

## SPIRITUAL SONGS

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The following corrections have been made by  
N. McGimpsey of Ayr, Scotland.

61 v.2	one — One
269 v.2	one — One
370 v.2	Thee — thee
478 v.1	thee — Thee

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**1 Claremont C.M.**  
William Cowper (1731-1800)  
J Foster, 1807-1885

OF all the gifts Thy love bestows,  
Thou Giver of all good,  
Not heaven itself a richer knows  
Than the Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith too that trusts the blood through grace  
From that same love we gain;  
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,  
The gift had been in vain.

3 We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more;  
To Thee our all we owe;  
The precious Saviour, and the power  
That makes Him precious too.

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**2 Melbourne 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

James George Deck (1802-1884)

W L Viner, 1790-1867

'Twas Thy love, O God, that knew us  
Earth's foundation long before;  
That same love to Jesus drew us  
By its sweet constraining power,  
And will keep us  
Safely now, and evermore.

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

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**3 Arizona L.M.**

I Watts (1674-1748)

R. H. Earnshaw

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

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

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

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

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**4 Lymington 7.6.7.6.D.**

W. Cowper

R. Jackson, 1842-1914

ERE God had built the mountains,  
Or raised the fruitful hills,  
Before He filled the fountains  
That feed the running rills,  
In Thee from everlasting,  
The wonderful I AM  
Found pleasures never wasting,  
And Wisdom is Thy name.

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

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

4 And art Thou, Lord, delighted  
To call us now Thine own –  
The love no longer slighted  
Which Thou to us hast shown?  
Oh, way of purposed blessing  
In death told out to man!  
The fruit we're now possessing,  
Of Wisdom's wondrous plan.

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**5      Rousseau      8.7.8.7.8.7.**  
Samuel M. Waring, 1792-1827  
J. J. Rousseau, 1712-1778

UNTO Him who loves us – gave us  
Every pledge that love could give,  
Freely shed His blood to save us,  
Gave His life that we might live,  
Be the kingdom  
And dominion,  
And the glory evermore.

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**6 St. Agnes C.M.**  
Mary Bowley (Mrs Peters) (1813-1856)  
J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

JESUS – how much Thy name unfolds  
To every opened ear;  
The pardoned sinner's memory holds  
None other half so dear.

2 Thy name encircles every grace  
That God as man could show;  
There only could He fully trace  
A life divine below.

3 Jesus – it speaks a life of love,  
Of sorrows meekly borne;  
It tells of sympathy above,  
Whatever makes us mourn.

4 Jesus, the One who knew no sin,  
Made sin to make us just;  
Thou gav'st Thyself our love to win,  
Our full confiding trust.

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

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**7 Toulon 10s.**

Charles Andrew Coates (1862-1945)

C. Goudimel, 1510-1572

THY grace, O Lord, that measured once the deep  
Of Calvary's woe, to seek and save Thy sheep,  
Has touched our hearts and made them long for Thee,  
Thyself our treasure and our all to be.

2 Thy glory, Lord, at God's right hand above,  
Supreme of all in that blest scene of love,  
In sonship tells our hearts their wondrous place,  
In Thee accepted by the Father's grace.

3 Thy fulness, Lord, of light and love divine,  
No thought can grasp, nor human mind define  
The whole vast scene of glory will display  
That fulness in a quickly-coming day.

4 When all things filled by Thee are wholly blest.  
And God's deep love eternally shall rest  
In that which ever speaks to Him of Thee,  
Thy greatness, Lord, the universe shall see.

5 Thy beauties, Lord, Thy holy precious worth,  
Surpassing far the deepest joys of earth,  
Attract our hearts – our joy Thy constant love  
Thyself our object in those scenes above.

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**8      Adeste Fideles      12.11.12.11.11.**

F. Naylor v.1, M Bowley v.2.

J. F. Wade c. 1711-1786

O LORD, we adore Thee,  
For Thou art the slain One  
That livest for ever,  
Enthroned in heaven;  
O Lord, we adore Thee,  
For Thou hast redeemed us;  
Our title to glory  
We read in Thy blood.

2 O God, we acknowledge  
Thy greatness, Thy glory,  
For of Thee are all things  
On earth and in heaven;  
How rich is Thy mercy,  
How great Thy salvation!  
We bless Thee, we praise Thee,  
Amen, and Amen.

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**9 Adoption 8.7.8.7.D.**

Samuel Prideaux Tregelles (1813-1875)

J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

FATHER, we Thy children bless Thee  
For Thy love on us bestowed;  
As our Father we address Thee,  
Called to be the sons of God.  
Wondrous was Thy love in giving  
Jesus for our sins to die;  
Wondrous was His grace in leaving  
For our sakes, the heavens on high.

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

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

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**10 Huddersfield S.M.**

Thomas Kelly (1769-1854)

Williams 'Psalmody' 1770

GRACE is the sweetest sound  
That ever reached our ears;  
When conscience charged and justice frowned,  
'Twas grace removed our fears.

2 'Tis freedom to the slave,  
'Tis light and liberty;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
From death its victory.

3 Grace is a mine of wealth  
Laid open to the poor;  
Grace is the sovereign spring of health;  
'Tis life for evermore.

4 Of grace then let us sing,  
A joyful, wondrous theme,  
Who grace has brought, shall glory bring,  
And we shall reign with Him.

5 Then shall we see His face  
With all the saints above,  
And sing for ever of His grace,  
For ever of His love.

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**11 Darwall 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

Thomas Haweis (1732-1820)

J. Darwall, 1731-1789

JESUS, the Lord, is risen  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
For us He burst the prison,  
Almighty now to save.  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who to our charge shall lay  
Iniquity or guilt?  
Our sins are washed away  
Since Jesus' blood was spilt.  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

3 Who now accuseth them  
Whom God hath justified?  
Or who shall those condemn  
For whom the Surety died?  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

4 Christ has the ransom paid,  
The wondrous work is done;  
On Him our help is laid,  
The victory is won.  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

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## 12 Venice S.M.

John Nelson Darby (1800-1882)

W. Amps, 1824-1910

SING, without ceasing sing  
The Saviour's present grace,  
How all things shine in light divine  
For those who've seen His face.

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

3 There all's unsullied light,  
Our hearts let in its rays;  
And heavenly light makes all things bright,  
Seen in that blissful gaze.

4 Such here on earth we are,  
Though we in weakness roam;  
Our place on high, God's self so nigh,  
His presence is our home.

5 And stayed by joy divine,  
As hireling fills his day,  
Through scenes of strife and desert life  
We tread in peace our way.

6 That way is upward still,  
Where life and glory are;  
Our rest's above, in perfect love  
The glory we shall share.

7 For ever with the Lord,  
For ever like Him then,  
We'll see His face in that blest place,  
Our Father's house in heaven.

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**13      Worship      7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

C. Wesley (1707-1788)

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

WORSHIP and thanks and blessing,  
And strength ascribe to Jesus;  
The Lord alone defends His own,  
When earth or hell oppresses.  
Omnipotent Redeemer,  
Our ransomed souls adore Thee:  
Our Saviour Thou, we own it now,  
And give to Thee the glory.

2 Thine arm hath safely brought us  
A way no more expected,  
Than when Thy sheep passed through the deep,  
By crystal walls protected.  
We sing Thine arm unshortened,  
Brought through each sore temptation,  
With heart and voice in Thee rejoice,  
Thou God of our salvation.

3 Thy glory is our rear-ward,  
Thy hand our lives doth cover;  
And we, e'en we, have passed the sea,  
And marched triumphant over;  
We own Thy great deliverance,  
And triumph in Thy favour,  
And for the love which now we prove,  
Shall praise Thy name for ever.

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**14 Stuttgart 8.7.8.7.**

J. N. Darby

C. F. Witt, 1660-1716

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

2 "Praise the Lamb", the chorus waking,  
All in heaven together throng;  
Loud and far each tongue partaking  
Rolls around the endless song.

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

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

5 By the Spirit all-pervading,  
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,  
Crowned with light and joy unfading,  
Hail Him as the great "I AM".

6 Joyful now the new creation  
Rests in undisturbed repose,  
Blest in Jesus' full salvation,  
Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

7 Hark! the heavenly notes resounding,  
Higher swells the song of praise;  
Through creation's vault responding  
Loud Amens which joy doth raise.

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**15 French C.M.**

Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Thomas Ravenscroft's "Psalmes", 1621

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

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

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

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**16 Rhineland 8.7.8.7.**

M. Bowly

W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

MANY sons to glory bringing,  
God sets forth His heavenly name;  
On we march in chorus singing,  
"Worthy the ascended Lamb!"

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

3 Though the restless foe accuses,  
Sins recounting like a flood,  
Every charge our God refuses:  
Christ has answered with His blood.

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

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

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**17 Vesper Hymn 8.7.8.7.D.**

John Newton (1725-1807)

D. S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825

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

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

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**18    Hyfrydol    8.7.8.7.D.**

John Bakewell (1721-1819)

R. H. Prichard, 1811-1887

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

2 Saviour, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee  
Seated at Thy Father's side;  
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.

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**19      Lion of Juda   11s.**

Marie de Fleury (?-1794)

Anon.

LORD Jesus, we worship and bow at Thy feet,  
And give Thee the glory, the honour that's meet;  
While through Thee, O Saviour, our praises ascend  
To God and the Father through worlds without end.

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**20      The Pleading Voice    8.5.8.5.D.**

H. D'Arcy Champney (1854-1942)

Clara H. Scott, 1841-1897

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

2 Yes, we praise Thee, for Thou lov'st us;  
And we bless Thee, Lord,  
For the peace and joy and gladness  
Which Thou dost afford.  
Hallelujah! Thou, Lord Jesus,  
Canst not cease to love;  
Thine we are, and Thine for ever,  
One with Thee above.

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

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**21 Grebe 8.7.8.7.D.**

J. G. Deck

J. G. Ebeling, 1637-1676

ABBA, Father, we approach Thee  
In our Saviour's precious name;  
We, Thy children, here assembling,  
Now the promised blessing claim.  
From our guilt His blood has washed us,  
'Tis through Him our souls draw nigh;  
And Thy Spirit too has taught us  
"Abba, Father", thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered  
In our folly far from Thee;  
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,  
Rescued us from misery;  
Thou the prodigals hast pardoned,  
Kissed us with a Father's love;  
Killed the fatted calf, and called us  
E'er to dwell with Thee above.

3 Clothed in garments of salvation,  
At Thy table is our place;  
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest,  
In the riches of Thy grace.  
"It is meet," we hear Thee saying,  
"We should merry be and glad;  
I have found My once lost children,  
Now they live who once were dead."

4 Abba, Father, we adore Thee,  
While the hosts in heaven above  
E'en in us now learn the wonders  
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.  
Soon before Thy throne assembled,  
All Thy children shall proclaim  
Abba's love as shown in Jesus,  
And how full is Abba's name!

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**22 Vigil S.M.**

J. G. Deck

G. Paisiello

O LORD, a few of Thine  
Are gathered to Thy name;  
May hearts o'erflow with joy divine  
As we Thy promise claim.

2 We are, O Lord, Thine own,  
The purchase of Thy blood;  
By Thee we would approach the throne,  
Confiding in our God.

3 In us the Spirit dwells,  
The witness of God's love;  
Our hearts rejoice while He reveals  
Thy glorious things above.

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**23      Celeste                      8s. Dactylic**  
Joseph Hart (1712-1768)  
"Lancashire Sunday School Songs" 1857

HOW good is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend:  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end!

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

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**24 Falcon Street S.M.**

S. Whitlock Gandy (?-1851)

Isaac Smith's "Collection of Psalms and Tunes", c. 1770

HIS be the Victor's name  
Who fought the fight alone;  
Triumphant saints no honour claim,  
His conquest was their own.

2 By weakness and defeat,  
He won the meed and crown;  
Trode all our foes beneath His feet  
By being trodden down.

3 He Satan's power laid low;  
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;  
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,  
And death by dying slew.

4 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,  
Slain in His victory;  
Who lived, who died, who lives again –  
For thee, His church, for thee!

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**25 Barrow C.M.**

J. N. Darby

American Melody 1850

FATHER, Thy name our souls would bless,  
As children taught by grace,  
Lift up our hearts in righteousness  
And joy before Thy face.

2 Sweet is the confidence Thou giv'st,  
Though high above our praise;  
Our hearts resort to where Thou liv'st  
In heaven's unclouded rays.

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

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

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

6 We joy in Thee, Thy holy love  
Our endless portion is,  
Like Thine own Son, with Him above,  
In brightest heavenly bliss.

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

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**26 Epiphany Hymn 11.10.11.10. Dactylic**  
Miss A. M. Harding  
J. F. Thrupp, 1827-1867

THINE is the love, Lord, that draws us together,  
Guiding our steps from the wilderness ways;  
Soon face to face we'll adore Thee for ever,  
Now our glad hearts would be filled with Thy praise.

2 Faithful Thy grace o'er our pathway has waited,  
Deep the delight we have found, Lord, in Thee;  
Now with this treasure our spirits are freighted,  
Bowed at Thy feet, and the fragrance set free.

3 For us, Lord Jesus, Thyself Thou hast given;  
Sufferings unfathomed for us Thou hast known;  
Now, in accord with the homage of heaven,  
Rises a song from the hearts of Thine own.

4 Jesus, Lord Jesus, we love and adore Thee,  
Glorious Thy Name, all our praises above;  
Peerless Thy beauty, we worship before Thee;  
Hushed are our spirits, at rest in Thy love.

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**27 Vision 8.7.8.7.D.**

J. G. Deck

G. C. Tullar, 1869-1950

LAMB of God, our souls adore Thee,  
While upon Thy face we gaze;  
There the Father's love and glory  
Shine in all their brightest rays;  
Thy almighty power and wisdom  
All creation's works proclaim;  
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee  
As the ever great I AM.

2 Son of God, Thy Father's bosom  
Ever was Thy dwelling-place;  
His delight, in Him rejoicing,  
One with Him in power and grace:  
O what wondrous love and mercy!  
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,  
And for us didst come from heaven,  
As the Lamb of God to die.

3 Lamb of God, when we behold Thee  
Lowly in the manger laid;  
Wandering as a homeless Stranger,  
In the world Thy hands had made;  
When we see Thee in the garden  
In Thine agony of blood,  
At Thy grace we are confounded,  
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God.

4 When we see Thee, as the Victim,  
Nailed to the accursed tree,  
For our guilt and folly stricken,  
All our judgment borne by Thee,  
Lord, we own with hearts adoring,  
Thou hast washed us in Thy blood:  
Glory, glory everlasting,  
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God!

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**28      Beecher      8.7.8.7.D.**

J. G. Deck

J. Zundel, 1815-1882

LAMB of God, Thou now art seated  
High upon Thy Father's throne;  
All Thy gracious work completed,  
All Thy mighty victory won:  
Every knee in heaven is bending  
To the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Every voice and heart is swelling,  
"Worthy is the Lamb to reign".

2 Lord, in all Thy power and glory,  
Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here;  
Watching o'er Thy ransomed people,  
To Thy gracious heart so dear;  
Thou for us art interceding;  
Everlasting is Thy love;  
And a blessed rest preparing  
In our Father's house above.

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

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

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**29 Meribah 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

J. G. Deck

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

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

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

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

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**30 Stracathro C.M.**

Harold P. Barker (1869-1952) vv.1, 3, 4, 7, Arthur Cutting  
(1854-1928) vv. 2, 5, 6.

C. Hutcheson, 1792-1860

WE praise Thee for Thy Spirit, Lord,  
The blessed Holy Ghost,  
The promised Comforter from heaven,  
Who came at Pentecost.

2 We praise Thee for His sovereign grace,  
That broke our darkness through;  
And wrought within us by Thy word  
A birth divinely new.

3 We praise Thee that He is the Seal,  
Whereby we're marked as Thine,  
Until redemption's day shall dawn,  
And we in glory shine.

4 We praise Thee for the Earnest given,  
Of blessings yet in store,  
The great inheritance which we  
Shall share for evermore.

5 We praise Thee that the Unction sent  
Abides in us for aye,  
To be our Teacher, Guide and Strength,  
Along life's upward way.

6 We praise Thee for those ties divine  
That bind Thy saints to Thee,  
As members of Thy body one –  
The Spirit's unity.

7 We praise Thee for the work which He  
Hath in our souls begun,  
To form in us a transcript here  
Of God's beloved Son.

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**31      Boylston      S.M.**

Mrs. W. N. Tomkins

L. Mason, 1792-1872

TO Him who gave Himself  
To God an offering sweet,  
And purged away our guilt of sin,  
Ascribe we praises meet.

2 To Him who gave Himself  
For us, that we might be  
Redeemed, and purchased for His own,  
Sing we eternally.

3 To Him who gave Himself  
For her, the church He loved,  
And in the dark domain of death  
His deep affection proved,

4 To Him who gave Himself,  
Sound we our note of praise;  
Our lives, our hearts, our all would we  
Upon His altar raise.

5 To Him bow every knee;  
To Him raise glad the song;  
All honour, glory, thanks and praise  
To Him by right belong.

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**32     Holley L.M.**

Sir Edward Denny (1796-1889)

G. Hews, 1806-1873

OH, wondrous hour when Saviour Thou,  
Co-equal with the eternal God,  
Beneath our sins didst deign to bow  
And shed for us Thy precious blood!

2 On Thee, the Father's blessed Son,  
As Lamb of God our judgment fell;  
That all was borne, that all is done,  
Thine agony, Thy cross can tell.

3 Thy cross, Thy cross! 'tis there we see  
What Thou, our blessed Saviour, art;  
There all the love that dwells in Thee  
Was labouring in Thy breaking heart.

4 For us it was: our life we owe,  
Our joy, our glory, all to Thee;  
Thy sufferings in that hour of woe,  
Thy victory, Lord, have made us free.

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**33 St. Peter C.M.**  
Frances George Burkitt (1864-1929)  
A. R. Reinagle, 1799-1877

GLORY to Thee, our Father, God,  
Thou source of every joy;  
O'erflowing praise to Thee we give;  
This is our sweet employ.

2 In Thee our souls have found their rest;  
Of love divine the spring,  
Giver of every perfect gift,  
Thy praise we gladly sing.

3 Glory to Thee, O Son of God!  
We celebrate Thy worth  
Thou central Sun of life and joy  
In heaven and on earth.

4 Thyself the Son, the Eternal God,  
The Word, the great I AM,  
Revealed in flesh Thou didst become,  
In nature, truly man.

5 Praise for the Holy Spirit given,  
Our Teacher and our Guide,  
By whom from heaven's unbounded store  
Our every need's supplied.

6 The Comforter, whose service is  
To glorify the Son,  
To take the treasures of His love  
And make them all our own:

7 Glory to Thee, God Infinite,  
And praise below – above;  
Angelic hosts proclaim Thy power,  
Redeemed ones sing Thy love.

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**34 Hallelujah P.M.**

August Gottlieb Spangenberg (1704-1792)

H. Carey, c. 1690-1743

WE adore Thee evermore, Hallelujah!  
Saviour, for Thy boundless grace,  
Hallelujah!  
For the cross, whereby to us, Hallelujah!  
Sure is made eternal bliss; Hallelujah!

2 For Thy death which set us free, Hallelujah!  
From sin's cruel slavery, Hallelujah!  
For Thine all-atoning blood, Hallelujah!  
Which hath brought us nigh to God:  
Hallelujah!

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**35 Safety 8.7.8.7.**

J. Denham Smith (1817-1889)

F. A. Schulz, 1810-1893

RISE, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,  
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;  
See Him now in glory seated,  
Where thy sins no more can rise.

2 There in righteousness transcendent,  
Lo! He doth in heaven appear,  
And the blood of His atonement  
Is thy title to be there.

3 All thy sins were laid upon Him,  
Jesus bore them on the tree;  
God, who knew them, laid them on Him,  
And, believing, thou art free.

4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,  
Spreads for thee His feast divine,  
Bids thee welcome, ever telling,  
What a portion there is thine.

5 Blessed circle of His favour,  
Circle of the Father's love!  
Blessed to be there for ever  
In His perfect rest above!

6 Blessed, glorious word, "for ever"!  
Yea, "for ever" is the word;  
Nothing can the ransomed sever,  
Nought divide them from the Lord.

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**36     Hold the Fort 8.5.8.5.D.**

P. Ellis (1879-1963)

P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876

SAVIOUR, unto Thee assembling,  
Turn we now to praise,  
Thankful hearts, Thy name adoring,  
Sweetest song can raise.  
Thou hast loved us, Thou hast bought us,  
Thou hast made us free,  
Hearts and voices blended, singing  
"Glory unto Thee."

2 Thine the cost and Thine the suffering,  
Thine the cross and shame;  
Ours the never-ending blessing  
Through Thy precious name;  
Thine it is, Lord, now the travail  
Of Thy soul to see,  
Thus o'erflowing with Thy praises  
Sing we now to Thee.

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**37 Alban's 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

T. Kelly

W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870

THE atoning work is done,  
The Victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now is gone  
His people's cause to plead:  
He lives in heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 For us His blood was shed:  
For us He lives above:  
Secured in Him our Head,  
God's purposes of love.  
God's righteousness throws wide the door,  
Whence mercy yields her boundless store.

3 And though awhile He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again.  
In brightest glory He will come,  
And take His waiting people home.

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**38 Lyons 10.10.11.11.**

C. Wesley

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

OH, what shall we do the Saviour to praise?  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
The weakest believer that looks up to Him!

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

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**39      Regent Square              8.7.8.7.8.7.**  
Miss Hannah Kilham Burlingham (1842-1901)  
H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

ON His Father's throne is seated  
Christ the Lord, the living One,  
All His toil on earth completed,  
All His work for sinners done:  
In the glory  
See Him, God's eternal Son.

2 Every knee shall bow before Him,  
Every tongue confess His name;  
Ransomed myriads shall adore Him,  
Who endured the sinner's shame:  
From the glory  
God doth now His worth proclaim.

3 Man the cross to Him awarded;  
Man the Saviour crucified;  
This world's judgment stands recorded,  
God's own justice satisfied!  
By the glory  
Christ was claimed on earth who died.

4 Son of God, His incarnation  
Opened first the tale of grace;  
Son of Man, in new creation  
Leader of a chosen race!  
Well may glory  
Crown Him, in the ordered place!

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**40      Ellesdie                      8.7.8.7.D.**

Miss C. A. Wellesley

"The Christian Lyre" 1831, attr. to Mozart, 1756-1791

O THOU great all-gracious Shepherd,  
Shedding for us Thy life's blood,  
Unto shame and death delivered,  
All to bring us nigh to God!  
Now our willing hearts adore Thee,  
Now we taste Thy dying love,  
While by faith we come before Thee –  
Faith which lifts our souls above.

2 As our Surety we behold Thee,  
Ransoming our souls from death;  
As the willing Victim view Thee  
Yielding up to God Thy breath.  
In the broken bread we own Thee,  
Bruised for us and put to shame;  
And the cup, O Lord, we thank Thee,  
Speaks of pardon through Thy name.

3 But 'tis past, and, Lord, we hail Thee  
Crowned with glory on the throne;  
Meet it is Thy saints should bless Thee  
For the place Thy death hath won:  
Won for us – that in full measure  
We should have our part with Thee –  
Taste the river of Thy pleasure,  
Share in all Thy victory.

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**41 Christ Arose P.M.**

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Also tune by R. Lowry

LOW in the grave He lay –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Waiting the coming day –  
Jesus, my Lord!

Up from the grave He arose,  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign.  
He arose! He arose!  
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch His bed –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Vainly they seal the dead –  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
He tore the bars away –  
Jesus, my Lord!

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**42     Eagley C.M.**

C. C. Elliott (1866-1949)

J. J. Walch, 1837-1901

LORD Jesus Christ, our living Head,  
How bright Thy glories shine!  
Unique in Thy humanity:  
Eternally divine.

2 Thou wast before created things,  
Of all the Author Thou;  
Upholder of the universe,  
To Thee as God we bow.

3 The creature mind, howe'er sublime,  
Thine essence cannot know,  
Yet we to Thee in majesty,  
With reverence bend low.

4 But in Thy manhood's glorious state  
Our thankful hearts rejoice;  
For of Thy body, Lord, are we,  
Of love divine the choice.

5 Great source of wisdom, power and food,  
All riches from Thee flow;  
Thou on Thy church, Thy fulness here,  
All treasure dost bestow.

6 So unto Thee, our glorious Head,  
Love's tribute now we bring,  
In nearness here to Thee on high  
In heavenly measures sing.

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**43 Moreland S.M.**

I. Watts

"Melodies and Chants" 1904

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

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

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

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

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**44 Cyprus 7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**  
Henry Ware (1794-1843)  
Greek Melody from W. Gawler

MAKER of earth and heaven,  
Whose arm upholds creation,  
To Thee we raise the voice of praise,  
And bend in adoration.  
We praise the power that made us;  
We praise the love that blesses;  
While every day that rolls away,  
Thy gracious care confesses.

2 Though trials and affliction  
May cast their shadows o'er us,  
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow  
Of light on all before us;  
That love has smiled from heaven,  
To cheer our path of sadness,  
And lead the way through earth's dark day  
To realms of joy and gladness.

3 The light of love and glory  
Has shone through Christ our Saviour,  
The Crucified – who lived and died,  
That we might live for ever.  
And since Thy great compassion  
Thus brings Thy children near Thee,  
May we to praise devote our days,  
And keep for ever near Thee.

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**45     Walton             L.M.**

Count Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700-1760), tr. J. Wesley.

Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827

JESUS, the Lord, our righteousness!  
Our beauty Thou, our glorious dress!  
Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed,  
With joy shall we lift up the head.

2 Bold shall we stand in that great day,  
For who ought to our charge shall lay,  
While by Thy blood absolved we are  
From sin and guilt, from shame and fear?

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the saints redeemed with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,  
And all their boast is in Thy name.

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

5 Till we behold Thee on Thy throne,  
In Thee we boast, in Thee alone,  
Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
Jesus the Lord, our righteousness.

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**46      Cross of Jesus                      8.7.8.7.**  
Malcolm W. Biggs (1875-1941)  
J. Stainer, 1840-1901

LORD, we treasure with affection,  
All Thy path of sorrow here,  
And those closing scenes of anguish  
To our hearts Thyself endear.

2 Deep Thy sorrow then, Lord Jesus,  
Deeper far than thought can reach,  
Grief intense and sufferings holy,  
Far beyond all tongues to teach.

3 None could follow there, blest Saviour,  
When Thou didst for sins atone;  
For those sufferings, deep, unfathomed,  
Were, Lord Jesus, Thine alone.

