the sky the Conqueror
rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

- 4 From thence He'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face,
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be in His embrace.

57

Innocents—C574, F403
Nomen Domini—C62

- 1 'Jesus!' Name of wondrous love;
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.
- 2 'Jesus!' Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 3 'Jesus!' Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 4 'Jesus!' only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 5 'Jesus!' Name of wondrous love;
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

58

- More about Jesus*—S571
- 1 More about Jesus would I know,
More of His grace to others show;
More of His saving fulness see,
More of His love who died for me.
- More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus;
More of His saving fulness see,
More of His love who died for me.*
- 2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of His holy will discern,
Spirit of God my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

- 3 More about Jesus; in His Word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.
- 4 More about Jesus; on His throne
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of peace.

59

Ottawa (Magister)—F92
Godesberg—C145

- 1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
Christ, the Saviour, died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was His Name;
Now above all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 Could we bear from one another,
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother,
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are
brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

60

- Redemption ground*—S20
- 1 Come sing, my soul and praise the
Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His
blood;

- Delivered thee from chains that
bound,
And brought thee to redemption
ground.

*Redemption ground, the ground of
peace!
Redemption ground, O wondrous
grace!
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on redemption
ground!*

- 2 Once from my God I wandered far:
And with His holy will made war;
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.
- 3 O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul un-
bound,
I sang upon redemption ground.
- 4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest;
The Christ who died, by God is
crowned
To pardon on redemption ground.

61

- Precious Name*—S91
- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.
- Precious name! O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name! O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.*
- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

62 *The new song—S1023, F135*

1 With harps and with vials
There stand a great throng,
In the presence of Jesus,
And sing this new song:

"Unto Him who hath loved us
And washed us from sin,
Unto Him be the glory
For ever, Amen."

2 All these once were sinners,
Defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments
In praise they unite:

3 He maketh the rebel
A priest and a king,
He hath bought us, and taught us
This new song to sing:

4 How helpless and hopeless
We sinners had been,
If He never had loved us
Till cleansed from our sin!

5 Aloud in His praises
Our voices shall ring,
So that others, believing,
This new song shall sing:

63 *Miles Lane—C139, F110*

1 All hail the power of Jesu's Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him!

Crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace.
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him!

Crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him!
Crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown
Him!
Crown Him Lord of all!

THE HOLY SPIRIT

64 (70) *Holley—C550*
Veni Creator—C182, F253

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sev'nfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art, guide no ill can
come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
Redeeming love may be our song.

*Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.*

65

*Winchester Old—S201,
F143, C181*
St. Agnes—F128

1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious
powers,
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our
hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy
wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing
sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

66 *

Dix—F160, C63
(also as 102, 261)

1 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

67

Trentham—F238
(also as 68)

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my will is one with Thine
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Unti this earthy part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

68

Franconia—C190, F242

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our mind,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To purify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise,
and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.
- 69** * *St. Cuthbert—C180, S191, F251*
1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-
place,
And worthier Thee.
- 70** * *Holley—C550*
(also as 209, 31)
1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly
Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our
Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy
way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest!
- 71** * *Melita—C626, S1061, F104*
Stella—F319
1 Creator Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
laid,
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from
high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heav'n and earth
command,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend th' almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.
- 72** * *Hold Thou my hand—S550*
The fruit of the Spirit—S612
1 Thrice-blessed Spirit! Giver of salva-
tion;
Purchased by Jesus on the cross of
shame;

- Dwell in our hearts; transform them
with Thy beauty—
Fairest adorning of our Saviour's
name.
- 2 Thy sevenfold grace bestow upon us
freely:
Love, deep and full, to God and all
mankind;
Joy in the Lord, 'mid ev'ry earthly
sorrow;
Peace, calm and sweet, that guardeth
heart and mind.
- 3 Make us long-suff'ring, 'mid earth's
provocations;
Gentleness give us, when enduring
wrong;
Goodness impart, that we e'en foes
may succour;
Faithfulness grant, to change our
toil to song.
- 4 Meekness bestow, with humble self-
abasement,
And self-control, through Thy con-
trolling might:
And as we list to every call of duty,
May we do all as in Thy searching
sight.
- 5 Then with the gift of holiness within
us,
We not less human, but made more
divine,
Our lives replete with heaven's
supernal beauty,
Ever declare that beauty, Lord, is
Thine.
- THE WORD OF GOD**
73 *Ravenshaw—C199, F259*
1 Lord, Thy Word abideth
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- 6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!
- 74** * *Elvet—C201*
(also as 314, 15, 259)
1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly
grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we
read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would overwhelm our
tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everliving God,
Will of His glorious Son,—
Without thee how could earth be
trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant that we aright may learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

75 *Lathbury—F260*

1 Break Thou the Bread of Life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea:

Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word.

2 Thou art the Bread of Life,
O Lord, to me,
Thy Holy Word the truth
That saveth me:
Give me to eat and live
With Thee above;
Teach me to love Thy truth,
For Thou art Love.

3 O send Thy Spirit, Lord,
Now unto me,
That He may touch my eyes,
And make me see:
Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy Word,
And in Thy Book revealed
I see the Lord.

4 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all.

Tell me the old old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5 With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Who Jesus came to save.
6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

7 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
8 Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

77

Stephanos—C391, F279
1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me", saith One, "and
coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-
prints,
And His side.

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.

76 *Remembrance—C682, F98 Old old Story—F98, S1131*

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!

78 *Why not tonight?—S335*

1 O do not let the Word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved—
Why not today?

*Why not today? Why not today?
Thou wouldst be saved—*

*Why not today? Why not today?
Thou wouldst be saved—*

2 Tomorrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! O then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—
Why not today?

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
O try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—
Why not today?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite:
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—
Why not today?

79

*Why not now?—S341
(also as 156)*

1 While we pray, and while we plead,
While you see your soul's deep need,
While your Father calls you home,
Will you not, my brother, come?

*Why not now? why not now?
Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now?
Why not come to Jesus now?*

2 You have wandered far away,
Do not risk another day;
Do not turn from God your face,
But today accept His grace.

3 In the world you've failed to find
Aught of peace for troubled mind;
Come to Christ, on Him believe,
Peace and joy you shall receive.

4 Come to Christ, confession make;
Come to Christ and pardon take;
Trust in Him from day to day,
He will keep you all the way.

80

Nazareth—S77
1 What means this eager, anxious
throng,

Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by
day?

What means this strange commotion,
pray?

In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"
In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?

Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"
Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod mid pain and
woe:

And burdened ones, where'er He
came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf,
and lame:

The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
His pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,"
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come,
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and
home;
Ye wand'ers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge
nigh—
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge
nigh—
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

81

Life for a look—S123

1 There is life for a look at the Cru-
cified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him
and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the
tree.

Look! look! look and live!

There is life for a look at the Cru-
cified One;

There is life at this moment for thee.

2 O why, was He there as the Bearer
of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
O why from His side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance or
prayers,
But the Blood, that atones for the
soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou
mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Thee above.

"The soul that sinneth dies."
My awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word
That "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive,
Shall everlasting life receive!"

83 *The Great Physician—S89*

1 The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to
cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus!

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus! blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus,

3 All glory to the risen Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus!
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 Come, brethren, help me sing His
praise,
O praise the name of Jesus!
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
O bless the name of Jesus!

84 *Gospel of grace—S490, F308*

1 The gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won;
For God so loved the world,
He gave His only Son,
That "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive,
Shall everlasting life receive!"

2 The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live;
For "Whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive,
Shall everlasting life receive!"

85

Refuge—S57, C707
Come—S425
(also, without chorus,
as 202, 377, 225)

1 O word, of words the sweetest,
O word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Lamenting, or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

"Come! O come to Me!
Come! O come to Me!
Weary, heavy laden,
Come! O come to Me!"

2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end;
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wand'ring,
And coming back again.

3 O each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be,
Naught but a gentle whisper,
To one close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper, "Come!"

86

O be saved—S345

1 Sinner, how thy heart is troubled!
God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

*O be saved, His grace is free!
O be saved, He died for thee!
O be saved, He died for thee!*

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee—
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy:
He is waiting—come tonight!

4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing, with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

87

Minerva—S392

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
Thine's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His Word.

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now!
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now!*

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washeth white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

88

*Why waitest thou?—S445
(also as 134)*

1 One there is who loves thee,
Waiting still for thee;
Canst thou yet reject Him?
None so kind as He!
Do not grieve Him longer,
Come and trust Him now!
He has waited all thy days:
Why waitest thou?

*One there is who loves thee
O receive Him now!
He has waited all the day:
Why waitest thou?*

2 Tenderly He woos thee,
Do not slight His call;
Though thy sins are many,
He'll forgive them all.
Turn to Him, repenting,
He will cleanse thee now!
He is waiting at thy heart:
Why waitest thou?

3 Jesus still is waiting:
Sinner, why delay?
To His arms of mercy
Rise and haste away!
Only come believing,
He will save thee now!
He is waiting at the door:
Why waitest thou?

89

*Sleeper, awake!—S433
Nottingham—F476, S616
(also as 282, 9, 246)*

1 Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

91

Fortitude—S698, C704

1 No beautiful chamber,
No soft cradle bed,
No place but a manger,
Nowhere for His head;
No praises of gladness,
No thought for their sin,
No glory but sadness,
No room in the inn.

*No room, no room for Jesus!
O give Him welcome free,
Lest you should hear at heaven's gate,
There is no room for thee!*

90

*Child of sin—Bateman 14
Look away to Jesus—S409
(also as 295)*

1 Look away to Jesus,
Soul by woe oppressed;
'Twas for thee He suffered,
Come to Him and rest,
All thy griefs He carried,
All thy sins He bore;
Look away to Jesus:
Trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,
'Mid the toil and heat;
Soon will come the resting
At the Master's feet;
For the guests are bidden,
And the feast is spread;
Look away to Jesus,
In His footsteps tread.

3 Look away to Jesus
Soldier in the fight;
When the battle thickens,
Keep thine armour bright;
Though thy foes be many:
Though thy strength be small,
Look away to Jesus:
He will conquer all.

4 When, amid the music
Of the endless feast,
Saints will sing His praises,
Thine shall not be least;
Then, amid the glories
Of the crystal sea,
Look away to Jesus:
Through eternity.

92

*Vox Jesu—C390, F269, S374
(also as 225, 202)*

1 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed:
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'ring,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife.
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

100

Neumeister—S390

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

REPENTANCE

- 1 Sinners Jesus will receive;
Sound His word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

Sing it o'er and o'er again:
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

- 2 Come, and He will give you rest;
Trust Him, for His Word is plain;
He will take the sinfullest:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

- 3 Now my heart condemns me not,
Pure before the law I stand:
He who cleansed me from all spot
Satisfied its last demand.

- 4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Purged from every spot and stain,
Heav'n with Him I enter in.

101

Bring them in—S752

- 1 Hark! 'tis the shepherd's voice I hear,
Out in the desert dark and drear,
Calling the sheep who've gone astray,
Far from the shepherd's fold away.

Bring them in, bring them in!
Bring them in from the folds of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in!
Bring the wand'ring ones to Jesus.

- 2 Who'll go and help this Shepherd
kind,
Help Him the wandering ones to
find?
Who'll bring the lost ones to the
fold,
Where they'll be sheltered from the
cold?

- 3 Out in the desert hear their cry,
Out on the mountain wild and high,
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee;
"Go, find My sheep where'er they
be."

105 (354)

Hamburg (Boston)—F82
Woodworth—S473, F283

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to
Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse
each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

- 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,
relieve;

Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

- 7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and
height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,—
O Lamb of God, I come.

106

Olivet (Harlan)—
C415, S235, F328

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;

- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,
And now I live in Him.

- 5 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."

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

104

Martyn—S227
Hollingside—C414, 286

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

107 * Near the Cross—S134

I Jesus, keep me near the Cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.*

- 2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.
- 3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

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

108 Come Great Deliverer—S462

O hear my cry, be gracious now to me,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
My soul bowed down is longing now
for Thee,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

*I've wandered far away o'er moun-
tains cold,
I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to
Thy fold!*

- 2 I have no place, no shelter from the
night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
One look from Thee would give me
life and light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
- 3 My path is lone, and weary are my
feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile
to meet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
- 4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's
broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my hum-
ble cry,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

109 Coming to the Cross—S477

I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

*I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blessèd Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
Jesus saves me, saves me now.*

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.
- 4 In the promises I trust,
Now I know the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfect in Him I am:
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

**110 Stephanos—F279, C391, S401
Bullinger—F287**

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Ev'ry day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
give me
Must prevail.

- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

111 Self-surrender—OS28, OP164

I left it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought Him and my
woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the Tree,
Heard His small still whisper, "Tis
for thee."

- From my heart the burden rolled
away!
Happy day!
From my heart the burden rolled
away!
Happy day!

- 2 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come
what may:
Hope has dropped her anchor, found
her rest,

In the calm sure haven of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side;
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side.

- 3 O leave it all with Jesus, drooping
soul!
Tell not half thy story, but the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging on
His hand,
Life and death are waiting His com-
mand;
Yet His tender bosom makes thee
room—
O come home!
Yet His tender bosom makes thee
room—
O come home!

