

**CALL TO WORSHIP:
PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING**

1

L.M.

PSALM 100

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell.
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure
- 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.

2

L.M.

ISAAC. WATTS

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His Sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;

And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear?
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

3

7.7.7.7.7.7.7

HENRY ALFORD

- 1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms 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 the 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,
Giving 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,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There, forever purified,
In thy garner to abide;
Come, with all thine angels come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

4

113th (8.8.8.-8.8.8)

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 I'll praise my Maker with my 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 Why should I make a man my trust!
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed and feeds the poor,
And none shall find God's promise vain.

- 4 The Lord has eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind
And sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 He loves the saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 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.

5

C.M.

EDWARD PERRONET

- 1 Let Christians hail Immanuel's name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye martyrs, his great name repeat,
Who heard your dying call;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen few of Jacob's race,
A remnant weak and small,
The hope of Israel now confess,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile mourners after God,
Oppressed with guilty thrall,

Come, taste the riches of his blood,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Whoever comes he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you need not doubt;
Then crown him Lord of all.

6 Let all his saints, of every tongue,
Around this earthly ball,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And crown him Lord of all.

6

7.7.7.7

JOHN MILTON

- 1 Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might.
Filled the new made world with light
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.
- 5 He has with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.

7

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7 TIMOTHY DUDLEY-SMITH

- 1 Not to us be glory given
But to him who reigns above,
Glory to the God of heaven
For his faithfulness and love!
What though unbelieving voices
Hear no word and see no sign,
Still in God my heart rejoices,
Working out his will divine.
- 2 Not what human fingers fashion,
Gold and silver, deaf and blind,
Dead to knowledge and compassion,
Having neither heart nor mind:
Lifeless gods, men yet adore them,
Nerveless hands and feet of clay;
All become, who bow before them,
Lost indeed, and dead as they.
- 3 Not in them is hope of blessing;
Hope is in the living Lord!
High and low, his name confessing,
Find in him their shield and sword.
Hope of all whose hearts revere him,
God of Israel, still the same!
God of Aaron! Those who fear him
He remembers them by name.
- 4 Not the dead, but we the living
Praise the Lord with all our powers;
Of his goodness freely giving:

His is heaven, earth is ours.
Not to us be glory given
But to him who reigns above,
Glory to the God of heaven,
For his faithfulness and love.

8

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6

MARTIN RINKART

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom this world rejoices,
Who, from our mothers' arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
 And still is our 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 heaven and earth adore;
For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

- 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 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.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 My gracious master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

- 1 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise him in the height!
Rejoice in his word,
Ye angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore him

By whom ye were made,
And worship before him,
In brightness arrayed.

- 2 O praise ye the Lord!
Praise him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise him who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise him who hath taught you
To sing of his love.

- 3 O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love of creation,
For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord

11

C.M.D

PSALM 96

- 1 O sing a new song to the Lord:
Sing all the earth to God;
Jehovah bless, declare each day
His saving grace abroad.
Among the nations everywhere
His glory celebrate;
Among the peoples of the earth
His wondrous works relate.
- 2 For God is great above all gods:
To him all praise be given.
The heathen gods are things of nought;
Jehovah made the heaven.
Great honour is before his face,

And majesty divine;
Within his holy dwelling place
Both strength and beauty shine.

- 3 O do ye to Jehovah give
Of people every tribe,
Yea, to Jehovah glory give
And mighty power ascribe.
The glory to Jehovah give
That to his name is due;
O come ye to his courts and bring
An offering with you.
- 4 In beauty of his holiness
Bow down before the Lord.
Before his face let all the earth
Fear him with one accord.
Tell all the earth Jehovah reigns;
The world unmoved shall stand;
Among the nations he will judge,
With equity command.
- 5 Let heaven and earth with sounding sea
To him glad tribute bring;
Let field and wood and all therein
Before Jehovah sing.
For lo, he comes, he surely comes,
The judge of earth to be,
To judge the nations with his truth.
The world with equity.

12

104th

SIR ROBERT GRANT

- 1 O worship the King.
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love:
Our shield and defender,

The ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of hid might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished 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 Frail children of dust
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies so tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

13

C.M. NAHUM TATE & NICHOLAS BRADY

- 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;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in this 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.

14

C.M.

PSALM 92

- 1 To render thanks to thee, O Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High
Due praise aloud to sing.
- 2 Thy loving-kindness to show forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
With pleasure every night.

- 3 Upon a ten-stringed instrument
And on a psaltery,
Upon the harp with solemn sound,
With grave sweet melody.
- 4 For thou Jehovah, by thy works
Hast gladness to me brought;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by thy hands are wrought.
- 5 And like the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.
- 6 Those that within Jehovah's house
Are planted by his grace,
That shall grow up and flourish all
In our God's holy place.
- 7 And in old age when others fade,
Their boughs with fruit shall bend,
They shall be fat and full of sap,
Their life in vigour end.
- 8 To show that upright is the Lord;
He is a rock to me,
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free.

15

6.6.6.6

WILLIAM BULLOCK

- 1 We love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells;
The joy of thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

- 2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet;
And thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace
Of comforts in the strife
And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
Of mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven.
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love thee more,
In heaven to see thy face,
And with thy saints adore

16

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS

- 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 snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven 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:
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.

MORNING AND EVENING: OPENING AND CLOSE OF SERVICE

17

L.M.

HENRY TWELLS

- 1 At even, when the sun was set
The sick, O Lord around thee lay;
O what with various 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 the 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 none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;

And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within

- 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.

18

S.M.

HORATIUS BONAR

- 1 Begin the day with God:
He is the rising Sun,
He is the radiance of the dawn,
His the fresh day begun.
- 2 Sing a new song at morn;
Join the glad woods and hills
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains;
Join the bright flowers and rills.
- 3 Awake, cold lips, and sing;
Arise, dull hearts, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.
- 4 Cast every weight aside;
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.
- 5 Look up beyond the clouds,
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies!

19

L.M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

- 1 Command thy blessing from above,
O God! On all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me!'
- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! And fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 With thee and these forever bound,
May all, who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

20

L.M.

THOMAS KEN

- 1 Glory to thee my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 judgment day.

- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close,
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 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.