4 Thou didst measure then sin's distance;  
Darkness, wrath and curse were Thine;  
Man-betrayed, by God forsaken;  
Thus we learn Thy love divine.

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**47 Fairhead S.M.**  
Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)  
Anon.

GRACE taught our wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour we meet  
While travelling home to God.

2 'Twas grace that wrote each name  
In life's eternal book;  
'Twas grace that gave the spotless Lamb  
Who all our sorrows took.

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

4 May grace, free grace, inspire  
Our souls with strength divine;  
May every thought to God aspire,  
And grace in service shine.

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

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**48 Home C.M.**

J. G. Deck

G. A. Wellesley, 1735-1781

HIGH in the Father's house above,  
Our mansion is prepared;  
There is the home, the rest we love,  
And there our bright reward.

2 With Him we love, in spotless white,  
In glory we shall shine;  
His blissful presence our delight  
In love and joy divine.

3 All taint of sin shall be removed,  
All evil done away;  
And we shall dwell with God's Beloved,  
Through God's eternal day.

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**49 St. Bees 7s.**

W. Cowper

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

CHRIST delivered us when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed our wound,  
Sought us wandering, set us right,  
Turned our darkness into light.

2 Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful prove;  
He will never cease to love.

3 His is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

4 We shall see His glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done,  
Partners of His throne above;  
Such to us His wondrous love!

5 This alone is our complaint,  
That our love is weak and faint;  
Yet we love Him, and adore,  
O for grace to love Him more!

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**50     Morecambe   10s.**

Miss N. Vergette

F. C. Atkinson, 1841-1897

OUR God and Father, we draw near to Thee  
In all the worth of Thy beloved Son;  
All Thou hast e'er desired from man we see  
In Him, Thy Christ, Thine own anointed One.

2 No thought of His e'er moved apart from Thine;  
Each holy footstep gave Thee fresh delight;  
Perfect expression of Thy will divine  
Thou hadst in Him – come forth from glory bright.

3 Thou ever lovedst Him – ere time began  
He was beside Thee, object of Thy heart;  
One with Thyself in Thine eternal plan,  
In Godhead glory one in all Thou art.

4 And now Thou lov'st Him, for Himself He gave –  
Theme of our song when time shall cease to be;  
Laid down His life that Thou, O God, shouldst have  
Fruit of Thy love in sons who worship Thee.

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**51 Whither Pilgrim 8.7.8.7.D.**

Anon.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

ABBA, Father, we adore Thee  
As Thy saints before Thy throne;  
Sweet it is to praise and bless Thee  
For Thy love in Christ made known.  
In the emblem of His body  
We behold the wondrous price,  
Which was given for our ransom:  
Nought could else for sin suffice.

2 Of our guilt His cross the measure,  
There our sins' desert we learn;  
In the cup of blessing given us  
We Thy love, O God, discern,  
Through His blood to us vouchsafing  
Boldness to draw near the throne;  
How complete our needed cleansing  
Thine unsullied light makes known.

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**52      Saved by Grace      L.M.D.**

J. G. Deck

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

LORD, we are Thine, bought by Thy blood,  
Once the poor guilty slaves of sin;  
But Thou redeemedst us to God,  
And mad'st Thy Spirit dwell within;  
Thou hast our sinful wanderings borne  
With love and patience all divine;  
As brands, then, from the burning torn,  
We own that we are wholly Thine.

2 Lord, we are Thine: Thy claims we own,  
Ourselves to Thee we'd wholly give.  
Reign Thou within our hearts alone,  
And let us to Thy glory live;  
Here let us each Thy mind display,  
In all Thy gracious image shine;  
And haste that long-expected day  
When Thou shalt own that we are Thine.

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**53      French              C.M.**

Thomas Henry Reynolds (1830-1930)  
Thomas Ravenscroft's "Psalmes", 1621

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

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

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

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

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**54     St. Peter     C.M.**

J. Newton

A. R. Reinagle, 1799-1877

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,  
It calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Blest Name, the rock on which we build,  
Our shield and hiding-place;  
Our never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

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

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

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

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**55 St. Ethelwald S.M.**

P. Gerhardt (1607-1676), tr. J. Wesley.

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889

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

2 He everywhere hath sway,  
And all things serve His might;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light.

3 When He makes bare His arm,  
Who shall His work withstand?  
When He His people's cause defends,  
Who then shall stay His hand?

4 We leave it to Himself  
To choose and to command,  
With wonder filled, we soon shall see  
How wise, how strong His hand.

5 We comprehend Him not,  
Yet earth and heaven tell  
God sits as sovereign on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

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**56      Watcher      7.6.7.6.D.**

M. Bowly

E. L. White

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

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

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

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

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**57 Rhineland 8.7.8.7.**

Julius Anton Eugen Wilhelm von Poseck, (1816-1896) tr.  
by Mrs E. Frances Bevan.  
W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

ON the Lamb our souls are resting,  
What His love no tongue can say;  
All our sins, so great, so many,  
In His blood are washed away.

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

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

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

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**58 Holy Care 8.7.8.7.**

Miss Catherine Helene von Poseck (1859-1953)

"Geistliche Lieder", Elberfeld, 1853

"ABBA, Father", words of mercy,  
Words of comfort, words of love,  
Covering all our needs and longings  
Till we reach our home above!

2 Jesus prayed for us, O Father,  
Ere He left this world of woe,  
Asking Thee to guard and keep us  
Safely all our path below.

3 Holy Father – such His pleading –  
Keep, O keep them in Thy name;  
As Thou lovedst Me, O Father,  
Thou hast loved them the same.

4 Thus by God the Son committed  
To the Father's tender care,  
Thus by God the Father loved,  
Can we doubt, or can we fear?

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**59 Maryton L.M.**

T. H. Reynolds

H. P. Smith, 1825-1898

O GOD, Thou hast engaged our hearts  
With Christ Thy well-beloved Son;  
Thy love a holy joy imparts,  
A joy which He for us hath won.

2 Assured in faith we enter now  
Thy presence, where, most blessed God,  
Thy glory rests upon His brow,  
Who brought us nigh to Thee by blood.

3 To Him Thy voice from out the cloud  
Once spake Thy deep, Thy full delight;  
And now without a veil to shroud,  
In Him shines forth Thy glory bright.

4 'Tis Jesus fills that holy place  
Where glory dwells, and Thy deep love  
In its own fulness (known through grace)  
Rests where He lives, in heaven above.

5 Yet, midst Thine own the Spirit still  
Bears witness of His glory there,  
And from the sphere which He doth fill  
Brings knowledge of His fulness here.

6 Our God we bless Thee, Father Thou  
Of Him Thy well-beloved Son;  
As blest in Him before Thee bow,  
And joy in all that love has done.

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**60 Millennium 6.6.6.8.8.**

I. Watts

Anon.

OUR thanks to God most high,  
The Father of our Lord,  
The Saviour-God is He,  
And be His name adored;  
O God, Thy mercy shall endure,  
Thy word abide for ever sure.

2 He sent His only Son  
And saved us from our woe –  
From ruin, guilt, and hell,  
And every hurtful foe;  
Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure,  
Thy word abide for ever sure.

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

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**61 Elland 8s. Dactylic**

Robert Hawker (1753-1827)

J. Langran, 1835-1909

HOW wondrous the glories that meet  
In Jesus, and from His face shine!  
His love is eternal and sweet,  
'Tis human, 'tis also divine.

2 His glory – not only God's Son,  
In manhood He had His full part;  
And the union of both joined in One  
Forms the fountain of love in His heart.

3 The infinite worth of His blood  
Has freed us from hell and from fear,  
That we, as the blest sons of God,  
May make His good pleasure our care.

4 O then may His glory and love  
Make us walk in the service of heaven,  
'Mid obedience and suffering to prove  
That we to the Lamb have been given.

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**62 Irby 8.7.8.7.7.7.**

T. Kelly

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876

IN the Lord we have redemption,  
Full remission in His blood,  
From the curse entire exemption,  
From the curse pronounced by God:  
What a Saviour Jesus is!  
O what grace, what love is His!

2 Sweet His name, that name transcending  
Every name on earth, in heaven;  
Praise, through ages never-ending,  
To the Son of God be given!  
He alone the Saviour is,  
Everlasting praise be His!

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**63      Nettleton      8.7.8.7.8.7.D.**

S. P. Tregelles

J. Wyeth, 1770-1858

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

2 God, in Thee His love unfolding,  
Shows how vast, how rich His grace;  
Blest our lot, with joy beholding  
All His glory in Thy face.  
Oh! the mercy which hath blessed us,  
Purposed thus ere time began,  
Mercy which in Thee hath kept us,  
Mercy vast, like heaven's span.

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**64 Terra Beata S.M.D.**

J. N. Darby

F. L. Shepherd, 1852-1930

OH bright and blessed scenes!  
Where sin can never come,  
Whose sight our longing spirit weans  
From earth where yet we roam.

2 And can we call our home  
Our Father's house on high,  
The rest of God our rest to come,  
Our place of liberty?

3 Yes! in that light unstained,  
Our stainless souls shall live,  
Our heart's deep longings more than gained,  
When God His rest shall give.

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

5 Our God the centre is,  
His presence fills that land,  
And countless myriads owned as His,  
Round Him adoring stand.

6 Our God whom we have known,  
Well known in Jesus' love,  
Rests in the blessing of His own,  
Before Himself above.

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

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

9 Like Him! O grace supreme!  
Like Him before Thy face,

Like Him to know that glory beam  
Unhindered face to face!

10 Oh, love supreme and bright,  
Good to the feeblest heart,  
That gives us now, as heavenly light,  
What soon shall be our part!

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**65 Pearsfield 8.8.7.8.8.7.**

Joseph Swain (1761-1796)

J. H. Knecht, 1752-1817

OH how the thought that I shall know  
Jesus who suffered here below,  
To manifest God's favour  
For me, and for the saints I love,  
Both here, and with Himself above,  
Doth my renewed nature move  
At that sweet word, "For ever!"

2 For ever to behold Him shine!  
For evermore to call Him mine!  
And see Him still before me:  
For ever on His face to gaze,  
And meet the full assembled rays,  
While all His beauty He displays  
To all the saints in glory!

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

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

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**66      Only Remembered      P.M.**

John Thomas Mawson (1871-1943)

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

LORD, Thou hast sought, and with blood Thou hast  
bought me,  
Snapped are my fetters, the captive is free;  
Out of my sins unto God Thou hast brought me:  
Holy Redeemer, I sing unto Thee.

O Thou art worthy! O Thou art worthy!  
O Thou art worthy! God's glorious Son;  
Ever in heaven my glad heart shall praise Thee,  
Ever remembering the work Thou hast done.

2 Great was the love, Lord, that brought Thee from glory,  
Great the compassion that led Thee to die,  
Great is the joy of Thy wondrous salvation,  
Great is Thy glory, my Saviour, I cry.

3 Nought but Thy favour can please me, O Saviour,  
Nought but Thy love can my soul satisfy;  
O keep me near Thee, and ne'er let me grieve Thee,  
Fill Thou my heart with Thy grace from on high.

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**67     Dublin 7.6.7.6.D.**

Alexander Carruthers (1860-1930)

Mrs J. C. Trench, c. 1880

WE bless Thee, God and Father,  
We joy before Thy face;  
Beyond dark death for ever,  
We share Thy Son's blest place.  
He lives a Man before Thee,  
In cloudless light above,  
In Thine unbounded favour –  
Thine everlasting love.

2 His Father, and our Father,  
His God and ours Thou art;  
And He is Thy Beloved,  
The gladness of Thy heart.  
We're His, in joy He brings us  
To share His part and place;  
To know Thy love and favour,  
The shining of Thy face.

3 Thy love that now enfolds us  
Can ne'er wax cold or dim;  
In Him that love doth centre,  
And we are loved in Him;  
In Him Thy love and glory  
Find their eternal rest;  
The many sons – His brethren –  
In Him, how near, how blest!

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**68**      **Cyprus**                      **7.7.8.7. Iambic**  
S. P. Tregelles  
Greek Melody from W. Gawler

THY name we bless, Lord Jesus,  
That name all names excelling;  
How great Thy love all praise above  
Should every tongue be telling.  
The Father's loving-kindness  
In giving Thee was shown us;  
Now by Thy blood redeemed to God,  
As children He doth own us.

2 From that eternal glory  
Thou hadst with God the Father,  
He gave His Son that He in one  
His children all might gather:  
Our sins were all laid on Thee,  
God's wrath Thou hast endured;  
It was for us Thou sufferedst thus,  
And hast our peace secured.

3 Thou from the dead wast raised,  
And from all condemnation  
Thy saints are free, as risen in Thee,  
Head of the new creation.  
On high Thou hast ascended  
To God's right hand in heaven,  
The Lamb once slain, alive again,  
To Thee all power is given.

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

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**69 Malan P.M.**

Henri Abraham Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

Also tune by H. Malan

THOU, Lamb of God, didst shed Thy blood,  
Thou didst our load of misery bear;  
And hast exalted us to share  
The rank of kings and priests to God.

2 To Thee we render evermore  
The honour, glory, praise that's due;  
Might, power, and glad obedience too,  
And in our hearts we Thee adore,  
Amen! Amen! O Lord, Amen!

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**70 Penitence 6.5.6.5.D.**

Miss C. A. Wellesley

S. Lane, 1843-1903

LORD, our hearts are burning  
For the glorious day,  
When at Thy returning  
All shall own Thy sway.  
Chains shall break before Thee,  
Mighty King of kings;  
Angels will adore Thee,  
While creation sings.

2 Tender, loving Saviour,  
Lamb that once was slain,  
Saints will through Thy favour  
Never weep again.  
Gently Thou wilt lead them  
Where the river flows,  
On its banks wilt feed them  
In divine repose.

3 Prince of life and glory,  
Shine before our eyes,  
And let Calvary's story  
Sound through earth and skies;  
Lamb of God, receive us  
To yon peaceful shore;  
Come again, Lord Jesus,  
Reign for evermore.

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**71     Mercy 7.7.7.7.**

Robert Cleaver Chapman (1803-1902)

L. M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869

OH, my Saviour crucified  
Near Thy cross would I abide,  
Gazing with adoring eye  
On Thy dying agony.

2 Jesus bruised and put to shame,  
Tells the glories of God's name;  
Holy judgment there I found,  
Grace did there o'er sin abound.

3 God is love I surely know,  
In the Saviour's depth of woe,  
In the Sinless, in God's sight,  
Sin is justly brought to light.

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

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

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

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**72      Azmon              C.M.**  
George V. Wigram (1805-1879)  
C. G. Glaeser, 1784-1829

WELL may we sing, with triumph sing,  
The great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of the living God,  
Revealed in Jesus' face.

2 The love of God it was that sought  
From sin to set us free,  
That gave the Son, whose precious blood  
Has wrought our liberty.

3 In Him we read the Father's love,  
And find eternal peace;  
We meet in Him a Saviour-God,  
And fear and terror cease.

4 Then gladly sing, and sound abroad  
The great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of the living God,  
The riches of His grace!

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**73 St. Albans 6.5.6.5.D.**

John Samuel Bowley Monsell (1811-1875)

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

ON our way rejoicing  
As we homeward move,  
Hearken to our praises,  
O Thou God of love.  
Is there grief or sadness?  
Thou our joy shalt be;  
Is our sky beclouded?  
Light is found in Thee.

2 On our way rejoicing,  
Gladly let us go;  
Jesus is our Leader,  
Conquered is our foe.  
Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we but trust Him,  
Can our hope destroy?

3 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Led by God the Spirit,  
Gladly we adore:  
On our way rejoicing,  
Now and evermore.

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**74 St. Leonards 8.7.8.5.**

Kate Barclay Wilkinson (1859-1928)

A. C. Barham-Gould, 1891-1953

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.

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**75      Sawley              C.M.**  
Albert Midlane (1825-1909)  
J. J. Walch, 1837-1901

"NO separation"! – O my soul,  
'Tis God who speaks the word;  
So close the Spirit thee unites  
With Christ, thy risen Lord.

2 "No separation"! – thou art His,  
And His for evermore;  
Upon the cross thy debt He paid,  
And all thy judgment bore.

3 "No separation"! – precious word!  
In it, my soul, be glad;  
Loved with an everlasting love,  
And one with Jesus made.

4 "No separation"! – Life nor death,  
Things present nor to come,  
Can part thee from His precious care,  
Or rob thee of thy home.

5 "No separation"! – Linked with Him,  
His glory – all is thine;  
Oh, wondrous love, that thus could plan  
A union so divine!

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**76 Beecher 8.7.8.7.D.**

J. N. Darby (Composer J. Zundel, 1815-1882)

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

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

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

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

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

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

7 On to Canaan's rest still wending,  
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring  
Suited grace from high descending,  
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

8 Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew:  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied  
Tell how God hath brought thee through.

9 When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling  
Love divine thy foot shall bring,



There with shouts of triumph swelling,  
Zion's songs in rest to sing,

10 There no stranger-God shall meet thee,  
Stranger thou in courts above.  
He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greets thee with a well-known love.

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**77 Epiphany Hymn 11.10.11.10. Dactylic**  
H. Sattler, from German  
J. F. Thrupp, 1827-1867

FATHER of glory, our songs we are raising;  
Such is Thy love, and so blessedly shown!  
We are united in heart and in praising;  
High we extol Thee, Thy glory we own.

2 Him Thou hast given – unspeakable giving,  
Father of glory – the Son of Thy love!  
Glorious answer – response of the living –  
Sons ever with Thee, O Father, above.

3 Yea, He has told us the wonderful secrets,  
Father of glory, once hidden from man;  
Fully revealed now to us by Thy Spirit,  
All Thou desiredst – eternity's plan!

4 Father of glory, we bow and adore Thee!  
Restful our hearts as we wondering gaze.  
Oh with what joy shall we offer before Thee  
In the repose of Thy glory, our praise!

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**78 Ellacombe 7.6.7.6.D.**

F. G. Burkitt (v. 1: Miss E. Corpe)

"Gesangbuch Der Herzoge", Wurttemberg 1784

LORD, while we wait the moment  
When we shall see Thy face,  
We daily prove the sweetness  
Of Thy sustaining grace;  
Yea, daily find the comfort  
Of Thine unfailing love,  
Till we shall know its fulness  
When with Thee, Lord, above.

2 And yet while in the desert,  
What lessons do we learn,  
As on our homeward journey  
Thou mak'st our hearts to burn!  
The living water flowing  
From life's perennial spring,  
The daily manna coming,  
Fresh praises daily bring.

3 And oh, what loud thanksgiving  
Shall fill that home of love,  
As we survey the pathway  
Which led to Thee above!  
There in the light unsullied  
We'll see how great Thy care,  
Which watched our every footstep,  
Till we Thy rest should share.

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**79     Diademata     S.M.D.**

J. N. Darby

G. J. Elvey, 1816-1893

REST of the saints above,  
Jerusalem of God,  
Who in thy palaces of love,  
Thy golden streets have trod,  
To me thy joy to tell –  
Those courts secure from ill,  
Where God Himself vouchsafes to dwell,  
And every bosom fill?

2 Who shall to me that joy  
Of saint-thronged courts declare,  
Tell of that constant sweet employ  
My spirit longs to share?  
That rest secure from ill,  
No cloud of grief e'er stains;  
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,  
And love eternal reigns.

3 The Lamb is there, my soul;  
There, God Himself doth rest,  
In love divine diffused through all  
With Him supremely blest.  
God and the Lamb – 'tis well,  
I know that source divine,  
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,  
Yet know that all is mine.

4 And see, the Spirit's power  
Has ope'd the heavenly door,  
Has brought me to that favoured hour  
When toil shall all be o'er.  
There on the hidden bread  
Of Christ – once humbled here –  
God's treasured store – for ever fed,  
His love my soul shall cheer.

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5 Called by that secret name  
Of undisclosed delight,  
(Blest answer to reproach and shame)  
Graved on the stone of white.  
There in effulgence bright,  
Saviour and Guide, with Thee  
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light  
Whiter my robe shall be.

6 There in the unsullied way  
Which His own hand hath dressed,  
My feet press on where brightest day  
Shines forth on all the rest.  
But who that glorious blaze  
Of living light shall tell,  
Where all His brightness God displays,  
And the Lamb's glories dwell?

7 (There only to adore,  
My soul its strength may find,  
Its life, its joy for evermore,  
By sight, nor sense, defined.)  
God and the Lamb shall there  
The light and temple be,  
And radiant hosts for ever share  
The unveiled mystery.

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**80 Fairford 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

J. Swain

Anon.

ON earth the song begins;  
In heaven more sweet and loud –  
"To Him that cleansed our sins  
By His atoning blood;  
To Him," we sing in joyful strain,  
"Be honour, power, and praise, Amen."

2 Alone He bore the cross,  
Alone its grief sustained;  
His was the shame and loss,  
And He the victory gained;  
The mighty work was all His own,  
Though we shall share His glorious throne.

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**81 Claremont C.M.**

J. N. Darby

J Foster 1807-1885

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

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

3 And we our great Forerunner see,  
In His own glory there;  
Yet not ashamed, with such as we,  
As Firstborn, all to share.

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

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

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**82 Stuttgart 8.7.8.7.**  
Mrs. J. A. Trench (1843-1925)  
C. F. Witt, 1660-1716

JESUS, Thou alone art worthy  
Ceaseless praises to receive;  
For Thy love, and grace, and goodness  
Rise o'er all our thoughts conceive.

2 With adoring hearts, we render  
Honour to Thy precious name,  
Overflowing with Thy mercies,  
Far and wide Thy worth proclaim.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! praise the Saviour,  
Saints, aloud your voices raise!  
Praise Him! praise Him! till in heaven  
Perfected we'll sing His praise.

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**83      Manoah      C.M.**

B. G. Hardingham (1894-1973)

G. Rossini, 1792-1868

LORD Jesus, how our souls adore  
That perfect love of Thine!  
We'd sing its sweetness o'er and o'er,  
Immeasurable, divine.

2 We think of Thee, God's blessed Son,  
Whom heavenly hosts obeyed,  
Girding Thyself to serve Thine own,  
And like a bondman made.

3 What deep affections moved Thee here,  
As Thou didst seek Thy bride,  
Joy of Thine heart, to Thee how dear!  
Love could not be denied.

4 Thou gavest all that love could give,  
The goodly pearl to gain;  
Thou gav'st Thy life that we might live,  
And Thou Thy bride obtain.

5 Fruit of that wondrous love of Thine,  
We praise, we worship Thee;  
Thy love unsearchable, divine,  
Our endless song shall be.

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**84 St. Thomas S.M.**

H. Bonar

A. Williams, 1731-1776

WE hear the words of love;  
We gaze upon the blood,  
We see the mighty sacrifice,  
And we have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,  
Sure as the Father's name;  
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.

3 Our love is oftentimes low;  
Our joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with Him remains the same,  
No change the Father knows.

4 We change – He changes not,  
Though changing years roll by;  
His love, not ours, the resting-place,  
We on His truth rely.

5 The cross still stands unchanged,  
Though heaven is now His home;  
The mighty stone is rolled away,  
For He has left the tomb.

6 That tomb has now become  
The grave of all our woes;  
We know the Son of God has come,  
We know He died and rose.

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

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**85      Sovereign Grace      7.6.7.6.D.**

J. G. Deck

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

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

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

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

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**86      Farewell      7.6.7.6.D.**

J. G. Deck

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-1847

O LORD, Thou now art seated,  
Above the heavens, on high,  
(The gracious work completed,  
For which Thou cam'st to die);  
To Thee our hearts are lifted,  
While pilgrims wandering here,  
For Thou alone art gifted  
Our every weight to bear.

2 We know, Lord, Thou hast bought us,  
And washed us in Thy blood;  
We know Thy grace has brought us  
As kings and priests to God.  
We know that that blest morning,  
Long looked for, draweth near,  
When we, at Thy returning,  
In glory shall appear.

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

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**87 Duke Street L.M.**

I. Watts

J. Hatton, c. 1710-1793

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

3 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 blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to the King;  
Angels, descend with songs again  
And, earth, repeat the loud Amen.

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**88     Evan   C.M.**

Joseph Stennett (1663-1713)

W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870

O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Fain would we have our thoughts, our hearts,  
Our lives, engaged with Thee.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see;  
We love Thee for that shameful cross,  
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die;  
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain;  
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crowned,  
Thou didst a servant's form assume,  
Beset with sorrow round.

5 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
In everything but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become  
As we unlike had been:

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

7 O Lord! we treasure in our souls  
The memory of Thy love;  
And ever shall Thy name to us  
The sweetest odour prove.

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**89      Hereford New                      6.10.10.6.**

H. Bonar

Anon.

BLESSED be God, our God!  
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,  
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one –  
Blessed be God, our God!

2 What will He not bestow,  
Who freely gave this mighty gift unbought,  
Unmerited, unheeded and unsought –  
What will He not bestow?

3 He spared not His Son!  
'Tis this that silences each rising fear;  
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear –  
He spared not His Son!

4 Who shall condemn us now?  
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone above,  
For us to plead at the right hand of Love,  
Who shall condemn us now?

5 'Tis God that justifies!  
Who shall recall the pardon or the grace,  
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?  
'Tis God that justifies!

6 The victory is ours!  
For us in might came forth the Mighty One;  
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won –  
The victory is ours!

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**90 Rachel 9.8.9.8.**

Mrs. H. A. Berg

J. P. L. Hindle, 1951

THAT pathway! O let it be treasured,  
For none ever trod it before.  
Those steps of aloneness unmeasured!  
Our spirits must pause, and adore.

2 None, none had been laid in that manger,  
And none had been laid in that grave  
But Jesus, the heavenly Stranger  
Who came wayward sinners to save.

3 Alone – in the hall of decision,  
His judgment was taken away:  
Alone – on the cross of derision,  
Of darkness, distress and dismay.

4 Alone – apprehended and taken,  
While lovers forsook Him and fled.  
Alone – and completely forsaken,  
God's judgment was poured on His head.

5 And yet 'twas for us He endured it;  
Alone in perfection was He:  
Our blessing – He only secured it,  
By dying alone on the tree.

6 Lord, Thou art no longer deserted!  
The Father is sharing His throne  
With Thee, who our judgment endured  
That we might be never alone.

7 O love unsurpassed and unbounded!  
O love that will ever endure  
Until in the glory surrounded  
With those Thou hast died to secure.

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**91 Solyma S.M.**

G. V. Wigram

G. Tredcroft

OH, what a debt we owe  
To Him who shed His blood,  
And cleansed our souls and gave us power  
To stand before His God!