112 Take me as I am—S476

I Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry:
Unless Thou help me, I must die:
O bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

*And take me as I am,
And take me as I am;
My only plea—Christ died for me!
O take me as I am!*

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou
wilt,

And take me as I am.

- 3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own Name's
sake,
And take me as I am.

- 4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am.

113 *Stephanos—F279, C391, S401*

- 1 Jesus, Thou art standing pleading,
Calling me to rest;
Shall I, yielding, hearken to Thee,
And be blest?
- 2 Thou hast form'd me for Thy glory,
For Thine own delight;
Can I still withhold, Lord, from Thee,
'Tis Thy right?

3 O this heart is weary, restless,

- Bound by many a chain
'Gainst which heart and will, though
stubborn,
Strive in vain.

- 4 Lord, I yield: no more withstanding
Thine all-loving will,
Take me, Master, break me, make
me,
Cleanse and fill.

- 5 Take my will: 'tis Thine henceforth,
Lord,
Lead me by Thy way;
Let my words and actions please Thee
Day by day.

- 6 O the joy of full surrender,
Keeping from Thee nought,
As I yield, my heart is finding
Peace long sought.

114 *Nothing but the Blood—S874*

- 1 What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

O precious is the flow

*That makes me white as snow!
No other fount I know:
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!*

- 2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

- 3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

- Naught of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
- 4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

115 *Sicilian Mariners—F426, S316
Stuttgart—F139, S24, C113*

- 1 Take me, O my Father, take me;
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me,
make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

- 2 Long from Thee my footsteps stray-
ing,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying,
Take me to Thy love, my God.

- 3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.

- 4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

- 5 Father, take me: all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
LOVE AND GRATITUDE****116** *Hyfrydal—C479, F113*

- 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

118

Jesus paid it all—S855

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
"Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all."

Jesus paid it all—

*All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.*

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

- 3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

- 4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

- 5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

119 *St. Peter—C419, S112, F129*

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which I
build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring:

- Come, Almighty, to deliver;
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.

- Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceas-
ing
Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

117 (382) *St. Betes—C417, F320,
S365*

- 1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy
wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee
right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

120

Wondrous Story—S875
(also as 116)

1 I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,—
How He left the realms of glory
For the Cross on Calvary.

*Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,—
Sing it with His saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.*

2 I was lost; but Jesus found me.
Found the sheep that went astray,
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way.

3 I was bruised; but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone, and fears possessed
me:
But He freed me from them all.

4 Days of darkness still may meet me,
Sorrow's paths I ofr may tread;
But His presence still is with me,
By His guiding hand I'm led.

121

Friend—S871
His for ever—C705
Constance—F351

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

2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.

Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my
all,
Are His, and His for ever.

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

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What pow'r my soul can sever?
Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell
No; I am His for ever!

122 (355)

More love—S632
Propior Deo—C47

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

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

3 High Heav'n, that heard that solemn
vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

123

More to follow—S865

1 Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
O the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
*More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow,
O His matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.*

2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
O the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3 Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow,
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
O the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

124

Happy day—S866

1 O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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

125

Caritas—S659
1 Lord Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou
art mine;
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I
resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour
art Thou!
If ever I loved Thee, Lord Jesus, 'tis
now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first
loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Cal-
vary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns
on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, Lord Jesus, 'tis
now.

3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee
in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou
lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies
cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, Lord Jesus, 'tis
now."

126

*Something for Thee—
S634, F470*

1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
My Lord, from Thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer—
Something for Thee.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee;
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wand'ring sought and won—
Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free:
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee.
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

127

Clarendon—559

- 1 In tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again,
While angels in His presence sang,
Until the courts of heaven rang.
O the love that sought me!
O the blood that brought me to the fold,
Wondrous grace that brought me to
the fold!
- 2 He washed the bleeding sin-wounds,
And poured in oil and wine;
He whispered to assure me,
"I've found thee, thou art Mine."
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.
- 3 He pointed to the nail-prints,
For me His blood was shed;
A mocking crown so thorny
Was placed upon His head;
I wondered what He saw in me
To suffer such deep agony.

- 4 I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
JOY AND PEACE

128 (133) Revive us again—S131

- 1 My God, I have found
The thrice-blessed ground,
Where life and where joy and
True comfort abound.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Revive us again.

- 2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety,
My Surety with God.

- 3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the Surety
And sinner are free.

- 4 Accepted I am
In the once-offered Lamb;
'Twas God who Himself had
Devised the plan.

- 5 For soon He will come,
And take me safe home,
And make me to sit with
Himself on His throne.

129

Joyful—OC589

- 1 Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heav'n we part no more.

*O that will be joyful,
joyful, joyful, joyful;
O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.*

- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die, to heav'n will go,
And sing with saints above.
- 3 O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne!
- 4 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

130

Blackley—F361
(also as 313)

- 1 Happy the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy the man who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own:
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven
are one.

- 3 Happy beyond description he
Who knows: The Saviour died for me!
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

- 4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

131

Assurance—S873, F362

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

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

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my
sight;

- Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.
- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His
love.

132

Whither pilgrims?—P587

- 1 He is not a disappointment!
Jesus is far more to me
Than in all my glowing day-dreams
I had fancied He could be;
And the more I get to know Him,
So the more I find Him true,
And the more I long that others
Should be led to know Him too;
And the more I long that others
Should be led to know Him too.

- 2 He is not a disappointment!
He has saved my soul from sin;
All the guilt and all the anguish,
Which oppressed my heart within
He has banished by His presence,
And His blessed kiss of peace
Has assured my heart for ever
That His love will never cease;
Has assured my heart for ever
That His love will never cease.

- 3 He is not a disappointment!
He has sanctified my soul,
Cleansed me from my heart corruption
Purified and made me whole;
He removed the inward proneness,
Stamped His image in its place,
For He won me by the beauty
And unveiling of His face;

- 4 He is not a disappointment!
He is all in all to me—
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer;
The unchanging Christ is He!
He has won my heart's affections,
And He meets my every need;
He is not a disappointment,
For He satisfies indeed;
He is not a disappointment,
For He satisfies indeed.

133 * *Moscow*—S5, C364, F102

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His Name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear Name abroad!
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name!
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His Name;
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

134 *Wye Valley*—C443, F339, S652

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

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

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;

Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the spirit there.

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

135 * *Sweetly trusting*—S868

1 All my doubts I give to Jesus;
I've His gracious promise heard:
I shall never be confounded,
I am trusting in that word.

*I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word;
I am trusting, fully trusting,
Sweetly trusting in His word.*

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in His blood,
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on Him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can His light grow dim,

4 All my joys I give to Jesus,
He is all I want of bliss;
He of all the worlds is Master;
He has all I need in this.

136 *Pax tecum*—S726, C444, F341

1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark
world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace
within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, our future all
unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the
throne.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones
far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and
they.

4 Peace, perfect peace, death shadow-
ing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all
its powers.

5 It is enough; earth's struggles soon
shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect
peace.

137 *Sweet peace*—S657

1 There comes to my heart one sweet
strain,
A glad and a joyous refrain,
I sing it again and again,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

*Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Wonderful gift from above;
O wonderful wonderful peace,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.*

2 Through Christ on the cross peace
was made,
My debt by His death was all paid,
No other foundation is laid,
For peace, the gift of God's love.

3 When Jesus as Lord I had crowned,
My heart with His peace did abound,
In Him a rich blessing I found,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

4 In Jesus at peace I abide,
And while I keep close to His side,
There's nothing but peace can betide,
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: FAITH**138** *St. Helen*—C556

1 Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy
side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or
pain;
Leave to thy God to order and pro-
vide;

In every change He faithful will re-
main.

Be still, my soul: thy best, thy
heav'nly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joy-
ful end.

2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth
undertake
To guide the future as He has the
past.

Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing
shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright
at last.

Be still, my soul: the waves and winds
still know
His voice who ruled them while He
dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: when dearest
friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of
tears,

Thenshalt thou better know His love,
His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow
and thy fears.

Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay,
From His own fulness, all He takes
away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is
hast'ning on
When we shall be forever with the
Lord.

When disappointment, grief, and fear
are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys
restored.

Be still, my soul: when change and
tears are past,
All safe and blessed we shall meet
at last.

139

Hesperus (Elim)—C501, F495
(also as 166)

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they
meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls
to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat,

5 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
if I forget the mercy-seat.

140

He leađeth me—S542
I He leađeth me! O blessed thought,
O words with heav'nly comfort
fraught;

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leađeth me.
He leađeth me! He leađeth me!
By His own hand He leađeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leađeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leađeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leađeth me.

141

He will hide me—S547
1 When the storms of life are raging,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

*He will hide me, He will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me
In the shadow of His hand.*

2 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
God will turn what seems to harm
me
Into everlasting joy.

3 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
Naught can harm His Father's child.

142

Hold Thou my hand—S550
(also *Berlin—F438*)

1 Hold Thou my hand: so weak I am,
and helpless;
I dare not take one step without Thy
aid.

Hold Thou my hand: for then, O
loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul
afraid.

2 Hold Thou my hand: and closer,
closer draw me
To Thy dear self, my hope, my joy,
my all;
Hold Thou my hand: lest haply I
should wander,
And missing Thee, my trembling feet
should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand: the way is dark
before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face
divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant
glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous
songs are mine!

4 Hold Thou my hand: that, when I
reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross
for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its
waters,
And every wave like crystal bright
shall be.

143

Heber (Missionary)—
C371, S1070, F548

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee:
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To bear my every burden,
And all my sorrow share.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought peo-
ple,
My joy shall ever be,
To praise Thee, precious Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

144 *I need Thee—C700, S577, F437*

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord:
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

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

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

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

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

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

145

St. Mary Magdalene—C525
Child of sin—Bateman 14
(also as 295)

1 In the heart of Jesus
There is love for you,
Love most pure and tender,
Love most deep and true;
Why should you be lonely,
Why for friendship sigh,
When the heart of Jesus,
Has a full supply?

2 In the mind of Jesus
There is thought for you,
Warm as summer sunshine,
Sweet as morning dew;
Why should you be fearful,
Why take anxious thought,
Since the mind of Jesus
Cares for those He bought?

3 In the field of Jesus
There is work for you;
Such as even angels
Might rejoice to do:
Why stand idly sighing
For some life-work grand,
While the field of Jesus
Seeks your reaping hand?

4 In the home of Jesus
There's a place for you;
Glorious, bright, and joyous,
Calm and peaceful too:

Why then, like a wand'rer,
Roam with weary pace,
If the home of Jesus
Holds for you a place?

146

Remember me, O Mighty One—S555

1 When storms around are sweeping,
When lone my watch I'm keeping,
Mid fires of evil falling,
Mid tempters' voices calling,

*Remember me, O Mighty One!
Remember me, O Mighty One!*

2 When walking on life's ocean,
Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When in its dread deeps sinking,
3 When weight of sin oppresses,
When dark despair distresses,
All through the life that's mortal,
And when I pass death's portal,

147

** Regent Square—C7, S255, F51,
(also as 12, 183)*

1 Father, long before creation
Thou hast chosen us in love,
And that love so deep, so moving,
Draws us close to Christ above.
Still it keeps us, still it keeps us
Firmly fixed in Christ alone.

2 Though the world may change its
fashion,
Yet our God is e'er the same;
His compassion and His covenant
Through all ages will remain.
God's own children, God's own
children
Must forever praise His Name.

3 God's compassion is my story,
Is my boasting all the day;
Mercy free and never failing
Moves my will, directs my way.
God so loved us, God so loved us
That His only Son He gave.

4 Loving Father, now before Thee
We will ever praise Thy love.
And our song shall sound unceasing
Till we reach our home above,
Giving glory, giving glory
To our God and to the Lamb.

148

*Stuttgart—C113, F139, S24
Lucerne—K102*

(also as 246, 282)
1 Something every heart is loving:
If not Jesus, none can rest:
Lord, my heart to Thee is given;
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most below'd shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beau-
teous,
He alone is joy to me.

3 When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedd'st for me Thy precious blood;
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,
Shall I not love Thee, my God?

4 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

149

*Almsgiving—C19, F31
(see 236; also as 3)*

1 We cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
move;
But we can always surely say
That Thou art Love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven a-
bove,
As to their sanctuary, spring:
For Thou art Love.

3 When myst'ry shrouds our darkened
path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts
reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

4 Yes! Thou art Love; a truth like this
Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is Love!

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
HOLINESS**

150 *Franconia—F56, C190, S190*

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heav'ns
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

151

Llanthony Abbey—K28

1 Let me come closer to Thee, Lord
Jesus,
O closer day by day;
Let me lean harder on Thee, Lord
Jesus,
Yes, harder all the way.

2 Let me show forth Thy beauty, Lord
Jesus,
Like sunshine on the hills;
O let my lips pour forth Thy sweet-
ness
In joyous sparkling rills.

3 Yes, like a fountain, precious Lord
Jesus,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, Lord
Jesus,
For Thee, for only Thee.