21

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4

FANNY CROSBY

- 1 Here from the world we turn,
Jesus to seek;
Here may his loving voice
Tenderly speak.
Jesus, our dearest friend,
While at thy feet we bend,
Oh, let thy smile descend!
'Tis thee we seek
- 2 Come, Holy Comforter,
Presence Divine,
Now in our longing hearts
Graciously shine;
Oh, for thy mighty power!
Oh, for a blessed shower,
Filling this hallowed hour
With joy divine
- 3 Saviour, thy work revive,
Here may we see
Those who are dead in sin
Quickened by thee;

Come to our hearts' delight
Make every burden light,
Cheer thou our waiting sight;
We long for thee.

22

11.8.11.8

- 1 If Jesus should come to our meeting today,
To call out the Christians by name,
O how we should listen to what he would say!
How solemn the moments would seem!
- 2 He'd know who they were, for he searches
the heart;
We could not the Saviour deceive;
O who are the ones he would call out apart?
And who are the ones he would leave?
- 3 Yet Jesus is here, though his form is unseen,
His eye is on each of us now;
He knows who has truly sort pardon for sin,
And longs the dear Saviour to know.
- 4 His angels are coming like reapers some day,
To take out the tares from the wheat,
And carry God's children to safety away,
Their loving Redeemer to meet.

23

6.5.6.5

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER

- 1 Jesus! Stand among us
In thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.
- 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.

24

L.M.

JOHN NEWTON

- 1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive:
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name:
And shortly we shall meet in heaven-
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above:
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten to the glorious day,
When we shall meet and part no more.

- 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.

- 1 Now may the gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here;
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord! Let thy mighty voice be heard;
Speak in the Word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious Name be feared
By those who never feared before.
- 3 O pity those who sleep in sin,
Preserve them from the sinner's doom;
Show them the ark, and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

- 4 So shall thy people joyful be,
And angels shall more loudly sing,
And both ascribe the praise to thee,
To thee, the everlasting King!

27

C.M.

PHILIP DODDERIDGE

- 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 present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Gives us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings 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.

28

8.3.3.6.D.

JOHN CENNICK

- 1 Rise, my soul, adore thy maker:
Angels praise;
Join the lays,
With them be partaker.

- 2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy light,
Lead me right
Through my Saviour's merit.
- 3 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city
- 4 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.
- 5 Through the night be my Protector:
With me stay
All the day
Ever my Director.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign, adored for ever!

29

6.5.6.5. (12L)

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL

- 1 Standing at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.

- 2 “I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be not then afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be not then dismayed.
Yes, I will uphold you,
With my own right hand;
You are called and chosen
In my sight to stand.”
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.
- 3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise:
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.
- 4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break;
Resting on the promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His Word shall never,
Never pass away.

30

L.M.

JOHN KEBLE

- 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 kindly sleep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever 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
Has spurned today the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

31

L.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels how divine!
- 4 Then shall I share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

32

9.8.9.8 L.M. OR 104th

JOHN ELLERTON

- 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.

33

C.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 Today he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

THE GODHEAD: GOD THE FATHER

34

L.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave,
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

35

C.M.D.

PSALM 46

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
And, therefore, though the earth remove
We will not be afraid;
Though hills amidst the seas be cast,
Though troubled waters roar,
Yea, though the swelling billows shake
The mountains on the shore.
- 2 A river is, whose streams make glad
The city of our God,
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode;
God in the midst of her doth dwell;
Nothing shall her remove;
God unto her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.
- 3 Be still, and know that I am God;
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted; I on earth
Will be exalted high.
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
Our safety to secure;
The God of Jacob is for us
A refuge strong and sure.

36

8.8.8.8.8.8

SAMUEL DAVIES

- 1 Great God of wonders all thy ways
Are worthy of thy self divine;

And the bright glories of thy grace
Among thine other wonders shine

*Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

- 2 Pardon from an offended God!
Pardon for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon bestowed through Jesus' blood!
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh!
- 3 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This God-like miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:

37

11.10.11.10

THOMAS CHISOLM

- 1 'Great is thy faithfulness', O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with thee;
Thou changest not, thy compassions they
fail not
As thou hast been thou forever wilt be
'Great is thy faithfulness!'
'Great is thy faithfulness!'
Morning by morning new mercies I see!
All I have needed thy hand hath provided -
'Great is thy faithfulness', Lord, unto me.
- 2 Summer and winter, and springtime and
harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.
- 3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to
guide,

Strength for today and bright hope for
tomorrow
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

38

11.11.11.11

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE

- 1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God.
I knew not the danger, and felt not my load
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on
the tree
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' was nothing to me.
- 2 When free grace awoke me, my light from
on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge or safety in self could I see,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my Saviour must be.
- 3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet
name
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I
came,
When sealed with the Spirit, through mercy
most free,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' was all things to me.
- 4 'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my treasure and boast,
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' I cannot be lost;
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and
shield.
- 5 And treading the valley, the shadow of death
This watchword should rally my faltering
breath;
For if from life's fever my God set me free
'Jehovah Tsidkenu' my death song shall be

'Jehovah Tsidkenu' means 'The Lord Our Righteousness'. (Jer 23:6)

- 1 Jehovah reigns; he's clothed
With majesty most bright;
Jehovah is arrayed with strength
He girds himself with might.
- 2 Established is the world,
Its stedfast place to hold.
And thou from everlasting art;
Thy throne is fixed of old.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up
The floods lift up their voice,
The floods are lifting up their waves;
They make a mighty noise.
- 4 But yet the Lord on high
More mighty far is he
Than is the thunder of the waves
Or breakers of the sea.
- 5 Thy testimonies all
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness, forever, Lord
Thine house becometh well.

- 1 O Lord, my God! When I in awesome wonder
Consider all the works thy hand hath made,
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed;
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,
How great thou art! How great thou art!*
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God to thee,
How great thou art! How great thou art!*

- 2 When through the woods and forest glades
I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;
When I look down from lofty mountain
grandeur,
And hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;
- 3 And when I think that God his Son not sparing,
Sent him to die – I scarce can take it in:
That on the cross my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:
- 4 When Christ shall come with shouts of
acclamation
And take me home – what joy shall fill my
heart!
Then shall I bow in humble adoration
And there proclaim, my God, how great
thou art!

41

8.7.8.7.4.7

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

- 1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who, like thee, his praise should sing?
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 forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

- 4 Tell out, my soul, the glories of his word!
Firm is the promise, and his mercy sure.
Tell out, my soul, the greatness of the Lord.
To children's children and for evermore.