2 Saviour and Lord, we own  
The riches of Thy grace;  
For we can call Thy God our God –  
Can bow before His face.

3 Thy holy Father, too,  
We worship as our own,  
Who gave with Thee the Spirit's cry  
To us His sons foreknown.

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**92      Cross of Jesus                      8.7.8.7.**

H. P. Wells

J. Stainer, 1840-1901

OH, the wondrous joy of dwelling  
Father, in Thy house above!  
Every feature Christ reflecting,  
And Thine own surpassing love.

2 Thoughts divine conceived in purpose,  
There fulfilled for Thy delight;  
All that shone in Christ, once humbled,  
There expands in glory's light.

3 By the Spirit's power is strengthened  
Every eye on Him to gaze;  
Every view of Him unfolding  
Wakes fresh bursts of joyful praise!

4 Every circle gathered round Thee  
Yields of Christ some beauteous ray;  
And for Thy delight and pleasure  
Shines throughout the eternal day.

5 There Thy love o'er all transcendent  
Shall for ever find its rest;  
While each heart, its joy outpouring,  
In that love is ever blest.

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**93 Brookfield L.M.**

Anon.

T. B. Southgate, 1814-1868

THE manner of Thy mighty love,  
Our Father, we with joy behold;  
Thy gracious name most gladly prove,  
For we are Thine, by love made bold.

2 Ah, had it been Thy sovereign will  
To give us but a servant's place,  
Such mercy should each bosom fill  
With lasting praise, for all is grace.

3 But children now, our God, are we,  
And through Thy favour dwell in love;  
Thy love is sweet, and sweet will be  
The Father's house, our home above.

4 What we shall be not yet appears,  
But like the Lord each child shall shine;  
Then till we leave this vale of tears  
Accept our praise that we are Thine.

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**94      Abridge              C.M.**  
Sir E. Denny  
I. Smith, 1725-1800

A PILGRIM through this lonely world  
The blessed Saviour passed;  
A mourner through His life was He,  
The dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave;  
It found on earth no resting-place  
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear  
The cross with all its scorn,  
Or court a faithless evil world  
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like Him, obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or calm  
To yon celestial hill.

5 Dead to the world with Him who died  
To win our hearts, our love,  
We, risen with our Lord and Head  
In spirit dwell above.

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**95 St. Thomas S.M.**

I. Watts

A. Williams, 1731-1776

BREAK forth and sing the song  
Of glory to the Lamb;  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

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

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

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

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

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**96 Duke Street L.M.**

Samuel Medley (1738-1799)

J. Hatton, c. 1710-1793

THE Saviour lives, no more to die;  
He lives, our Head, enthroned on high;  
He lives triumphant o'er the grave;  
He lives eternally to save.

2 He lives to still His people's fears;  
He lives to wipe away their tears;  
He went their mansions to prepare;  
He comes to bring them safely there.

3 Then let our souls in Him rejoice,  
And sing His praise with cheerful voice,  
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,  
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

4 The chief of sinners He receives;  
His saints He loves and never leaves:  
He'll guard us safe from every ill,  
And all His promises fulfil.

5 Abundant grace will He afford,  
Till we are present with the Lord;  
And prove what we have sung before,  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

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**97 Ewing 7.6.7.6.D.**  
George West Frazer (1830-1896)  
A. Ewing, 1830-1895

BLEST be the God and Father  
Of Jesus Christ the Son,  
Who chose us for all blessing  
Ere time had yet begun,  
That we redeemed – His children –  
Might dwell with Him above,  
And know the depth and fulness  
Of His unbounded love,

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

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

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**98 Rhineland 8.7.8.7.**

Miss C. Thompson (1822-1909)

W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**99      Hursley      L.M.**

S. Medley

P. Ritter, 1760-1846

ON Christ salvation rests secure;  
The Rock of ages must endure;  
Nor can that faith be overthrown  
Which rests upon the "Living Stone".

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

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

4 View the vast building, see it rise;  
The work how great, the plan how wise!  
Oh, wondrous fabric, power unknown  
That rears it on the "Living Stone"!

5 But most adore His precious name,  
His glory and His grace proclaim:  
For us, condemned, despised, undone,  
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone".

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**100 Grateful Praise L.M.**

S. Medley

Anon.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,  
To our dear Lord the voice we'll raise;  
With all His saints we'll join to tell,  
That Jesus hath done all things well.

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

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

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

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**101    Crediton    C.M.**

J. N. Darby

T. Clark, 1775-1859

IT is not with uncertain step  
We tread our desert way;  
A well-known voice has called us up  
To everlasting day.

2 The voice of Him who here has trod  
Alone the trackless way,  
(And marked the road which leads to God),  
Where once we, lost, did stray.

3 He leaves us not alone to trace  
Our path across the waste;  
But leads us still, with living grace,  
Homeward, whereto we haste.

4 See! open stands the heavenly door,  
Whence glory shines below,  
To light the way He's gone before,  
The coming bliss to show.

5 In patience then we tread the road –  
Our faith and courage tried –  
And trust the love which bears each load,  
Our hearts from grief to hide.

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**102    Crediton        C.M.**

I. Watts

T. Clark, 1775-1859

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

2 Worthy the Lamb that's gone on high  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb that died, we cry,  
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine:  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Soon shall the saints, exalted high,  
A glorious anthem raise;  
And all that dwell beneath the sky  
Speak forth Thine endless praise.

5 Redeemed creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

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**103 Elland 8s. Dactylic**

T. Kelly

J. Langran, 1835-1909

WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died  
That died for the sake of the flock;  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
But firmly endured as a rock.

2 When blood from a victim must flow,  
This Shepherd, by pity, was led  
To stand between us and the foe,  
And willingly died in our stead.

3 Our song then for ever shall be  
Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus:  
No subject's so glorious as He,  
No theme so affecting to us.

4 Of Him and His love will we sing,  
His praises our tongues shall employ,  
Till heavenly anthems we bring  
In yonder bright regions of joy.

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**104 Grebe 8.7.8.7.D.**

R. Hawker

J. G. Ebeling, 1637-1676

ABBA, Father, thus we call Thee,  
(Hallowed name!) from day to day.  
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,  
None but children, Abba say.  
This high honour we inherit,  
Thy free gift through Jesus' blood;  
God the Spirit with our spirit  
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 Abba's purpose gave us being  
When in Christ, in that vast plan,  
Abba chose the saints for glory  
Long before the world began;  
O what love the Father bore us!  
O how precious in His sight!  
When He gave the church to Jesus,  
Jesus, His whole soul's delight!

3 Though our nature's fall in Adam  
Seemed to shut us out from God,  
Thus it was His counsel brought us  
Nearer still through Jesus' blood;  
For in Him we found redemption,  
Grace and glory in the Son;  
Oh! the height and depth of mercy!  
Christ and we, through grace, are one.

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**105 Helmsley 8.7.8.7.4.7.**

T. Kelly

T. Olivers, 1725-1799

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

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end;  
Human thought is here confounded;  
'Tis too vast to comprehend:  
Praise the Saviour,  
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we tell the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we, Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb.  
Hallelujah,  
Give ye glory to His name.

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**106    Pembroke    8.8.6.8.8.6.**

J. G. Deck

H. Isaak, c. 1450-1517

O JESUS, Lord, 'tis joy to know  
Thy path is o'er of shame and woe  
For us so meekly trod:  
All finished is Thy work of toil;  
Thou reapest now the fruit and spoil,  
Exalted by our God.

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

3 As Head for us Thou sittest there,  
Thy members here the blessing share,  
Of all Thou dost receive:  
Thy wisdom, riches, honours, powers,  
Thy boundless love has all made ours,  
Who in Thy name believe.

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

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**107 Irish C.M.**

J. G. Deck

"A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems", Dublin, 1749

O LORD, 'tis joy to look above  
And see Thee on the throne,  
To search the heights and depths of love  
Which Thou to us hast shown;

2 To look beyond the long dark night  
And hail the coming day,  
When Thou to all Thy saints in light  
Thy glories wilt display.

3 And oh, 'tis joy the path to trace  
By Thee so meekly trod,  
Learning of Thee to walk in grace  
And fellowship with God.

4 Joy to confess Thy blessed name,  
The virtues of Thy blood  
And to the wearied heart proclaim,  
Behold the Lamb of God.

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**108    Brandenburg 7s.**

J. Wilson Smith (1842-1922)

German Melody

KING of kings and Lord of lords,  
Oh, how rich these glorious words!  
Titles high and boundless fame  
Now enhance the Saviour's name.

2 He who once was crowned with thorn  
Crowns of glory now adorn;  
Jesus sits upon the throne,  
Hosts His triumph gladly own!

3 Blessed 'tis to see Him there,  
Centre of that glory fair;  
Thus our highest praise we bring,  
Falling prostrate, worshipping.

4 Now within the Father's house  
Well we know Him and rejoice;  
Glad that He, e'en now, should share  
All the Father's glory there.

5 Soon will He appear again,  
Then His saints with Him shall reign;  
Echo far the glorious words:  
King of kings and Lord of lords.

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**109 Bethany 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.**

J. G. Deck

L. Mason, 1792-1872

JESUS! That name is Love,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Jesus, all names above,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou, Lord, our all must be;  
Nothing that's good have we,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, our Lord!

2 As Son of man it was,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou gav'st Thy life for us,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Great was indeed Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love Thou didst dearly prove,  
Jesus, our Lord!

3 Righteous alone in Thee,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
Thou wilt a refuge be,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
Whom then have we to fear,  
What trouble, grief, or care,  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, our Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again,  
Jesus, the Lord!  
We shall be happy then,  
Jesus, our Lord!  
When Thine own face we see,  
Then shall we like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus, our Lord!

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**110 Treue Liebe 6-8s.**

J. G. Deck

Geman Air, adapted

O GOD, Thou now hast glorified  
Thy holy, blest eternal Son;  
The Nazarene, the Crucified,  
Now sits exalted on Thy throne:  
To Him in faith we cry aloud,  
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God.

2 Father, Thy holy name we bless,  
And gladly hail Thy just decree  
That every tongue shall soon confess  
Jesus the Lord of all to be;  
But oh, Thy grace has taught us now  
Before that Lord the knee to bow.

3 Him as our Lord we gladly own:  
To Him alone we now would live,  
Who bowed our hearts before Thy throne,  
And gave us all that love could give.  
Our willing voices cry aloud,  
Worthy art Thou, O Lamb of God.

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**111 Missionary 7.6.7.6.D.**

M. Bowly

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

2 O God of mercy – Father!  
The one unchanging claim,  
The brightest hopes, we gather  
From Christ's most precious name:  
What always sounds so sweetly  
In Thine unwearied ear,  
Has freed our souls completely  
From all our sinful fear.

3 The trembling sinner feareth  
That God can ne'er forget,  
But one full payment clearerth  
His memory of all debt.  
When nought beside could free us  
Or set our souls at large,  
Thy holy work, Lord Jesus,  
Secured a full discharge.

4 No wrath God's heart retaineth  
To us-ward who believe;  
No dread in ours remaineth  
As we His love receive;  
Returning sons He kisses,  
And with His robe invests;  
His perfect love dismisses  
All terror from our breasts.

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**112 Resurrection Life P.M.**

T. Ryder

Also tune by T. Ryder

"BURIED with Christ," and raised with Him too;  
What is there left for me to do?  
Simply to cease from struggling and strife,  
Simply to "walk in newness of life."  
Glory be to God.

2 "Risen with Christ," my glorious Head;  
Holiness, now, the pathway I tread,  
Beautiful thought, while walking therein:  
"He that is dead is freed from sin."  
Glory be to God.

3 "Living with Christ," who "dieth no more,"  
Following Christ, who goeth before,  
I am from bondage utterly freed,  
Reckoning self as "dead indeed."  
Glory be to God.

4 Living for Christ, my members I yield,  
Servants to God, for evermore sealed,  
"Not under law," I'm now "under grace,"  
Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place.  
Glory be to God.

5 Growing in Christ; no more shall be named  
Things of which now I'm truly ashamed,  
"Fruit unto holiness" will I bear,  
Life evermore, the end I shall share.  
Glory be to God.

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**113 St. Cuthbert 8.6.8.4.**

H. D'A. Champney

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

'T WAS not for our great love to Thee  
That Thou didst send Thy Son;  
That spring of love, O God, we see  
In Thee alone.

2 What love, Lord Jesus, brought Thee down  
Our hardened hearts to win,  
To be despised and spit upon,  
And bear our sin!

3 The sins of many Thou didst bear,  
Of all who look to Thee,  
When God, Thy God, forsook Thee there,  
On Calvary's tree.

4 'Tis finished! loud triumphant cry,  
Ere Thou didst yield Thy breath!  
The veil was rent, and we draw nigh  
To God, through death.

5 That glorious resurrection morn  
Bids doubts for ever cease,  
For far and wide the news is borne  
Of perfect peace.

6 Yes, peace! since every claim is met,  
Lord Jesus, by Thy blood,  
And Thou "our peace" art risen and set  
On high by God.

7 Thy grace, O Lord, alone revealed  
That wondrous heart of Thine;  
We thank Thee, and ourselves we yield  
To love divine.

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**114 Aurelia 7.6.7.6.D.**

M. Bowly

S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876

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

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

3 O God, we come with singing,  
Because Thy great High Priest  
Our names to Thee is bringing,  
Nor e'er forgets the least:  
For us He wears the mitre,  
Where "Holiness" shines bright;  
For us His robes are whiter  
Than heaven's unsullied light.

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**115    Worship            7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

G. Gilpin

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

HEAD of the Church, Thy body,  
O Christ, the great salvation,  
Sweet to the saints  
It is to think  
Of all Thine exaltation;  
All power's to Thee committed,  
All power on earth, in heaven;  
To Thee a name  
Of widest fame  
Above all glory's given.

2 With Thee believers raised  
In Thee on high are seated;  
All guilty once,  
But cleared by Thee;  
Redemption-toil completed.  
And when Thou, Lord and Saviour,  
Shalt come again in glory,  
There by Thy side  
Thy spotless bride  
Shall crown the wondrous story.

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

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**116 Living Springs L.M.**

Nahum Tate (1652-1715), and Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)

"Geistliche Lieder", Elberfeld, 1853

O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and doth for ever last.

2 The Father's boundless love we sing,  
The fountain whence our blessings spring;  
How great the depth, how high it flows,  
No saint can tell, no angel knows.

3 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,  
No thought explore the bounds of grace;  
The love that saved our souls from hell  
Transcends the creature's power to tell.

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**117 Summerfield S.M.**

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)

Anon.

NOT to ourselves we owe  
That we, O God, are Thine;  
Jesus the Lord, our night broke through,  
And gave us light divine.

2 The Father's grace and love  
This blessed mercy gave,  
And Jesus left the throne above,  
His wandering sheep to save.

3 No more the heirs of wrath –  
Thy sovereign love we see;  
And, Father, in confiding faith  
We cast our souls on Thee.

4 Our hearts look up to see  
The glory Thou hast given,  
In spirit dwell where we shall be  
With Christ, Thine heirs, in heaven.

5 With the adopted band  
Soon shall we see Him there:  
With them and Him in glory stand,  
And in His honours share.

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**118 Vom Himmel Hoch L.M.**

S. Medley

M. Luther, 1483-1546

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

2 He saw us ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved us notwithstanding all:  
He saved us from our lost estate:  
His loving-kindness, oh how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell, our way oppose,  
He safely leads His saints along:  
His loving-kindness, oh how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
He with His Church has always stood;  
His loving-kindness, oh how good!

5 Soon shall we mount and soar away  
To the bright realms of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

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**119    Passion Chorale        7.6.7.6.D.**

Paul Gerhardt based on Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153)

H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612

O HEAD once full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,  
'Mid other sore abuses  
Mocked with a crown of thorn;  
O Head! e'en now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death once bowed and wounded  
On the accursed tree.

2 Thou Countenance transcendent!  
Thou life-creating Sun!  
To worlds on Thee dependent –  
Yet bruised and spit upon:  
O Lord! what Thee tormented  
Was our sin's heavy load,  
We had the debt augmented  
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3 We give Thee thanks unfeigned,  
O Saviour! Friend in need,  
For what Thy soul sustained  
When Thou for us didst bleed;  
Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon Thy faithfulness;  
Until to glory taken,  
We see Thee face to face.

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**120 Meribah 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

A. M. Toplady

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

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

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

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**121 Harts 7s.**

Archibald J. Rutherford (19th Century)

B. Milgrove, 1731-1810

GLORY unto Jesus be!  
From the curse who set us free;  
All our guilt on Him was laid;  
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All that blessed work is done;  
God's well-pleased with His Son;  
He has raised Him from the dead,  
Set Him over all as Head.

3 This we know, and cease to mourn,  
Patient wait His sure return:  
For His saints with Him shall reign –  
Come, Lord Jesus, come! Amen!

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**122 St. Agnes C.M.**

Adapted from Sir E. Denny

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

O LORD, the bright and blessed hope,  
That's cheered us through the past,  
Of full eternal rest in Thee,  
Will be fulfilled at last.

2 Undazzled by the glorious light  
Which shines upon Thy face,  
We'll see Thee then without a cloud –  
Brought there through boundless grace.

3 Praise, endless praise, alone becomes  
That bright and blessed place,  
Where every eye beholds unveiled,  
The mysteries of Thy grace.

4 Past conflict then; O Lord, 'tis ours  
Through everlasting days,  
To sing our song of victory there,  
And only live to praise.

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**123 Mozart 7s.**

J. G. Deck

W. A. Mozart, 1756-1791

JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,  
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood;  
We are Thine, and Thine alone,  
This we gladly, fully own.

2 Help us to confess Thy name,  
Bear with joy the cross and shame;  
Only seek to follow Thee,  
Though reproach our portion be.

3 When we are to glory come,  
And have reached our heavenly home,  
Louder than each lip shall own,  
We are Thine and Thine alone.

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**124    Beatitudo    C.M.**  
Miss A. E. Price (1838-1919)  
J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

JESUS, our Lord, Thou Morning Star,  
How well we know Thy name,  
Jesus, the Lord, the Crucified,  
In glory still the same.

2 Jesus, the One who left the throne  
To save a ruined race,  
Thy love and lowliness still shine  
Upon Thy glorious face.

3 Jesus, the One who trod the earth,  
The lowly, subject One,  
Obedience unto death was Thine,  
God's well-beloved Son!

4 Jesus, what memories thrill our hearts  
Of Thy blest footprints here,  
While now to heaven our eyes we turn  
And gaze upon Thee there!

5 Jesus, our Saviour, quickly come!  
That we may with Thee be;  
Heaven's morning breaks and glory dawns,  
When Thy blest face we see.

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**125 Paraclete C.M.**

T. Kelly

F. C. Maker, 1844-1927

BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crowned,  
To Him all power be given;  
No place too high for Him is found,  
No place too high in heaven.

2 He fills, the throne above,  
Its rights to Him belong;  
The object of His Father's love,  
Theme of the ransomed's song.

3 Though high yet He accepts the praise  
His people offer here;  
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise  
Will reach the Saviour's ear.

4 This song be ours, and this alone,  
To celebrate the name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to exalt the Lamb.

5 To Him whom men despise and slight  
To Him be glory given;  
The crown is His, and His by right  
The highest place in heaven.

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**126 Attercliffe C.M.**

Theophilus Ruse

W. Mather, 1802

JESUS, our Lord, with joy we wait  
To see Thy blessed face;  
Though weak on earth our present state,  
Our strength is in Thy grace.

2 Thy precious blood shed by that grace  
To God has made us nigh,  
And sanctified us for the place  
Of worshippers on high.

3 By faith within the veil we're led,  
Where Thou hast entered in;  
"Not made with hands" the courts we tread,  
Nor e'er defiled by sin.

4 Responsive to the Father's heart  
In worship we would bow;  
Thy Spirit doth this grace impart  
To those who trust Thee now.

5 The way, the worshippers, the place,  
All sanctified by blood;  
Thy Spirit leads – sweet fruit of grace –  
In worship now to God.

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**127 Nativity C.M.**  
Richard Burnham (1749-1810)  
H. Lahee, 1826-1912

COME, saints, your grateful voices raise  
For grace's boundless store;  
Dwell on the Lord's unchanging love,  
And praise Him evermore.

2 His mercy, who our ransom paid,  
And all our sorrows bore,  
Sing with a note of loftiest joy,  
And praise Him evermore.

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

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

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**128 Dusseldorf L.M.**

R. Sandeman (1718-1771)

Robert Schumann, 1810-1856

SEE mercy, mercy from on high  
Descend to rebels doomed to die;  
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound;  
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound!

2 Soon as the reign of sin began,  
The light of mercy dawned on man,  
When God announced the blessed news,  
"The woman's Seed thy head shall bruise."

3 Brightly it beamed on men forlorn,  
When Christ, the holy child, was born;  
And brighter still in splendour shone  
When Jesus, dying, cried, " 'Tis done".

4 Complete in power when He arose,  
And burst the bands of all His foes,  
Then captive led captivity,  
And took for us His seat on high.

5 Till we around Him there shall throng,  
This mercy shall be still our song:  
For God shall every scheme confound  
Of all that seek its course to bound.

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**129 Milton C.M.**

T. Kelly

Mason's "Hallelujah"

AWAKE each soul! awake each tongue!  
The subject is divine;  
The Saviour's love demands our song;  
Let all His people join.

2 This Saviour is the Mighty God,  
The God of heaven above;  
Revealed in flesh, He shed His blood,  
Blest proof of endless love.

3 O Lord, Thy love exceeds our thought;  
But this at least we see,  
The soul that knows Thy love is taught  
To value nought but Thee.

4 And though Thy love be faintly seen  
What's seen demands our praise;  
Without it, Lord, we still had been  
Ensnared in Satan's ways.

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**130 Lischer 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

C. Wesley

F. Schneider, arr. by L. Mason 1841

WITH Christ our theme begins,  
The Lord of truth and love;  
When He had purged our sins,  
He took His seat above.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

2 His power can never fail,  
He'll rule o'er earth in heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
To Him alone are given.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

3 And sweet that blessed hope:  
Jesus the Lord shall come  
And take His brethren up  
E'en to His Father's home.  
Our hearts are glad; we raise the voice;  
The Lord has made us to rejoice.

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**131 Mozart 7s.**

James Montgomery (1771-1854)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791

PRAISE we to the Father give,  
God in whom we move and live;  
Children's praise He loves to hear;  
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Praise we to the First-born bring,  
Christ the Prophet, Priest and King;  
Glad we raise our sweetest strain  
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 Praises for the Holy Ghost  
Sent from heaven at Pentecost;  
'Tis through Him alone we live,  
And the precious truth receive.

4 Blest our portion, thus to be  
Glorying in the Trinity;  
For the Gospel from above,  
For the word that God is love.

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**132 Carlisle S.M.**  
G. V. Wigram  
C. Lockhart, 1745-1815

THE person of the Christ,  
Enfolding every grace,  
Once slain, but now alive again,  
In heaven demands our praise.

2 Gladly of Him we sing,  
Since we with Him are dead;  
Our life is hid with Christ in God,  
In Christ the church's Head.

3 The heavens are opened now!  
Sound it through earth abroad;  
And we, by faith in heaven behold  
Jesus the Christ our Lord.

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**133 Miles' Lane C.M.**

Jonathan Evans (1748-1809)

W. Shrubsole, 1760-1806

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

2 Praise Him who laid His glory by,  
For man's rebellious race;  
Praise Him who stooped to bleed and die,  
And hail Him Prince of Peace.

3 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,  
And view His glorious face,  
His name for ever to adore,  
And hail Him Prince of Peace.

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**134 Evening Prayer 8.7.8.7.7.7.**

Richard Holden (?-1886)

L. Mason, 1792-1872

LORD of glory, we adore Thee,  
Christ of God, ascended high;  
Heart and soul we bow before Thee,  
Glorious now beyond the sky;  
Thee we worship,  
Thee we praise,  
Excellent in all Thy ways.

2 Mighty King, with glory crowned,  
Rightful Heir and Lord of all:  
Once rejected, scorned, disowned,  
E'en by those Thou cam'st to call:  
Thee we honour,  
Thee adore,  
Glorious now and evermore.

3 Lord of life, to death made subject,  
Blessed, yet a curse once made;  
Of Thy Father's heart the object,  
Yet in depths of anguish laid:  
Thee we gaze on,  
Thee recall,  
Bearing here our sorrows all.

4 Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,  
Royal splendours crown Thy brow;  
Christ of God, our souls confess Thee  
King and Sovereign even now;  
Thee we reverence,  
Thee obey,  
Own Thee Lord and Christ away.

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**135 Hanover 10.10.11.11.**

W. Yerbury (?-1863)

W. Croft, 1678-1727

WE joy in our God, and we sing of that love,  
So sovereign and free, which did His heart move,  
When lost our condition, all ruined, undone,  
He saw with compassion, and spared not His Son.

2 His Son, His delight, His loved one He gave  
The wrath to endure, by suffering to save;  
Sure love so amazing, unmeasured, untold,  
Since Him it hath given, no good will withhold.

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

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**136 Martydom C.M.**

J. G. Deck

H. Wilson, 1766-1824

THE veil is rent: our souls draw near  
Unto the throne of grace;  
The merits of the Lord appear,  
They fill the holy place.

2 His precious blood avails us there  
As we approach the throne;  
And His own wounds in heaven declare  
The atoning work is done.

3 'Tis finished: here our souls have rest,  
His work can never fail;  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We pass within the veil.

4 Within the holiest of all,  
Cleansed by His precious blood,  
Before the throne we prostrate fall,  
And worship Thee, O God.

5 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,  
His blood, His name, our plea;  
Assured our prayers and songs of praise  
Ascend, by Christ, to Thee.

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**137 Stephanos 8.5.8.3.**

Inglis Fleming (1859-1955)

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

JESUS, Lord, we joy before Thee,  
Sorrow's night is o'er;  
Foes are vanquished, Thou art Victor,  
Evermore.

2 All the way Thy love has trodden,  
We with gladness trace,  
All Thy faithfulness and meekness,  
All Thy grace.

3 To Thy Father's will obedient,  
Thou to death hast been,  
Righteousness and peace embracing  
There are seen.

4 'Tis as risen, Lord, we hail Thee,  
Shadows passed away;  
Love has triumphed; Thou hast made us  
Thine for aye.

5 Now the Father's name Thou tellest;  
Joy is in Thine heart;  
In His love in which Thou dwellest  
We have part.

6 Joy we thus in Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Gladly praising Thee;  
Thine the triumph, Thine the glory  
Ever be.