5 Thirsting and hung'ring for Thee,
Lord Jesus,
With blessed hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's moun-
tain, Lord,
No thirst, no hunger there.

152 *Eventide—C386, S297, F560*

1 "Abide in me!" Most loving counsel
this,

Nearest approach on earth to
heav'nly bliss;

With the command, O Saviour, give
me power
To live by faith on Thee, from hour
to hour.

2 "Abide in Me!" No ill can hurt thee
there;

In Me thou'rt safe e'en from the
tempter's snare;
Before his fiery darts o'er thee
prevail
My life must end, My faithfulness
must fail.

3 "Abide in Me!" For I have strength
to give,
The grace to make thee henceforth
heav'nward live;
Eternal things My Spirit can reveal,
And thy heart's earthly dark
diseases heal.

4 "Abide in Me!" If thou wouldst fruit-
ful be;
The branch bears not when sever'd
from the tree;
Without My Spirit's pow'r the
sapless bough
No fruit can bear, for it can nothing
do.

5 "Abide in Me!" All grace is Mine
to give:
My voice the dead shall hear, and
hearing live!

It is well—S901

158

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.
Even me, even me,
V: *hilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.*
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the Word of power to me.
Even me, even me,
Speak the Word of power to me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keep-
ing?
O forgive and rescue me.
Even me, even me,
Of forgive and rescue me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and bound-
less,—
Magnify them all in me.
Even me, even me,
Magnify them all in me.

3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious
thought!—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it
no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O
my soul!

4 But Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy
coming, we wait;
Thy sky, not the grave, is our goal;
O trump of the angel! O voice of the
Lord!
Blessèd hope, blessèd rest for my
soul!

159

Martyrdom—C457, F322
Ballerma—F354, C313

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

My Spirit can thy strongest sins
subdue,
Softens thy heart, and all thy thoughts
renew.

153

Chenies C470
(also as 179, 143, 202)

- 1 O Lamb of God, still keep me
Close to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within;
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er ev'ry hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

154

Longstaff—S608

- 1 Take time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word.
Make friends of God's children;
Help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.
- 2 Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see

3 Take time to be holy,
Let Him be thy Guide;
And run not before Him
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.

4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each temper
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

155

Stuttgart—C113, F139, S24

- 1 O my Father take me, make me
Pure and holy, all Thine own;
May each changing moment find me
At Thy footstool, near Thy throne!
- 2 O my Saviour, cleanse me, fill me
With Thy precious love divine;
May no earthly idol turn me
From that sacred cross of Thine.
- 3 Holy Spirit, woo me, draw me
By the gentle cords of love;
Guide me, guard me, safely lead me
To my heavenly home above.

156

Even me—S485

- 1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing
Let some drops now fall on me.
Even me, even me,
Let some drops now fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the
rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

157

Evan—C692, S327, F261

- 1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and
deed
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And, when our hearts are cold and
dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of
faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

- 4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

160

St. Flavian—C8, S502, F428
(also as 226, 314, 322)

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the
blood
So freely shed for me;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From Him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

161 *

Longstaff—S608

- 1 More holiness give me,
More sweetness within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin:
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care,
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

- 2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord,
More zeal for His glory,
More hope in His Word:
More tears for His sorrows,
More pain at His grief,
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

- 3 More victory give me,
More strength to overcome,
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longing for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More useful I'd be,
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

162

Whiter than snow—S569

- 1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my
soul;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out
ev'ry foe—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.
*Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.*
- 2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy re-
main,
Apply Thine own blood and extract
ev'ry stain;
To get this blest cleansing I all things
forego—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

- 3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy
throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete
sacrifice;
I give up myself and whatever I
know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

- 4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly
entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy
blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.
- 5 Work, while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

163

Prius petendam—K37

- 1 Seek ye first, not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy and failing treasure,
But the love that knows no measure
Seek ye first, seek ye first.

- 2 Seek ye first, not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings,
But your precious soul's requirings
Seek ye first, seek ye first.

- 3 Seek ye first God's peace and
blessing;
Ye have all if this possessing:
Come, your need and sin confessing,
Seek Him first, seek Him first.

- 4 Seek Him first, then when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
Let your life to Him be given:
Seek this first, seek this first.

- 5 Seek the coming of His kingdom;
Seek the souls around, to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them:
Seek this first, seek this first.

- 6 Seek this first. His promise trying,
It is sure—all need supplying—
Heavenly things, on Him relying,
Seek ye first, seek ye first.

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
SERVICE****164**

North Coates—C343, F632

- 1 Christian, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Labour'd, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the Tree.

- 2 Work, with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

165

*Diligence (Altrincham)—
C357, S778*

- 1 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, while the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

166

St. Crispin—OC249
(also as 240)

- 1 Fight the good fight with all thy
might;
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ
thy Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!
- 3 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Com-
mander;
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
- 4 See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we triumph
Over every foe!

173 * *From strength to strength—*
F383, C534
(also as 44)

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God
supplies
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endured;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ
alone,
And stand complete at last.

174 *Courage brother—*OC273

- 1 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:

Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink
While heav'n's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

176 * *Mannheim—*F103, C564
(also as 183)

- 1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy,
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

177 *St. Gertrude—*S706, C535, F379

- 1 Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
"Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!"
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

178

University College—

F369, S248, C533
*St. Bees—*F320, S365, C417

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened by the Bread of Life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians, will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

179

*Morning light—C532,
F388, S680*

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be along!
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

180 *

*Lyndhurst—C288, F564
Ruth—F62, C613
as 90, 241, 295, 175, 283*

- 1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.
- 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always watch and prayer!"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.
- 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

**THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
PILGRIMAGE****181**

- 1 *Whither pilgrims?—P587*
Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
"We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land;
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land."

- 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little feeble band?
"No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land."
- 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
"Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land;
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land."
- 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
"Come and welcome, come and
welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright and better land."
- 5 *Travelling home—S838
Innocents—F403, C574, S1149
Melling—C11, F403*
Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His work and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, you sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 2 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

183

*Cwm Rhondda—F410
Dismissal—C678, S287, F275*

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth
flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Laid me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.
- 4 *My Father knows—S826*
I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road;
Often in the midst of danger;
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
Great and many are my foes;
Anxious cares and thoughts oppress
me;
But my Father knows.
- 2 O how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife!
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through life,

Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me;
For my Father knows.

- 3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me—
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended:
This my Father knows.
- 4 I shall then with joy behold Him—
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore Him,
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me:
This my Father knows.

185

Sandon—C568
Lux benigna—F409, C568

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encir-
cling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from
home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
see
The distant scene,—one step enough
for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path;
but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me,
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till
The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile.

186

Zionwards—S823

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

*We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.*

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King,
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad,
Must speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high,
To fairer worlds on high.

187

Glory song—S949

1 When all my labours and trials are
o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for
me.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me,
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
torrent, till
The night is gone,

O that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When by His grace I shall look on
His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me!

- 2 When by the gift of His infinite grace,
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there, and to look on His
face,
Will through the ages be glory for
me.

3 Friends will be there I have loved
long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour,
I know,
Will through the ages be glory for
me.

188

Rutherford—CS 1, S975, F 502

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 O 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 O, I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd's mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house sublime.
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love;

I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
DEATH

189

*Capernaum (St. Dunstan)—
C329, S736, F520
(also as 282)*

- 1 When our heads are bowed with
woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of David hear!
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn:
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne:
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head:
Thou the blood of life hast shed:
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

190 *

Evan—C692, F261, S327

1 Take comfort, Christians, when your
friends

In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.

3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead,
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

5 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

6 The saints of God, from death set
free,
With joy shall mount on high:
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

191

Requiescat—C330
(also as 261, 102, 206)

1 Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

*Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.*

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3 There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

4 There the penitents that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him(her) to sleep in trust,
Till the resurrection day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
HEAVENLY GLORY

192 *Ewing*—C595, F505, S217
(also as 193)

1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blest
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clothed in robes of white.

193

Endsleigh—OP408
(also as 192)

1 For Thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For every love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:
PRAYER

195 *

French—F340, C227
St. Anne—C601, F41, S513
(also as 15, 259, 314)

1 Father of all! we bow to Thee,
Who dwellest in heav'n adored;
But present still through all Thy
works,
The universal Lord.

2 For ever hallow'd be Thy Name
By all beneath the skies:
And may Thy Kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resigned to Thee;
And as in heav'n Thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in Thy will.

5 Our sins before Thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.

6 Still let Thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stay.

7 For Thine the pow'r, the kingdom
Thine;
All glory's due to Thee:
Thine from eternity they were,
And Thine shall ever be.

196

Ravenna (Vienna)—C450,
F512, S1087

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets emeralds blaze;
The sardius and topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

194

Heavenly Land—S991

1 I love to think of the heav'nly land,
Where white-robed angels are,
Where many a friend is gathered
safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

*There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting,
There'll be no parting there.*

2 I love to think of the heav'nly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph
rise
In endless joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heav'nly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of the heav'nly land,
That promised land so fair;
O how my raptured spirit longs
To be for ever there!

- 3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

197*Endsleigh—OP408*

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's Name.
- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
Ev'n then the silent breathing
Of thy soul raised above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who's mercy, truth, and love.

198*Horsley—C105, S333, F175*

- 1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fighting without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

- 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

- 4 Give deep humility; the sense,
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

- 5 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

- 6 Patience to watch, and wait, and
weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay;

- 7 Give these, and then Thy will be
done:
Thus strengthened with all might
We by Thy Spirit, and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

199*Converse—C701, F461, S319*

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit;
O what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

**THE CHURCH OF GOD:
THE CHURCH****201***Midlane—S309, C679*

- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Now to Thy saints appear;
O speak with pow'r to ev'ry soul,
And let Thy people hear.

202*Walford—S318*

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word, and trust His
grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer!
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer!
- 4 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer!

202*Aurelia—C205, F513, S228*

- 1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heav'n He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

- 4 Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

203 *

Joseph—C208, M295
(also as 196, 9, 282)

- 1 Jesus, with Thy Church abide;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgement near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 All her fettered powers release;
Bid our strife and envy cease;
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

204

Stuttgart—C113, F139, S24
St. Oswald—C214, F519

- 1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised Land.
- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread;
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

205

Melcombe—F40, C259
Morning hymn—C256, F555
(also as 105)

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide
clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

206

Dix—C63, F160
(also as 273)

- 1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Pierce then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

EVENING PRAYERS

207

St. Clement—C289, F572
Radford—C289

- 1 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest.
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church,
unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is
keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western
sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are
making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord! Thy Throne shall
never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass
away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for
ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

208

Eventide—C286, S297, F560

- 1 Abide with me: fast falls the even-
tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
me abide:
When other helpers fail and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with
me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide
with me.

3 Come not in terrors, as the King of
kings;

But kind and good, with healing in
Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev'ry
plea;

Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing
hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, o abide
with me.

5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless;

Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness;

Where is death's sting? Where,
grave, thy victory?
In life, in death, o Lord, abide with me.

209

*Tallis' canon—C291,
F561, S301*

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this
night,

For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts
supply;

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

3 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,

I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Set Thy seal on ev'ry heart;
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

2 Bless the gospel message, spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of Thy tender love today.

3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow;
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise tomorrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught.

212

*Angelus—C277, S79, F93
(also as 214)*

1 At even when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills, draw
near:

What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art
here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee
well

And some have lost the love they
had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly
care,

And some are tried with sinful
doubt;

And some such grievous passions
tear,

That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 O Saviour Christ Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;

Thy kind but searching glance can
scan

The very wounds that shame would
hide;

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour;
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

213

*Lugano—C285
(also as 183, 30)*

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

214

*Hursley—C292, S302
Abends—F566*

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to
rest

For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of
Thine

Have spurned to-day the voice
divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

215

Ottawa (Magister)—F92
Triumph—C708, S29, F208
 (also as 59, 4, 268, 183)

- 1 Through the day Thy love hath spared us;
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In Thine arms may we repose.
 And, when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

THE CHURCH OF GOD: THE LORD'S DAY

216

- Morning—C266*
 (also as 206, 261)
- 1 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Ris'n with gladness in thy beams!
 Light, which not of earth is born,
 From thy dawn in glory streams;
 Airs of heav'n are breathed around,
 And each place is holy ground.

- 2 Great Creator, who this day
 From Thy perfect work didst rest,
 By the souls that own Thy sway
 Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day giv'n to heav'n alone.

- 3 Saviour, who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb,
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom;
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

- 4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
 Sent this day from Christ on high,
 Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
 All Thine influence shed abroad;
 Lead me to the truth of God.

217

Madrid—C177, F432, S737

- 1 Jesus, we love to meet
 On this Thy holy day;
 We worship round Thy seat
 On this Thy holy day.
 Thou tender heav'nly Friend,
 To Thee our prayers ascend,
 O'er our young spirits bend
 On this Thy holy day.
- 2 We dare not trifle now,
 On this Thy holy day,
 In silent awe we bow
 On this Thy holy day.
 Check every wand'ring thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve Thee as we ought,
 On this Thy holy day.
- 3 We listen to Thy Word
 On this Thy holy day;
 Bless all that we have heard
 On this Thy holy day;
 Go with us when we part:
 And, to each contrite heart,
 Thy saving grace impart
 On this Thy holy day.