43

L.M.

JOSIAH CONDER

- 1 The Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice,
From world to world the joy shall ring;
The Lord omnipotent is King.
- 2 The Lord is King; who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees
Or doubt his royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 4 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at your Father's side,
The Man of love, the crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known:
He will present them at the throne:
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns - and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King.

- 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 on the water's face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!
- 4 Blessed and Holy 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!

- 1 Thy mercy and thy truth O Lord,
Transcend the lofty sky;

Thy judgements are a mighty deep,
And as the mountains high.

- 2 Lord, thou preservest man and beast;
Since thou art ever kind,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
We may a refuge find.
- 3 From the abundance of thy house
We shall be satisfied;
From rivers of unfailing joy
Our thirst shall be supplied.
- 4 The fountain of eternal life
Is found alone with thee,
And in the brightness of thy light
We clearly light shall see.
- 5 From those that know thee may thy love
And mercy not depart,
And may thy justice still protect
And bless the upright heart.

46

L.M.

AMBROSE SERLE

- 1 Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light and half obscure
Poor mortals thy arrangement view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
And led and driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

- 4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fall or die.
- 5 My favoured soul shall meekly learn,
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my Guide alone.

**THE GODHEAD: THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
HIS PRAISE AND HIS LIFE**

47

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS

- 1 All glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed one.
- 2 The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our prayer and praise and anthems
Before thee we present
- 3 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;

Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

48

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill and valley flow.
- 3 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
- 4 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,

Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

- 5 Over all foes victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

49

C.M.

JOHN NEWTON

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

- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

50

10.10.10.10.4.

MARY SHEKLETON

- 1 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of thine,
My Saviour, Jesus, yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, that dear love of thine,
My Saviour, Jesus, yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises! that dear love of thine,
My Saviour, Jesus, yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.
- 4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know,
The fullness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring:
O thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.
- 5 O! fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above;
Thither may I in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at his lofty throne I bow the knee,

Then of his love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

51

C.M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

- 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,
O Saviour of mankind!*
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek.
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor pen nor tongue 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.

*That is "the Saviour of all men **especially**"
(savingly, effectually) "of those that believe" 1. Tim 4.10

52

L.M.

12TH CENTURY LATIN HYMN

- 1 Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, thou light of men;
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest them that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all!
- 3 We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain head,
And thirst out souls from thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light

53

6.6.6.6.8.8.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN

- 1 My song is love unknown,
My saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die.
- 2 He came from his blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know:
But O! my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need,
His life did spend.

- 3 Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosanna to the King:
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.
- 4 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay;
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.
- 5 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.
- 6 Here might I stay and sing
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like thine!
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

- 1 There is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinners perfect plea.
- 3 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a still small voice,
To trust and never fear.
- 4 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear:
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still,
Along life's thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love for me.

- 1 Thou art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One.

*Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow!*

- 2 In thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glory shine;
Of the full deity possessed,
Eternally divine:
- 3 True image of the infinite,
Whose essence is concealed;
Brightness of uncreated light;
The heart of God revealed:
- 4 But the high mysteries of thy name
An Angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only – glorious claim! –
The Son can comprehend:
- 5 Throughout the universe of bliss
The centre thou, and sun,
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To heaven's beloved One:

56

C.M.

EDWARD DENNY

- 1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

- 4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

57

L.M.

JOSEPH IRONS

- 1 What wonders in the Saviour meet;
His head, his hands, his side, his feet,
Present to my astonished view
Eternal glories ever new.
- 2 Poor and despised, yet rich and loved
Humbled to death, his throne unmoved;
A Servant, and a Sovereign Lord,
Reviled and murdered, yet adored.
- 3 Pardon and life are his to give,
He died that all the church might live;
Became a curse, yet deigns to bless;
He is the Lord our righteousness.
- 4 He had not where to lay his head
Although the worlds were by him made;
He hungered though he thousands fed,
Sinless, and yet for sin he bled
- 5 The Father's co-eternal Son,
The friend of sinners; (though undone;)
The portion all believers crave;
He's man to suffer, God to save.

- 1 Who is he on yonder stall.
At his feet we humbly 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 deep distress
Fasting in the wilderness?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 3 Who is he to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 4 Who is he that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 5 Lo! at midnight who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 6 Who is he on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 7 Who is he who from the grave
Comes to succour, help and save?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.
- 8 Who is he who from the throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?
 'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story! etc.

**THE GODHEAD: THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
FROM ADVENT TO BIRTH**

59

8.7.8.7.4.7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

- 1 Angels for the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Evermore your voices raising
To the eternal Three-in-One;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

60

7.7.7.7.7.7.

WILLIAM DIX

- 1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright!
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy lowly bed,

- 1 Christians awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord".
- 3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;

And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

- 4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heavens eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

64

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

CHARLES WESLEY

- 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 the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

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

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
- 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen 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 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to thine!

65

C.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make the blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
The wonders of his grace.

66

P.M.

17TH CENTURY LATIN HYMN

- 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 God of God, Light of Light,
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb,
Very God, begotten not created;
O come let us adore him, etc.
- 3 Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest;
O come let us adore him, etc.
- 4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus, to thee be glory given,
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing,
O come let us adore him, etc.

67

C.M.D.

PHILIP BROOKS

- 1 O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see the lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.
- 2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth;
For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear my hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still*
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

*That is, those made "willing in the day of his power". Ps. 110.3.

- 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,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth, our Saviour holy.
- 3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly mother

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 heaven 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.

69

Irreg.

JOSEPH MOHR

- 1 Silent night, holy night!
Sleeps the world; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest.
- 2 Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long,
Far and near, the angel-song,
"Christ the Redeemer is here."

- 3 Silent night, holy night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since thou art born.

70

C.M.

NAHUM TATE

- 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 a sign:
- 4 “The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 “All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

**THE GODHEAD: THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:
FROM DEATH TO GLORY**

71

L.M.

JOHN KENT

- 1 Beneath the shadow of my Lord,
Jesus, by every saint adored,
My soul was once indulged to be
And found his fruit was sweet to me.
- 2 His dying love my soul o'ercame,
I felt its sweet seraphic flame;
Could say in faith from doubting free,
How sweet thy fruit and shade to me.
- 3 When in his bleeding wounds I saw
A refuge from the fiery law,
His bloody sweat and agony
Were fruit and shade both sweet to me.
- 4 Oh! sweet repast of heavenly love,
How rich those royal dainties prove!
In thine embrace 'tis life to be,
So sweet thy fruit and shade to me.
- 5 Thus he appeared my soul's delight,
I chide the moment's hasty flight,
And still beneath life's healing tree,
In life and death desire to be.