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**138 Substitution 8.6.8.6.8.6.**

Mrs. Anne Ross Cousin (1824-1906)

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

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

2 Death and the curse were in our cup –  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,  
'Tis empty now for me.  
That bitter cup – love drank it up;  
Left but the love for me.

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

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

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

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**139 De Fleury 8.8.8.8.D. Dactylic**

J. N. Darby

White's Sacred Melodies

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

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

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

4 For the path where our Saviour is gone  
Has led up to His Father and God,  
To the place where He's now on the throne;  
And His strength shall be ours on the road.

5 And with Him shall our rest be on high,  
When in holiness bright we sit down,  
In the joy of His love ever nigh,  
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

6 'Tis the treasure we've found in His love,  
That has made us now pilgrims below,  
And 'tis there, when we reach Him above,  
As we're known, all His fulness we'll know.

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

8 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,  
Our delight and our comfort shall be;  
We're content with Thy staff and Thy rod,  
Till with Thee all Thy glory we see.

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**140 St. Theodulph 7.6.7.6.D.**

G. W. Frazer

M. Teschner, 1584-1635

O LORD, our hearts are waiting  
The archangel's heaven-sent cry,  
Which wakes the church now sleeping,  
And to Thee brings them nigh.  
When we, with them ascending,  
Shall meet Thee in the air,  
To gaze upon Thy glory,  
And all Thy likeness bear.

2 O hour, for which in patience  
Thou'st waited through the night,  
Whilst we Thy saints were gathered,  
And brought into the light;  
Then, then, the church completed,  
God makes no more delay;  
O Lord, with shouts of triumph,  
We pass into the day.

3 O hour of richest blessing,  
When brought to Thee so nigh,  
To be Thy joy for ever,  
We share Thy throne on high;  
To rest in all that brightness,  
And ever there abide;  
To find Thy heart delighting  
In us, Thy ransomed bride.

4 O blessed, coming Saviour,  
Speak, then, the joyous word,  
To which our hearts responding –  
"For ever with the Lord",  
For ever with Thee, Saviour –  
We evermore shall be,  
In deepest, fullest blessing  
For ever one with Thee.

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**141 Ellacombe 7.6.7.6.D.**

G. W. Frazer

"Gesangbuch Der Herzoge", Wurttemberg 1784

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

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

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

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

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**142 Olivet 6.6.4.6.6.4.**

T. Kelly

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

2 Mercy and truth unite,  
Oh, 'tis a wondrous sight,  
All sights above!  
Jesus the curse sustains,  
Guilt's bitter cup He drains,  
Nothing for us remains,  
Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,  
Love that no thought can reach,  
No love like His!  
God is its blessed source,  
Death ne'er can stop its course,  
Nothing can stay its force,  
Matchless it is.

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

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**143    Innocents    7s.**

R. C. Chapman

G. B. Pergolesi, 1710-1736

KING of glory, set on high,  
Girt with strength and majesty,  
We Thy holy name confess,  
Thee with adoration bless.

2 Jesus, mighty Son of God,  
Wondrous gift on man bestowed!  
Many crowns are on Thy head,  
Glorious First-born from the dead.

3 Gladly, Lord, we bow the knee,  
By the Father's just decree,  
To His own anointed One,  
To His well-beloved Son.

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**144    Arlington    C.M., Doxology    8s.**

I. Watts, vv. 1, 2, Ch. Theodulph of Orleans (760-821)

T. A. Arne, 1710-1778

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears!  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears!

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

2 Salvation! O ascended Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

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**145 Silchester S.M.**  
Sir E. Denny  
Henri Abraham Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

SAVIOUR, in love divine,  
'Tis Thou hast made us free  
To eat the bread and drink the wine  
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here every welcome guest  
Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn  
The secrets of Thy Father's breast,  
And all Thy grace discern.

3 Conscience has closed its strife,  
And faith delights to prove  
The sweetness of the Bread of life,  
The fulness of Thy love.

4 Oh, if this taste of love  
To us is now so sweet,  
What will it be, O Lord, above  
Thy blessed self to meet?

5 To see Thee face to face,  
Thy perfect likeness wear,  
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace  
Through endless years declare!

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**146 Dennis S.M.**

J. G. Deck

J. H. G. Naegeli, 1768-1836

WE bless our Saviour's name;  
Our sins are all forgiven:  
To suffer once to earth He came;  
He now is crowned in heaven.

2 His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruised for sin;  
Remembering Him, we break the bread,  
And, thankful, drink the wine.

3 Lord, let us ne'er forget  
Thy rich, Thy precious love,  
Our theme of joy and wonder here,  
Our endless song above.

4 O let Thy love constrain  
Our souls to cleave to Thee,  
And ever in our hearts remain  
That word, Remember me.

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**147    Green Hill    C.M.D.**

John Mason (?-1694)

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

TO Him that loved us, gave Himself,  
And died to do us good;  
Has washed us from our scarlet sins  
In His most precious blood;  
Who made us kings and priests to God,  
His Father infinite;  
To Him eternal glory be,  
And everlasting might.

2 Through Him to God, the God most high,  
Praise for all grace be given;  
Whose gifts through all eternity  
We'll gladly sing in heaven;  
His Christ has loved us, given Himself,  
And died to do us good,  
Has washed us from our scarlet sins  
In His own precious blood.

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**148 Faith's Expectancy 8.7.8.7.D.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

"Geestelyke Liederen"

HERE around Thy table gathered,  
Showing forth Thy dying love,  
Looking back upon Thy sorrow,  
Joying in Thy joy above,  
Now as one we raise our voices,  
And we plead Thy parting word:  
Come, Thou risen Christ, to claim us;  
We are waiting for Thee, Lord.

2 'Tis Thy face we yearn to gaze on;  
'Tis Thy voice we long to hear;  
'Tis with Thee we would be dwelling;  
'Tis Thy likeness we would bear.  
Lord, the Spirit cries within us,  
Come and take Thy heavenly bride;  
Thou and we shall then, Lord Jesus,  
Be for ever satisfied.

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**149 St. Christopher 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. G. Deck

F. C. Maker, 1844-1927

LORD Jesus, we remember  
The travail of Thy soul,  
When, through Thy love's deep pity,  
The waves did o'er Thee roll;  
Baptised in death's dark waters,  
For us Thy blood was shed;  
For us Thou, Lord of glory,  
Wast numbered with the dead.

2 O Lord! Thou now art risen,  
Thy travail all is o'er;  
For sin Thou once hast suffered,  
Thou liv'st to die no more;  
Sin, death and hell are vanquished  
By Thee, the church's Head;  
And lo! we share Thy triumphs,  
Thou First-born from the dead.

3 Unto Thy death baptised,  
We own with Thee we died:  
With Thee, our Life, we're risen,  
And shall be glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan,  
We're ransomed by Thy blood,  
And here would walk as strangers,  
Alive with Thee to God.

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**150 Arabia 8.6.8.6.8.8.**

Josiah Conder (1789-1855)

W. Wilson, 1820

THOU art the everlasting Word,  
The Father's only Son;  
God manifest, God seen and heard,  
The heaven's beloved One;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,  
The Father's self doth shine;  
Fulness of Godhead, too: the Blest,  
Eternally Divine;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

3 Image of the Infinite Unseen,  
Whose being none can know;  
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,  
God's love revealed below;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

4 The higher mysteries of Thy fame  
The creature's grasp transcend;  
The Father only Thy blest name  
Of Son can comprehend.  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love  
Ineffable doth rest,  
The worshippers, O Lord, above,  
As one with Thee, are blest;  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

6 Of the vast universe of bliss,  
The centre Thou, and Sun;  
The eternal theme of praise is this,  
To Heaven's beloved One,  
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow!

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**151 Wiltshire C.M.**

J. G. Deck

G. T. Smart, 1776-1867

LORD Jesus, when we think of Thee,  
Of all Thy love and grace,  
Our spirits long and fain would see  
Thy beauty, face to face.

2 And though the wilderness we tread,  
A barren, thirsty ground,  
With thorns and briars overspread,  
Where foes and snares abound,

3 Yet in Thy love such depths we see,  
Our souls o'erflow with praise –  
Content ourselves, while, Lord, to Thee  
A joyful song we raise.

4 Our Lord, our Life, our Rest, our Shield,  
Our Rock, our Food, our Light;  
Each thought of Thee doth constant yield  
Unchanging, fresh delight.

5 Blest Saviour, keep our spirits stayed,  
Hard following after Thee,  
Till we, in robes of white arrayed,  
Thy face in glory see.

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**152 Victory 7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

W. Yerbury

Miss F. T. Wigram's "collection"

THY name we love, Lord Jesus;  
And lowly bow before Thee;  
And while we live, to Thee we give,  
All blessing, worship, glory;  
We sing aloud Thy praises,  
Our hearts and voices blending,  
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own;  
Thy beauty's all transcending

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells God's love unbounded  
To ruined man, ere time began,  
Or heaven and earth were founded;  
Thine is a love eternal,  
That found in us its pleasure,  
That brought Thee low, to bear our woe,  
And make us Thine own treasure.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells Thy birth so lowly,  
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,  
Thy lonely path, so holy;  
Thou wast the Man of sorrows:  
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;  
The bitter cup, Thou drankest up;  
The thorny crown, didst wear it.

4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
God's Lamb Thou wast ordained  
To bear our sins (Thyself all clean) –  
Our judgment hast sustained;  
We see Thee crowned in glory,  
Above the heavens now seated,  
The victory won, Thy work well done,  
Our righteousness completed.

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**153 Moreland S.M.**

M. Bowly

"Melodies and Chants" 1904

WHOM have we, Lord, but Thee,  
Soul thirst to satisfy?  
Exhaustless spring! The waters free!  
All other streams are dry.

2 Our hearts by Thee are set  
On brighter things above;  
Strange that we ever should forget  
Thine own most faithful love.

3 Yet oft we credit not  
That Thou dost give as God,  
Though well we know our happy lot  
In trusting to Thy blood.

4 None like the ransomed host  
That precious blood have known;  
Redemption gives faith's holy boast  
To draw so near the throne.

5 Higher and higher yet!  
Pleading that same life-blood,  
We taste the love that knows no let,  
Of Abba, as of God.

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**154 Hankey 7.6.7.6.D.**

Anon.

W. G. Fischer, 1835-1912

OUR Father we would worship,  
In Jesus' holy name,  
For He, whate'er our changes,  
For ever is the same:  
Through Him our childlike praises  
As incense sweet will be;  
The songs Thy Spirit raises  
Can ne'er want melody.

2 The fire Thy love hath kindled,  
Shall never be put out;  
The Spirit keeps it burning,  
(Though dimmed by things without);  
O make it burn more brightly,  
By faith more freely shine!  
That we may value rightly  
The grace that made us Thine.

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**155 Lenox 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

A. Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert), (1782-1866)

L. Edson, 1748-1820

WHAT was it blessed God,  
Led Thee to give Thy Son,  
To yield Thy well-beloved  
For us by sin undone?  
'Twas love unbounded led Thee thus  
To give Thy well-beloved for us.

2 What led Thy Son, O God,  
To leave Thy throne on high,  
To shed His precious blood,  
To suffer and to die?  
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,  
Led Him to die and suffer thus.

3 What moved Thee to impart  
Thy Spirit from above,  
Therewith to fill our heart  
With heavenly peace and love?  
'Twas love, unbounded love to us,  
Moved Thee to give Thy Spirit thus.

4 What love to Thee we owe,  
Our God, for all Thy grace!  
Our hearts may well o'erflow  
In everlasting praise:  
Make us, O God, to praise Thee thus  
For all Thy boundless love to us.

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**156 Warwick C.M.**

M. Bowly

S. Stanley, 1767-1822

"PRAISE ye the Lord," again, again,  
The Spirit strikes the chord;  
Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain;  
We praise, we praise the Lord.

2 "Rejoice in Him," again, again,  
The Spirit speaks the word,  
And faith takes up the happy strain;  
Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast in Christ;" ah! yet again  
He teacheth all the band;  
If human efforts are in vain,  
In Christ it is we stand.

4 "Clean every whit;" Thou saidst it, Lord!  
Shall one suspicion lurk?  
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,  
And Thine a finished work.

5 For ever be the glory given  
To Thee, O Lamb of God!  
Our every joy on earth, in heaven,  
We owe it to Thy blood.

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**157 St. Alphege 7.6.7.6.**  
H. C. Rice (Mrs. W.N. Tomkins)  
H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1855

THOU brightness of God's glory,  
Thou light of all above,  
Perfect art Thou in wisdom,  
In righteous power, and love.

2 Worthy art Thou, Lord Jesus,  
Beyond all songs we raise;  
Worthy of highest glory  
And everlasting praise.

3 Thou, Thou alone, art worthy;  
For Thou, the Lamb, hast died,  
And made us, once lost sinners,  
Thy body and Thy bride.

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**158 Neander 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

G. W. Frazer

J. Neander, 1650-1680

GOD, our Father, we adore Thee!  
We, Thy children, bless Thy name!  
Chosen in the Christ before Thee,  
We are holy without blame.  
We adore Thee! we adore Thee!  
Abba's praises we proclaim!

2 Son eternal, we adore Thee!  
Lamb upon the throne on high!  
Lamb of God, we bow before Thee,  
Thou hast brought Thy people nigh!  
We adore Thee! we adore Thee!  
Son of God who came to die!

3 Father, Son and Holy Spirit –  
Three in One! We give Thee praise!  
For the riches we inherit  
Heart and voice to Thee we raise!  
We adore Thee! We adore Thee!  
Thee we bless through endless days.

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**159 Bishopgarth 8.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

Frank Binford Hole (1874-1964)

A. S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

O GOD of grace, whose saving power  
Can reach the chiefest sinner,  
We seem to reach earth's darkest hour,  
The ranks of faith grow thinner;  
Before Thee now in thought we stand,  
Our sin, our need confessing;  
We long to see Thy gracious hand  
Bestow eternal blessing.

2 Earth's honours fade, its glories pale;  
How soon is told life's story!  
And nothing can the least avail  
To meet the claims of glory.  
If Thou, Lord Jesus, hadst not been  
In death, Thy work completed,  
We never had salvation seen,  
Nor viewed our foes defeated.

3 Thou sittest, Lord, upon the throne,  
Above this world of sadness;  
Thou hearest every sinner's groan;  
Let woe be changed to gladness;  
Stretch out Thine arm, and from above,  
Through every tribe and nation,  
Roll forth the tide of saving love,  
O God of all salvation.

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**160 Lathbury 6.4.6.4.D.**

J. N. Darby

W. F. Sherwin, 1826-1888

OH bright and blessed hope!  
When shall it be,  
That we His face, long loved,  
Revealed shall see?  
Oh! when, without a cloud,  
His features trace,  
Whose faithful love, so long,  
We've known in grace?

2 That love itself enjoy,  
Which, ever true,  
Did, in our feeble path,  
Its work pursue!  
O Jesus! not unknown,  
Thy love shall fill  
The heart in which Thou dwell'st,  
And shalt dwell still!

3 Still, Lord, to see Thy face,  
Thy voice to hear;  
To know Thy present love,  
For ever near;  
To gaze upon Thyself  
So faithful known,  
Long proved in secret help  
With Thee alone;

4 To see that love, content  
On us flow forth,  
For ever Thy delight,  
Clothed with Thy worth.  
Nor, what is next Thy heart,  
Can we forget;  
Thy saints, O Lord, with Thee  
In glory met.

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5 Perfect in comeliness  
Before Thy face,  
Th' eternal witness, all,  
Of Thine own grace;  
Together, then, their songs  
Of endless praise,  
With one harmonious voice,  
In joy they'll raise!

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**161 Nearer Home S.M.D.**

J. Montgomery

I. B Woodbury, 1819-1858

FOR ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him we roam,  
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

2 Our Father's house on high,  
Home of our souls, how near  
E'en now to faith's transpiercing eye  
Thy gates of pearl appear!  
The thirsty spirit faints  
To reach the home we love;  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

3 And though there intervene  
Rough roads and stormy skies,  
Faith will not suffer ought to screen  
Thy glory from our eyes.  
There shall all clouds depart,  
The wilderness shall cease,  
And sweetly shall each gladdened heart  
Enjoy eternal peace.

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**162 Ariel 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

G. W. Frazer

L. Mason, 1792-1872

WHAT rich eternal bursts of praise  
Shall fill yon courts through endless days,  
When time shall cease to be!  
Round and around the notes shall swell,  
As each redeemed one joins to tell  
Thy love, so vast and free.

2 Each shall the Saviour's likeness bear,  
A royal crown each brow shall wear,  
And robes unsullied white.  
The everlasting song shall be,  
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
'Mid scenes of purest light.

3 Our joy unhindered then with Thee,  
Our eyes undimmed Thy glory see,  
Whilst worthy praise we give.  
Through that eternal cloudless day,  
Our burning hearts with rapture say,  
He died that we might live.

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**163 Webb 7.6.7.6.D.**

G. W. Frazer

G. J. Webb, 1803-1887

THE Lord of life is risen,  
Has left the darksome grave,  
And, death by Him abolished,  
He's mighty now to save;  
And we with Him are risen,  
The fruit of all His toil,  
The firstfruits of His harvest,  
His suffering's richest spoil.

2 The Lord of life is seated  
At God's right hand on high –  
God's just and righteous answer  
To grace which stooped to die;  
In Him we too are seated,  
Oh, blessed, wondrous grace!  
Accepted and beloved,  
In Him, in sonship's place.

3 The Lord of life is coming  
To perfect all His grace;  
To take His blood-bought people  
To fill their heavenly place;  
Oh, with what joy ascending  
We'll meet Him in the air,  
To dwell with Him in glory,  
And His blest image bear!

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**164 Friendship 8.7.8.7.D.**

Mrs. Emma Francis Bevan (1827-1909)

Miss La Thangue, c. 1900

LORD, we love to trace Thy footprints  
Here amidst the desert sand,  
Ponder o'er Thy path of suffering –  
Wondrous heart and healing hand;  
Learn Thy love at Bethlehem's manger,  
Hear Thee still the raging wave,  
See Thee at the well of Sychar,  
On the cross, and in the grave.

2 Lord, we bow in adoration  
As we watch that stream of love;  
Find its mighty tide still flowing  
From Thee now as crowned above.  
'Tis a love no heart can fathom,  
Which to us Thou dost unfold,  
Inexhaustible and boundless –  
Wondrous theme that ne'er grows old.

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**165 Victory 7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

C. Wesley

Miss F. T. Wigram's "collection"

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

2 While in affliction's furnace  
And passing through the fire,  
The love we praise which tries our ways,  
And ever brings us nigher;  
We lift our hearts exulting  
In Thine almighty favour:  
The love divine which made us Thine  
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

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

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

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**166 Treasures 8.8.8.8.8.**

P. Gerhardt [tr. by J. Wesley)

J. L. F. Hainlin, 1750-1823

LORD, Thou hast drawn us after Thee,  
Now let us run and never tire;  
Thy presence shall our comfort be,  
Thyself our hope, our sole desire,  
Our present Saviour, while nor fear  
Nor sin can come if Thou art near.

2 What in Thy love possess we not?  
Our star by night, our sun by day,  
Our spring of life when parched with drought,  
Our wine to cheer, our bread to stay,  
Our strength, our shield, our safe abode,  
Our robe before the throne of God!

3 Unchangeable Thy gracious love  
Our earthly path has ceaseless viewed;  
Ere yet these beating hearts could move,  
Thy tender mercies still pursued;  
Ever with us may they abide,  
And close us in on every side.

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**167 Cypus 7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

W. Yerbury

Greek Melody from W. Gawler

THY love we own, Lord Jesus,  
In service unremitting;  
Within the veil Thou dost prevail,  
Each soul for worship fitting:  
Encompassed here with failure,  
Each earthly refuge fails us;  
Without, within, at war with sin,  
Thy name alone avails us.

2 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus,  
For though Thy toils are ended,  
Thy tender heart doth take its part  
With those Thy grace befriended;  
Thy sympathy how precious!  
Thou succourest in sorrow,  
And bidst us cheer, while pilgrims here,  
And haste the hopeful morrow.

3 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus;  
Thy way is traced before Thee;  
Thou wilt descend and we ascend,  
To meet in heavenly glory;  
Soon shall the blissful morning  
Call forth Thy saints to meet Thee;  
Our only Lord, alone adored,  
With gladness then we'll greet Thee.

4 Thy love we own, Lord Jesus,  
And wait to see Thy glory,  
To know as known, and fully own  
Thy perfect grace before Thee;  
We plead Thy parting promise,  
Come, Saviour, to release us;  
Then endless praise our lips shall raise  
For love like Thine, Lord Jesus.

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**168 Hanover 10.10.11.11.**

T. Kelly

W. Croft, 1678-1727

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand:  
No sign to be looked for; the Star's in the sky;  
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command;  
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour appears!  
How welcome to those who have shared in His cross!  
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,  
A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 What is loss in this world, when compared to that day,  
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?  
"The Saviour is coming," His people may say;  
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord! that our love to Thy name  
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move;  
Our coldness might fill us with grief and with shame,  
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

5 O kindle within us a holy desire,  
Like that which was found in Thy people of old,  
Who tasted Thy love, and whose hearts were on fire,  
While they waited, in patience, Thy face to behold.

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**169    There is Rest   8.8.11.8.**

J. N. Darby

C. T. Lambert, 1925

THERE is rest for the weary soul –  
There is rest in the Saviour's love;  
There is rest in the grace that has made us whole,  
And that seeketh out those who rove.

2 There is rest in the tender love  
That has trodden our path below,  
That has found us a place in the realms above,  
But can now all our sorrows know.

3 There is rest in the calming grace  
That flows out from those realms above;  
Oh what rest in the thought – we shall see His face,  
Who has given us to know His love!

4 There is rest in the midst of grief –  
For His grief was the proof of love;  
Oh 'tis sweet in that love now to find relief,  
When the sorrows of earth we prove.

5 There is rest in the Saviour's heart,  
Who would never turn grief away:  
But has found, in what sin once had made our part,  
The domain of His love's display.

6 There is rest in the blessed yoke,  
And in proving no will but His,  
While we learn from His path, and the words He spoke,  
What the patience of Jesus is!

7 So where Jesus has gone before,  
Is the path which we have to tread;  
And it leads to the rest where all sorrow's o'er –  
To the place where His steps have led.

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**170 Regent Square 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

C. Wesley vv. 1, 3-6, John Cennick (1718-1755), v. 2.  
H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

LO, He comes from heaven descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign!

2 See the Saviour, long expected,  
Now in solemn pomp appear;  
And His saints, by man rejected,  
All His heavenly glory share;  
Hallelujah!  
See the Son of Man appear!

3 Lo, the tokens of His passion,  
Though in glory, still He bears,  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers;  
Hallelujah!  
Christ, the Lamb of God appears.

4 'Tis Thy heavenly bride and Spirit,  
Jesus, Lord, that bids Thee come  
All the glory to inherit  
And to take Thy people home:  
All creation  
Groans and travails till Thou come.

5 Israel's race shall now behold Thee  
Full of grace and majesty;  
Though they set at nought and sold Thee,  
Pierced and nailed Thee to the tree,  
They in glory  
Shall their great Messiah see.

6 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee  
High on Thine exalted throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:  
Come, Lord Jesus,  
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

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**171 Heidelberg 7 6.7.6.**

G. A. Lucas

M. Vulpus, c. 1560-1615

THY suffering love, Lord Jesus,  
Our hearts delight to trace;  
The love that sought and claimed us,  
In strong yet tender grace.

2 We think of Thy devotion,  
Thy blest obedience rare;  
Thy holy, deep emotion,  
Thy grief that none could share.

3 Thus to our hearts Thou speakest;  
Blest Lord, we hear Thy voice;  
We know its charm, its sweetness,  
And in Thy love rejoice.

4 We wait the consummation  
Of love's own work divine,  
And now in adoration  
We joy that we are Thine.

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**172 Ignatius C.M.**

James Hutton (1715-1795)

J. H. Lester, c. 1850

O TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,  
Thou Holy Lamb of God,  
And fix and root us in Thy grace,  
As those redeemed by blood.

2 O tell us often of Thy love,  
Of all Thy grief and pain;  
And let our hearts with joy confess  
That thence comes all our gain.

3 For this, O may we freely count  
Whate'er we have but loss;  
The dearest object of our love,  
Compared with Thee, but dross.

4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts  
With an eternal pen,  
That we may, in some small degree,  
Return Thy love again.

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**173 Stella 8.8.8.8.8.**

J. G. Deck

Old English Air, 1858 adapted

"A LITTLE while" – the Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more;  
He'll take us to His Father's home,  
Where He for us is gone before,  
To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while" – He'll come again;  
Let us the precious hours redeem,  
Our only grief to give Him pain,  
Our joy to serve and follow Him.  
Watching and ready may we be,  
As those that wait their Lord to see.

3 "A little while" – 'twill soon be past,  
Why should we shun the promised cross?  
O let us in His footsteps haste,  
Counting for Him all else but loss;  
For how will recompense His smile,  
The sufferings of this "little while"!

4 "A little while" – come, Saviour, come;  
For Thee Thy bride has tarried long:  
Take Thy poor waiting pilgrims home  
To sing the new eternal song,  
To see Thy glory, and to be  
In everything conformed to Thee!

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**174 Spotless One S.M.**

Christian Andreas Bernstein (1672-1699)

Anon.

O PATIENT, spotless One!  
Our hearts in meekness train,  
To bear Thy yoke, and learn of Thee,  
That we may rest obtain.

2 Jesus, Thou art enough  
The mind and heart to fill;  
Thy patient life – to calm the soul;  
Thy love – its fear dispel.

3 O fix our earnest gaze  
So wholly, Lord, on Thee,  
That, with Thy beauty occupied,  
We elsewhere none may see.

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**175 Federal Street L.M.**  
T. Kelly  
H. K. Oliver, 1800-1885

WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross,  
The sinner's Hope – let men deride;  
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, God is Love,  
The Lamb who died upon the tree,  
Has brought us mercy from above.

3 The Cross – it took our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The theme of praise in heaven above!

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**176 Jackson's C.M.**

Anon.

T. Jackson, 1715-1781

LORD, we shall see Thee as Thou art,  
In all Thy glory there,  
We shall behold Thee face to face,  
Thy glorious image bear.

2 With what delight, what wondering love,  
Each thrilling heart shall swell,  
When we, as sharers of Thy joy,  
Are called with Thee to dwell!

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

4 O hasten, hasten on that hour,  
And call us to Thy seat:  
For Thou without us ne'er wilt count  
Thy work, Thy joy complete.