218*

Aurelia—S990, F513, C205
Day of rest—S606, C508, F60
 (also as 179, 277)

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy,"
 To the great God Triune.

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heav'n;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

- 3 To-day on weary nations
 The heav'nly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams.
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

- 4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

- 2 Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
 Into every heart;
 Bid the fears and sorrows
 From each soul depart.

- 3 Thus with quickened footsteps
 We'll pursue our way,
 Watching for the dawning
 Of eternal day.

THE CHURCH OF GOD: WORSHIP AND PRAISE

221

- Old 100th—F20, C229, S9*
- 1 O bless our God with one accord,
 Ye faithful servants of the Lord,
 Who in His house do stand by night;
 And praise Him there with all your might.

- 2 Lift up your hands, in prayer draw
 nigh
 Unto His sanctuary high;
 Bless ye the Lord, kneel at His feet,
 And worship Him with rev'rence meet.

- 3 Jehovah bless thee from above,
 From Zion in His boundless love,
 Our God, who heaven and earth did
 frame;
 Blest be His great and holy Name.

222

St. George's, Edinburgh—
C737, F214

- 1 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,
 Ye doors that fast for aye,
 Be lifted up, that so the King
 Of glory enter may.

- But who of glory is the King?
 The mighty Lord is this;
 Ev'n that same Lord, that great in
 might,

- And strong in battle is.
 Ev'n that same Lord that great in
 might,
 And strong in battle is.

THE CHURCH OF GOD: THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

219

Maidstone—C235, F245

- 1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O my spirit longs and fains
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace!

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find the rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies;
 On they go from strength to
 strength,

- Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

220

Adsis Jesu—C248
North Coates—F86, C343

- 1 Jesus, stand among us
 In Thy risen power;
 Let this time of worship
 Be a hallowed hour.

- 2 Ye gates, lift up your heads: ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
But who is he that is the King
Of glory? who is this?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
The King of glory is.
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
The King of glory is.

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Amen, Amen.*

223

Arnsberg—C234, F65

- 1 God reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him.
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever.

- 2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne sur-
rounding;
Holy, holy, holy!
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meager praises.

- 3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

THE CHURCH OF GOD: BAPTISM

224 * *Wells (St. Petersburg)— C459, F298, S277*

- 1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

- 2 Other lords have long held sway:
Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

- 3 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

- 4 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

225 *

*Heber (Missionary)—
C371, F548, S1070*

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem,
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

- 3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to
view."

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child.

- 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and
praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.
5 "My blood I thus pour forth," He
cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heav'n's eternal grace revealed.

226 *

*Moravia—C306, F640
(also as 119, 97)*

- 1 Our children, Lord, in faith and
prayer,
We now devote to Thee;
Let them Thy cov'nant mercies
share,
And Thy salvation see.

- 2 Such helpless babes Thou didst
embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

- 3 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
O let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

THE CHURCH OF GOD: THE LORD'S SUPPER

227

*Soldau—C140
Communion (Rockingham)—
C312, F281, S115*

- 1 'Twas on that night when doomed
to know

The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

- 2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To Him that rules in earth and
heaven,

- That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

- 3 "My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to
view."

- 4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and
praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

- 5 "My blood I thus pour forth," He
cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heav'n's eternal grace revealed.

- 6 "With love to man this cup is
fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In mem'ry of My dying hour."

228

*Hastings—S187, F431
Leicester—C316*

- 1 I am not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me,
Speak but the word: one gracious
word
Can set the sinner free.

- 2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter
there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

- 3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and
blood
My ransom-price to pay?

- 4 O come, in this sweet hallow'd hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and pow'r
This worthless heart of mine.

229

Belmont—C309, S663, F540
Moravia—C306, F640
(also as 322)

- 1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy cup of blessing I will take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

230

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom,
come,
Jesus, remember me.

230

Coena Domini—C453
(also as 136)

- 1 Come, take by faith the body of
your Lord,
And drink the blood of Christ for
you outpoured.
- 2 Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only
Son,
Who by His cross and blood the
victory won,
- 3 Offered was He for greatest and
for least,
Himself the Victim and Himself the
Priest.
- 4 He, Ransomer from death, and
Light from shade,
Giveth His holy grace His saints
to aid.

Here let me feast, and, feasting,
still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship
with Thee.

233

Day of rest—S636, C508, F60
(also as 377, 225, 179)

- 1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend;
I shall not fear the battle
if Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
if thou wilt be my Guide.
- 2 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten, or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my friend.
- 4 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone,
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

234

Jesus Saviour—Bateman 87
St. Alban—OC406
Charity—F250, C484

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, hear my call,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou my Life, my Hope, my All
Lord, abide with me.
- 2 Lonely in a stranger land,
Cast me not away from Thee;
Lead me by Thy gentle hand:
Lord, abide with me.

Here let me feast, and, feasting,
still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship
with Thee.

- 5 Too soon we rise; the symbols disap-
pear:
The feast, though not the love, is past
and gone;
The bread and wine removed, but
Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still our Shield
and Sun.

- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and pass-
es by,
Yet passing, points to the great feast
above;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal
joy,
The Lamb's great bridal-feast of bliss
and love.

232

Ibstone—F404
Dolomite chant—F530
(also as 356)

- 1 I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My lifelong wants supply:
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

- 3 Thou hast died the lost of save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave:
Lord, abide with me.
- 4 Fill me with Thy love Divine;
Consecrate my life to Thee;
Bend my stubborn will to Thine:
Lord, abide with me.
- 5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to Thee,
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Still abide with me.

235

Newington—F448, OC403
(also as 282)

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

**THE CHURCH OF GOD:
OFFERINGS****236**

- Almsgiving—C19, F31*
- 1 O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

238 *

Deerhurst—C378, F197
(also as 116, 287)

- 1 Lord, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver,
Who with open heart and hand
Blesses freely, as a river
That refreshes all the land;
Grant us, then, the grace of living
With a spirit large and free,
That our life and all our living
We may consecrate to Thee.
- 2 Thine own life Thou freely gavest
As an offering on the cross
For each sinner whom Thou savest
From eternal shame and loss.
Blest by Thee with gifts and graces,
May we heed Thy Church's call,
Gladly in all times and places
Give to Thee who givest all.
- 3 Saviour, Thou hast freely given
All the blessings we enjoy,
Earthly store and bread of heaven,
Love and peace without alloy;
Humbly now we bow before Thee,
And our all to Thee resign;
For the kingdom, power, and glory
Are, O Lord, for ever Thine.

**THE CHURCH OF GOD:
SPREADING THE GOSPEL**

239 *Moscow—C364, S5, F102*

- 1 Thou whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,

- Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

- 4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

240

*Duke Street—C517,
S1084, F384*
Warrington—F264, C388, S268
(also as 166)

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His
head,
His Name like sweet perfume shall
rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest
song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

241

Calypso—C66
(also as 90, 295)

- 1 From the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home,
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
- 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

- 3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

- 4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

- 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

242

Jesus saves—S1079

- 1 We have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Spread the gladness all round,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

- 6 "Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field."

244

Neander—C387, F225
Corinth—C563, F427

- 1 O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jub'lee! Blessed jub'lee!
Let Thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let this news go to all peoples,
Let all nations come to see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel, let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption, and redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
May Thy sceptre, may Thy sceptre
Sway th' enlightened world around.

243

Winchester Old—C385,
S33, F143

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass;
Ye bars of iron, yield;
And let the King of glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

- 2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from
far
His servants to the fight.

- 3 Ye armies of the living God,
Sworn warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallow'd footsteps never
trod,
Take your appointed post.

- 4 Follow the Cross; the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

- 5 Then fear not, faint not, halt not
now:
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph song:

- And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

- 4 All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing:
From shore to shore, from earth to
heav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring.

246

Orientis partibus—C341, S765

- 1 Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

- 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

- 6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord.

247

Send the Light—S1082

- 1 There a call comes ringing o'er the
restless wave,
"Send the light, send the light!"
There are souls to rescue, there are
souls to save,
"Send the light, send the light!"

245

Fianconia—C190, F56, S190
Hampton—C376, F53
St. Michael—F342, S882, C156

- 1 O Lord our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise!
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy
grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand Thy quick'ning wing,

Send the light, the blessed Gospel
light,
Let it shine from shore to shore!

Send the light, the blessed Gospel
light,
Let it shine for ever more!

2 We have heard the Macedonian call
today.

"Send the light, send the light!"
And our grateful off'rings at the cross
we lay.

"Send the light, send the light!"

3 Let us not grow weary in the work
of love.

"Send the light, send the light!"
While we gather jewels for our
crown above.

"Send the light, send the light!"

THE CHURCH OF GOD: STEWARDS

248

Wincott—C338
(also as 31, 214)

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wand'ring and the way'ring
feet;

O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hung'ring ones with manna
sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost
impart;
And wing my words, that they may
reach

The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing
power

250

Triumph—C708, S29, F208
(also as 4, 183)

1 Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

3 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

MARRIAGE

251

St. Alphege—C597, F583, S284
(also as 202, 197, 179)

1 The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal,
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 For love and faith's sweet sake,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

4 Be present, heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

5 Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

6 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them!
Let no ill power find place,
When onward through life's journey
The hallow'd path they trace,
To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness,
With Christ's own bride they rise.

252

Ewing—C599, S217, F505
Endsleigh—OP403
(also as 202)

1 O Father all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe today Thy presence
With those who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them in the tasting
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love,
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

NEW YEAR

90

253 *French (Dumée)*—C562, F340

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers we now pre-
sent
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious
hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

254

Rousseau—C661, S376, F648
Bethany (Crucifer)—C603,
F203, S597
(also as 94)

1 Heavenly Father, Thou hast brought
us
Safely to the present day,
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Watching o'er us all the way;
Friend and Guide through life's long
journey,
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring;
But for love so true and changeless
How shall we fit praises sing?

2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness,
Always near from first to last,

Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er
us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

256 *Wir pflügen (Dresden)*—C618,
F579, S1053
Endsleigh (omitting chorus)
—OP408

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the rain in summer,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heav'n above:
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
Lord,
For all His love.*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

257 (258) *St. George's, Windsor*—
C619, F576, S1055

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter cold begin;

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final harvest home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
There, for ever purified,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

258 *

Melita—F104, C626, S1061
Surrey—C615, F54

1 Lord of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year:
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dead grain, in spring-time
sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its earthy grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

- 3 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,—
Supply our fainting spirits' need.
O Bread of life, from day to day
Be Thou their comfort, food and stay!

259 * *Grafenberg—F214, C351*
Nativity—F2, C617

- 1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

- 3 The spring's sweet influence was
Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow.

- 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

TRAVEL

260 *Minto—C629*
(also as 77)

- 1 Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

- 2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weak-
ness,
At Thy side.

- 3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

- 4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise
Thee
Day by day.

- 5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may con-
quer
In the strife.

- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them,
keep them
Near to Thee.

261

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be
still!"

Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

FOR CHILDREN

GOD IN PROVIDENCE

262 *St. Cyril—C664*

- 1 God is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

- 2 God is always near me;
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

- 3 God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

263 *Beechwood—C20*

- 1 God, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

- 2 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

- 3 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

- 4 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

- 5 When in heav'n's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
"God cared for me."

BIRTH OF CHRIST

264 * *Cradle song—C657, F145*

- 1 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His
sweet head;
The stars in the bright sky looked
down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the
hay.

- 2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby
awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He
makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down
from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning
is nigh.

- 3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee
to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me,
I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy
tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with
Thee there.

- 4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light:
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

- 5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

- 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

265

Humility—C51, F148

- 1 See! in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See! the tender Lamb appears
Promised from eternal years.

- Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

- 2 Lo! within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

- 3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

- 4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light:
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

- 5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

- 6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

266 *Vom Himmel hoch*—C56, F149
Copenhagen—N266
 (also as 313, 166, 240)

1 "From heav'n above to earth I come,
 To bear good news to ev'ry home;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 Whereof I now will say and sing—

2 "To you this night is born a Child
 Of Mary, choosen mother mild;
 This little Child, of lowly birth,
 Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3 "'Tis Christ our God, who far on
 high
 Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
 Himself will your salvation be;
 Himself from sin will make you free."

4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble
 Guest,
 Through whom e'en wicked men
 are blest!

Thou com'st to share our misery;
 What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

5 Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
 Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 "Glory to God in highest heaven,
 Who unto man His Son hath given!"
 While angels sing with pious mirth
 A glad New Year to all the earth.

267

Little children—OC53
Chartres—C44
 (also as 272)

1 Little children, wake and listen!
 Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
 While the stars in heaven glisten,
 Hear the news of Jesus' birth.
 Long ago, to lonely meadows,
 Angels brought the message down:
 Still, each year, through midnight
 shadows,
 It is heard in every town.