72

S.M.D.

MATTHEW BRIDGES & GODFREY THRING

- 1 Crown him with many crowns
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly 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 Son of God,
Before the worlds began:
And ye, who tread where he hath trod,
Crown him the Son of man:
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for his own,
That all in him may rest,
- 3 Crown him the Lord of love;
Behold his hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downwards bends his burning eye
All mysteries so bright.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save:
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high;
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.
- 5 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power 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 flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

6 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

73

P.M.

KATHERINE KELLY

1 Give me a sight, O Saviour,
Of the wonderful love to me,
Of the love that brought thee down to earth,
To die on Calvary.

*O make me understand it,
Help me to take it in,
What it meant to thee, the Holy One
To bear away my sin*

2 Was it the nails, O Saviour,
That bound thee to the tree?
Nay, 'twas Thine everlasting love,
Thy love for me, for me.

3 O wonder of all wonders,
That through thy death for me
My open sins, my secret sins,
Can all forgiven be!

4 Then melt my heart, O Saviour,
Bend me, yes, break me down,
Until I own thee Conqueror,
And Lord and Sovereign crown.

- 1 I know that my redeemer lives:
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears!
He lives to wipe away their tears!
He lives to calm their troubled heart!
He lives all blessings to impart!
- 3 He lives, triumphant from the grave;
He lives, eternally to save;
He lives, all glorious in the sky;
He lives, exalted there on high.
- 4 He lives to bless me with his love,
And still he pleads for me above;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.
- 5 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend,
Who still will keep me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King
- 6 He lives my mansions to prepare;
And he will bring me safely there;
He lives, all glory to his name!
Jesus, unchangeably the same!

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more,

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes 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 in his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

76

L.M.

ANNE GILBERT

- 1 Jesus, who lived above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see,
How very good he used to be,
- 2 He went about, he was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same,
- 3 And more than that, he told them too,
The things that God would have them do;

- And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.
- 4 But such a cruel death he died,
He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood
- 5 And so he died, and this is why
He came to be a man and die:
The Bible says he came from heaven,
That men might have their sins forgiven.
- 6 He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin,
So for his people Jesus said
He'd bear their punishment instead.

77

C.M.+

JENNY HUSSEY

- 1 King of my life I crown thee now,
Thine shall the glory be,
Lest I forget thy thorn-crowned brow,
Lead me to Calvary.
- Lest I forget Gethsemane,
Lest I forget thine agony,
Lest I forget thy love for me,
Lead me to Calvary.*
- 2 Show me the tomb where thou wast laid,
Tenderly mourned and wept;
Angels in robes of light arrayed
Guarded thee whilst thou slept.
- 3 Let me, like Mary, hear thy voice
That called her by her name,
And bade her mourning heart rejoice
And her dear Master claim.

- 4 May I be willing, Lord, to bear
Daily my cross for thee;
Even the cup of grief to share-
Thou hast borne all for me.
- 5 Fill me, O Lord, with thy desire
For all who know not thee;
Then touch my lips with holy fire,
To speak of Calvary.

78

7.7.7.8.

PHILIP BLISS

- 1 Man of Sorrows! What a 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!

- 1 O sacred head! sore wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns thine only crown!
How pale art thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does thy visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!
- 2 Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest 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 when I'm dying;
O show thyself to me;
Thy death, my hope supplying,
From death shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through thy love.

- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst:
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head:
- 4 He broke the bonds of death and hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell:
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee:

82

10.11.11.11.

EDMUND BUDRY

- 1 Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou over death hast
won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone
away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes, where thy body
lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast
won!*
- 2 Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness hymns of triumph
sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death has lost its
sting.

85

L.M.

MARTIN LUTHER

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!
Be all thy graces now outpoured
On the believer's mind and soul,
To strengthen, save, and make us whole,
- 2 Thou strong Defence, thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call him Father from the heart;
The word of life and truth impart;
- 3 That we may love no stranger's creed,
Nor follow other teachers' lead,
But Jesus for our master own,
And put our trust in him alone.
- 4 From every error keep us free;
Let none but Christ our Master be,
That we in living faith abide,
In him with all our might confide.

86

11.10.11.10.

ROBERT BRUCE

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, like a dove descending,
Rest thou upon us while we meet to pray;
Show us the Saviour, his great love revealing;
Lead us to him, the Life, the Truth, the Way.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, every cloud dispelling;
Fill us with gladness through the Master's
name;
Bring to our memory words that he hath
spoken;
Then shall our tongues his wondrous grace
proclaim.

- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, sent from God the Father,
Thou Friend and Teacher, Comforter and
Guide;
Our thoughts directing, keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts for evermore abide.

87

C.M.

THOMAS HAWEIS

- 1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of his grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well:
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

- 1 God the Holy Spirit,
Reign within my heart;
Banish sin and sorrow;
Bid all fear depart.
Rule o'er all my being,
All that's wrong subdue;
Make me like my Saviour,
Holy, strong and true.
- 2 God, the Holy Spirit,
Help me as I pray;
Make me mean most truly
All the words I say.
Help me trust thy promise
Thou wilt hear my prayer;
Help me leave the answers
In thy holy care.
- 3 God, the Holy Spirit,
Teach thy word to me;
All its heavenly beauty
Give me eyes to see.
Help me feed my spirit
On thy truth each day;
And what thou dost teach me
Help me to obey.
- 4 God, the Holy Spirit,
Mould me to thy will;
All my Saviour's pleasure
In my life fulfil.
Heart and soul and body,
All to thee I bring:
Use me in thy service
Of my glorious King!

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.
- 3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give me goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need
Therefore give me love,
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith, and hope, and love we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

- 1 Holy Spirit, hear us
Help us while we sing,
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we sing.
- 2 Holy Spirit, prompt us,
When we bow to pray,
Nearer come to teach us
What we ought to say.

- 3 Holy Spirit, shine thou
On the Book we read,
Shine upon its pages
With the light we need.
- 4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure and kind.
- 5 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.
- 6 Holy Spirit, lead us
To that home above,
There to know the fullness
Of a Saviour's love.