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**177 Russian S.M.**

A. M. Toplady

H. E. Gebhardt, 1832-1899

THOUGH in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our rest above,  
We every moment come.

2 Secure within the veil,  
Christ is our anchor strong;  
While power supreme and love divine  
Still guide us safe along.

3 And should the surges rise,  
Should sore afflictions come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,  
That drives us nearer home.

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

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

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**178 Deutschland 7.6.7.6.D.**

Lord Adalbert Percy Cecil (1841-1889)

W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

OUR great High Priest is sitting  
At God's right hand above,  
For us His hands uplifting,  
In sympathy and love;  
Whilst here below, in weakness,  
We onward speed our way;  
In sorrow oft and sickness,  
We sigh and groan and pray.

2 Through manifold temptation,  
My soul holds on her course,  
Christ's mighty intercession  
Alone is her resource;  
My gracious High Priest's pleadings,  
Who on the cross did bleed,  
Bring down God's grace and blessings,  
Help in each hour of need.

3 O Jesus blessed Saviour,  
We hope to see Thee soon,  
Who once on earth didst suffer,  
Who soon for us wilt come.  
'Twas God's most gracious favour  
Gave Thee, His Son, to die;  
To live our Intercessor;  
To plead for us on high.

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**179    Dijon   8.7.8.7.**

Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

J. C. Bitthauer, 1842

BRIGHTNESS of the eternal glory  
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
Who would hush the heaven-sent story  
Of the Lamb who came to die?

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

3 Sing His blest triumphant rising;  
Sing Him on the Father's throne;  
Sing – till heaven and earth surprising,  
Reigns the Nazarene alone.

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**180 Oak 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.**

T. R. Taylor

C. F. Witt, 1660-1716

WE are but strangers here;  
Heaven is our home;  
Earth is a desert drear;  
Heaven is our home.  
Dangers and sorrows stand  
Round us on every hand;  
Heaven is our fatherland,  
Heaven is our home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is our home;  
Short is our pilgrimage,  
Heaven is our home:  
This life's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast;  
We shall reach home at last;  
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,  
In heaven our home,  
We shall be glorified;  
Heaven is our home.  
There with the good and blest,  
Those we love most and best,  
We shall for ever rest,  
In heaven our home.

4 Therefore we'll murmur not,  
Heaven is our home;  
Whate'er our earthly lot,  
Heaven is our home.  
We shall yet surely stand  
There at our Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is our fatherland,  
Heaven is our home.

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**181 Blaernwern 8.7.8.7.D.**

E. Williams

W. P. Rowlands, 1860-1937

GLORY, Lord, is Thine for ever,  
Ever Thine – Thou art the Son!  
Great the glory Thou art given,  
Great the glory Thou hast won;  
Great the glory and the splendour  
Of the holy heavenly place;  
Greater far the Godhead glory  
Shining, Saviour, in Thy face!

2 Lord of glory, Thou didst enter  
This dark world of sin and woe;  
Veiled Thy glory, yet 'twas witnessed  
By Thine own while here below.  
Thou didst die, and now we praise Thee  
In Thy glory, Lord, above;  
For in death Thou hast declared  
All the fulness of God's love.

3 Yes, we see Thee crowned with glory,  
Highest honour to Thee given;  
But the glory of Thy Person  
Is the light that shines in heaven.  
Thou art greater, glorious Saviour,  
Than the glory Thou hast won;  
This the greatness of Thy glory –  
Ever blest – Thou art the Son!

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**182 Hull 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

T. Porter

S. Chandler, born 1760

O LORD, how blest – as day by day  
We pass along our pilgrim way –  
To know that we are Thine!  
Thine – through redemption's precious blood,  
Which cleansed, which brought us nigh to God  
In righteousness divine.

2 Thine, ever Thine – to be with Thee –  
For where Thou art Thine own must be,  
Love will not be alone;  
Love's resting-place together shared  
By Thee, by those Thou hast declared  
Through grace to be Thine own.

3 O Lord, in meek and godly fear,  
To follow and to serve Thee here,  
Do Thou our hearts incline;  
To be for Thee where Thou hast been,  
Until we reach Thee in that scene  
Where Thou wilt own us Thine.

4 Lord, may we always own Thy claim,  
And overcoming in Thy name  
From earthliness be free.  
And by the daily manna fed,  
Renewed in strength, the path we'd tread  
Which leads us up to Thee.

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**183 Cwm Rhondda 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

J. Hughes, 1873-1932

SAVIOUR, come, Thy saints are waiting,  
Waiting for the nuptial day,  
Thence their promised glory dating;  
Come and bear Thy saints away.  
Come, Lord Jesus,  
Thus Thy waiting people pray.

2 Base the wish, and vain the endeavour,  
Here on earth to find our rest;  
Till we see Thy face, we never  
Shall or can be fully blest;  
In Thy presence  
Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for Thine appearing;  
"Quickly come" Thy people say;  
Bright the prospect is and cheering,  
Of beholding Thee that day;  
When our sorrow  
Shall for ever pass away.

4 Till it comes, O keep us steady,  
Keep us walking in Thy ways;  
At Thy call may we be ready,  
On Thee, Lord, with joy to gaze;  
And in heaven  
Sing Thine everlasting praise.

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**184 Belmont C.M.**  
Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904)  
S. Webbe, 1740-1816

THERE is a Name we love to hear,  
We love to sing its worth;  
It sounds like music in our ear,  
The sweetest Name on earth.

2 It tells us of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set us free;  
It tells us of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the Name we love so well,  
The Name we love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This Name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along life's thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads us up to God.

5 And there the whole triumphant throng,  
Of blood-bought saints on high,  
Shall sing the new eternal song  
With Jesus ever nigh.

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**185 Franconia S.M.**

Henry Bennett (1813-1868)

W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870

WE have a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Prepared our rest to be.

2 The Father's gracious hand  
Has built this blest abode;  
From everlasting it was planned;  
The dwelling-place of God.

3 The Saviour's precious blood  
Has made our title sure;  
He passed through death's dark raging flood  
To make our rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,  
The Earnest has been given;  
He leads us onward to the home  
Reserved for us in heaven.

5 Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
Our joy and strength shall be,  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
That bids us rise to Thee.

6 And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains we'll praise  
The grace that made us Thine.

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**186 Maryton L.M.**

Mrs. Hazel Dixon

H. P. Smith, 1825-1898

SOWER divine, send forth Thy word,  
Here let each heart the ground prepare;  
Fulfil Thy glorious purpose, Lord,  
And give Thy people ears to hear.

2 No wayside heart be here today,  
Still barren, hard and unforgiven,  
Lest Satan come and snatch away  
The seed that bears the life of heaven.

3 Nor, as in dry and stony ground,  
At once to spring, yet, by and by,  
Rootless in trial's heat, be found  
As swift to wither and to die.

4 Lord, from this world our hearts set free,  
Its riches, cares and pleasures vain;  
Lest growing strong, they prove to be  
Like thorns that choke the precious grain.

5 But to Thy wise and gracious ways  
Patient and meek we would be found;  
Thy Spirit's streams, Thy love's warm rays,  
Making that good and fruitful ground.

6 Then shall Thy word, the living seed,  
Accomplish that for which it came,  
Spring up a hundredfold indeed,  
A harvest worthy of Thy Name.

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**187 Missionary 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. G. Deck

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

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

3 O Lord, Thou too once hasted  
This weary desert through,  
Once fully tried and tasted  
Its bitterness and woe;  
And hence Thy heart is tender  
In truest sympathy,  
Though now the heavens render  
All praise to Thee on high.

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

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**188    Arabia                    8.6.8.6.8.8. Irregular**

G. W. Frazer

W. Wilson, 1820

'T WAS on that night of deepest woe,  
When darkness round did thicken,  
When through deep waters Thou didst go,  
And for our sins wast stricken;  
Thou, Lord, didst seek that we should be  
With grateful hearts remembering Thee.

2 How deep the sorrow, who can tell,  
Which was for us endured?  
O love divine, that broke the spell  
Which had our hearts allured!  
With heart and conscience now set free,  
It is our joy to think of Thee.

3 O Lord, how precious is Thy thought,  
How wondrous Thy desire,  
To win our hearts, once worse than nought,  
Who now by grace aspire  
To seek Thy glory, bear Thy shame,  
To keep Thy word, and love Thy name.

4 We know Thee now exalted high,  
Ourselves in Thee accepted;  
We wait the hour which now draws nigh,  
Thy coming long expected;  
Till Thou dost come we still would be  
With grateful hearts remembering Thee.

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**189 Liege 6.6.8.6.8.8.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

Anon.

O GOD of matchless grace,  
We sing unto Thy name;  
We stand accepted in the place  
That none but Christ could claim;  
Our willing hearts have heard Thy voice,  
And in Thy mercy we rejoice.

2 'Tis meet that Thy delight  
Should centre in the Son,  
That Thou shouldst place us in Thy sight  
In Him, Thy Holy One;  
Thy perfect love has cast out fear;  
Thy favour shines upon us here.

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

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**190 Lathbury 6.4.6.4.D.**

Mary Artemisia Lathbury (1841-1913)

W. F. Sherwin, 1826-1888

BREAK Thou the Bread of Life,  
Dear Lord, to me,  
As Thou didst break 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 Speak by Thy Spirit, Lord,  
Now unto me,  
That He may touch my eyes  
And make me see:  
Show me the truth concealed  
Within Thy Word,  
And in Thy Book revealed,  
I see 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.

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**191 Hymn to Joy 8.7.8.7.D.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827

ABBA, Father, oh, what wonders  
Doth that precious name reveal!  
While in Christ we gaze upon Thee,  
Songs of joy our spirits fill.  
Looking back, we can but bless Thee  
Looking forward, but adore;  
For Thy present favour give Thee  
Children's praises evermore.

2 Enemies were we, and rebels,  
Ruined, wretched, and undone;  
Thou didst give, from wrath to save us,  
For Thy foes Thine only Son.  
Now, oh, joy beyond all telling,  
Foes no more, but sons are we,  
Children in a Father's presence,  
Blest in Him, and loved as He.

3 Stretched before us lies a future  
Filled with bliss no tongue can tell –  
Thine own house of many mansions,  
Where we shall for ever dwell.  
Yet, O Father, we, Thy children,  
While we through the desert move,  
Dwell already in Thy presence,  
Taste by faith the joys above.

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**192 Bishopgarth 7.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

J. G. Deck

A. S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

GREAT Captain of salvation,  
Now crowned with highest glory,  
Joyful we raise  
Our songs of praise,  
And lowly bow before Thee;  
We worship and adore Thee,  
Each heart and tongue confessing  
Worthy to reign,  
The Lamb once slain,  
Of honour, power, and blessing.

2 Thou hast the cross endured  
In love beyond all measure,  
The curse, the grave,  
Thy saints to save,  
And have us as Thy treasure;  
We see Thee as the Victim  
Our sins and sorrows bearing;  
The Lamb, once slain,  
Alive again,  
The crown of glory wearing.

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

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**193 Holley L.M.**

J. G. Deck

G. Hews, 1806-1873

JESUS, my Saviour, Thou art mine,  
The Father's gift of love divine;  
All Thou hast done, and all Thou art  
Are now the portion of my heart.

2 Poor, feeble, wretched, as I am,  
I now can glory in Thy name;  
Now cleansed in Thy most precious blood  
And made the righteousness of God.

3 All that Thou hast, Thou hast for me;  
All my fresh springs are hid in Thee;  
In Thee I live; while I confess  
I nothing am, yet all possess.

4 O Saviour, teach me to abide  
Close sheltered at Thy wounded side,  
Each hour receiving "grace on grace"  
Until I see Thee face to face.

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**194 Bullinger 8.5.8.3.**

William J. Hocking (1864-1953)

E. W. Bullinger, 1837-1913

LORD and Saviour, we remember,  
In that hour of shame,  
Thou to God Thyself didst render:  
Praise Thy name.

2 Blessed Saviour, we remember  
Thou hadst met the foe;  
Yet the darkness gathered round Thee,  
And the woe.

3 Holy Saviour, we remember  
Bitter was Thy cry,  
When, for sin by God forsaken,  
Wrath was nigh.

4 Precious Saviour, we remember  
Thou didst overcome;  
Through Thy victory we who wandered  
Are brought home.

5 Lord and Saviour, we remember  
Somewhat of Thy love;  
All its fulness do Thou teach us  
From above.

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**195 Talis's Canon L.M.**

Miss F. T. Wigram (19th Century)

Thomas Tallis, c. 1505-1585

WORTHY of homage and of praise;  
Worthy by all to be adored:  
Exhaustless theme of heavenly lays!  
Thou, Thou art worthy, Jesus, Lord.

2 To Thee, e'en now, our song we raise,  
Though sure the tribute mean must prove:  
No mortal tongue can tell Thy ways,  
So full of life, and light, and love.

3 Yet, Saviour, Thou shalt have full praise;  
We soon shall meet Thee on the cloud;  
We soon shall see Thee face to face,  
In glory praising as we would.

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**196 Ariel 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

S. Medley

L. Mason, 1792-1872

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

2 How rich the precious blood He spilt,  
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin against our God;  
How perfect is that righteousness,  
In which unspotted beautiful dress  
His saints have ever stood!

3 How rich the character He bears,  
And all the form of love He wears,  
Exalted on the throne;  
In songs of sweet untiring praise,  
We e'er would sing His perfect ways,  
And make His glories known.

4 And soon the happy day shall come,  
When we shall reach our destined home,  
And see Him face to face;  
Then with our Saviour, Lord and Friend,  
The one unbroken day we'll spend  
In singing still His grace.

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**197 Crimond C.M.**

P. Doddridge

J. S. Irvine, 1836-1887

O GOD, what cords of love are Thine,  
How gentle, yet how strong!  
Thy truth and grace their strength combine  
To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins  
One moment takes away;  
And when the fight of faith begins,  
Our strength is as our day.

3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,  
In blest profusion flows;  
And glory of unnumbered years  
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords we'll onward move,  
Till round the throne we meet,  
And, captives in the chains of love,  
Embrace our Saviour's feet.

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**198 Hendon 7s.**

T. Kelly

Henri Abraham Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

LORD, accept our feeble song!  
Power and praise to Thee belong;  
We would all Thy grace record,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,  
Thence is all Thy people's hope;  
Thou wast poor, that we might be  
Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee.

3 When we think of love like this,  
Joy and shame our hearts possess;  
Joy, that Thou couldst pity thus;  
Shame, for such returns from us.

4 Yet we hope the day to see  
When from every hindrance free,  
When to Thee in glory brought,  
We shall serve Thee as we ought.

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**199 Hallelujah! What a Saviour P.M. (7.7.7.8.)**

Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876)

Also tune P. P. Bliss

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, as Lord and King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing –  
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

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**200 Jackson's C.M.**

Anon.

T. Jackson, 1715-1781

FATHER, how precious unto Thee  
Is Thy beloved Son,  
In whom Thou dost perfection see,  
Thy holy, blessed One!

2 When He in flesh the desert passed,  
He loved to do Thy will;  
His food it was, through to the last,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil.

3 Only-begotten, He revealed  
Thyself unto Thy praise:  
The Father, until then concealed,  
Was seen in all His ways.

4 As in His life, so in His death,  
He was devoted still;  
For us in love resigned His breath,  
Obedient to Thy will.

5 He glorified Thee on the earth:  
Thy work by Him was done;  
And Thou, who knewest all His worth,  
Didst glorify Thy Son.

6 Now crowned and seated on Thy throne,  
He is Thy joy and rest;  
And we who are through grace Thine own  
In Him are fully blest.

7 He, preciousness itself to Thee,  
To us is precious too;  
We every beauty in Him see,  
And Thine own glory view.

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**201 Cambridge or Schumann S.M.**

A. P. Cecil

R. Harrison 1748-1810, 2nd tune Mason and Webb's  
"Cantica Laudis" 1850.

THOU holy One and true,  
Our hearts in Thee confide,  
And in the circle of Thy love,  
As brethren we abide.

2 In Thee the Father rests,  
His own anointed One;  
In Thee alone He finds delight,  
His well-beloved Son.

3 In Thee we find delight,  
First-born 'mongst brethren Thou;  
To Thy dear Name alone we cling,  
To Thy sure word we bow.

4 Teach us that Name to own,  
Whilst waiting, Lord, for Thee  
Unholiness and sin to shun,  
From all untruth to flee.

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**202    Sagina L.M.D.**

J. Swain

T. Campbell, 1774-1844

WHAT will it be to dwell above,  
And with the Lord of glory reign,  
Since the blest knowledge of His love  
So brightens all this dreary plain?  
No heart can think, no tongue can tell,  
What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell.

2 When sin no more obstructs the sight,  
And flesh and sense deceive no more,  
When we shall see the Prince of light,  
And all His works of grace explore,  
What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine!

3 And God has fixed the happy day,  
When the last tear shall dim our eyes;  
When He will wipe these tears away,  
And fill our hearts with glad surprise;  
To hear His voice, and see His face,  
And know the fulness of His grace!

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**203 Easton 6.6.8.4.**

Anon.

W. Easton, c. 1870

LORD Jesus, Lamb of God,  
Who, us to save from loss,  
Didst taste the bitter cup of death  
Upon the cross,

2 Most merciful High Priest,  
Our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
'Tis in Thy love alone we trust  
Until the end.

3 Thou wilt our souls sustain,  
Our guide and strength wilt be,  
Until in glory, Lord, above  
Thy face we see.

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**204 Cross C.M.**

S. P. Tregelles

T. Hastings, 1784-1772

'TIS sweet to think of those at rest,  
Who sleep in Christ the Lord,  
Whose spirits now with Him are blest  
According to His word.

2 They once were pilgrims here with us;  
Through Jesus now they sleep:  
And we for them, while resting thus,  
As hopeless cannot weep.

3 How bright the resurrection-morn  
On all the saints will break!  
The Lord Himself will then return  
His ransomed church to take.

4 Or raised or changed His saints will meet,  
All grief and care removed:  
What joy 'twill be to us to greet  
Each saint whom here we loved!

5 Our Lord Himself we then shall see,  
Whose blood for us was shed;  
With Him for ever we shall be,  
Made like our glorious Head.

6 We cannot linger o'er the tomb:  
The resurrection-day  
To faith shines bright beyond its gloom,  
Christ's glory to display.

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**205 Bishopgarth 8.7.8.7.D. Iambic**

S. P. Tregelles

A. S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

THOU God of grace our Father,  
We now rejoice before Thee;  
Thy children we, and loved by Thee,  
'Tis meet we should adore Thee:  
As Thine Thou didst foreknow us,  
For such was Thine election;  
And Thou hast shown to us, Thine own,  
Thy fulness of affection.

2 The grace of Thy salvation  
The Holy Ghost has taught us;  
By Him we're sealed, for He revealed  
How Jesus' blood has bought us.  
Soon all the church in glory  
In its predestined station  
Shall bless Thy name, with Christ the Lamb,  
Thou God of all salvation.

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**206 St. Stephen C.M.**

M. Bowly

W. Jones, 1726-1800

O LORD, we know it matters nought,  
How sweet the song may be,  
No heart but of the Spirit taught  
Makes melody to Thee.

2 Then teach Thy gathered saints, O Lord,  
To worship in Thy fear;  
And let Thy grace mould every word  
That meets Thy holy ear.

3 Thou hast by blood made sinners meet,  
As saints in light, to come  
And worship at the mercy-seat,  
Before the eternal throne.

4 Thy precious name is all we show,  
Our only passport, Lord;  
And full assurance now we know,  
Confiding in Thy word.

5 O largely give, 'tis all Thine own,  
The Spirit's goodly fruit;  
Praise, issuing forth in life, alone  
Our living Lord can suit.

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**207 St. Anne C.M.**  
Thomas Gibbons (1720-1785)  
W. Croft, 1678-1727

NOW may the God of peace and love,  
Who from the silent grave,  
Brought back the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Omnipotent to save,

2 Through the rich merits of that blood  
Which He on Calvary spilt,  
To make the gracious work secure,  
On which our hopes are built –

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

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

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**208 Ellers 10s.**

J. G. Deck

E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901

IN hope we lift our wishful, longing eyes,  
Waiting to see the Morning Star arise;  
How bright, how gladsome will His advent be,  
Before the Sun shines forth in majesty!

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

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

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

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

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**209    Rhodes            S.M.**  
William. F. Lloyd (1791-1853)  
C. W. Jordan, 1840-1909

OUR times are in Thy hand,  
Father, we wish them there;  
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand;  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand;  
Jesus once crucified,  
Now leads His own with tender care,  
Our Shepherd, Guard and Guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand;  
Christ is our Advocate;  
No creature power from love divine  
Our souls can separate.

6 Our times are in Thy hand,  
We'd always trust in Thee,  
Till we have left this weary land,  
And all Thy glory see.

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**210 Huddersfield S.M.**

S. P. Tregelles

Williams 'Psalmody' 1770

"ONE spirit with the Lord;"  
Oh, blessed, wondrous word!  
What heavenly light, what power divine,  
Doth that sweet word afford!

2 "One spirit with the Lord:"  
Jesus, the glorified,  
Esteems the church for which He bled,  
His body and His bride.

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

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

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**211 Lancashire 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. G. Deck

H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

O JESUS Christ, the Saviour,  
We only look to Thee;  
'Tis in Thy love and favour  
Our souls find liberty.  
While Satan fiercely rages,  
And shipwreck we might fear,  
'Tis this our grief assuages  
That Thou art always near.

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

3 There with what joy reviewing  
Past conflicts, dangers, fears,  
Thy hand our foes subduing,  
And drying all our tears;  
Our hearts with rapture burning,  
The path we shall retrace,  
Where now our souls are learning  
The riches of Thy grace.

4 Oh, then how loud the chorus  
Shall to Thy name resound  
From all at rest before us,  
From all Thy grace hath found!  
One joyful song for ever  
Each heart, each lip shall raise,  
The praise of our Redeemer,  
Our God and Father's praise.

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**212    Eventide    10s.**

J. G. Deck

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889

CALLED from above, and heavenly men by birth,  
(Who once were but the citizens of earth)  
As pilgrims here, we seek a heavenly home,  
Our portion in the ages yet to come.

2 Where all the saints of every clime shall meet,  
And each with all shall all the ransomed greet,  
But oh, the height of bliss, our Lord, shall be  
To owe it all, and share it all, with Thee.

3 Thou wast the image in man's lowly guise  
Of the invisible to mortal eyes;  
Son of His bosom, come from heaven above,  
We see in Thee incarnate, "God is love".

4 Thy lips the Father's name to us reveal;  
What burning power in all Thy words we feel,  
As with enraptured hearts we hear Thee tell  
The heavenly glories which Thou know'st so well!

5 No curse of law, in Thee was sovereign grace,  
And now what glory in Thine unveiled face!  
Thou didst attract the wretched and the weak,  
Thy joy the wanderers and the lost to seek.

6 That precious stream of water and of blood  
Which from Thy pierced side so freely flowed,  
Has put away our sins of scarlet dye,  
Washed us from every stain, and brought us nigh.

7 We are but strangers here, we do not crave  
A home on earth, which gave Thee but a grave:  
Thy cross has severed ties which bound us here,  
Thyself our treasure in a brighter sphere.

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**213 Collooney P.M.**

J. G. Deck

Irish Melody, J. Steven

OUR sins were laid on the Saviour's head,  
The curse by our Lord was borne;  
For us a victim our Surety bled,  
And endured that death of scorn;  
Himself He gave our poor hearts to win  
(Lord, never was love like Thine!)  
From the paths of folly, and shame, and sin,  
And fill them with joys divine.

2 Now void is the place where our Saviour lay  
When He entered the gloomy grave;  
That by death He the power of death might slay  
And His lambs from the lion save.  
Oh! glorious time when the Victor arose!  
He liveth, no more to die;  
He hath bruised the head of our mighty foes,  
For us was His victory!

3 The gates of heaven are opened wide,  
At His name all the angels bow;  
The Son of man who was crucified  
Is the King of glory now:  
We love to look up and behold Him there,  
The Lamb for His chosen slain;  
And soon shall His saints all His glories share,  
With their Head and their Lord shall reign.

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**214 Pilgrims 10.10.10.10.10.12.**

J. G. Deck

H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

HOW blessed is our portion! When we look  
Upward, within the veil, our life is there:  
Our names are written in the Lamb's own book,  
For grace hath made us each with Him an heir  
Of all those glories, which by right belong  
To Him, whose worthiness is heaven's eternal song.

2 We have a Father in the heavens above,  
We have a happy home prepared on high;  
We have a Saviour, whose surpassing love  
Made Him content e'en for our sins to die;  
He fought, and has our cruel foes o'ercome,  
And has engaged to guard, and bring us safely home.

3 Yes, blessed is our portion! blessed He,  
Who, in His grace before the world began,  
Did set on us His love sovereign and free,  
On us the sinful heirs of dying man;  
And blessed us with all blessings in His Son  
Whose priceless love our hearts from sin and folly won.

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**215 Crucifixion 8.6.8.8.6.8.8.**

J. G. Deck

A. Hall, 1785-1827

OH solemn hour! that hour alone  
In solitary might,  
When God the Father's only Son,  
As man for sinners to atone,  
Expires – amazing sight!  
The Lord of glory crucified!  
The Prince of life has bled and died!

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

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

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

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**216 Zephyr L.M.**

J. G. Deck

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

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

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

3 We gaze with wonder at Thy cross,  
With all its suffering, shame and loss,  
Where Thou for us wast crucified,  
And for our sins a ransom died.

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

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

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

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**217 Diademata S.M.D.**

G. J. Elvey, 1816-1893

Also tune G. Elvey

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise, and put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies through His  
eternal Son:

Strong in the Lord of Hosts, and in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, is more than  
conqueror.

2 Your Canaan to possess – this is the Father's will,  
Though Satan all his powers address to keep you  
earthbound still;  
Christ in that heavenly sphere has conquering gone before.  
See! your inheritance is there, and there your holy war.

3 Stand then in His great might, with all His strength  
endued;  
But take, to arm you in the fight, the Panoply of God:  
That having all things done, and all your conflicts passed,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone, and stand entire at  
last.

4 But, above all, lay hold on faith's victorious shield;  
Armed with that adamant and gold, be sure to win the  
field:  
If faith surround your heart, Satan shall be subdued;  
Repelled his every fiery dart, and quenched with God's  
own Word.

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:  
Still let the Spirit cry in all His soldiers, "Come";  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high, and take the  
conquerors home.