2 What is this that they are telling,
 Singing in the quiet street?
 While their voices high are swelling,
 What sweet words do they repeat?
 Words to bring us greater gladness
 Though our hearts from care are free;
 Words to chase away our sadness,
 Cheerless though our hearts may be.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
 And a lowly cradle found;
 Well might angels tell the story,
 Well may we their words resound.
 Little children, wake and listen!
 Songs are ringing through the earth;
 While the stars in heaven glisten,
 Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
 And a lowly cradle found;

Well might angels tell the story,
 Well may we their words resound.
 Little children, wake and listen!
 Songs are ringing through the earth;
 While the stars in heaven glisten,
 Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

268

Irby—C69, S32, F156

1 Once in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed.
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 With the poor and mean and lowly
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-
 hood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay.
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
 Day by day like us He grew;
 He was little, weak, and helpless;
 Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heav'n above;
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him; but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high,
 When, like stars, His children
 crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

7 Who is He that from the grave
 Comes to heal and help and save?
 8 Who is He that on yon throne
 Rules the world of light alone?

271 *Horsley*—C105, F175, S1134
Green Hill—F321
 (also as 159)

1 There is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
 What pains He had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heav'n, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.

**FOR CHILDREN:
 DEATH OF CHRIST**

270 *Lowliness*—C77, S66, F167

1 Who is He, in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
 At His feet we humbly fall;
 Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
 Bending to His toilsome lot?

3 Who is He, in deep distress,
 Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

**FOR CHILDREN:
 PRAISING CHRIST**

272 *Sweet hosannas*—OC546

1 Little children, praise the Saviour;
 He regards you from above;
 Praise Him for His great salvation;
 Praise Him for His precious love.

Sweet hosannas, sweet hosannas
To the Name of Jesus sing;
Sweet hosannas, sweet hosannas
To the Name of Jesus sing.

2 When He left His home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.

3 When the anxious mothers round
Him
With their tender infants pressed,
He with open arms received them,
And the little ones He blessed.

4 Up in yonder happy regions
Angels sound the chorus high;
Twice ten thousand times ten thousand
Send His praises through the sky.

5 Little children, praise the Saviour;
Praise Him, your undying Friend;
Praise Him till in heav'n you meet
Him
There to praise Him without end.

273 *Madrid*—C177, F432, S737

1 Come, children, join to sing—
Hallelujah! Amen!—
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!

On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
"Hallelujah! Amen!"

274 * *Ellacombe*—F385, S695, C93
Tours—M835, PH483
(also as 202, 225, 197)

1 When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heav'nly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

275 *Salem*—F611

1 When mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back
And bade them all depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said
"Suffer the children
To come unto Me."

2 "For I will receive them
And fold them to My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lamb
O drive them not away;

For, if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live;
Suffer the children
To come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who
Have never learned His Name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
"Suffer the children
To come unto Me."

4 O soon may the heathen,
Of every tribe and nation,
Fulfill Thy blessed word, and cast
Their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach them, dear Saviour,
To come unto Thee.

276 *Infant praise*—C658, F596

1 Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' Name;
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.

Hark, Hark, Hark! while infant
voices sing,
Hark, Hark, Hark! while infant
voices sing
Loud hosannas, loud hosannas,
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His Word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

277 *Ellacombe*—C93, S695, F385

1 Hosanna, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang:

To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
"Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!"

3 Fair leaves of silv'ry olive
They strowed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heav'n our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

278

Hermas—C133, S87, F207
(also as 134)

1 Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

"All His work is ended,"
joyfully we sing:
"Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!"

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.

Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

- 3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

279

I am so glad—S38

- 1 I am so glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of His love in the Book He has
giv'n:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

*I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.*

- 2 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him;
Love brought Him down my poor
soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the
tree:

- 3 If one should ask of me: How can
I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth
agree,
Constantly witnessing: Jesus loves me.
- 4 O if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great
King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
O what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

280

*Angels' story—C71, F615
Because He loves—S1156
(also as 202)*

- 1 I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory

Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

- 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go.
To sing among His angels
Because He loves me so.

281

*Jesus loves me—C660,
S1155, F627*

- 1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong:
They are weak, but He is strong.

*Yes! Jesus loves me!
Yes! Jesus loves me!
Yes! Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.*

- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly Thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.
- 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
Then His little child will take
Up to heav'n, for His dear sake.

282

*Innocents—C574, S1149, F403
Dion—F659*

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

- 2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

- 3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

- 4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

- 5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

283

Woodbrook—C669, F626

- 1 If I come to Jesus
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.

*If I come to Jesus,
Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.*

- 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
He my sins did bear.

- 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

- 4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

284

*St. Martin—OC558
(also as 220, 210, 164, 262, 298)*

- 1 Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a list'ning ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

- 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heav'n's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

- 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

- 5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heav'nly home,
We will gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

285

Like a shepherd—S1164

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

- 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep from ill; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Hear us children when we pray.

- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

- 4** Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

286 *City bright*—C480, F650

- 1** There is a city bright,
Closed are its gates to sin;
Naught that defileth,
Naught that defileth
Can ever enter in.
- 2** Saviour, I come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3** Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be;
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee,—
- 4** Till in the snowy dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!

**FOR CHILDREN:
FOLLOWING CHRIST**

287 *Roussell*—C661, S376, F648

- 1** Lord, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy,
O how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.
- 2** For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whatever is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

288 *Evelyn*—P571, OC149
Reverina—C450, F512
Lebbaeus—C469
(also as 234)

- 1** Jesus, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 2** Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 3** Little hearts may love Thee well;
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 4** Be Thou with us every day;
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 5** May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

289 *Shine*—F625, S1138

- 1** Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world is darkness;
So let us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.
- 2** Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.
- 3** Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—

- 5** With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus sake.

290 *Invermay*—C362

- 1** The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 2** Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak:
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?
- 3** We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest:
- 4** Until by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

291

- Alstone*—C516, S1139
- 1** We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

- 2** O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,—
A life to live for Jesus' sake,
A constant war to wage with sin.
- 3** When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,
- 4** Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

292

Walfare—OC563
(also as 164, 298)

- 1** Do no sinful action;
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.
- 2** Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.
- 3** There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.
- 4** But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.
- 5** Christ is your own Master;
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

293

Fortitude—C704, S698

1 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;

- Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.
- Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

FOR CHILDREN: HEAVEN

298

*Infant praises—P584
Filtz—C542, OC579*

1 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim
Must have a garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me;
Teach me to obey,
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heav'nly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

299

Refuge—C707, S57

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul doth rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul doth rest.*

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

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For, when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heav'n I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

297

*Hermus—C133, S87, F207
(also as 134, 177)*

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

All we hope we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

*Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.*

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.

Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road,
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

4 Higher, then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language
disdain;
God's Name hold in rev'ence, nor
take it in vain;

Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-
hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth
a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
though often cast down;
He, who is our Saviour, our strength
will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you
through.

294 *Sicilian Mariners—S1048, F426
Stutigart—F139, C113, S24
(also as 9)*

1 Childhood's years are passing o'er us;
Soon our school-days will be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me!"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
O to meet in heav'n for ever!
O the crown of life to gain!

295

*Goshten (Fides)—C552,
S1153, F628*

1 Jesus is our Shepherd,
His the voice we hear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,—
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

296 *Cliftonville—OC569*

1 The world looks very beautiful
And full of joy to me;
Then sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus,
All the way.

2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done;
"The world is full of sorrow
And suffering," they say;
But I will follow Jesus,
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble;
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

300 *In memoriam*—C593

1 There's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die,
Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry:
A rest from every turmoil
From sin and sorrow free,
Where ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's home for little children
Above the bright blue sky
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

301 *Jewels*—C158, S1140, F653

1 When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.*

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His Kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

302 *Better world*—OC591, M22

1 There is a better world, they say,
O so bright! O so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright! O so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are
there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair:
O so bright! O so bright!

2 No clouds e'er pass along its sky,
Happy land! Happy land!
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
Happy land! Happy land!
They drink the living streams of
grace,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose brightness fills the holy place,
Happy land! Happy land!

3 Though we are sinners every one—
Jesus died! Jesus died!—
And though our crown of peace is
gone—
Jesus died! Jesus died!—
We may be cleansed from every
stain,
We may be crowned with peace
again,
And in that land of bliss may reign,
Jesus died! Jesus died!

303 *Happy land*—C587

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

FOR CHILDREN: EVENING

305

Evening prayer—C654
Baty—F66
Dijon—F659

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near
me;

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and
fed me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless my friends! I love so well,
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

Listen to my evening prayer.

CLOSING HYMNS

306 *Ellers*—C301, S291, F280

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we
raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn
of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our
worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word
of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-
ward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall
end the day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon
Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through
the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into
light;

From harm and danger keep Thy
children free,
For dark and light are both alike to
Thee.

O how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King!"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;

Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?

O we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land

Beams every eye;

Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;

On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;

And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

FOR CHILDREN: MORNING

304

Sawley—F633

Spring-tide hour—C653
(also as 314, 159, 15, 259)

1 The morning bright,

With rosy light,

Has waked me up from sleep;

Father, I own,

Thy love alone

Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,

I humbly pray,

Be Thou my Guard and Guide;

My sins forgive,

And let me live,

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest

Within my breast,

Great Spirit of all grace;

Make me like Thee,

Then shall I be

Prepared to see Thy face.

- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay
in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

- 307** *Stella—F595*
1 O Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!*

- 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity, and inward peace.

- 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

308 * *Dismissal—F275, C678, S287*

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence, may Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

DOXOLOGIES

- 309** *Old 100th—C229, S9, F592*
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 310** * *St. Anne—F41, C601, S513, OC635*
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

- 311** * *St. Anne—F41, C601, S513*
1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while trouble
last
And our eternal home.

- 312** *Franconia—F56, C190, S461 Selma—C249*
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?

- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to Me;
The soul that hears shall live.

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

- 5 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
"For," hear the voice Divine!
"My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine".

- 6 "But, far as heav'n's resplendent
orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend".

- 7 With joy and peace shall then be led
The glad converted, lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
The forests clap their hands,

315 *

Mucindikani Yesu—SU76, AP45, TsN10

- 1 O praise the name of Jesus,
O praise the name of Jesus, our King;
O praise the name of Jesus,
Our King, our King, our King,
O praise the name
of Jesus,
our King,
our King,
O praise the name
of Jesus,
our King,
our King,

314 *Evari—S327, C692, F261*

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

- 2 He calls you all to hear Him,
He calls you all to hear Him, our
King.

- 3 O turn your hearts unto Him,
O turn your hearts unto Him, our King.
- 4 For Christ, our King, is coming,
For Christ our King is coming, our King.
- 5 Then bring your offerings to Him,
Then bring your offerings to Him, our King.
- 6 Come with them all to Jesus,
Come with them all to Jesus, our King.

316

Wakucema wakucema—
SU171, TsN13

- 1 He is calling, He is calling all His people:
O listen! O listen to your Saviour,
He is calling:
He is calling, He is calling all His people.
- 2 He is calling, He, the mighty King of heaven:
'Tis Jesus, 'tis He who is the Saviour of all people:
'Tis Jesus calling, 'tis Jesus calling all His people.
- 3 He is calling, He is calling you my mothers,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis He who shed His blood to save you, mothers,
He died to save you, He shed His blood to save you, mothers.
- 4 He is calling, He is calling you my fathers,
'Tis Jesus, 'tis He who shed His blood to save you, fathers,
He died to save you, He shed His blood to save you, fathers.
- 5 He is calling, Jesus calls you to abandon
The evil, the evil that for long has been your master,
He bids you leave it, He bids you leave your sin and blindness.

317 *

Cindikani Ciuta—SU21,
AP1, TsN1

- 1 O praise the King of heaven,
O praise the King of heaven,
All ye who are His people.
O praise the King of heaven,
Ye princes!
O praise the King of heaven,
The holy, gracious King:
Ye rulers!
O praise the King of heaven,
Hallelujah!
O praise the King of heaven,
The holy, gracious King.
- 2 O tell abroad His glory,
O tell abroad His glory,
And publish it to all men.
Ye fathers! Ye mothers! Hallelujah!
- 3 O shout aloud His praises,
O shout aloud His praises
In mountain, plain and valley.
Young warriors! Ye maidens! Hallelujah!
- 4 For He is high exalted,
For He is high exalted
Above all earthly nations.
Old people! Ye children! Hallelujah!
- 5 For God, the great God reigneth,
For God, the great God reigneth
Above all tribes and peoples.
In heaven! On earth! Hallelujah!

318 *

Nkamupenja Yesu—SU248,
AP75, TsN4

- 1 When I called to Jesus,
When I called to Jesus
He answered me in love;
When I called to Jesus,
When I called to Jesus
He answered me in love.
He is my Saviour,
He is my Saviour,
He answered me in love;

- 5 Jesus! I do now receive Him,
More than all in Him I find,
He hath granted me forgiveness,
I am His, and He is mine.

320

Shining for Jesus—S1124

- 1 Shining for Jesus ev'rywhere I go;
Shining for Jesus in this world of woe;
Shining for Jesus, more like Him I grow:
Shining all the time for Jesus.
- Shining all the time, shining all the time;
Shining for Jesus, beams of love divine;
Glorifying Him ev'ry day and hour,
Shining all the time for Jesus.*
- 2 Shining for Jesus, in a world of sin;
Shining for Jesus, bringing lost ones in;
Shining for Jesus, glorifying Him:
Shining all the time for Jesus.
- 3 Shining for Jesus when He gives me grace;
Shining for Jesus while I run the race;
Shining for Jesus, till I see His face:
Shining all the time for Jesus.