91

8.6.8.4.

HARRIET AUBER

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.
- 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 conquest 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.

THE WORD OF GOD

92

6.4.6.4.6.4.6.4.

MARY LATHBURY

- 1 Break thou the Bread of Life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst brake the bread
Beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee Lord;
My spirit longs for thee,
Thou 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,
That in the book revealed
I see thee, Lord.

- 4 Bless thou the Bread of Life
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the loaves
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All in all.

93

C.M.

ANNE STEELE

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glories shine!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light, and food receive;
Here shall the meanest guest have room,
And taste, and see, and live.
- 3 Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
When dark and sad we stray;
Here beams of heaven relieve our woe,
And guide to endless day.
- 4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart,
Here sinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging smart.

- 6 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 7 But when his painful sufferings rise,
(Delightful, dreadful scene!)
Angels may read with wondering eyes
That Jesus died for men.
- 8 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 9 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

94 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
 Speed on thy Word:
Oh let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
 God speed his Word.
- 2 Hail, blesséd Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
 Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began;
Away with praise of man:
 Glory to God!

- 3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
 God's holy Word;
One for his Truth we stand,
Strong in his own right hand,
Firm as a martyr band;
 God shield his Word.
- 4 Onward shall be our course
In spite of fraud or force;
 God is before;
His Word ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done-
 God bless his Word.
- 5 Our thanks we give to thee,
Thine let the glory be-
 Glory to God!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began.
Away with praise of man-
 Glory to God!

- 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!

96

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

WILLIAM HOWE

- 1 O Word of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise thee for the radiance,
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored.
It is the heaven drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkening world;
It is the chart and compass
 That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to thee.
- 4 O make thy church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old:
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face.

97

C.M.

WILLIAM COWPER

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truth upon the nations rise;
They rise but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

THE CHURCH

98

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER

- 1 A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden,
Ask ye, Who is this same,
Christ Jesus is his Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us,
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

- 4 God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
 'Tis written by his finger,
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honour, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small:
 These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

99

C.M.

ISAIAH 2. 2-6

- 1 Behold! the mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
 Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
 His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
 And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
 Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall break their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.

- 6 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

100 6.4.6.4. (10.10.)

HORATIUS BONAR

- 1 Belovèd, let us love:
Love is of God;
In God alone hath love
Its true abode.
- 2 Belovèd, let us love:
For they who love,
They only, are his sons,
Born from above.
- 3 Belovèd, let us love:
For love is rest,
And he who loveth not
Abides unblest.
- 4 Belovèd, let us love:
In love is light,
And he who loveth not,
Dwelleth in night.
- 5 Belovèd, let us love:
For only thus
Shall we behold that God
Who loveth us.

101 S.M.

JOHN FAWCETT

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
To that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hope, our aim are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When for a while we part,
This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

102

S.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
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 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;

Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less.

- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 There shall we see his face
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Then let out songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

103

C.M.

PSALM 48

- 1 Great is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praised still;
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy hill.
- 2 Mount Zion stands most beautiful,
The joy of every land;
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

- 3 Within thy courts, O God, we thought
Upon thy gracious ways;
O God, according to thy name
Through all the earth's thy praise.
- 4 Thy hand is full of righteousness;
Let Zion's joy be great,
Let Judah's daughters joyfully
Thy judgements celebrate.
- 5 Walk about Zion, count her towers,
And mark her bulwarks well;
Consider ye her palaces;
To sons her story tell.
- 6 Because this God will be our God
To all eternity;
Yea, even unto death itself
Our constant guide is he.

104

S.M.

JAMES SEDDON

- 1 How good a thing it is,
How pleasant to behold
When brethren learn to live at one,
The law of love uphold.
- 2 As perfume, by the scent,
Breathes fragrance all around,
So life itself will sweeter be
Where unity is found.
- 3 And like refreshing dew
That falls upon the hills
True union sheds its gentle grace,
And deeper love instils.
- 4 God grants his choicest gifts
To those who live in peace;
To them his blessing shall abound
And evermore increase.

- 1 Jesus, sovereign Lord of all,
At thy feet we humbly fall;
Lift our heart, and eyes to thee,
Send, O Lord, prosperity.
- 2 Where thy name is on record,
“There I’ll bless thee,” is thy word:
‘Tis thy promise great and free,
Send, O send prosperity.
- 3 On thy church thy spirit breathe,
Say, “The Holy Ghost receive.”
Void of this we ne’er shall see
Days of sweet prosperity.
- 4 Signs and wonders, in thy name,
Here display, thou spotless Lamb:
Raise the dead, the captive free:
Send, O Lord, prosperity.
- 5 In thy temple, living stones,
Place our daughters and our sons,
Trophies to thy grace to be;
Send, O Lord, prosperity.
- 6 Smile propitious from thy throne,
Come and bless us as thy own:
Thine the power and praise shall be;
Send, O Lord, prosperity.

- 1 Lord from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the Church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to thee,
Love, the mystic union be:
Join our faithful spirits, join

Each to each, and all to thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.

- 2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Diverse gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Ordered by the will of God.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great or servile, Lord, in thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

107

C.M.

PSALMS 122.133,116

- 1 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.
- 2 Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell.
- 3 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain;
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

- 4 Now for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good always.
- 5 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem,
Praise to the Lord give ye

108

S.M.

ALBERT MIDLANE

- 1 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.
- 2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb the sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee;
And hungering for the Bread of Life,
O may our spirits be!
- 4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.
- 5 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Give power unto thy Word:
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard.
- 6 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

- 1 The church's one foundation,
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word;
From heaven 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 and 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 oppressed,
By schisms torn asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints there 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!

110

C.M.

PSALM 126

- 1 When Zion's exiles God brought back,
Like men that dreamed were we.
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody.
- 2 The heathen people said, 'The Lord
Great things for them hath wrought'.
The Lord hath done great things for us
Whence joy for us is brought.
- 3 O Lord, as streams revive the south,
Turn our captivity,
Then those that sow their seed in tears
Shall reap with joy once more.
- 4 The man, who bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return.

THE CHURCH: BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER

111

10.10.10.10.

HORATIUS BONAR

- 1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things
unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my helplessness upon thee lean.
- 2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of
heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sins forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The hallowed hour of fellowship with thee.
- 4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and
gone;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.
- 5 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the heavenly joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue.
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes.
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at thy command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be:
Hinder me not, come welcome death.
I'll gladly go with thee.