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**218 Yorkshire 10.10.10.10.10.**

J. G. Deck

J. Wainwright, 1723-1768

SOON will the Master come: soon pass away  
Our times of conflict, grief, and suffering here;  
Our night of weeping end in cloudless day,  
And sorrow's moment like a dream appear:  
Eternity – with Jesus – in the skies –  
How soon that Sun of righteousness may rise!

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

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**219 Melita 8.8.8.8.8.**

J. G. Deck

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

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

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

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

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**220 Carey 8.8.8.8.8.8.**

C. Wesley

H. Carey, c. 1690-1743

OUR hearts are full of Christ, and long  
Their glorious matter to declare!  
Of Him we make our loftier song –  
We cannot from His praise forbear:  
Our ready tongues make haste to sing  
The glories of the heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
Perfect in comeliness Thou art;  
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,  
And full of love Thy tender heart.  
God ever blest! we bow the knee,  
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

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**221 Cwm Rhondda 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

J. Hughes, 1873-1932

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus;  
Sweet their portion is and sure;  
When the foe on others seizes,  
God will keep His own secure:  
Happy people!  
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,  
We are precious in His sight;  
Thousands now may fall around us,  
Thousands more be put to flight,  
But His presence  
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo, our Saviour never slumbers,  
Ever watchful is His care;  
Though we cannot boast of numbers,  
In His strength secure we are:  
Sweet their portion,  
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird beneath her feathers  
Guards the objects of her care,  
So the Lord His people gathers,  
Spreads His wings, and hides them there:  
Thus protected,  
All their foes they boldly dare.

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**222    Innocents    7s.**  
J. Wilson Smith  
G. B. Pergolesi, 1710-1736

EVERLASTING glory be,  
God and Father, unto Thee  
'Tis with joy Thy children raise  
Hearts and voices in Thy praise.

2 Thine the light that showed our sin,  
Showed how guilty we had been:  
Thine the love that us to save  
Thine own Son for sinners gave.

3 Called to share the rest of God  
In the Father's blest abode,  
God of love and God of light,  
In Thy praises we unite.

4 Gladly we Thy grace proclaim,  
Knowing now the Father's name:  
God and Father, unto Thee  
Everlasting glory be!

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**223 St. Catherine 8.8.8.8.8.**

R. C. Chapman

H. F. Hemy, 1818-1888

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

2 O God our Father, grant us all  
The little child's simplicity!  
From us the doubtful mind remove;  
We boast a God that cannot lie!  
Taught to repose, through love divine,  
On truth itself, on truth divine.

3 Thou art the Potter, we the clay,  
Thy will be ours, Thy truth our light,  
Thy love the fountain of our joy,  
Thine arm a safeguard day and night,  
Till Thou shalt wipe all tears away,  
And bring forth everlasting day.

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**224 Pater Omnium 8.8.8.8.8.**

R. Viney

H. J. E. Holmes, 1852-1938

O THAT we never might forget  
What Christ has suffered for our sake  
To save our souls and make us meet  
Of all His glory to partake;  
But keeping this in mind, press on  
To glory and the victor's crown!

2 But, gracious Lord, when we reflect  
How apt to turn the eye from Thee,  
Forget Thee, too, with sad neglect,  
And listen to the enemy!  
And yet to find Thee still the same!  
'Tis this that humbles us with shame.

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

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**225    Trentham    S.M.**

T. Porter

R. Jackson, 1842-1914

OH scenes of heavenly joy!  
The Father's house above,  
Where cloudless peace without alloy,  
Fills all that home of love.

2 There glory bright and fair,  
Shines with celestial beam;  
For He who suffered once is there,  
Its centre and its theme.

3 The Father's full delight  
Is centred in the Son,  
And countless tongues in heaven unite  
To tell what He hath done.

4 The Lamb enthroned shall there  
Engage each raptured heart,  
While myriad saints Christ's likeness bear  
And have with Him their part.

5 'Tis He who made us meet  
With saints in light to dwell;  
And now we chant His praises sweet,  
Whose love we know so well.

6 E'en now we taste the love,  
And know the mighty power,  
By which we'll rise to realms above  
When waiting time is o'er.

7 Praise Him again, again –  
For us the cross He bore;  
Now all is Yea, and all Amen,  
In Him for evermore.

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T. Kelly

D. S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825

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

2 Should we to gain the world's applause,  
Or to escape its harmless frown,  
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,  
And make Thy people's lot our own,  
What shame would fill us in that day,  
When Thou Thy glory wilt display!

3 Yea, let the world cast out our name,  
And vile account us if it will;  
If to confess our Lord be shame,  
Oh, then we would be viler still;  
For Thee, O Lord, we all resign,  
Content that Thou dost call us Thine.

4 What transports then will fill our heart  
When Thou Thyself our names wilt own,  
When we shall see Thee as Thou art  
And know as we ourselves are known,  
And then from sin and sorrow free  
Find our eternal rest with Thee.

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**227 Sympathy C.M.**

H. L. Rossier (1834-1928), tr. Miss C.A.Wellesley.  
Miss S. M. Walker, 1848-1918

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

2 Oh! what a load was Thine to bear  
Alone in that dark hour,  
Our sins in all their terror there,  
God's wrath and Satan's power!

3 The storm that bowed Thy blessed head  
Is hushed for ever now,  
And rest divine is ours instead,  
Whilst glory crowns Thy brow.

4 Within the Father's house on high,  
We soon shall sing Thy praise;  
But here, where Thou didst bleed and die,  
We learn that song to raise.

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**228 Darwall 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

I. Watts

J. Darwall, 1731-1789

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That mortals ever knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,  
Our tongues must bless Thy name,  
By whom the joyful news  
Of free salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, of peace with heaven.

3 Thou art our Counsellor,  
Our Pattern and our Guide,  
And Thou our Shepherd art,  
Ah, keep us near Thy side;  
Nor let our feet e'er turn astray  
To wander in the crooked way.

4 We love the Shepherd's voice;  
His watchful eye shall keep  
Our pilgrim souls among  
The thousands of God's sheep;  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
And gently leads the tender lambs.

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**229 Praise 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

R. C. Chapman

A. Radiger, 1790

O HAPPY morn! the Lord will come  
And take His waiting people home  
Beyond the reach of care,  
Where guilt and sin are all unknown.  
The Lord will come and claim His own,  
And place them with Him on His throne,  
The glory bright to share.

2 The resurrection-morn will break,  
And every sleeping saint awake,  
Brought forth in light again;  
O morn, too bright for mortal eyes!  
When all the ransomed saints shall rise  
And wing their way to yonder skies –  
Called up with Christ to reign.

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

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230    **Sawley**                    **C.M.**

J. G. Deck

J. J. Walch, 1837-1901

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

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

3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,  
'Mid darkness only light,  
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,  
And in His will delight;

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

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

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**231    Abridge            C.M.**

Anon.

I. Smith, 1725-1800

TO Thee our God, with joy we sing  
Of Jesus' walk and ways;  
A pure "meal-offering" thus we bring,  
All fragrant to His praise.

2 In all His perfect path from birth  
We see Thy glory shine;  
In every step He took on earth  
Was grace and truth divine.

3 Thy faithful Witness, holy, true,  
He was indeed the light;  
Though only those His glory knew  
To whom Thou gavest sight.

4 Here was He come – 'twas meet for Him  
Thy Servant Just to be;  
Though sorrow's cup o'erflowed its brim,  
The joy He gave to Thee.

5 'Tis little we to Thee can show  
Of all that He hath done;  
But Thou dost all the virtues know  
Of Thy beloved One.

6 His praises we would fain proclaim,  
And, in His name divine,  
Upraise to Thee pure worship's flame –  
The "frankincense" is Thine.

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**232 Hope 8.7.8.7.D.**

W. J. Hocking

R. Davies

GATHERED to Thy name, Lord Jesus,  
Gathered here with one accord,  
Thine own self we own among us,  
Faithful to Thy promised word;  
May our eyes on Thee, blest Saviour,  
Rest with one unceasing gaze,  
And our hearts, with Thee enraptured,  
Overflow with songs of praise.

2 As we wait in Thine own presence,  
Brought by Thee to God so nigh,  
As we solemnly remember,  
Thou for us didst deign to die,  
May our souls bow down before Thee  
Who didst bear our every sin,  
And in hallowed sweet communion  
Here below Thy praise begin.

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**233    Gotha 8.7.8.7.**

T. H. Reynolds

Albert, Prince Consort of England, 1819-1861

JESUS, Lord, we come together  
In the bonds of Thine own love;  
Thou hast drawn our footsteps hither,  
Its deep meaning now to prove.

2 Closed the door – we leave behind us  
Toil and conflict, foes and strife;  
And within, Thy love doth bind us  
In one fellowship of life.

3 Here together we recall Thee,  
In Thy presence break the bread;  
Never more can grief befall Thee,  
Thou art risen from the dead.

4 But Thy love remains, that entered  
Into death to make us Thine;  
In that death all love was centred –  
Thankful now we drink the wine.

5 Thou dost make us taste the blessing,  
Soon to fill a world of bliss;  
And we bless Thy name confessing  
Thine own love our portion is.

6 Sweet it is to sit before Thee,  
Sweet to hear Thy blessed voice,  
Sweet to worship and adore Thee,  
While our hearts in Thee rejoice.

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**234 Lion of Juda 11.11.11.11.**

J. G. Deck

Anon.

WE'RE not of the world which fadeth away,  
We're not of the night, but children of day;  
The chains that once bound us by Jesus are riven,  
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in heaven.

2 Our path is most rugged, and dangerous too,  
A wide trackless waste our journey lies through;  
But the pillar of cloud that shows us our way  
Is our sure light by night, and shades us by day.

3 Our Shepherd is still our Guardian and Guide;  
Before us He goes to help and provide;  
The springs that refresh us by Him have been given,  
Our bread is the Manna that came down from heaven.

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

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

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**235 St. Michael S.M.**

J. N. Darby

L. Bourgeois, c. 1510- c. 1561

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**236 Los Angeles C.M.**

P. Doddridge

Anon.

O GRACIOUS Father, God of love,  
We own Thy power to save,  
That power by which the Shepherd rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,  
When, by His precious blood  
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,  
The eternal covenant stood.

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

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

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**237    Walton            L.M.**  
J. H. Evans  
Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827

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

2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,  
His watchfulness, a mountain high;  
His name's a rock, which winds above  
Or waves below can never move.

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

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

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**238 Priory 6.6.8.4.D.**

J. Beaumont

Anon.

OUR Shepherd is the Lord,  
The living Lord who died:  
With all His fulness can afford  
We are supplied.  
He richly feeds our souls  
With blessings from above;  
And leads us where the river rolls  
Of endless love.

2 Our souls He doth restore,  
And keeps us in His way;  
He makes our cup of joy run o'er,  
From day to day;  
Through love so full, so deep,  
Anointed is our head;  
Mercy and goodness us shall keep,  
Where'er we tread.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,  
And love abide alone,  
Then shall we see Him face to face,  
And know as known:  
Still shall we lift our voice,  
His praise our song shall be;  
And we shall in His love rejoice  
Who set us free.

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**239 Solid Rock 8.8.8.8.8.**

C. Wesley

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

SALVATION'S Captain, and the Guide

Of all that seek the rest above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy word;  
Our end, the glory of our Lord.

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

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**240 Melbourne Hall 8.7.8.7.**

P. Doddridge

Adapted

MAY the Saviour's love and merit  
Fill our hearts both night and day,  
And the unction of His Spirit  
All our thoughts and actions sway.

2 May we thus, in God confiding,  
And from self-dependence free,  
Find our rest – in Christ abiding –  
Till with joy Himself we see.

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**241 Bradbury 8.7.8.7.D.**

T. Kelly

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,  
Without Thee we cannot go;  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
And hast laid the tyrant low:  
Let Thy presence  
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 Through a desert waste and cheerless,  
Though our destined journey lie,  
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,  
We may every foe defy:  
Nought shall move us,  
While we see Thee, Saviour, nigh.

3 With a price Thy love has bought us,  
(Saviour, what a love is Thine!)  
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,  
(Power and love in Thee combine):  
Lord of glory,  
Ever on Thy loved ones shine!

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**242 Berry Head 7.7.7.7.8.8.**

T. Kelly

C. T. Lambert, 1953?

SING aloud to God our strength;  
He has brought us hitherto:  
He will bring us home at length;  
This the Lord our God will do:  
Doubt not, for His word is stable;  
Fear not, for His arm is able.

2 Sing aloud to God our strength;  
Sing with wonder of His love;  
Who can tell its breadth or length,  
Who below, or who above?  
Who its depth and height can measure?  
'Tis a rich unbounded treasure!

3 Sing aloud to God our strength;  
He is with us where we go;  
Fear we not the journey's length,  
Fear we not the mighty foe:  
All our foes shall be defeated,  
And our journey safe completed.

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**243 Merton C.M.**

John Ryland (1753-1825)

H. K. Oliver, 1800-1885

O LORD, we would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
Our safe, unfailing Friend.

2 When human cisterns all are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May we with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should we thirst for ought below,  
While there's a fountain near,  
A fountain which doth ever flow  
The fainting heart to cheer?

4 No good in creatures can be found;  
All, all is found in Thee:  
We must have all things and abound  
Through Thy sufficiency.

5 Thou that hast made our heaven secure  
Wilt here all good provide;  
While Thou art rich, can we be poor –  
Thou who for us hast died?

6 O Lord, we cast each care on Thee,  
And triumph and adore;  
O that our great concern may be  
To love and praise Thee more.

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**244 Meribah 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

G. W. Frazer

L. Mason, 1792-1872

THAT bright and blessed morn is near  
When He, the Bridegroom, shall appear,  
And call His bride away.  
Her blessing then shall be complete,  
When with her Lord she takes her seat  
In everlasting day.

2 The days and months are gliding past,  
Soon shall be heard the trumpet's blast  
Which wakes the sleeping saints.  
The dead in Christ in glory rise,  
When we with them shall reach the skies,  
Where Jesus for us waits.

3 What wonder, joy, and glad surprise  
Shall fill our hearts as thus we rise  
To meet Him in the air;  
To see His face, to hear His voice,  
And in His perfect love rejoice,  
Whose glory then we'll share!

4 No more deferred our hope shall be,  
No longer through a glass we'll see,  
But clearly, face to face.  
We'll dwell with Jesus then above,  
Whom absent we have learned to love,  
Blest objects of His grace.

5 O may this hope our spirits cheer,  
While waiting for our Saviour here!  
He'll quickly come again.  
O may our hearts look for that day,  
And to His word responsive say,  
"Come, Jesus Lord, Amen".

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**245 Aurelia 7.6.7.6.D.**  
G. W. Frazer  
S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876

ON that same night, Lord Jesus,  
When all around combined  
To cast its darkest shadow  
Across Thy holy mind,  
We hear Thy voice, blest Saviour,  
"This do, remember Me:"  
With joyful hearts responding,  
We do remember Thee.

2 The depth of all Thy suffering  
No heart could e'er conceive,  
The cup of wrath unmingled  
For us Thou didst receive;  
Thou wast of God forsaken  
On the accursed tree;  
With grateful hearts, Lord Jesus,  
We now remember Thee.

3 We think of all the darkness  
Which round Thy spirit pressed,  
Of all those waves and billows,  
Which rolled across Thy breast.  
Oh, there Thy grace unbounded  
And perfect love we see;  
With joy and sorrow mingling,  
We would remember Thee.

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

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

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**246    Retreat            L.M.**

Hugh Stowell (1799-1865)

T Hastings, 1784-1872

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

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

3 There is a spot where souls unite,  
And saint meets saint in heavenly light;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Before the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 Thither by faith we'd upward soar,  
Let time and sense seem all no more;  
For freely God our souls can greet  
Where glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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**247    Eventide    10s.**

J. N. Darby

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889

AND is it so? we shall be like Thy Son!  
Is this the grace which He for us has won?  
Father of glory, thought beyond all thought,  
In glory, to His own blest likeness brought.

2 O Jesus Lord, who loved us like to Thee?  
Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too, there to see  
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,  
Thy saints the prize and travail of Thy soul.

3 Yet it must be, Thy love had not its rest  
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest;  
That love that gives not as the world, but shares  
All it possesses with its loved co-heirs.

4 Nor we alone, Thy loved ones all, complete  
In glory round Thee there with joy shall meet,  
All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord,  
Object supreme of all, by all adored.

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**248 Ferguson S.M.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

G. Kingsley, 1811-1884

THOU, Thou art worthy, Lord,  
Of most untiring praise;  
The Lamb once slain shall be adored  
Through everlasting days.

2 Heaven's vault with praise shall ring  
Louder and yet more loud;  
Millions of saints Thy worth shall sing  
Each heart in worship bowed.

3 Worthy! again, again –  
Angels with saints combine,  
Ascribing to the Lamb once slain  
Wisdom and power divine.

4 The tide shall still roll on,  
That tide of endless praise,  
Till every creature to Thy throne  
Its voice in blessing raise.

5 O Lord, the glad new song  
Is ours e'en here to sing;  
With loyal heart and joyful tongue  
We now our homage bring.

6 "Worthy!" we cry again,  
"Worthy for evermore!"  
And at Thy feet, O Lamb once slain,  
We worship, we adore.

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**249 Baptisma 7.6.7.6.D.**

S. P. Tregelles, or J. G. Deck

C. Jouard 1858-1927 and F. Jouard 1884-1941.

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

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

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

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

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**250 Kingston 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

J. Gambold (1711-1771)

W. Hayes, 1706-1777

FROM various cares our hearts retire,  
Though deep and boundless their desire,  
We've now to please but One,  
Him, before whom each knee shall bow,  
With Him is all our business now,  
And those that are His own.

2 With these our happy lot is cast,  
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,  
Or through its gardens fair;  
Whether the storms of trouble sweep,  
Or all in dead supineness sleep,  
To advance be all our care.

3 O Lord, the way, the truth, the life,  
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife  
Drop off like autumn leaves;  
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,  
Simple and undistracted be  
The soul which to Thee cleaves.

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

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**251 Crimond C.M.**

T. E. Purdom (c.1852-1942)

J. S. Irvine, 1836-1887

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**252 Halle 8.7.8.7.**

James Allen (1734-1804), and W. W. Shirley (1725-1786)  
K. Muller, 1815-1898

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Musing o'er the cross we spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the dying sinners' Friend.

2 Here we rest – in wonder viewing  
All our guilt on Jesus laid,  
And a full redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.

3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,  
While upon the Lamb we gaze,  
See our trespasses forgiven,  
And our songs of triumph raise.

4 O that strong in faith abiding,  
We may to the Saviour cleave,  
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,  
All for Him content to leave!

5 May we still, God's mind discerning,  
To the Lamb for wisdom go;  
There new wonders daily learning,  
All the depths of mercy know.

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**253 Austin S.M.**

P. Doddridge

A. E. Lord

SINCE Christ and we are one,  
What room for doubt or fear?  
He sits upon the Father's throne,  
And we are in Him there.

2 The Spirit doth unite  
Our souls to Him our Head,  
And forms us to His image bright,  
While in His steps we tread.

3 And grace it is, free grace,  
Which keeps us on the road,  
Till we behold the Saviour's face,  
And city of our God.

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**254 Batavia 8.7.8.7.**

Mrs. J. A. Trench

J. C. Kuehnau, 1735-1805

DEATH and judgment are behind us,  
Grace and glory are before;  
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,  
There they spent their utmost power.

2 First-fruits of the resurrection,  
He is risen from the tomb;  
Now we stand in new creation,  
Free; because beyond our doom.

3 Jesus died, and we died with Him,  
Buried in His grave we lay,  
One with Him in resurrection,  
Now in Him in heaven's bright day.

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**255 Azmon C.M.**

R. C. Chapman

C. G. Glaeser, 1784-1829

THE Prince of life, once slain for us,  
Is now gone up on high;  
Captivity is captive led,  
And Christ no more can die.

2 His word is faithfulness and truth,  
"Behold, I quickly come";  
And faith, that counts the promise sure,  
Can pierce the midnight gloom.

3 Far spent already is the night,  
In hope we hail the day  
Of our beloved Lord's return  
To wipe all tears away.

4 Jesus, at the appointed hour,  
In glory shall appear;  
Then, fashioned by His mighty hand,  
We shall His image bear.

5 Soon shall the saints with glory crowned  
Dwell in that cloudless light,  
And see their Lord in glory owned,  
Heaven's constant sweet delight.

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**256 Petition 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. Montgomery

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son,  
When to the time appointed  
The rolling years have run:  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity!

2 The heavens, which now conceal Him  
In counsels deep and wise,  
In glory shall reveal Him  
To our rejoicing eyes;  
He, who with hands uplifted  
Went from this earth below,  
Shall come again, all gifted,  
His blessing to bestow.

3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the new-mown grass,  
And joy and hope like flowers  
Spring up where He doth pass;  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all peoples sing,  
Outstretched His wide dominion  
O'er river, sea and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

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**257 Lenox 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

A. Midlane

L. Edson, 1748-1820

HIMSELF He could not save,  
He on the cross must die,  
Or mercy could not come  
To ruined sinners nigh;  
Yes, Christ, the Son of God, must bleed  
That sinners might from sin be freed.

2 Himself He could not save,  
For justice must be done;  
Our sins' full weight must fall  
Upon the sinless One;  
For nothing less could God accept  
In payment of that fearful debt.

3 Himself He could not save,  
For He the Surety stood  
For all who now rely  
Upon His precious blood;  
He bore the penalty of guilt  
When on the cross His blood was spilt.

4 Himself He could not save,  
Love's stream too deeply flowed,  
In love Himself He gave,  
To pay the debt we owed.  
Obedience to His Father's will,  
And love to Him did all fulfil.

5 And now exalted high: –  
A Prince and Saviour He,  
That sinners might draw nigh  
And drink of mercy free,  
Of mercy now so richly shed,  
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

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**258 Angel's Story 7.6.7.6.D.**

John Ernest Bode (1816-1874)

A. H. Mann, 1850-1929

O JESUS, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Oh, give me grace to follow  
My Master and my Friend.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me;  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking,  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will.  
Oh, speak to reassure me,  
To hasten, or control;  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

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**259 Spohr C.M.**

S. P. Tregelles

L. Spohr, 1785-1859

THE gloomy night will soon be past,  
The morning will appear,  
The harbinger of day at last  
Each waiting eye will cheer.

2 Thou Bright and Morning Star, Thy light  
Will to our joy be seen;  
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight  
Without a cloud between.

3 Ah, yes, Lord Jesus (Thou whose heart  
Still for Thy saints doth care),  
We shall behold Thee as Thou art,  
And Thy full image bear.

4 Thy love sustains us by the way,  
While pilgrims here below;  
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,  
Thy suited grace bestow.

5 But oh! the more we learn of Thee,  
And Thy rich mercy prove,  
The more we long Thy face to see,  
And fully prove Thy love.

6 Then, shine, Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
We wait for Thee to come  
And take, from sin and grief afar,  
Thy blood-bought people home.

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**260 Wellesley 8.7.8.7.**

L. M. Grant

L. S. Tourjée, 1858-1913

FATHER, Oh, what boundless glory  
In Thy name of love we know,  
No more sweet, more wondrous story,  
Than Thy heart revealed below.

2 Thou whose blessed name is Holy –  
Majesty supreme is Thine;  
Yet in One so meek and lowly  
We behold Thy brightness shine!

3 He in whom Thy heart delighted,  
Sent to earth, to grief and shame:  
Here, where all before had slighted,  
He alone declared Thy Name.

4 'Mid the darkness, Light resplendent,  
Purest, gentlest Stranger, He;  
While the world, in bitter ferment,  
Hated both Himself and Thee.

5 Then the cup, from Thy hand given,  
E'en to Thy beloved Son!  
Perfume sweet ascends to heaven:  
His most glorious work is done.

6 Blessed, beauteous contemplation –  
Theme more full than all beside –  
Cause of deepest adoration –  
Thou, through Christ, art glorified!

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**261 No Other Plea C.M.D.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

Norwegian Melody arr. by W. J. Kirkpatrick, 1838-1921

THE Holy One who knew no sin,  
God made Him sin for us;  
The Saviour died our souls to win,  
Upon the shameful cross.  
His precious blood alone availed  
To wash our sins away;  
Through weakness He o'er hell prevailed,  
Through death He won the day.

2 His beauty shineth far above  
Our feeble power of praise;  
And we shall live and learn His love  
Through everlasting days.  
The knowing this, that us He loves,  
Hath made our cup run o'er;  
Jesus, Thy name our spirit moves,  
Today and evermore.

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**262 Lux Benigna 10.4.10.4.10.10.**

William Easton (1850-1926)

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

O JESUS, Lord, Great Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Lead Thou us on:  
Foolish and weak, we need Thee still to keep  
And lead us on:  
Dangers abound, and we are not yet home,  
O keep us near, nor let us from Thee roam.

2 Thy blood was shed that we might with Thee be  
At home on high,  
Amid that scene of light and radiancy  
Beyond the sky.  
Yet even here we know Thee near, and hear  
Thy voice, and follow, Saviour, without fear.

3 Dark though the path may be, we follow Thee  
Along the way,  
Which leads us on, Thy glory soon to see  
In cloudless day:  
Thus led by Thee, Thy tender shepherd care  
Will keep, and guard, and guide us safely there.

4 What will it be when dangers all are past,  
And led by Thee,  
We reach our home – the Father's house, at last,  
To dwell with Thee?  
How loud the chorus which we then shall raise,  
And sing for ever to Thee, in Thy praise!

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**263 Alban's 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

T. Kelly

W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870

THE night is now far spent,  
The day is drawing nigh,  
Soon will the morning break  
In radiance through the sky;  
O let the thought our spirits cheer,  
The Lord Himself will soon appear.

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

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

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**264    Deep Harmony            L.M.**  
R. Morshead  
H. Parker

ENTHRONED on high, eternal Word,  
As Son of man, as sovereign Lord,  
'Tis now by faith on Thee we rest,  
Till all Thy title have confessed.

2 Thou hast our souls from sins made clean,  
Thy Spirit gives us strength within;  
Whilst Thou for us in all our need,  
At God's right hand dost ever plead.

3 O keep us in the narrow way,  
That ne'er from Thee our footsteps stray;  
Sustain our weakness, calm our fear,  
And to Thy presence keep us near.

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

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**265 Munich 7.6.7.6.D.**

G. W. Frazer

"Neuvermehrtes Gesangbuch", Meiningen, 1693

O GOD of grace, our Father,  
We bless Thy holy name,  
We who enjoy Thy favour,  
Made holy, without blame;  
In love, which sought and found us,  
And brought us nigh to Thee,  
And won the rest of glory,  
Our heavenly home shall be.