321

Ninety and nine—C685, S97

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast in fold Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee!"
But the Shepherd made answer,
"This of Mine hath wander'd away from Me;

He is my Saviour,
He is my Saviour,
He answered me in love.

2 When I prayed for mercy,
When I prayed for mercy
He answered me in love.

3 When I cried unto Him,
When I cried unto Him
He answered me in love.

4 When I came to Jesus,
When I came to Jesus
He answered me in love.

5 Jesus, I a sinner,
Jesus, I a sinner,
Come unto Thee for health.

O Saviour, cleanse me,
O Saviour, cleanse me,
And wash away my sin;

O Saviour, cleanse me,
O Saviour, cleanse me,
And wash away my sin.

319

Hyfrydol—C479, F113

- 1 Jesus! what a Friend for sinners!
Jesus! Lover of my soul;
Friends may fail me, foes assail me,
He, my Saviour, makes me whole.
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
Hallelujah! what a Friend!
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,
He is with me to the end.

2 Jesus! what a Strength in weakness!
Let me hide myself in Him;
Tempted, tried, and sometimes failing,
He, my Strength, my vict'ry wins.

3 Jesus! what a Help in sorrow!
While the billows o'er me roll,
Even when my heart is breaking,
He, my comfort, helps my soul.

4 Jesus! what a Guide and Keeper!
While the tempest still is high,
Storms about me, night o'ertakes me,
He, my Pilot, hears my cry.

And although the road be rough
and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night which
the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?
"They were shed for one who had
gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him
back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
and torn?"
"They're pierced to-night by many
a thorn,
They're pierced to-night by many
a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains,
thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of
heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

322

Hastings—S187, F431
1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my soul abroad;
Then shall my heart no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow,
And make the mountains flow.

324

*Hena, Mwana wa Mberere—
SU46, TsN24*

1 Behold the holy Lamb of God!
Behold the Man that bears for us
a heavy load.

*Holy Lamb of God, lo, upon the cross
For all men bearing pain and loss.*

2 In humble silence goeth He,
In grief and pain, to bear our sins
upon the tree.

3 Behold, outside the city wall
Upon the cross they nail Him there
to save us all.

4 O listen to His bitter cry,
"My God, my God, why dost Thou
leave me here to die?"

5 But lo, upon that awful tree
From the defilement of my sin He
cleanseth me.

325

*Yesu wakava miedu—SU366,
AP23, TsN27*

1 He was born a little child
When He came to earth:
Angels in the heav'ns above
Told us of His birth.

*Mother Mary laid Him
In a cattle stall,
Little baby Jesus,
Who was Lord of all.*

2 Shepherds and their quiet sheep
Saw the angel bright:
Shepherds heard the angels there
Singing in the night.

3 In the hills they left the lambs
And the sleeping sheep:
Down to Bethlehem they came
Jesus for to seek.

4 "Shepherds, whence your eager feet,
Running, running still?
Who is caring for your sheep
On the starlit hill?"

5 "Shall we not adore Him now,
Lying in the hay?
Lo, our Saviour Jesus Christ
Born to us today!"

326 * *Kumi ba yah (Angola)—SCO18*

1 Come again, my Lord, come again,
Come again, my Lord, come again,
Come again, my Lord, come again!
O Lord, come again!

2 Someone's singing, Lord, come again;
O Lord, come again!

3 Someone's crying, Lord, come again;
O Lord, come again!

4 Someone's praying, Lord, come
again;
O Lord, come again!

5 Come again, my Lord, come again!
O Lord, come again!

327 * *Ndimwe Ciuta—SU91, TsN7*

1 All hail, Almighty, God everlasting!
All hail, Almighty, God everlasting!
All hail!

Hail to Thee, Almighty, God ever-
lasting!
All hail!

Hail to Thee, Almighty, God ever-
lasting!

2 All hail, o Shepherd, God everlasting!
All hail!
Hail to Thee, o Shepherd, God ever-
lasting!

3 Behold, we are the sheep of Thy pas-
ture:
Hear us!
Hear us, Lord, we are the sheep of
Thy pasture.

4 O Shepherd, guard the sheep of Thy
pasture;
Guard us!
Shepherd, guard and tend the sheep
of Thy pasture.

112

5 O mighty Shepherd, fill us with power:
Fill us!
Mighty Shepherd, fill Thy flock with
Thy power.

328 *Canucose m' zomere—SU256,
AP2, T, N17*

1 Let the world in concert sing
Praises to our glorious King:
Hallelujah, hallelujah to our King!

2 Of His pow'r and glory tell:
All His work He doeth well:
Hallelujah, hallelujah to our King!

3 Come, behold what He hath done,
Deeds of wonder every one:
Hallelujah, hallelujah to our King!

4 O ye fearful ones, draw near:
Praise our God who holds you dear:
Hallelujah, hallelujah to our King!

5 Let us now in concert sing
Praises to our glorious King:
Hallelujah, hallelujah to our King!

329 *God be with you—S298, F522
Randolph—C624, F522*

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

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

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide
you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

330 *Horsley—C105, F175, S1134
(also as 322, 159, 229)*

1 How few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring?
How few have seen the arm revealed
Of heav'n's eternal King?

2 The Saviour comes! no outward
pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

3 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe!
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.

4 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours: not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

5 We held Him as condemned by
Heav'n,
An outcast from His God,
While for our sins He groined; He
bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.

6 His sacred blood hath washed our
souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have healed us, and His
death
Revived our souls again.

7 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road:
On Him were our transgressions laid
He bore the mighty load.

8 Wronged and oppressed, how meek
ly He
In patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb
When brought to shed its blood

9 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend
And plead their cause in heav'n.

331 * *Richmond—C209, F1
Lyngham—F1
Lydia—F127
(also as 159, 314, 25)*

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise.

The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth
abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For ev'ry soul of man.

7 Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

332 * *Hanover—S212, C9, F8
Laudate Dominum—F7, C168
Houghton—F398, C168*

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have.
The great congregation

His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore
And give Him His right,
All glory and 'pow'r,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
And infinite love.

333 * *Stella—F319*

1 "A little while!" Our Lord shall
come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has 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 joy to serve and follow Him,
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while!" Come, Saviour
come,

For Thee Thy Bride has waited long:
O take Thy wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song:
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee.

334 * *St. Agnes, Durham—
C422, F128, S60*

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name.
- 3 O Saviour of mankind!
O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

335

Excelsior (Bethany)—S581
Propior Deo—C475

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

- So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Clearing the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"
- 336 (274) *Room for Thee*—S33
Margaret—F141, C6
- 1 Thou didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
- O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee
- 2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility.
- 3 The foxes found rest,
And the bird its nest.
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
- 5 When heav'n's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee

And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and call'st for me.

337 (107) *Cleansing Fountain*—S129

Belmont—F183, C309, S663

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

338

Calvary (Welcome voice)—
C689, S475

1 I hear Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

339 * *Kilmarnock*—C400, F305

1 Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest
forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to
smite,

'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light:
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

340

Room—S429

1 "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's
bright hall of song,
With its fair glory beckons thee
along:

- Room, room, still room.
O enter, enter now!
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in! pass in! and be the Bridegroom's guest:
- 4 Pass in! pass in! That banquet is for thee:
That cup of everlasting love is free;
- 5 All heav'n is there! all joy! Go in,
go in!
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:

- 6 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come, ling'rer, come! enter that festal hall:
- 7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom,
Then the last, low, long cry, "No room, no room!"
No room, no room!
O woeful cry!—"No room!"

341 * *Were you there?*—NS113,
CD26, A144

- 1 Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble—
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
- 2 Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble!
- 3 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble!

- 4 Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble!
- 5 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble!
- 6 Were you there when He rose up from the dead?
O! Sometimes it causes me to tremble!

342 * *Troyte's No. 1*—S718, K385
(also as 236)

- 1 Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay?
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way?
Why lingers the expected Day?
Thy kingdom come.

- 2 Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;
From death and chains this world set free:
Thy kingdom come.

- 3 O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness:
Thy kingdom come.

- 4 Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway;
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day:
Thy kingdom come.

- 5 O bid Thy blessed gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know:
Thy kingdom come.

343 *In aeternum*—S964

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar.
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

- In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
- In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

345

All of Thee—M170
St. Jude—S624, F325

- 1 O the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could every be,
When I let the Saviour's pity,
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
"All of self, and none of Thee."

- 2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the cursed tree;
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them,
Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly:
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered:
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath
conquered:

Grant me now my soul's petition:
"None of self, and all of Thee."

346

Revive us again—S131

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

*Sound His praises, tell the story
Of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness
He liveth again.*

- 2 Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished,
The price hath been paid.

344 * *Lasst uns erfreuen*—F28, C13

- 1 All creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

- 2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,
O praise Him, hallelujah!

Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of ev'ning, find a voice,

- 3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light,

- 4 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, hallelujah!

Ye who long pain and sorrow bear
Praise God and on Him cast your care,

- 5 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, hallelujah!

Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One,

- 3 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free;
The just for the unjust
Hath died on the tree.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant,
And liveth again.
- 5 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh again;
He cometh in glory,
The Lamb that was slain.

347 * *St. Mabyn—F452, C395*
Stuttgart—C113, F139, S24
With chorus:
The sweetest Name—CR21

- 1 Heavily Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.
- 2 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.
- 3 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;
- 4 Hearts that far from Thee were
straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;
- 5 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.
- 6 Lord Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

348 *Battle-cry—S703*

- 1 Sound the battle-cry,
See! the foe is nigh;
Raise the standard high
For the Lord!

Gird your armour on,
Stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon
His holy Word!

Rouse then, soldiers!
Rally round the banner!
Ready, steady,
Pass the word along:
Onward! forward!
Shout aloud Hosanna!
Christ is Captain
Of the mighty throng!

2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail!

3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us, one and all,
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face!

349 *Christ arose—F196, S152*

- 1 Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus, my Saviour;
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus, my Lord!
- Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His
foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark
domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints
to reign;
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!
- 2 Vainly they watch His bed,
Jesus, my Saviour;
Vainly they seal the dead,
Jesus, my Lord!

- 3 Death cannot keep his prey,
Jesus, my Saviour;
He tore the bars away,
Jesus, my Lord!

350 *Crassellius (Winchester New)—*
C92, F291, S177
Ride on—S135

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.

(Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!)

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and
reign.

351 *Alstone—C516, S1139*
Commandments—C305
(also as 105)

- 1 A little child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His Name,
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.
- 2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heav'n the message
free,
"Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the
sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine;
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good
Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy
hand.

5 O Thou who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

352

St. Mark (Desai)—M752
OC 398

Liebster Jesu—C203, F90

1 Look upon us, blessed Lord,
Take our wandering thoughts and
guide us:
We have come to hear to Thy word:
With Thy teaching now provide us,
That, from earth's distractions turn-
ing,
We Thy message may be learning.

2 For Thy Spirit's radiance bright,
We, assembled here, are hoping:
If Thou shouldst withhold the light,
In the dark our souls were groping:
In word, deed, and thought direct us:
Thou, none other, canst correct us

3 Brightness of the Father's face,
Light of Light, from God Proceeding,
Make us ready in this place:
Ear and heart await Thy leading.
In our study, prayers, and praising,
May our souls find their uprising.

353

Evans—S327, C692, F261
Newington (St. Stephen)—
C483, F338
(also as 253)

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

361 * *St. Denio (Joanna)*—F18, C12

- From Satan's bondage He brought
me:
Jesus! Jesus!
Immortal, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
Hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious,
The Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great Name we praise.
- 2 Unresting, unhasting,
And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love.
- 3 To all, life Thou givest—
To both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
The true life of all;
We blossom and flourish
As leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—
But nought changeth Thee.
- 4 Great Father of Glory,
Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
All veiling their sight;
All laud we would render:
O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour
Of light hideth Thee.

360 * *St. Chrysostom*—F326, C430
(also as 71)

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling
place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
- Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought
So far exceeding hope or thought!

- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
mine.

- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet
sound,
O may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before His throne.

365

- Face to face*—CR246, A413
- 1 Face to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face—what will it be,
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me?

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

- 2 Only faintly now I see Him,
Through the veil that hangs between;
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.

- 3 What rejoicing in His presence
When are banished grief and pain,
When the crooked ways are
straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain!

- 4 Face to face! O blissful moment!
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ who loves me so.

366

- What did He do?*—A77
- 1 O listen to our wondrous story,
Counted once among the lost;
Yet, One came down from heaven's
glory,
Saving us at awful cost!

Who saved us from eternal loss?
Who but God's Son upon the cross!
What did He do?
He died for you!
Where is He now?
Believe it thou,
In heaven interceding!

363 * *Faithful Guide*—S194, PH260

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes;
Whence shall help for me arise?
From the Lord shall come mine aid,
Who the heaven and earth has made.
He will guide through dangers all,
Will not suffer thee to fall;
He who safe His people keeps
Slumbers not and never sleeps.