- 1 Now in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says:
"How fair my saints are in my sight!
My love how pleasant for delight!"
- 2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

- 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a foretaste of his love,
But keeps his better feast above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the gates,
A nobler entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feast and want no more.

114

L.M.

ISAAC WATTS

- 1 Thou, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth they sweetest pastures grow!
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock,
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.

- 1 "Till he come" oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords!
Let the little while between,
In their golden light unseen,
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till he come."
- 2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the world so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast!
Hush! be every murmur dumb!
It is only "Till he come!"
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press,
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper "Till he come."
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials - till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till he come."

THE GOSPEL: THE WAY OF SALVATION DESCRIBED

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?

For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explain the strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above –
So free, so infinite his grace –
Humbled himself and out of love
Has bled for his own chosen race;
'Tis mercy all! immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me.

4 Long my prisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee,

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteous divine.
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

1 Blessed are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood:
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have

3 The ungodly are not so-for they are like
the chaff
Which the wind blows clean away-the
ungodly are not so.
The ungodly will not stand-upon the
judgment day
Nor belong to God's own people-the
ungodly will not stand:
But God knows the way of righteous men
And ungodly ways will perish.

Blessed is the man, the man who does not walk
In the counsel of the ungodly-blessed is that
man.

119

C.M.

HOSEA 6:1-4

- 1 Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite heart 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 will bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek and 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 showers 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.

120

8.7.8.7.4.7.

JOSEPH HART

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able,
He is willing doubt no more!
- 2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy!
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam!
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous-
Sinners Jesus came to call!

- 5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies;
Then on Calvary's tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
'It is finished!'
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

121

L.M.

- 1 Do any ask the heavenly road,
The shining way that leads to God?
Then hear the blessed Jesus say,
"Come unto me, I am the Way".
- 2 Do any wish the truth to learn,
The good from evil to discern;
To shun the tempter in their youth?
The Saviour says: "I am the Truth".
- 3 Do any feel the plague of sin,
Satan and death at work within?
Jesus can quell the mortal strife,
For Jesus says: "I am the Life".
- 4 Do any feel the need of God,
To go the way the saints have trod,
To stay no longer in the night?
Then hear his words: "I am the Light".

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Behold I freely give
The living water - thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live!’
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.’
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in the light of life I’ll walk
Till travelling days are done.

- 1 I know not why God’s wondrous grace
To me has been made known,
Nor why - unworthy as I am -
He claimed me for his own.

But, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I've committed unto him against that day.

- 2 I know not how his saving faith
To me he did impart,
Or how believing in his Word
Wrought peace within my heart,
- 3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in him.
- 4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me-
Of weary ways or golden days
Before his face I see.
- 5 I know not when my Lord may come;
I know not how, nor where;
If I shall pass the vale of death,
Or meet him in the air.

124

S.M.

ANON

- 1 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.
- 2 Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more.
- 3 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To Watch as well as pray;
However sweet, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

- 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 and fears within, 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 I 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.

- 1 Not what my hands have done
Can save my guilty soul;
Not what my toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears
Can bear the awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease the weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid my soul of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break,
- 6 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

- 1 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Trusting only in thy mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief,
- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
I would seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

128

C.M.

ANNE STEELE

- 1 The Saviour calls, let every ear,
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys –
And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly,

And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

129

L.M.

JOHN KENT

- 1 There is a day, 'tis hastening on,
When Zion's God will purge his floor;
His own elect shall then be known,
For he shall count those jewels o'er.
- 2 Nought but the grains of gospel gold
Will ever stand this trying day:
When, like a scroll, together rolled,
The starry heavens shall pass away.
- 3 How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesus' blood thy only plea?
Is he thy great Forerunner there?
- 4 Is thy proud heart subdued by grace
To seek salvation in his name?
There's wisdom, power, and righteousness,
All centring in the worthy Lamb.
- 5 Then thou mayest rest assured of this,
And lift thy favoured head with joy,
Thy hopes of heaven's eternal bliss,
Earth, hell, and sin shall ne'er destroy.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

130

C.M.

NAHUM TATE & NICHOLAS BRADY

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace!

- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!
- 3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn.
- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

130

L.M.

JOHN CENNICK

- 1 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Work in me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from thee.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

132

C.M.

HORATIUS BONAR

- 1 Fill thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and thy ways.

- 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Not e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:
- 3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small they seem.
- 4 Fill every 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 even 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 every step,
Be fellowship with thee.

133

8.6.8.4.

NORMAN PERRY

- 1 Give me, O Lord, a faith serene
That rests in thee alone,
Assured that grace divine has made
Me all thine own.
- 2 Teach me, O Lord, to understand
E'en in the darkest night,
When storms are high and seas are wild,
Thy way is right.
- 3 Upon me, Lord, thy peace bestow
When foes assail my heart;

Appoint me some sweet meeting place
With thee, apart.

- 4 Grant me, O Lord, to feel thy hand
Of tenderness and power
Is holding mine and leading me
Each day, each hour.
- 5 So may I, Lord, upheld by thee
Live only to thy praise
Depending on thy mercy now
And all my days.

134

6.4.6.4. +

ANNE HAWKS

- 1 I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

*I need thee, Oh 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.

135

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6

FREDERICK WHITFIELD

- 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,
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.
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.
- 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 children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

136

S.M.

JOHN BURTON

- 1 I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?
- 2 I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.
- 3 For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.
- 4 Lord, teach me what I need,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me ask thee for thy grace,
Not meaning what I say.

137

C.M.

PSALM 130

- 1 Lord, from the depths to thee I cried;
My voice, Lord, do thou hear:
And to my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.
- 2 Lord, who shall stand if thou, O Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity?
But yet with thee forgiveness is
That feared thou mayest be.

- 3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait;
My hope is in thy word.
Yea, more than they for morn that watch
My soul waits for the Lord;
- 4 Yea, even more than they that watch
This morning light to see.
Let Israel in Jehovah hope,
For with him mercies be.
- 5 Redemption great and plentiful
Is ever found with him,
And he from all iniquity
Shall Israel redeem.

138

S.M.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE

- 1 Lord Jesus, think on me
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.
- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe oppressed;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.
- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.
- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high;

When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be thou nigh.