2 Thy deep eternal counsel  
Chose us in Christ the Son  
Before the earth's foundation,  
Or time had yet begun;  
That we might all the nearness  
Of the Beloved know,  
And brought to Thee as children  
Our children's praises flow.

3 We worship Thee, our Father,  
Soon shall Thy children be  
At home in heavenly glory,  
Thy house their home shall be;  
We worship Thee, our Father,  
And praise Thy perfect love,  
Soon shall we chant Thy glory  
In better strains above.

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**266 Brandenburg 7s.**

J. Swain

German Melody

CHRIST the Lord will come again,  
None shall wait for Him in vain;  
We shall then His glory see,  
His, who died to set us free.

2 Then, when the Redeemer's voice  
Calls the sleeping saints to rise,  
Rising millions shall proclaim  
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 "This is our redeeming God",  
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:  
Praise, eternal praise, be given  
To the Lord of earth and heaven.

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**267 Comfort 11.11.11.11.**

John Fawcett (1739-1817)

E. L. White

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

2 Whatever distress awaits us below,  
Such plentiful grace the Lord will bestow  
As still shall support us and silence our fear,  
And nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.

3 When sorrows assail us, or terrors draw nigh,  
His love will not fail us, He'll guide with His eye;  
And when we are fainting, and ready to fail,  
He'll give what is wanting, and make us prevail.

4 We trust His protection; we'll lean on His might;  
We're sure His direction will guide us aright;  
We know who surrounds us, almighty to save,  
And no one confounds us the Saviour who have.

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**268    Worship    7.7.7.6.**

William Wooldridge Fereday (1863-1959)

S. T. Francis, 1834-1925

HOLY Lord, we think of Thee,  
Of Thy woe and agony,  
Of Thy suffering on the tree;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

2 Wondrous grace to ruined man  
In that vast eternal plan;  
Far too vast for thought to scan;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

3 Ponder we Thy lowly bed,  
Son of God in manger laid,  
Born to Calvary to be led;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

4 Saviour, we Thy path retrace,  
Patient love and lowly grace,  
Matchless, holy, all Thy ways;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

5 To Thy cross we turn our eyes,  
Slain that guilty worms might rise;  
Precious, perfect sacrifice!  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

6 Gaze we at the empty tomb;  
Gone our sins, dispelled our gloom,  
We are free – beyond sin's doom;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

7 Look we to the throne of God;  
There in glory's blest abode,  
We behold Thee, risen Lord;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

8 Soon for us Thou wilt return;  
Lord, for Thee our spirits yearn;  
Haste we to that blissful morn;  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

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**269 Llanelly 7.6.7.6.D.**

Anon.

Welsh Melody adapted

WE love to sing Thy praises,  
O Jesus Christ the Lord;  
It is our new-born gladness  
Thy goodness to record:  
The one absorbing treasure  
That fills our heart and eye  
Is love that came to suffer,  
For enemies to die.

2 Oh, love beyond all telling,  
Beyond all ken or thought,  
Which Thou, O blessed Saviour,  
To us from heaven hast brought!  
In Thee we see united  
Both God and man in One;  
Hence power and love unmeasured  
Combined in Thee are shown.

3 The power of the Creator  
Gives glory to Thy name;  
The love of the Redeemer  
Enhances all Thy fame:  
Creator and Redeemer,  
Almighty Saviour Lord,  
The power and love that saved us  
For ever be adored.

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**270 Silchester S.M.**  
J. N. Darby  
Henri Abraham Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

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

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

3 Close to Thy trusted side,  
In fellowship divine;  
No cloud, no distance, e'er shall hide  
Glories that then shall shine.

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

5 And we love Thee, blest Lord,  
E'en now, though feeble here,  
Thy sorrow and Thy cross record  
What makes us know Thee near.

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

7 Yet still we wait for Thee,  
To see Thee as Thou art;  
Be with Thee, like Thee, Lord, and free  
To love with all our heart.

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**271 Lowry 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.**

Anon.

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

O GOD, through Christ we sing  
Glory to Thee;  
In His blest name we bring  
Glory to Thee.  
His heavenly face displays  
All Thy refulgent rays,  
And wakes our hymn of praise,  
Glory to Thee.

2 He gave, when here on earth,  
Glory to Thee;  
Angels had hailed His birth,  
Glory to Thee.  
The wondrous works He wrought,  
The precious truths He taught,  
His holy footsteps brought  
Glory to Thee.

3 On Calvary's cross He gave  
Glory to Thee;  
Won from the vanquished grave  
Glory to Thee:  
Exalted now, and crowned,  
Him countless hosts surround,  
And swell the lofty sound,  
Glory to Thee.

4 With joy we strike the chord,  
Glory to Thee!  
Ascribe, through Christ the Lord,  
Glory to Thee:  
In Jesus' name shalt Thou  
Constrain all knees to bow;  
Through Him we worship now;  
Glory to Thee!

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**272 Festal Song S.M.**

A. Midlane

W. H. Walter, 1825-1893

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord;  
Exalt Thy precious Name;  
And may Thy love in every heart  
Be kindled to a flame.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord;  
Create soul-thirst for Thee,  
And hungering for the bread of life,  
Oh, may our spirits be.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord;  
Give power unto Thy Word;  
Grant that Thy blessed Gospel may  
In living faith be heard.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord;  
And give refreshing showers:  
The glory shall be all Thine own;  
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

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**273 Dominus Regit Me 8.7.8.7. Iambic**

Bagstaff or Littlewood

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

O LORD, how does Thy mercy throw  
Its guardian shadow o'er us,  
Preserving while we're here below,  
Safe to the rest before us.

2 As weaker than a bruised reed,  
We cannot do without Thee;  
We want Thee here each hour of need,  
Shall want Thee too in glory.

3 And though our efforts now to praise  
Are often cold and lowly,  
A nobler, sweeter song we'll raise  
With all Thy saints in glory.

4 We'll lay our trophies at Thy feet,  
We'll worship and adore Thee,  
Whose precious blood has made us meet  
To dwell with Thee in glory.

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**274 Stella 8.8.8.8.8.**

P. Gerhardt (tr. J. Wesley)

Old English Air, 1858 adapted

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

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

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

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**275 Martyrdom C.M.**

M. Bowly

H. Wilson, 1766-1824

OUR God is light: and though we go  
Across a trackless wild,  
Our Saviour's footsteps ever show  
The path for every child.

2 At every step afresh we prove  
How sure our heavenly Guide;  
The faithful and forbearing love  
That never turns aside.

3 Thou weariest not, most gracious Lord,  
Though we may weary grow;  
In season, the sustaining word  
Thou giv'st our hearts to know.

4 Death's bitter waters met our thirst,  
Thy cross has made them sweet;  
Then on our gladdened vision burst  
God's shady, cool retreat.

5 The manna and the springing well  
Suffice for every need;  
And Eshcol's grapes the story tell  
Of where Thy path doth lead.

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**276 Cwm Rhonnda 8.7.8.7.8.7.**  
William Williams (1717-1791)  
J. Hughes, 1873-1932

GUIDE us, O Thou gracious Saviour,  
Pilgrims through this barren land;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold us with Thy powerful hand;  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us now and evermore.

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

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

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**277    Creation            8.8.8.8.8.8.**

J. Swain

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

CHRIST'S glory fills eternity,  
Eternity which was and is;  
And all eternity to be  
Will shine with His undying praise;  
To Him who lives but once was slain  
Be honour, power, and praise, Amen.

2 To Him who shines before our eyes  
In robes of uncreated light;  
Whose glories ever on us rise  
And fill us with supreme delight;  
To Him who lives but once was slain  
Be honour, power, and praise, Amen.

3 To Him whose everlasting love  
Sent forth those precious streams of grace,  
Which made us long to dwell above,  
And led us to this blissful place;  
To Him who lives but once was slain  
Be honour, power, and praise, Amen.

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**278 Spohr C.M.**

J. G. Deck

L. Spohr, 1785-1859

SAVIOUR, we long to follow Thee,  
Daily Thy cross to bear,  
And count all else, whate'er it be,  
Unworthy of our care.

2 We are not now our own, but Thine,  
The purchase of Thy blood,  
And made, by grace and love divine,  
The sons and heirs of God.

3 Thy Spirit, too, the present seal  
Of all the Father's love,  
Dwells in our souls and does reveal,  
The glorious rest above.

4 Thy life is now beyond the grave;  
Our souls Thou hast set free;  
Life, strength, and grace in Thee we have,  
For we are one with Thee.

5 O teach us so the power to know  
Of risen life with Thee;  
Not we may live while here below,  
But Christ our life may be.

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**279 Ellers 10s.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901

THOU, Lord, Thyself, the Bright, the Morning Star  
Wilt soon arise and chase our woes afar;  
What gladness then, what bliss without a cloud,  
Shall fill these hearts so oft with sorrow bowed!

2 Lord Jesus, shall we gaze upon Thy face –  
That face of perfect beauty, love and grace?  
That blessed form, once nailed upon the tree,  
Lord, shall these very eyes in glory see?

3 We shall, we shall! for Thou hast said it, Lord,  
And faith rests ever on Thy changeless word:  
"Behold, I come," "surely I quickly come;"  
E'en so, Amen: oh, take Thy loved ones home!

4 Lord Jesus, come: the Spirit calls for Thee,  
The bride desireth sore Thy face to see;  
Lord Jesus, come: our hearts within us burn,  
We hasten forth to greet Thy glad return.

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**280 Hull 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

T. Kelly

S. Chandler, born 1760

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

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

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

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

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**281 Friedrich C.M.**

I. Watts

George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of God's High Priest above;  
His heart is filled with tenderness,  
His very name is Love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean  
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, undefiled and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood;  
While Satan's fiery darts He bore  
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of sorrowing flesh,  
Poured out His cries and tears,  
And, though ascended, feels afresh  
What every member bears.

5 Then boldly let our faith address  
The throne of grace and power:  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In every needed hour.

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**282 Panoply 7.7.7.3.**

Miss Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871) vv. 1, 2, 5, 6; Mrs. Hazel Dixon  
vv. 3, 4)

Hazel Dixon, 1976

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
Watch and pray.

2 Canaan has for thee been won,  
Christ triumphant led the way;  
In His might possess thine own!  
Watch and pray.

3 In the heavenlies see that land,  
Satan would thine entrance stay;  
Thou against his wiles must stand:  
Watch and pray.

4 Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours:  
Watch and pray.

5 Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down:  
Watch and pray.

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**283 Rockingham L.M.**

I. Watts

E. Miller, 1731-1807

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

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

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

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

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**284 St. Catherine 8.8.8.8.8.**

C. Wesley

H. F. Hemy, 1818-1888

THOU hidden Source of calm repose!  
Thou all-sufficient Love divine!  
Our help and refuge from our foes,  
Secure we are, for we are Thine;  
And, lo! from guilt and grief and shame  
We're hidden, Saviour, by Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name Salvation is,  
And keeps our happy souls above;  
Comfort it brings, and power and peace  
And joy and everlasting love;  
To us, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

3 O Lord, our All in all Thou art,  
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;  
The medicine of a broken heart;  
'Mid storms, our peace; in loss, our gain;  
Our smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
In shame, our glory and our crown.

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

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**285 Barrow C.M.**

T. Kelly

American Melody 1850

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
Heaven's royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 Thou glorious light of courts above,  
Joy of the saints below,  
To us still manifest Thy love,  
That we its depths may know.

3 To us Thy cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace be given;  
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name.  
God honours it in heaven.

4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,  
Shall reign with Thee above:  
Then let it be our joy to know  
This way of peace and love.

5 To us Thy cross is life and health;  
'Twas shame and death to Thee;  
Our present glory, joy and wealth,  
Our everlasting stay.

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**286 Grebe 8.7.8.7.D.**

T Kelly

J. G. Ebeling, 1637-1676

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

2 Here we have a firm foundation,  
Here's the refuge of the lost;  
Christ's the rock of our salvation;  
His the name of which we boast.  
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,  
None shall ever be confounded  
Who on Thee their hope have built.

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**287 Prospect C.M.D.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck  
English Melody, 19th C.

FATHER divine, in grateful love  
We bow before Thy face,  
While for Thy gift unspeakable  
Our souls o'erflow with praise;  
Thine only Son, Thy heart's delight  
Far back, ere time began,  
Thou in Thy boundless love didst give  
To die for ruined man.

2 Thou gavest Him, well knowing all  
That lay before Him here –  
The thorny crown, the purple robe,  
The gall, the cruel spear;  
And in that hour of woe supreme  
Did Jesus bear our sin –  
The patient, holy, suffering Lamb,  
Of God forsaken then.

3 Father, this mystery of love  
Must all our praise excel:  
No human, no angelic tongue  
Its wondrous depths can tell;  
For what were we that Thou on us  
Such love shouldst ever pour?  
We bow, and, filled with joy and awe,  
Father and Son adore.

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**288 Prospect C.M.D.**

Anon.

English Melody, 19th C.

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

2 Preserve Thy flock most graciously,  
By Thine all-powerful hand;  
Move them from every harm away,  
'Twixt them and danger stand;  
Till Thou shalt fully have obtained  
In us the fruits of grace,  
And we, in joys that never end,  
Shall see Thee, face to face.

3 Do Thou, the very God of peace,  
Us wholly sanctify,  
And grant us such a rich increase  
Of power from on high,  
That spirit, soul and body may,  
Preserved free from stain,  
Be blameless until that great day;  
Lord Jesus Christ, Amen!

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**289    Yorkshire    10.10.10.10.10.10.**

Katharina Amalia Dorothea von Schlegel (b. 1697), (tr. J. L. Borthwick)

J. Wainwright, 1723-1768

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 ruled them while He dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on  
When we shall be for ever 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.

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**290 Stanford 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

Anon.

WHY those fears! Behold 'tis Jesus  
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;  
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
Sent to waft us through the deep,  
To the regions  
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on,  
Only by report is known,  
Yet we freely all abandon,  
Led by that report alone,  
And with Jesus,  
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Led by faith, we brave the ocean;  
Led by faith, the storm defy;  
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,  
Knowing that the Lord is nigh:  
Waves obey Him,  
And the storms before Him fly.

4 Rendered safe by His protection,  
We shall pass the watery waste,  
Trusting to His wise direction  
We shall gain the port at last;  
And with wonder  
Think on toils and dangers past.

5 Oh, what pleasures there await us!  
There the tempests cease to roar:  
There it is that those who hate us  
Can molest our peace no more:  
Trouble ceases  
On that tranquil, happy shore.

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**291 Shepherd 8s.**

W. Cowper

C. Jouard 1858-1927 and F. Jouard 1884-1941.

O SAVIOUR, whom absent we love,  
Whom not having seen we adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power;

2 O come and display us as Thine,  
And leave us no longer to roam.  
Let the light of Thy presence, Lord, shine,  
Let the trumpet soon summon us home.

3 Oh, then shall the mists be removed,  
And round us Thy brightness be poured.  
We shall meet Thee whom absent we loved,  
We shall see whom unseen we adored.

4 Oh, then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on our blissful repose.

5 Or, if yet remembered above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;  
They will bring us fresh thoughts of Thy love,  
New themes for our wonder and praise.

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**292 Calvary 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

S. Stanley, 1767-1822

HALLELUJAH! Christ hath conquered –  
Conquered sin and death and hell:  
Sing aloud His mighty triumphs,  
Gladly now His praises tell;  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Him, who once as Man of sorrows  
Bore for us our sins and shame,  
Glad we hail as King of glory –  
His a never-ending fame;  
Hallelujah!  
Praise, for ever praise, His name.

3 Son of God, in adoration  
Low we bow before Thy face,  
And with loving hearts, Lord Jesus,  
Sing the marvels of Thy grace;  
Hallelujah!  
Thee we worship, Thee we praise.

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**293 Galilee 8.7.8.7.**

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander (1823-1895)

W. H. Jude, 1851-1922

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.

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**294 Pentecost L.M.**

Count N. L. von Zinzendorf

W. Boyd, 1847-1928

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

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

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

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

5 Firstborn of many brethren, Thou!  
To whom both heaven and earth must bow;  
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,  
We bear the cross, and seek the crown.

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**295 Regent Square 8.7.8.7.8.7.**  
S. P. Tregelles  
H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

HOLY Saviour, we adore Thee  
Seated on the throne of God;  
Soon in glory all before Thee  
Shall proclaim Thy praise abroad;  
Thou art worthy,  
We were ransomed by Thy blood.

2 Saviour, though the world despised Thee,  
Though Thou here wast crucified,  
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,  
Lord of all creation wide;  
Thou art worthy,  
We shall live, for Thou hast died.

3 And though here on earth rejected,  
'Tis but fellowship with Thee;  
Should we not with joy expect it  
Here like Thee, our Lord, to be?  
Thou art worthy,  
Thou from earth hast set us free.

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

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**296 Beecher 8.7.8.7.D.**

C. Wesley

J. Zundel, 1815-1882

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

2 Firstfruits of Thy new creation,  
Faithful, holy, may we be,  
Joyful in Thy full salvation,  
More and more conformed to Thee,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Then to worship and adore Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

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**297 Contemplation C.M.**

Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
To taste those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
The desert past, in glory bright,  
The precious theme renew.

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

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**298 Bartimeus 8.7.8.7.**

G. de Mattos

S. Jenks

TO Thy name, Lord Jesus, gathered,  
In Thy presence we rejoice,  
And in songs of adoration  
Gladly join with heart and voice.

2 Thou hast loved us, gracious Saviour,  
With an everlasting love,  
Tasted death from all to save us,  
Seated us in Thee above.

3 We rejoice in Thy salvation,  
Boasting in our Saviour God,  
While we gratefully remember  
All the path which Thou hast trod.

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**299 Crimond C.M.**  
F. Rous (Scottish Psalter 1650)  
J. S. Irvine, 1836-1887

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 furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

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**300 Houghton 10.10.11.11.**

C. Wesley

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1855

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful name,  
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,  
His kingdom is glorious – He'll reign over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,  
But still He is nigh, His presence we have;  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, their King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all shout aloud, and honour the Son!  
The praises of Jesus God's saints will proclaim,  
And fall on their faces to worship the Lamb.

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**301 Bury Thy Sorrow 10s or 11s.**

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)

P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876

OUR rest is in heaven, our rest is not here:  
Then why should we tremble when trials are near?  
Be hushed, our sad spirits, the worst that can come  
But shortens the journey, and hastens us home.

2 It is not for us to be seeking our bliss,  
And building our hopes in a region like this:  
We look for a city which hands have not piled,  
We long for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around us may grow –  
We would not lie down, e'en on roses below:  
We ask not our portion, we seek not a rest,  
Till in glory for ever with Christ we are blest.

4 Let trial and danger our progress oppose,  
They'll only make heaven more sweet at the close;  
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
A home with our God will repay us for all.

5 With a scrip on the back, and a staff in the hand,  
We march on in haste through an enemy's land.  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
Let us smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

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**302    Manoah            C.M.**

M. Bowly

G. Rossini, 1792-1868

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

2 Thy Father, in His gracious love,  
Did spare Thee from His side:  
And Thou didst stoop to bear above,  
At such a cost, Thy bride.

3 Lord, while our souls in faith repose  
Upon Thy precious blood,  
Peace like an even river flows,  
And mercy, like a flood.

4 But boundless joy shall fill our hearts,  
When, gazing on Thy face,  
We fully see what faith imparts,  
And glory crowns Thy grace.

5 Unseen, we love Thee; dear Thy name!  
But when our eyes behold,  
With joyful wonder we'll exclaim,  
"The half had not been told."

6 For Thou exceedest all the fame  
Our ears have ever heard;  
How happy we who know Thy name,  
And trust Thy faithful word!

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**303 Martyrdom C.M.**

J. Newton

H. Wilson, 1766-1824

WHEN Israel, by divine command,  
The pathless desert trod,  
They found, throughout the barren land,  
A sure resource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar marked the road,  
And screened them from the heat;  
From the hard rock the water flowed,  
And manna was their meat.

3 Like them, we have a rest in view,  
Secure from hostile powers:  
Like them, we pass a desert too,  
But Israel's God is ours.

4 His word a light before us spreads,  
By which our path we see;  
His love, a banner o'er our heads,  
From harm preserves us free.

5 Jesus, the Bread of life, is given  
To be our daily food;  
Within us dwells that spring from heaven,  
The Spirit of our God.

6 Lord, 'tis enough, we ask no more;  
Thy grace around us pours  
Its rich and unexhausted store,  
And all its joy is ours.

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**304 Rathbun 8.7.8.7**

T. Kelly

I. Conkey, 1815-1867

SOON the saints in glory singing,  
Will with joy exalt the Lamb;  
All in heaven their tribute bringing,  
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2 To us now the earnest's given;  
Here by grace these themes belong;  
Let us sing the song of heaven;  
'Tis our everlasting song.

3 See how God has now enthroned Him  
At His own right hand in heaven;  
There the heavenly hosts have owned Him  
Lord, to whom all power is given.

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

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**305 Arizona L.M.**

W. J. Hocking

R. H. Earnshaw

OUR God and Father unto Thee  
As pilgrims weak we now draw near  
To breathe our prayers on bended knee,  
And supplicate Thy gracious ear.

2 In former days Thou oft hast heard  
And amply answered in Thy grace;  
By those rich bounties deeply stirred  
We bless Thy name and seek Thy face.

3 Though granted much, we still need more,  
For some are weak and some have grief;  
Supply us all from Thy rich store  
With grace and strength and glad relief.

4 Our prayers we bring in that great name,  
The name Thou gavest to Thy Son;  
In Jesus' name we mercy claim,  
And humbly say, "Thy will be done."

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**306 Converse 8.7.8.7.D**

Joseph Medicott Scriven (1819-1886)

C. C. Converse, 1832-1918

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 and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge –  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

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**307 Hendon 7s.**

Anna Dober (1713-1739), tr. J. Wesley.

Henri Abraham Cesar Malan (1787-1864)

POOR and feeble though we be,  
Saviour, we belong to Thee;  
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,  
Thine, the purchase of Thy blood.

2 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable, are Thine;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Son of God, and Heir of Heaven!

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**308    Sunset 8.7.8.7.**

Miss Ora Rowan (1834-1879)

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

HAST thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him?  
Is not thine a captured heart?  
Chief among ten thousand own Him,  
Joyful choose the better part.

2 Idols once they won thee, charmed thee,  
Lovely things of time and sense;  
Gilded thus does sin disarm thee,  
Honeyed lest thou turn thee thence.

3 What has stripped the seeming beauty  
From the idols of the earth?  
Not a sense of right or duty,  
But the sight of peerless worth.

4 Not the crushing of those idols,  
With its bitter void and smart;  
But the beaming of His beauty,  
The unveiling of His heart.

5 Who extinguishes their taper  
Till they hail the rising sun?  
Who discards the garb of winter  
Till the summer has begun?

6 'Tis the look that melted Peter,  
'Tis the face that Stephen saw,  
'Tis the heart that wept with Mary,  
Can alone from idols draw:

7 Draw and win and fill completely,  
Till the cup o'erflow the brim;  
What have we to do with idols  
Who have companied with Him?

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**309    Walton            L.M.**  
S. Medley  
Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827

SAVIOUR, before Thy face we fall,  
Our Lord, our life, our hope, our all;  
For we have nowhere else to flee,  
No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.

2 In Thee we every glory view  
Of safety, strength and beauty too;  
'Tis all our rest and peace to see  
Our sanctuary, Lord, in Thee.

3 Whatever foes or fears betide,  
In Thy blest presence let us hide;  
And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
Thou shalt our sanctuary be.

4 Through time, with all its changing scenes  
And all the grief that intervenes,  
Let this support each fainting heart,  
That Thou our sanctuary art.

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**310 Wycliff 8.7.8.7**

C. A. Coates

J. Stainer, 1840-1901

SON of God, in heaven we view Thee  
Of God's love the Object meet;  
While, Lord Jesus Christ, 'tis through Thee  
All our blessing is complete.

2 As Thy brethren we surround Thee,  
Firstborn of a heavenly race;  
He who has with glory crowned Thee  
Called us to this blessed place.

3 From the triumph and the glory  
Of Thy rest in love divine,  
Comes to us the wondrous story,  
How God's purpose made us Thine;

4 How by dying Thou hast freed us  
From the man of sin and shame,  
That, unhindered, Thou might'st lead us  
Now to know Thy Father's name.

5 And responsive to Thy longing,  
We would now abide in love;  
Know Thy joy, as those belonging  
To Thyself in heaven above.

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**311 Stephanos 8.5.8.3.**

I. Fleming

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

THEE we praise, our God and Father,  
Thou Thy love hast shown;  
Ere the world was, Thou didst choose us  
For Thine own.

2 Thou Thine only Son hast given,  
Thou art glorified,  
For in love to bring us near Thee,  
He has died.

3 By the Holy Ghost indwelling  
We with Christ have part,  
Father, we Thy children call Thee,  
From our heart.

4 Love divine, our present portion,  
Heaven's choicest store,  
Thee we worship, God and Father,  
Thee adore.

5 Soon in Thine own house around Thee  
Still our praise shall swell,  
Sons before Thee ever joying  
We shall dwell.

6 For His praise who glorified Thee,  
We like Him shall be,  
Firstborn among many brethren  
Praising Thee.

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**312 St. Michael S.M.**

T. Kelly

L. Bourgeois, c. 1510- c. 1561

LEAD on, Almighty Lord,  
Lead on to victory:  
Encouraged by Thy blessed word,  
With joy we follow Thee.

2 We follow Thee, our Guide,  
Who didst salvation bring:  
We follow Thee, through grace supplied  
From heaven's eternal spring:

3 Till of the prize possessed,  
We hear of war no more,  
And, Oh, sweet thought! for ever rest  
On yonder peaceful shore.

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**313 Friend 8.7.8.7.D. Iambic**  
James Grindley Small (1817-1888)  
G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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

2 I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend!  
He bled, He died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But His own self He gave me.  
Nought that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver:  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are His, and His for ever.

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

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

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**314    O Perfect Love            10s or 11's**

J. N. Darby

J. Barnby, 1838-1896

LORD, to our souls Thy light is ever pure,  
And brings from heaven what Thou alone canst give;  
Yea, brings Thyself, the revelation sure  
Of heaven's eternal bliss: in Thee we live.

2 We bless Thee, Lord! Of Thee our song shall speak –  
Poor and unworthy strains, yet still of Thee.  
Come, fill our souls! This only would we seek,  
To dwell in love, and God our dwelling be.

3 Be Thou with us! Let no distracting thought  
Intrude to hide from us that heavenly light.  
Be Thou our strength! Let not what Thou hast brought  
Be chased by idle nature's poor delight.