- 2 Thy Protector is the Lord,
Shade for thee He will afford;
Neither sun nor moon shall smite,
God shall guard by day and night.
He will ever keep thy soul,
What would harm He will control;
In the home and by the way
He will keep thee day by day.

364 *Faithful Guide*—S194, PH260

- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide!
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for aye rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give
o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wand'rer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

361 * *St. Denio (Joanna)*—F18, C12

- From Satan's bondage He brought
me:
Jesus! Jesus!
Immortal, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
Hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious,
The Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious,
Thy great Name we praise.
- 2 Unresting, unhasting,
And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love.
- 3 To all, life Thou givest—
To both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
The true life of all;
We blossom and flourish
As leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—
But nought changeth Thee.
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Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
All veiling their sight;
All laud we would render:
O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour
Of light hideth Thee.

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(also as 71)

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling
place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
- Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?

- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought
So far exceeding hope or thought!

- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art
mine.

- 2 No angel could our place have taken,
Highest of the high through he;
The loved One on the cross forsaken,
Was one of the God-head Three!
- 3 Will you surrender to this Saviour—
To His sceptre humbly bow?
You, too, shall come to know His
favour;
He will save you, save you now!

367 *Power in the Blood*—S145

- 1 Would you be free from your burden
of sin?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in
the blood;
Would you o'er evil a victory win?
There's wonderful pow'r in the
blood.
- There is power, power, wonder-working
power,
In the blood of the Lamb;
There is power, power, wonder-working
power,
In the precious blood of the Lamb.

- 2 Would you be free from your passion
and pride?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r
in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Calvary's
tide,
There's wonderful pow'r in the
blood.
- 3 Would you be whiter, much whiter
than snow?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r
in the blood;
Sin-stains are lost in its life-giving
flow,
There's wonderful pow'r in the
blood.
- 4 Would you do service for Jesus your
King?
There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r
in the blood;
Would you live daily His praises to
sing?
There's wonderful pow'r in the
blood.

368

Cleansing Blood—K170, Y247
Harwell—S149

(also as 116, 199, 287)

- 1 Precious Saviour, Thou has saved me;
Thine, and only Thine, I am:
O the cleansing blood hath reached
me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O the cleansing blood has reached
me!

Glory, glory to the Lamb!

- 2 Long my yearning heart was striving
To obtain this precious rest;
But, when all my struggles ended,
Simply trusting, I was blest.
- 3 Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die to Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation, full and free.
- 4 Glory to the Lord who bought me,
Glory for His saving power;
Glory to the Lord who keeps me,
Glory, glory evermore!

369

Let Him in—S363

- 1 There's a Stranger at the door:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
He has been there oft before:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
Let Him in ere He is gone;
Let Him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
- 2 Open now to Him your heart:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
If you wait He will depart:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
Let Him in: He is your Friend;
He your soul will sure defend:
He will keep you to the end:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
- 3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
Now, O now make Him your choice:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)

He is standing at the door;
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)

- 4 Now admit the heav'nly Guest:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
He will make for you a feast:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)
He will speak your sins forgiven;
And, when earthies all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven:
Let Him in! (Let the Saviour in!)

370

Surrender—S601

- 1 All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.

*I surrender all,
I surrender all;
All to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all,*

- 2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken—
Take me, Jesus, take me now.
- 3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
Let the Holy Spirit witness,
I am Thine and Thou art mine.

371

Amazing grace—F50

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the
sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

372

- 1 This world is not my home, I'm just
a-passing through;
My treasures are laid up somewhere
beyond the blue;
The angels beckon me from heaven's
open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world
anymore.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snarles,
I have already come;

O Lord, you know I have no friend
like you,
If heaven's not my home, then, Lord,
what will I do;
The angels beckon me from heaven's
open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world
anymore.

- 2 They're all expecting me, and
that's one thing I know,
I fixed it up with Jesus many years
ago;
I know He'll take me through though
I am weak and poor,
And I can't feel at home in this world
anymore.

- 3 I have a loving mother o'er in glory
land,
I don't expect to stop until I shake
her hand;
She's waiting now for me in heaven's
open door,
And I can't feel at home in this world
anymore.

- 4 Just o'er in glory land we'll live
eternally,
The saints on ev'ry hand are shouting
victory;
Their songs of sweetest praise drift
back from heaven's shore,
And I can't feel at home in this world
anymore.

373

Amazing grace—F50

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the
sound!
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snarles,
I have already come;

126
 This grace that brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

373

*Zion—OS681
 Grace—V253
 (also as 12, 183)*

1 Full salvation! Full salvation!
 Lo, the fountain opened wide
 Streams through every land and nation
 From the Saviour's wounded side.
 Full salvation! Full salvation
 Streams an endless crimson tide.

2 O the glorious revelation!
 See the cleansing current flow,
 Washing stains of condemnation
 Whiter than the driven snow!
 Full salvation! Full salvation!
 O the rapt'rous bliss to know.

3 Love's resistless current sweeping
 All the regions deep within;
 Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
 Now, and every instant, clean;
 Full salvation! Full salvation
 From the guilt and pow'r of sin.

4 Life immortal, heav'n descending,
 Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
 God and man in oneness blending,
 O what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation! Full salvation!
 Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no more;
 Faith knows naught of dark tomorrow,
 For my Saviour goes before:
 Full salvation! Full salvation,
 Full and free for evermore!

374

Why not you?—A97
 1 Many are happy in Jesus tonight,
 Why not you? why not you?
 Sure of a home in the mansions of light,
 Why not you?

*Daily His wonderful mercy they
 prove,
 Singing, rejoicing, as onward they
 move:
 Safe in His keeping they rest in His
 love,
 Why not you?*

2 Many were snatched from the brink
 of despair,
 Why not you? why not you?
 Now in the joys of the righteous they
 share,
 Why not you?

3 Many a prodigal child has returned,
 Why not you? why not you?
 Blessings to find in the home they
 had spurned,
 Why not you?

4 Many are close to the brink of the
 grave,
 Why not you? why not you?
 Fully persuaded that Jesus can save,
 Why not you?

NATIONAL HYMNS

375 *Nkosi sikelel' i Afrika*
 Bless, o Lord, our Land of Africa,
 Lift its name and make its people
 free;
 Take the gifts we offer unto Thee;
 Hear us, faithful sons!
 Hear us, faithful sons!

*Spirit of Truth,
 Come, o Spirit of Truth;
 Spirit of Truth,
 Come, o Spirit of Truth.
 Spirit of Truth, come, o come,
 Hear our prayer:
 God bless Africa,
 God bless Africa.*

376 O God bless Malaŵi

1 O God bless our land of Malaŵi,
 Keep it land of peace,
 Put down each and every enemy,
 Hunger, disease, envy.
 Join together all our hearts as one,
 That we be free from fear.
 Bless our leader, each and every one,
 And Mother Malaŵi.

2 Our own Malaŵi, this land so fair,
 Fertile and brave and free.
 With its lakes, refreshing mountain
 air,

How greatly blest are we.
 Hills and valleys, soil so rich and rare,
 Give us a bounty free.
 Wood and forest, plains so broad
 and fair,
 All Beauteous Malaŵi.

3 Freedom ever, let us all unite,
 To build up Malaŵi.
 With our love, our zeal, and loyalty,
 Bringing our best to her.
 In time of war, or in time of peace,
 One purpose and one goal.
 Men and women serving selflessly,
 In building Malaŵi.

APPENDIX

377 *St. Theodolph—C91, F10, S723
 Heber (Missionary)—C371,
 F548*

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Africa's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;

127
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

378 * *Darwall's 148th—C135, S154,
 F23
 Gopsal—F216, C135*

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:

*Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice!*

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above:

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:

4 He sits at God's right hand
 Till all His foes submit,
 And bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His feet:

5 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure aerephic joy:

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear the archangel's
voice;
The trump of God shall sound; Re-
joice!

379 *Count your blessings—S745*

1 When upon life's billows you are
tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking
all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name
them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done.

Count your blessings, name them
one by one;
Count your blessings, see what God
hath done!
Count your blessings, name them
one by one;
And it will surprise you what the
Lord hath done.

2 Are you ever burdened with a load
of care?
Does the cross seem heavy you are
called to bear?
Count your many blessings, every
doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing as the days
go by.

3 When you look at others with their
lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised you
His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings, wealth
can never buy
Your reward in heaven, nor your
home on high.

380 * *Ein' feste Burg—F381, S3
C526,*

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils
filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath
willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little Word shall fell him.

4 That Word above all earthly
powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

381 * *Monkland—C620, F35
(also as 9)*

1 Praise, o praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing:

For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light:

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield:

6 Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss:

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing,

Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

382 * *St. Michael—F342, C156, S882
Southport—F263*

1 We thank Thee, Lord, indeed,
That Thou Thy Word hast given,
To light our path in this dark world,
And safely guide to heaven.

2 To warn of sinful steps,
And point our road each day,
To keep us in the one safe path,
The strait and narrow way.

3 Bless those who with us read
Thy wondrous Book of Light,
That all of us with one desire
May strive to do the right.

4 As Thy commands we seek
Within Thy Word each day,
Teach us what Thou wilt have us do,
Then teach us to obey.

5 O give us minds to learn,
And hearts to know Thy will,
And make us willing, cheerful,
strong,
Thy bidding to fulfil!

383 * *Richmond—F12, C209*

1 Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In ev'ry part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask; but for a life made up
Of praise in ev'ry part:

3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

4 Fill ev'ry part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en
me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song for ever new.

6 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in ev'ry step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

384 * *Rivaulx—C5, F107
Old 100th—C766, S 9, F20*

Lord, strengthen Thou our faith, we
pray;
Increase it always, this our shield;
And comfort Thou with true belief
Our hearts in all adversity.

- A little child the Saviour came 351
 "A little while!" Our Lord shall
 come 333*
 A mighty fortress is our God 380*
 "Abide in Me," most loving
 counsel this 152
 Abide with me, fast falls the
 eventide 208
 According to Thy gracious Word 229
 Alas! And did my Saviour bleed 33
 All creatures of our God and
 King 344*
 All hail, Almighty, God ever-
 lasting 327*
 All hail the power of Jesu's Name 63
 All my doubts I give to Jesus 135*
 All people that on earth do dwell 313
 All praise to Thee, my God, this
 night 209
 All to Jesus I surrender 370
 Amazing grace 372
 Arise, my soul, arise! Shake off
 Art thou weary, art thou languid 49
 At even when the sun was set 212
 At Thy feet, O God and Father 205
 Awake my soul, and with the sun
 Away in a manger 264*
 Behold the holy Lamb of God 324
 Be still, my soul; the Lord is on
 thy side 138
 Be with us, gracious Lord, today 249*
 Beyond the holy city wall 34
 Bless, O Lord, our Land of Africa 375
 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine 131
 Blest are the pure in heart 150
 Break Thou the bread of life 75
 Breathe on me, Breath of God 67
 Childhood's years are passing
 o'er us 294
 Children of Jerusalem 276
 Children of the heavenly King 182
 Christ is coming! Let creation
 Christ is made the sure found-
 ation 53
 Christ whose glory fills the skies 250
 Christian, dost thou see them 206
 Christian, work for Jesus 180*
 Come again, my Lord, come
 again 164
 Come, children, join to sing 326*
 273
 Come every joyful heart that
 loves the 56
 Come every soul by sin oppressed 87
 Come, for the feast is spread 98
 Come, gracious Spirit, heav-
 enly Dove 70*
 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls
 inspire 64
 Come, Holy Spirit, come 68
 Come let us all unite and sing 21*
 Come, let us to the Lord our
 God 339*
 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare 196
 Come sing, my soul, and praise
 the Lord 60
 Come, take by faith the body of
 your Lord 230
 Come to the Saviour, make no
 delay 358
 Come unto Me, ye weary 92*
 Come ye that love the Lord 186
 Come, ye thankful people, come 257
 Courage, brother! do not
 stumble 174
 Creator and Father, Thou who
 rulest above 323
 Creator Spirit, by whose aid 71*
 Crown Him with many crowns 44
 Do no sinful action 292
 Down in the valley with my
 Saviour I would go 168
 Face to face with Christ, my
 Saviour 365
 Far above in highest heaven 354*
 Father, long before creation 147*
 Father of all, we bow to Thee 195*
 Father of all, whose powerful
 voice 11*
 Father of heaven, whose love
 profound 3
 Father, whose everlasting love 23*
 Fight the good fight with all thy
 might 166
 Fill Thou my life, O Lord my
 God 383*
 For thee, O dear dear country 193
 Fountain of mercy, God of love 259*
 From every stormy wind that
 blows 139
 From Greenland's icy moun-
 tains 377