- 6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

139

8.7.8.5.

KATIE WILKINSON

- 1 May the mind of Christ my Saviour
Live in me from day to day,
By his love and power controlling
All I do and say.
- 2 May the word of God dwell richly
In my heart from hour to hour,
So that all may see I triumph
Only through his power.
- 3 May the peace of God my Father
Rule my life in everything,
That I may be calm to comfort
Sick and sorrowing.
- 4 May the love of Jesus fill me
As the waters fill the sea;
Him exalting, self abasing,
This is victory.
- 5 May I run the race before me,
Strong and brave to face the foe,
Looking only unto Jesus
As I onward go.
- 6 May his beauty rest upon me
As I seek the lost to win,
And may they forget the channel,
Seeing only him.

- 1 More holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in the 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 purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-strains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be,
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like thee.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!
- 3 When 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;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

- 1 None other Lamb, none other name,
None other hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside thee.
- 2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me,
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to thee.

- 3 Lord, thou art life, though I be dead;
Love's life thou art, however cold I be;
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but thee.

143

C.M.

PSALM 119.33-37

- 1 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
- 2 Give understanding unto me,
So keep thy law shall I;
Yea, with my heart complete I shall
Observe it carefully.
- 3 In thy law's path make me to go,
For I delight therein;
My heart thy testimonies to,
And not to greed, incline.
- 4 Turn thou away my sight and eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.

144

6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

BENJAMIN RAMSEY

- 1 Teach me thy way, O Lord,
Teach me thy way;
Thy gracious aid afford,
Teach me thy way;
Help me to walk aright,
More by faith, less by sight;
Lead me with heavenly light:
Teach me thy way.

- 2 When doubts and fears arise,
Teach me thy way;
When storms o'erspread the skies,
Teach me thy way;
Shine through the cloud and rain,
Through sorrow, toil, and pain;
Make thou my pathway plain:
Teach me thy way.
- 3 Long as my life shall last,
Teach me thy way;
Where'er my lot is cast,
Teach me thy way;
Until the race is run,
Until the journey's done,
Until the crown is won,
Teach me thy way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: STRENGTH

145

L.M.

CHARITIE BANCROFT

- 1 Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea,
A great high priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.
- 2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that, while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
- 3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

- 4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God the Just is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.
- 5 Behold him there! the risen Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable I AM,
The King of glory and of grace.
- 6 One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased with his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

146

10.10.10.10.10.10.

KATHERINA VON SCHEGEL

- 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 provide;
In every change he faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul; thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful 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 rules them while he dwelt below.
- 3 Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening 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.

- 1 Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts do move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord.
Glory and joy are their reward.

- 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 besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

- 1 God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad:
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
- 2 What if tomorrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather he unlocked the day,
And as the hours swing open, say
'My will is best.'

- 3 The very dimness of my sight
 Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel his hand; I hear him say,
 ‘My help is sure.’
- 4 I cannot read his future plans;
 But this I know:
I have the smiling of his face,
And all the refuge of his grace,
 While here below.
- 5 Enough: this covers all my wants;
 And so I rest!
For what I cannot, he can see,
And in his care I saved shall be,
 For ever blest.

150

C.M.

FROM PSALM 40

- 1 I waited for the Lord my God,
 And patiently did bear;
At length to me he did incline
 My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
 And took me from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
 Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
 Our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
 And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blesséd is the man whose trust
 Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
 As turn aside to lies.

- 5 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone:
- 6 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me
O do thou not restrain;
Thy loving kindness and thy truth,
Let them me still maintain.

151

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ANNA WARING

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And shall I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies shall soon be o'er me,
Where dark the clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

- 1 Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble he doth send;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend.
- 2 O let him help send from above,
Out of his sanctuary:
From Sion, his own holy hill,
Let him give strength to thee.
- 3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
Accept thy sacrifice:
Grant thee thine heart's wish, and fulfil
Thy thoughts and counsel wise.
- 4 In thy salvation we will joy;
In our God's name we will
Display our banners: and the Lord
Thy prayers all fulfil.
- 5 Now know I God his king doth save:
He from his holy heaven
Will hear him, with the saving strength
By his own right hand given.
- 6 In chariots some put confidence,
Some horses trust upon:
But we remember will the name
Of our Lord God alone.
- 7 We rise, and upright stand, when they
Are bowéd down, and fall.
Deliver, Lord; and let the King
Us hear, when we do call.

- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high,
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as he overcame
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

155

8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8

PSALM 27 D. OBBARD

- 1 The Lord is my Saviour and Light,
In him is my confidence stayed;
The Lord is the strength of my life,
Of whom shall I then be afraid?
When wicked, implacable foes,
Determined to slay me, they fell,
Though hosts should unite to oppose,
In God shall thy confidence dwell.
- 2 One thing this I seek and desire,
To dwell in the house of the Lord,
Hid beauty to see, and enquire
Of his own infallible word.
In trouble my soul he will hide
Within his pavilion of peace,
The rock that surmounts every tide,
Though foes like a flood shall increase.
- 3 I therefore will offer him praise,
The sweet sacrifices of joy,
My tongue, all the length of my days,
I shall in his worship employ,

Lord, hear when I cry with my voice,
Have mercy upon me, and speak,
Thou saidst, "Seek My face and rejoice,"
I answered "Thy face, Lord, I seek".

- 4 O hide not thy face, is my plea,
Nor put me in anger away,
Thou hast been my help, ever be,
God of my salvation, I pray.
When father and mother forsake,
My God shall protection afford,
Then teach me thy way, so to make
The path plain before me, O Lord.
- 5 Because of mine enemies' cries,
Deliver me not to their will,
False witness against me arise,
And such as breathe cruelty still.
Unless I believed that the Lord
Would bless me, my hope would depart;
Take courage, and wait on the Lord,
Wait, and he will strengthen thy heart.

156

C.M.

PSALM 23

- 1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

- 4 My table thou hast furnishéd
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.

157

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

- 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!
Oh what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer
- 2 Have we trials or temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do your friends despise, forsake you?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield you,
You will find a solace there.

- 1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea billows roll,
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.
- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed his own blood for my soul.
- 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 know more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
- 4 For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live!
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper thy peace to my soul.
- 5 But, Lord, 'tis for thee, for thy coming, we
wait;
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord!
Blesséd hope! Blesséd rest of my soul!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: SERVICE

- 1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes of man
Can never well succeed;

Trust, and they trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life and Christ its love.