- From heaven above to earth I
 come 266
 From the eastern mountains 241
 Full salvation, full salvation 373
 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild 282
 Glory be to God the Father 4
 Glory to God on high 133*
 Go when the morning shineth 197
 God be with you till we meet
 again 329
 God bless our land of Malaŵi 376
 God is always near me 262
 God loved the world of sinners 20
 God reveals His presence 223
 God, who made the earth 263
 Golden harps are sounding 278
 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me! 66*
 Great King of kings, why dost
 Thou stay? 342*
 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah 183
 Hail the day that sees Him rise 43
 Hail thou bright and sacred
 morn 216
 Hallelujah, praise Jehovah 14
 Hallelujah! The strife is o'er 42
 Happy the man that finds the
 grace 130
 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord 117
 Hark the herald angels sing 26
 Hark! there comes a whisper 95
 Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice
 I hear 101
 Have you any room for Jesus? 94
 Have you on the Lord believed? 123
 He is calling all His people 316
 He is coming, the Man of Sor-
 rows 51
 He is not a disappointment 132
 He leaeth me, O blessed
 thought 140
 Heavenly Father, bless Thy
 children 325
 Heavenly Father, Thou hast
 brought us 347
 Here, O my Lord, I see
 Thee face to face 254
 Here we suffer grief and pain 231
 Ho! my comrades, see the signal 129
 Ho! ye that thirst, approach
 the spring 172
 314
 Hold Thou my hand, I am so
 weak 142
 Holy Father, in Thy mercy 260
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God
 Almighty! 1
 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide 364
 Hosanna, loud hosanna 277
 How few receive with cordial
 faith 330*
 How shall I follow Him I serve?
 How sweet the Name of Jesus
 sounds 167
 I am coming to the Cross 119
 I am not worthy, holy Lord 109
 I am so glad that our Father in
 heaven 228
 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus 279
 I hear the Saviour say 110
 I hear Thy welcome voice 118
 I heard the voice of Jesus say 338
 I hunger and I thirst, Jesus my
 manna be 103
 I lay my sins on Jesus 232
 I left it all with Jesus 225*
 I love the Lord, the fount of life
 and grace 111
 I love to hear the story 22
 I love to think of the heavenly
 la d 280
 I need Thee every hour 194
 I need Thee, precious Jesus 144
 I will sing of my Redeemer 143
 I will sing the wondrous Story 55*
 I'll praise my Maker while I've
 breath 120
 I'm a little pilgrim 10
 I'm a pilgrim and a stranger 298
 I've found a Friend, O such a
 Friend 184
 If I come to Jesus 121
 Immortal, invisible, God only
 wise 283
 In Him I live, the Saviour who
 sought me 361*
 In tenderness He sought me 359
 In the heart of Jesus there is
 love for you 127
 In the hour of trial 145
 In this world in which we dwell 175
 Jerusalem the golden 342
 Jesus bids us shine 192
 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult 289
 29

132	Christ is risen . today	40 *
	Jesus, from Thy throne on high	288
	Jesus high in glory	284
	Jesus is our Shepherd	295
	Jesus, Jesus came to save us	357
	Jesus, keep me near the Cross	107 *
	Jesus, Lover of my soul	104
	Jesus loves me! this I know	281
	Jesus, Master, whose I am	224 *
	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	360 *
	Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	112
	Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came	50
	"Jesus", Name of wondrous love	57
	Jesus, Saviour, hear my call	234
	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	261
	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	240
	Jesus, stand among us	220
	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	305
	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	334 *
	Jesus, Thine all-victorious love	322
	Jesus, Thou art standing pleading	113
	Jesus, we love to meet	217
	Jesus! what a Friend for sinners	319
	Jesus, with Thy Church abide	203 *
	Just as I am, without one plea	105
	Lamp of our feet whereby we trace	74 *
	Lead, kindly Light	185
	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	176 *
	Let me come closer to Thee,	151
	Lord Jesus	328
	Let the world in concert sing	9
	Let us with a glad some mind	243
	Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	134 *
	Like a river glorious	272
	Little children, praise the Saviour	267
	Little children, wake and listen	90
	Look away to Jesus, soul by woe oppressed	352
	Look upon us, blessed Lord	54
	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	287
	Lord, a little band and lowly	30 *
	Lord as to Thy dear cross we flee	30 *
	Lord, bless and pity us	312
	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	308 *
	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	156
	Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole	162
	Lord Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine	125
	Lord of the harvest, once again	258 *
	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	248
	Lord, strengthen Thou our faith, we pray	384 *
	Lord, teach us how to pray aright	198 *
	Lord, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver	238 *
	Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	347 *
	Lord, Thy Word abideth	73
	Love Divine, all loves excelling	116
	Low in the grave He lay	349
	"Man of Sorrows", wondrous name	32
	Many are happy in Jesus tonight	374
	More about Jesus would I know	58
	More holiness give me	161 *
	More love to Thee, o Christ	122
	Much in sorrow, oft in woe	178
	My faith looks up to Thee	106
	My God, I have found	128
	My hope is built on nothing less	362
	My Jesus, I love Thee	125
	My soul doth magnify the Lord	25
	Nearer, my God, to Thee	335
	No beautiful chamber	91
	Nothing either great or small	93
	Now, Lord, according to Thy word	28
	Now thank we all our God	8
	Now the day is over	210
	Now the labourer's task is o'er	191
	O bless our God with one accord	221
	O come, all ye faithful	24
	O come and mourn with me awhile	35
	O Day of rest and gladness	218 *
	O do not let the word depart	78
	O Father all creating	252

133	Pleasant are Thy courts above	159
	Praise God from whom all blessings flow	160
	Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	331 *
	Praise, o praise our God and King	376
	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty	253
	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	311 *
	Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me	124
	Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer hath come	108
	Rejoice, the Lord is King	157
	Rest for the weary, joy of the sad	233
	Revive Thy work, O Lord	378 *
	Ride on, ride on in majesty	47
	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	201
	Safe in the arms of Jesus	350
	Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise	299
	Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen while we sing	317 *
	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	97 *
	Saviour, lead me, lest I stray	38
	Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	307
	Saviour, now the day is ending	345
	Saviour, teach me day by day	85
	Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me	7
	See in yonder manger low	244
	Seek ye first, not earthly treasures	36
	Shining for Jesus everywhere	41
	I go	99
	Silent night, holy night	268
	Sinner, how thy heart is troubled	45
	Sinners Jesus will receive	86
	Soldiers of Christ, arise!	100
	Soldiers of the Cross, arise!	173 *
	Something every heart is loving	246
	Sound the battle-cry!	148
	Sowing in the morning	348
	Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	170
	Stand up! stand up for Jesus	65
	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	179
	Sweet hour of prayer	226 *
		46
		136

132	for a closer walk with God	159
	for a heart to praise my God	160
	for a thousand tongues to sing	331 *
	God, bless our land of Malawi	376
	God of Bethel, by whose hand	253
	God, our help in ages past	311 *
	happy day that fixed my choice	124
	hear my cry, be gracious now to me	108
	help us, Lord, each hour of need	157
	Jesus, I have promised	233
	Lamb of God, still keep me	153
	listen to our wondrous story	366
	Lord of heaven and earth and sea	236
	Lord our God, arise!	245
	my Father, take me, make me perfect life of love	155 *
	praise the King of heaven	317 *
	praise the Name of Jesus	315 *
	precious words that Jesus said	97 *
	sacred Head, sore wounded	38
	Saviour, bless us ere we go	307
	the bitter shame and sorrow	345
	word of words the sweetest	85
	worship the King, all-glorious above	7
	O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	244
	On Calvary's brow my Saviour died	36
	On wings of living light	41
	Once again the Gospel message	99
	Once in royal David's city	268
	One is kind above all others, O how He loves	45
	One there is above all others, well deserves the name	59
	One there is who loves thee, waiting still	88
	Onward, Christian soldiers	177
	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	69 *
	Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer	226 *
	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	46
	Peace, perfect peace	136

132	Christ is risen . today	40 *
	Jesus, from Thy throne on high	288
	Jesus high in glory	284
	Jesus is our Shepherd	295
	Jesus, Jesus came to save us	357
	Jesus, keep me near the Cross	107 *
	Jesus, Lover of my soul	104
	Jesus loves me! this I know	281
	Jesus, Master, whose I am	224 *
	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	360 *
	Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	112
	Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came	50
	"Jesus", Name of wondrous love	57
	Jesus, Saviour, hear my call	234
	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	261
	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	240
	Jesus, stand among us	220
	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	305
	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	334 *
	Jesus, Thine all-victorious love	322
	Jesus, Thou art standing pleading	113
	Jesus, we love to meet	217
	Jesus! what a Friend for sinners	319
	Jesus, with Thy Church abide	203 *
	Just as I am, without one plea	105
	Lamp of our feet whereby we trace	74 *
	Lead, kindly Light	185
	Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	176 *
	Let me come closer to Thee,	151
	Lord Jesus	328
	Let the world in concert sing	9
	Let us with a glad some mind	243
	Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	134 *
	Like a river glorious	272
	Little children, praise the Saviour	267
	Little children, wake and listen	90
	Look away to Jesus, soul by woe oppressed	352
	Look upon us, blessed Lord	54
	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	287
	Lord, a little band and lowly	30 *
	Lord as to Thy dear cross we flee	30 *

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	Look upon us, blessed Lord	54
	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	287
	Lord, a little band and lowly	30 *
	Lord as to Thy dear cross we flee	30 *

Take comfort, Christians, when your friends 190*
 Take me, o my Father, take me 115
 Take my life and let it be 169*
 Take the Name of Jesus with you 61
 Take time to be holy 154
 "Take up thy cross", the Saviour said 31
 Tell me the old old Story 76
 The Church's one foundation 202*
 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended 207
 The fields are all white 290
 The gospel of Thy grace 84
 The Great Physician now is near 83
 The King of Glory standeth 82
 The King of love my Shepherd is 13
 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want 15
 The morning bright with rosy light 304
 The sands of time are sinking 188
 The strife is o'er, the battle done 42
 The voice that breathed o'er Eden 251
 The world looks very beautiful 296
 There a call comes ringing 247
 There comes to my heart one sweet strain 137
 There is a better world, they say 302
 There is a city bright 286
 There is a fountain filled with blood 337
 There is a green hill far away 271
 There is a happy land 303
 There is life for a look at the Crucified One 81
 There's a Friend for little children 300
 There's a land that is fairer than day 343
 There's a Stranger at the door 369
 There were ninety and nine 321
 Thine forever! God of love 235
 This world is not my home 371
 Thou didst leave Thy throne 336
 Thou, whose almighty Word 239
 Though troubles assail and dangers afright 16

Thrice-blessed Spirit, Giver of salvation 72*
 Through all the changing scenes of life 17
 Through the day Thy love hath spared us 215
 Through the night of doubt and sorrow 204
 Time is earnest, passing by 89*
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 310
 To God be the glory! 19*
 To the hills I lift mine eyes 363*
 'Twas on that night when doomed to know 227
 We are but little children weak 291
 We cannot always trace the way 149
 We give immortal praise 5*
 We give Thee but Thine own 237*
 We have heard a joyful sound 242
 We love the place, O God 356*
 We plough the fields and scatter 2 6
 We praise, we worship Thee, o God 2
 We thank Thee, Lord, indeed 382*
 Were you there when they crucified my Lord? 341*
 What a Friend we have in Jesus 199
 What can wash away my stain? 114
 What means this eager anxious throng? 80
 When all my labours and trials are o'er 187
 When He cometh 301
 When His salvation bringing 274*
 When I called to Jesus 318*
 When I survey the wondrous Cross 39
 When mothers of Salem 275
 When our heads are bowed with woe 189
 When peace like a river attendeth my way 158
 When storms around are sweeping 146
 When the storms of life are raging 141
 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound 5
 When thou wakest in the morning 171

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed 379
 While Jesus whispers to you, Come 96
 While shepherds watched their flocks by night 27*
 While we pray and while we plead 79
 With harps and with vials there stand a great throng 62
 Whither, pilgrims, are ye going? 181
 Who is He in yonder stall? 270
 Work, for the night is coming 165
 Would you be free from your burden of sin? 367
 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high 222
 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim 337*
 Yet there is room 340
 Yield not to temptation 293

HYMN:

Look upon us, blessed Lord,
 Take our wandering thoughts and guide us;
 We have come to hear Thy word;
 With Thy teaching now provide us,
 That, from earth's distractions turning,
 We Thy message may be learning. AMEN (Hymn No. 352:1)

THE LORD'S PRAYER:

Our Father, who art in heaven,
 Hallowed be Thy Name;
 Thy kingdom come;
 Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread;
 And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;
 And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
 For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever. AMEN.

HYMN (CONFESSION):

Sinful thoughts and words unloving,
 Rise against us one by one,
 Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
 Good that we have left undone.
 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,
 Low before Thy throne we fall,
 Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
 On Thy Name we humbly call. AMEN (Hymn 347:3)

THE CREED:

1 I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;
 2 And in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, our Lord;
 3 Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the virgin Mary;
 4 Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried, He
 descended into hell;
 5 The third day He rose again from the dead;
 6 He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the
 Father Almighty;
 7 From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead.
 8 I believe in the Holy Spirit;
 9 I believe a holy catholic Church, the communion of saints;
 10 The forgiveness of sins;
 11 The resurrection of the body;
 12 And the life everlasting. AMEN.

HYMN:

Lord, strengthen Thou our faith, we pray;
 Increase it always, this our shield;
 And comfort Thou with true belief
 Our hearts in all adversity. AMEN (Hymn 384)