- 4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

161

L.M.

CHARLES WESLEY

- 1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

162

L.M.

HORATIUS BONAR

- 1 Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,
Your joy to do the Father's will;

It is the way the master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labour on, 'tis not for nought;
Your earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed you, love you, praise you not;
The Master praises: what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed your work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in your toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon you shall hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry 'Behold I come!'

163

6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5

JOHN BUNYAN

- 1 He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement,
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent,
To be a pilgrim.
- 2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.

No foes shall stay his might
Though he with giants fight,
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

- 3 Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit.
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away;
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

164

C.M.

E. MARGARET CLARKSON

- 1 His way is perfect! Though he lead
Through paths of grief and pain,
Who follows stedfast to the end
Finds everlasting gain.
- 2 His way is perfect! Though the sky
Be overcast and dim,
It shines until the perfect day
For those who walk with him.
- 3 His way is perfect! Though the storm
Rage through the deepening night
The soul that leans upon its God
Knows that he leads aright.
- 4 His way is perfect! O my soul,
Trust where you cannot see!
Lift up faith's radiant, sightless eyes
And heed God's mystery!

- 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'.
- 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 thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will the glory be?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

167

L.M.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL

- 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 wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering 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 fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow

In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

- 5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

168

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

- 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 faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.
- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thine altars, O Most High:
Happier souls that find a 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.
- 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;

Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place:
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

169

8.8.8.3.

GEORGINA TAYLOR

- 1 Seek ye first, not earthly pleasure,
Fading joy and failing treasure;
But the love that knows no measure
Seek ye first.
- 2 Seek ye first, not earth's aspirings,
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings;
But your precious soul's requirings
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.
- 4 Seek him first; then, when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
Let your life to him be given:
Seek this first.
- 5 Seek this first; be pure and holy;
Like the Master, meek and lowly;
Yielded to his service wholly:
Seek this first.
- 6 Seek the coming of his kingdom;
Seek the souls around to win them;
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them:
Seek this first.

- 7 Seek this first, His promise trying:
It is sure, all need supplying.
Heavenly things, on him relying,
Seek ye first.

170

S.M.

CHARLES WESLEY

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And out your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, and arm you for the fight,
The armoury of God.
- 4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still serving in your Captain's sight
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;
- 6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

- 1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

- 1 Take time to be holy, speak oft with your
Lord,
Abide in him always, and feed on his Word.
Make friends with 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 you will be;
Your friends, in your conduct, his likeness
shall see.
- 3 Take time to be holy, let him be your Guide;
And run not before him whatever betide:
In joy or in sorrow still follow the Lord,
And, looking to Jesus, still trust in his Word.
- 4 Take time to be holy, be calm in your soul;
Each thought and each temper beneath his
control.
Thus led by his Spirit to fountains of love,
You soon shall be fitted for service above.

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L.M.

CHARLES EVEREST

- 1 Take up your cross the Saviour said,
If you would my disciple be;
Deny yourself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.
- 2 Take up your cross; let not its weight
Fill you weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear your spirit up,
And brace your heart, and nerve your arm.
- 3 Take up your cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let your foolish pride rebel;
The Lord for you the cross endured
To save your soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up your 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.

- 1 The means of grace are in my hand,
The blessing is at God's command,
Who must the work fulfil;
But though I read and watch and pray,
Yet here the Lord directs my way.
And worketh all things still.
- 2 I cannot speak a proper word,
Nor think aright, but from the Lord
Preparing heart and tongue;
In nature I can see no good,
But all my good proceeds from God,
And does to grace belong.
- 3 I see it now, and do confess
My utter need of Jesus' grace,
And of his Spirit's light.
I beg his kind and daily care;
O Lord, my heart and tongue prepare
To think and speak aright.
- 4 Prepare my heart to love thee well,
And love thy truth which doth excel,
And love thy children dear;
Instruct me how to live by faith,
And feel the virtue of thy death,
And find thy presence near.
- 5 Prepare my tongue to pray and praise,
To speak of providential ways,
And heavenly truth unfold;
To strengthen well a feeble soul,
Correct the wanton, rouse the dull,
And silence sinners bold.

- 1 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be his helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for him will go?
 By thy call of mercy,
 By thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are thine.

- 2 Jesus, thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with thine own life-blood,
 For thy diadem.
 With thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By thy great redemption,
 By thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are thine.

- 3 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe;
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round his standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For his truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By thy grace divine,

We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are thine.

- 5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, thou wilt keep us,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: SAFETY

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10.10.10.10.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

- 1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
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 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, Lord, abide
with me.

- 4 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?
I triumph still, if though abide with me.
- 5 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

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L.M.

JOSEPH SWAIN

- 1 And may I hope that when no more
These pulses beat with life below,
I shall the God of life adore
And all the bliss of being know?
- 2 Will Jesus as my surety, place
Before his Father's glorious throne,
Me, as an heir of sovereign grace,
Me as his own adopted son?
- 3 He will, I read it in his Word,
And in my heart the witness feel;
I shall be with and like my Lord,
Though sin oppose, in league with hell.
- 4 I shall be with him when he comes
Triumphant down the parting skies,
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise.
- 5 Among his children I shall stand
When quick and dead his throne surround,
Blest with a place at his right hand.
And with immortal glory crowned.

- 1 'For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in this body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's forseeing eye
The golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 'For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory:
Once more, ' For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!

- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
But in thy fair image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

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7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

HENRY ALFORD

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of Hallelujahs,
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!
- 3 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

- 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 The King there, in his beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between;
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 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.
- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with his love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

- 5 The bride eye not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not on the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.
- 6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leans upon his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

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6.6.5.5.6.

MARY DECK

- 1 There is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought 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 the redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land!

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8.8.8.8.

ELIZABETH MILLS

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
How oft are its glories confessed -
But what must it be to be there?
- 2 We speak of its pavements of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and beauties untold -
But what must it be to be there?
- 3 We speak of the freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within -
But what must it be to be there?
- 4 We speak of that service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the firstborn above -
But what must it be to be there?
- 5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

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7.7.7.7.7.7

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE

- 1 When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,

Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love how much I owe.
- 3 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height
Jesus comes and all is light.
Blesséd Jesus, thus I know,
Something of the debt I owe.
- 4 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 5 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.