4 Be Thou our all! Thy love can fill the soul –  
That love that soars beyond all creature thought;  
In spirit bring where endless praises roll,  
And fill our longing hearts till there we're brought.

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**315 Darwall 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

C. Wesley

J. Darwall, 1731-1789

JESUS, life-giving sound,  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
In which the sons of men can boast,  
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

2 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from guilt set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,  
And songs of praise his lips employ.

3 Jesus, all praise above!  
We sing Thy blessed name,  
We sing Thy dying love,  
Thy rising power proclaim:  
But soon to give Thee worthy praise,  
Both heaven and earth their songs shall raise.

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**316 Priory 6.6.8.4.D.**

M. Bowly

Anon.

WE are by Christ redeemed:  
The cost – His precious blood;  
Be nothing by our souls esteemed  
Like this great good.  
Were the vast world our own,  
With all its varied store,  
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,  
We still were poor.

2 Our earthen vessels break;  
The world itself grows old;  
But Christ our precious dust will take,  
And freshly mould:  
He'll give these bodies vile  
A fashion like His own;  
He'll bid the whole creation smile,  
And hush its groan.

3 Thus far, by grace preserved,  
Each moment speeds us on;  
The crown and kingdom are reserved  
Where Christ is gone.  
When cloudless morning shines,  
We shall His glory share;  
In pleasant places are the lines;  
The home how fair!

4 To Him our weakness clings  
Through tribulation sore,  
And seeks the covert of His wings  
Till all be o'er.  
And when we've run the race,  
And fought the faithful fight,  
We then shall see Him face to face,  
With saints in light.

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**317   Wareham   L.M.**

T. Kelly

W. Knapp, 1698-1768

HOW pleasant is the sound of praise!  
It well becomes the saints of God:  
Should we refuse our songs to raise,  
The stones might tell our shame abroad.

2 For Him who washed us in His blood,  
Let us our sweetest songs prepare;  
He sought us wandering far from God,  
And now preserves us by His care.

3 One string there is of sweetest tone,  
Reserved for sinners saved by grace;  
'Tis sacred to one class alone,  
And touched by one peculiar race.

4 Though angels may with rapture see  
How mercy flows in Jesus' blood,  
It is not theirs to prove, as we,  
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

5 Lord, we adore the wondrous love  
Which brought Thee here to bleed and die;  
Soon shall we meet in heaven above,  
And sing Thy praises in the sky.

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**318    Petition            7.6.7.6.D**

J. G. Deck

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

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

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

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

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**319 Fulness 7.6.7.6.D**

H. Bonar

W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

OUR sins were borne by Jesus,  
The holy Lamb of God:  
He took them all, and freed us  
From that condemning load.  
Our guilt was borne by Jesus,  
Who washed the crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

2 Our wants are known to Jesus;  
All fulness dwells in Him:  
He healeth all diseases,  
Who did our souls redeem.  
We tell our griefs to Jesus,  
Our burdens and our cares;  
He from them all releases,  
Who all our sorrow shares.

3 We love the name of Jesus,  
The Christ of God, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name is spread abroad.  
We long to be with Jesus,  
With all the ransomed throng,  
For ever sing His praises,  
The one eternal song.

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**320 Ignatius C.M.**  
William Trotter (1818-1865)  
J. H. Lester, c. 1850

FAREWELL to this world's fleeting joys,  
Our home is not below;  
There was no home for Jesus here,  
And 'tis to Him we go,

2 To Him in yonder home of love,  
Where He has gone before,  
The home He changed for Calvary's cross,  
Where all our sins He bore.

3 He bore our sins that we might be  
His partners on the throne,  
The throne He'll shortly share with those  
For whom He did atone.

4 Up to our Father's house we go,  
To that sweet home of love:  
Many the mansions that are found,  
Where Jesus dwells above!

5 And He who left that home above,  
To be a sufferer here,  
Has left this world again, for us  
A mansion to prepare.

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

7 Farewell, farewell, poor faithless world,  
With all thy boasted store;  
We'd not have joy where He had woe –  
Be rich where He was poor.

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**321    Manoah            C.M.**

W. Trotter

G. Rossini, 1792-1868

BEHOLD the Lamb, whose precious blood  
Drawn from His riven side,  
Had power to make our peace with God,  
Nor lets one spot abide.

2 The dying thief beheld that Lamb  
Expiring by his side,  
And proved the value of the Name  
Of Jesus crucified.

3 His soul, by virtue of the blood,  
To paradise received,  
Redemption's earliest trophy stood,  
From sin and death retrieved.

4 We, too, the cleansing power have known  
Of Christ's atoning blood,  
By grace have learnt His name to own,  
By which we're brought to God.

5 To Him, then, let our songs ascend,  
Who stooped in grace so low:  
To Christ, the Lamb, the sinner's Friend,  
Let ceaseless praises flow.

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**322 Fountain C.M.**

W. Cowper

H. E. Gebhardt, 1832-1899

THERE is a stream of precious blood  
Which flowed from Jesus' veins;  
And sinners washed in that blest flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That Saviour in his day;  
And by that blood, though vile as he,  
My sins are washed away.

3 Blest Lamb of God, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till every ransomed saint of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy wounds supplied for me,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall for ever be.

5 Soon in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
No more with lisping, stammering tongue,  
But conqueror o'er the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A harp of God for me.

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.

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**323 Festal Song S.M.**

J. Montgomery (vv. 1-3) J. N. Darby (v. 4)

W. H. Walter, 1825-1893

THE Lord Himself shall come  
And shout a quickening word;  
Thousands shall answer from the tomb;  
"For ever with the Lord".

2 Then as we upward fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be our shout of victory:  
"For ever with the Lord".

3 How shall we meet those eyes?  
Ours on Himself we'll cast,  
And own ourselves the Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last.

4 There with unwearied gaze  
Our eyes on Him we'll rest,  
And satisfy with endless praise  
Our hearts supremely blest.

5 Knowing as we are known,  
How shall we love that word!  
How oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

6 That resurrection-word,  
That shout of victory!  
Once more "For ever with the Lord,"  
Amen, so let it be.

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**324 Come 4.6.8.8.4.**

G. Jeckyll,

G. Tremblay

LORD Jesus, come,  
Nor let us longer roam  
Afar from Thee, and that bright place  
Where we shall see Thee face to face;  
Lord Jesus, come.

2 Lord Jesus, come,  
Thine absence here we mourn;  
No joy we know apart from Thee,  
No sorrow in Thy presence see;  
Lord Jesus, come.

3 Lord Jesus, come,  
And claim us as Thine own;  
With longing hearts the path we tread,  
Which Thee to heavenly glory led;  
Come, Saviour, come.

4 Lord Jesus, come,  
And take Thy people home;  
That all Thy flock, so scattered here,  
With Thee in glory may appear;  
Lord Jesus, come.

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**325 Jena 8.7.8.7.8.7.7.**

Philip Freidrich Hiller (1699-1769) tr. by Miss H. K. Burlingham.  
S. Gastorius, 1646-1682

WE wait for Thee, O Son of God,  
And long for Thine appearing;  
"A little while" – Thou'lt come, O Lord,  
Thy waiting people cheering.  
Thus hast Thou said: we lift the head  
In joyful expectation,  
For Thou wilt bring salvation.

2 We wait for Thee, content to share  
In patience, days of trial;  
So meekly Thou the cross didst bear,  
Our sin, reproach, denial.  
How should not we receive with Thee  
The cup of shame and sorrow,  
Until the promised morrow?

3 We wait for Thee, for Thou, e'en here,  
Hast won our hearts' affection;  
In spirit still we find Thee near,  
Our solace and protection.  
In cloudless light and glory bright  
We soon with joy shall greet Thee,  
And in the air shall meet Thee.

4 We wait for Thee; Thou wilt arise  
Whilst hope her watch is keeping;  
Forgotten then, in glad surprise,  
Shall be our years of weeping.  
Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh  
That ends our pilgrim story  
In Thine eternal glory.

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**326 De Fleury 8.8.8.8.D. Dactylic**

A. M. Toplady

White's Sacred Melodies

AS debtors to mercy alone,  
Of heavenly mercy we sing;  
Nor fear to draw near to the throne,  
Our praise and our worship to bring:  
The wrath of a sin-hating God  
With us can have nothing to do;  
The Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all our transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,  
The arm of His strength will complete:  
His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet:  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Nor all things below nor above,  
Can make Him His purpose forgo,  
Or sever our souls from His love.

3 Our names from the palms of His hands  
Eternity will not erase:  
Impressed on His heart they remain  
In marks of indelible grace:  
And we to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The spirits departed to heaven.

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**327 Richmond C.M.**

J. G. Deck

Thomas Haweis, 1732-1820

LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
Oh height, oh depth, of love!  
Once slain for us upon the tree,  
We're one with Thee above.

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

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

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

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

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**328 Dedekam 7.6.7.6.D.**

P. W. Dolton

Sophie H. Dedekam, 1820-1894

O JESUS, Lord, we love Thee,  
Exalt Thy Name alone;  
No other name is worthy,  
No other Lord we own.  
For Thou cam'st down from glory  
God's holy will to do,  
All righteousness fulfilling –  
The Holy and the True.

2 As when on earth Thou drewest  
Thine own around Thee, Lord,  
To learn Thy love's sweet story,  
To hear Thy blessed word;  
So now, O Lord, we gather  
Unto Thy precious Name;  
Thy love's appeal and greatness  
Our hearts' affections claim.

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**329 Eagley C.M.**

Anon.

J. J. Walch, 1837-1901

WE thank Thee, Lord, for weary days  
When desert springs were dry,  
And first we knew what depth of need  
Thy love could satisfy.

2 Days when beneath the desert sun,  
Along the toilsome road,  
O'er roughest ways we walked with One,  
That One the Son of God.

3 We thank Thee for that rest in Thee  
The weary only know,  
That perfect wondrous sympathy  
We only learn below.

4 The sweet companionship of One  
Who once the desert trod:  
The glorious fellowship with One  
Upon the throne of God.

5 We know Thee as we could not know  
Through heaven's golden years;  
We there shall see Thy glorious face –  
Here understand Thy tears!

6 And here in peace, with Thee we go  
Where Thou, our Shepherd, trod,  
Still, learning through our need below  
Depths of the heart of God.

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**330 Silchester, S.M.**

G. V. Wigram

Henri Abraham Cesar Malan, 1787-1864

WHAT raised the wondrous thought,  
Or who did it suggest,  
That we, the church, to glory brought,  
Should with the Son be blest?

2 O God! the thought was Thine,  
(Thine only it could be),  
Fruit of the wisdom, love divine,  
Peculiar unto Thee:

3 For, sure, no other mind,  
For thoughts so bold, so free,  
Greatness or strength, could ever find;  
Thine only it could be.

4 The motives, too, Thine own,  
The plan, the counsel, Thine!  
Made for Thy Son, bone of His bone,  
In glory bright to shine.

5 O God, with great delight  
Thy wondrous thought we see,  
Upon His throne, in glory bright  
The bride of Christ shall be.

6 Sealed with the Holy Ghost,  
We triumph in that love,  
Thy wondrous thought has made our boast,  
Glory with Christ above.

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**331    Saved By Grace    L.M.D.**

J. N. Darby

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

FATHER, Thy sovereign love has sought  
Captives to sin, gone far from Thee;  
The work that Thine own Son hath wrought,  
Has brought us back in peace and free.

2 And now as sons before Thy face,  
With joyful steps the path we tread,  
Which leads us on to that blest place  
Prepared for us by Christ our Head.

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

4 In Thine own house. There love divine  
Fills the bright courts with cloudless joy;  
But 'tis the love that made us Thine,  
Fills all that house without alloy.

5 O boundless grace which fills with joy  
Unmingled all that enter there!  
God's nature, love without alloy,  
Our hearts are given e'en now to share.

6 God's righteousness with glory bright,  
Which with its radiance fills that sphere,  
E'en Christ, of God the power and light,  
Our title is that light to share.

7 O mind divine, so must it be  
That glory all belongs to God:  
O love divine, that did decree  
We should be part, through Jesus' blood.

8 O keep us, love divine near Thee,  
That we our nothingness may know,  
And ever to Thy glory be  
Walking in faith while here below.

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**332    O Perfect Love            11.10.11.10.**

Edith Gilling Cherry (?-1897)

J. Barnby, 1838-1896

'WE rest on Thee,' our shield and our defender;  
We go not forth alone against the foe;  
Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping tender,  
'We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.'

2 Yea, 'in Thy name', O Captain of salvation!  
In Thy dear name, all other names above;  
Jesus our righteousness, our sure foundation,  
Our Prince of glory and our King of love.

3 'We go' in faith, our own great weakness feeling,  
And needing more each day Thy grace to know:  
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing;  
'We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go.'

4 'We rest on Thee', our shield and our defender;  
Thine is the battle; Thine shall be the praise;  
When passing through the gates of pearly splendour,  
Victors, we rest, with Thee, through endless days.

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**333 Whitburn L.M.**

Mrs. Margaret Mackay (1802-1887)

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

ASLEEP through Jesus, blessed sleep  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Where powerless is the last of foes.

2 Asleep through Jesus, oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet,  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep through Jesus, peaceful rest,  
Whence waking we're supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe shall dim the hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep through Jesus: Yes, to be  
From every earthly hindrance free,  
While, in the consciousness of love  
The spirit lives with Christ above.

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**334 Ar Hyd Y Nos 8.4.8.4.8.8.4.**  
M. Bowly  
Welsh Traditional Melody

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,  
All will be well;  
Free and changeless is His favour,  
All, all is well.  
Precious is the blood that healed us,  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,  
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us,  
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well.  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well.  
Happy still in God confiding;  
Fruitful if in Christ abiding;  
Steadfast through the Spirit's guiding:  
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright tomorrow;  
All will be well.  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
All, all is well.  
On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying;  
Or in living or in dying;  
All must be well.

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**335 Morecambe 10s.**

T. Willey (1847-1930)

F. C. Atkinson, 1841-1897

LORD Jesus, gladly do our lips express  
Our hearts' deep sense of all Thy worthiness;  
Thou Risen One, the Holy and the True,  
We give Thee now the praise so justly due.

2 Thou giv'st us, Lord, once more to taste down here,  
The joy Thy presence brings, its warmth and cheer;  
With great delight we 'neath Thy shadow rest,  
Thy fruit is sweet to those Thy love has blessed.

3 Thou wast alone, till like the precious grain,  
In death Thou layest, but did'st rise again;  
And in Thy risen life, a countless host  
Are "all of one" with Thee, Thy joy and boast.

4 We bless Thee, Lord, Thou lov'st to take Thy place  
Amongst Thine own, who taste Thy boundless grace  
'Tis here we learn Thee, as Thou'rt known above,  
In heavenly glory – home of perfect love.

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**336 Pater Omnium 8.8.8.8.8.**

W. Sanders

H. J. E. Holmes, 1852-1938

BEHOLD, what wondrous love and grace!  
When we were wretched and undone,  
To save a ruined, helpless race,  
The Father gave His only Son!  
Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
No gift like this could ever shine.

2 O gift of love unspeakable!  
O gift of mercy all divine!  
We once were slaves of death and hell,  
But in Christ's image we shall shine:  
For every gift a song we raise,  
But this demands eternal praise.

3 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,  
Till we with all the saints above,  
Extol His name with nobler powers,  
And see the ocean of His love:  
Then, while we look, and wondering gaze,  
We'll fill the heavens with endless praise.

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**337    Watcher            7.6.7.6.D.**

S. P. Tregelles

E. L. White

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

2 As Thine, Thou didst foreknow us  
From all eternity;  
Thy chosen loved ones ever,  
Kept present to Thine eye;  
And when was come the moment,  
Thou calling by Thy grace  
Didst gently, firmly draw us  
Each from his hiding-place.

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

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**338 Aurelia 7.6.7.6.D**

O. L. Barnes

S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876

THOUGH deep, O Lord, our sorrow  
When earthly ties are rent,  
We wait the glorious morrow  
When life's last day is spent;  
To see Thee, Lord, in glory  
With all Thy loved ones there,  
At home – O wondrous story! –  
God's endless rest to share.

2 There we shall see the answer  
To all Thy grief and shame;  
For ever then in nearness  
We'll magnify Thy name.  
But now Thy love sustains us,  
Sore though the hour of grief;  
What solace, O Lord Jesus,  
In Thee to find relief!

3 As resting in Thy will, Lord,  
We prove Thy wondrous love;  
The Spirit's power and comfort  
Lift our poor hearts above,  
Beyond earth's mortal dwelling,  
To yonder glory bright,  
Where endless anthems swelling  
Shall soon our hearts delight.

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**339 Mannheim 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

F. Filitz, 1804-1876

LORD, dismiss us hence with gladness;  
Be Thine outcast lot our choice:  
'Tis Thy foes have need of sadness,  
But Thine own may well rejoice;  
Who shall harm us  
While we know and hear Thy voice?

2 Saviour, keep us from all evil,  
Go before us in the way;  
Till we reach the rest of heaven  
Be Thy word our guide and stay;  
Joy and triumph  
Now are ours and in that day.

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**340 Evening Blessing 8.7.8.7.**  
Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1779-1847)  
G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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

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

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

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

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**341 Day of Rest 7.6.7.6.D.**

Miss C. Thompson

J. W. Elliott, 1833-1915

O GRACIOUS God, Thy pleasure  
Is in Thy Christ made known,  
And tells the boundless measure  
Of blessing for Thine own:  
He has Thy presence entered,  
As Man in heaven is known;  
In Him Thy glory's centred,  
In Him Thy purpose shown.

2 And oh, what love is beaming  
Refulgent in that face!  
What blessed light is streaming  
From that most glorious place!  
Both love and light proclaiming  
What Thou, the Father, art,  
And wondrous grace revealing,  
With Thine own Son, our part.

3 Thou Source of every blessing;  
Thou Spring of all delight;  
Thy name with joy confessing  
Let all the saints unite.  
Each heart its praise outpouring  
To Thee all praise above,  
Each voice in strains adoring,  
Re-echoes – "God is love."

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**342 St Theodulph 7.6.7.6.D**

A. Cutting

M. Teschner, 1584-1635

O GOD, our hearts are lifted  
To Thee in grateful praise;  
Responsive to Thy Spirit  
A joyful song we raise;  
For He Thy gracious purpose  
In Christ to us has shown,  
That now as sons before Thee,  
His favour is our own.

2 In nature's darkness shrouded,  
And dead in sins we lay,  
Until Thy Holy Spirit  
Transformed our night to day,  
Awakened needs within us,  
Begetting us anew,  
And by love's strong compelling,  
Our souls to Jesus drew.

3 We trusted Him as Saviour,  
When rest and peace we sought,  
And now Thy Spirit seals us,  
As those His love has bought.  
Made Thine He ne'er will leave us,  
For He is pledged to stay,  
As earnest of our portion,  
Until redemption's day.

4 O may Thy Holy Spirit,  
Blest unction from on high,  
With all His rich infilling,  
Lead us to glorify  
The risen Christ, our Saviour,  
By loyal witness true,  
Constraining us to serve Him  
In all we say and do.

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**343 Lancashire 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. N. Darby

H. T. Smart, 1813-1879

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**344 Exaltation 11.10.11.10.**

Mrs. A. A. Whiddington (19th Century)

C. H. Forrest, 19th C.

NOT I, but Christ, be honoured, loved, exalted;  
Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;  
Not I, but Christ, in every look and action;  
Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.

2 Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow;  
Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear;  
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden;  
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.

3 Not I, but Christ, in lowly, silent labour;  
Not I, but Christ, in humble, earnest toil;  
Christ, only Christ! no show, no ostentation;  
Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil.

4 Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision;  
Glory excelling, soon, full soon, I'll see –  
Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling –  
Christ, only Christ, my All in all to be.

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**345 Troyte's Chant 6.8.6.4.**

W. J. Blew (from the Latin)

A. H. D. Troyte, 1811-1857

A SHAMEFUL death He dies,  
Uplifted with transgressors twain,  
The Lamb for sacrifice,  
By sinners slain.

2 Full was the cup of woe;  
In death His thorn-crowned head declined;  
"Tis done," He cried, and then  
His soul resigned.

3 O come my soul, and gaze  
On that great grief, that crown of thorn:  
See there, in deep amaze,  
Thy sentence borne.

4 To Thee, O Saviour Lord,  
Who washed in blood our sins away,  
Our boundless gratitude  
Its thanks would pay.

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**346 Darwall 6.6.6.6.8.8.**

I. Watts (except v. 2)

J. Darwall, 1731-1789

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
The heavenly mansions are!  
To Thine abode  
Our hearts aspire,  
With warm desire  
To see our God.

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

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

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**347 Praise My Soul 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

J. Goss, 1800-1880

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

2 Many were the chains that bound me,  
But the Lord has loosed them all;  
Arms of mercy now surround me,  
Favours these, nor few nor small;  
Saviour, keep me,  
Keep Thy servant lest he fall.

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

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

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**348    Warwick    C.M.**

J. N. Darby

S. Stanley, 1767-1822

BLEST Lord, Thou spakest! 'twas Thy voice  
That led our hearts to Thee;  
That drew us to that better choice,  
Where grace has set us free.

2 Thou wouldest that we should rejoice  
And walk by faith below;  
Enough, that we have heard Thy voice,  
And learned Thy love's deep woe –

3 Thy glory, Lord – this living waste  
To us no rest can give;  
Our path is on with earnest haste,  
Lord, in Thy rest to live.

4 Our happiness, O Lord, with Thee  
Is long laid up in store,  
For that blest day when Thee we'll see,  
And conflict will be o'er.

5 Yes, love divine in Thee we know;  
The Father's glories soon  
Shall burst upon our ravished view,  
Thyself our endless crown.

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

7 O rest ineffable, divine,  
The rest of God above,  
Where we shall ever see Thee shine,  
Our joy, eternal love!

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**349 Scott S.M.**

I. Watts

J. H. G. Naegeli, 1768-1836

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

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

3 His power subdues our sin;  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Did all our guilt remove.

4 Man's life is as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

5 But Thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And all Thy people ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

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**350 Sandon 10.4.10.4.10.10.**

James Boyd (1851-1936)

C. H. Purday, 1799-1885

O TEACH us, Lord, Thy searchless love to know,  
Thou, who hast died.  
Before our feeble faith, Lord Jesus, show  
Thy hands and side;  
That our glad hearts, responsive unto Thine,  
May wake with all the power of love divine.

2 Thy death has brought to light the Father's heart,  
And ours has won;  
And now we contemplate Thee as Thou art,  
God's glorious Son!  
And know that we are loved with that great love,  
That rests on Thee in those bright courts above.

3 Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood, blest Saviour, shed,  
Is drink indeed;  
On Thee, the true, the heavenly, living Bread,  
Our souls would feed,  
And live with Thee in life's eternal home,  
Where sin, nor want, nor woe, nor death can come.

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**351   Ortonville   C.M.**

Sir E. Denny

T. Hastings, 1784-1872

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake;  
Why sleep for sorrow now?  
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,  
A child of glory thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,  
From earthly joy apart,  
Hath sighed for one that's far away,  
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,  
The breaking morn is near;  
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,  
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes, for, oh! His yearning heart  
No more can bear delay,  
To scenes of full unmingled joy  
To call His bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all His woe,  
A homeless wild to thee,  
Full soon upon His heavenly throne  
Its rightful King shall see.

6 Thou too shalt reign; He will not wear  
His crown of joy alone;  
And earth His royal bride shall see  
Beside Him on the throne.

7 Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,  
His crown, His joy divine;  
And sweeter far than all beside,  
He, He Himself, is thine.

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**352 Halle 8.7.8.7.**

Mrs. E. Frances Bevan

K. Muller, 1815-1898

FROM the palace of His glory,  
From the home of joy and love,  
Came the Lord Himself to seek us;  
He would have us there above.

2 There from that eternal brightness  
Have His thoughts flowed forth in love;  
He in His great love would have us  
Ever there with Him above.

3 Trembling, we had hoped for mercy –  
Some lone place within the door;  
But the crown, the throne, the mansion  
All were purposed long before.

4 And in past and distant ages,  
In those courts so bright and fair,  
Ere we were, was He rejoicing,  
All He won with us to share.

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**353 Pardon 8.8.8.8.8.**

Samuel Davies (1723-1761)

J. H. Egli ? , 1742-1810

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways  
Are righteous, matchless and divine;  
But the blest triumphs of Thy grace  
Most marvellous, unrivalled, shine;  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And none can in that honour share:  
Pardon, O God, is only Thine;  
Mercy and grace are all divine.

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
We hail the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,  
A pardon traced in Jesus' blood.  
To pardon thus is Thine alone;  
Mercy and grace are both Thine own.

4 Soon shall this strange, this wondrous grace,  
This perfect miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth, while sweeter praise  
Sounds its own note in heaven above:  
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich, so free?

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**354 West 8.7.8.7.**

R. Robinson

Miss L. C. Wellesley

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

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

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

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to grieve the One I love:  
Yet Thou, Lord, hast deigned to seal it,  
With Thy Spirit from above.

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

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**355    Trentham    S.M.**

I. Watts

R. Jackson, 1842-1914

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

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children should their praises bring  
And speak their joys abroad.

3 The God who rules on high  
And all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky  
And calms the roaring seas,

4 This sovereign God is ours,  
A God of boundless love;  
Whose faithful grace and mighty powers  
Shall carry us above.

5 There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There from the fountain of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

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**356 Maryton L.M.**

J. N. Darby

H. P. Smith, 1825-1898

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

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

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

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

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**357    Passion Chorale            7.6.7.6.D**

J. G. Deck

H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612

THOU hast stood here, Lord Jesus  
Beside the still, cold grave,  
And proved Thy deep compassion,  
Thy mightiness to save;  
Thy tears of tender pity,  
Thy spirit's anguished groan,  
Teach how for us Thou feelest  
Now seated on the throne.

2 Thou hast lain here, Lord Jesus,  
Thyself the Victim then;  
The Lord of life and glory  
Once slain for sinful men.  
From sin and condemnation,  
When none but Thou could'st save,  
Thy love than death was stronger,  
And deeper than the grave.

3 Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus,  
But Thou art here no more;  
The terror and the darkness,  
The night of death are o'er;  
Great Captain of salvation,  
Thy triumphs now we sing;  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

4 We wait for Thine appearing:  
We weep, but we rejoice;  
In all our grief and sorrow  
We still can hear Thy voice:  
"I am the Resurrection;  
I live, who once was slain;  
Fear not, the one thou mournest  
Shall rise with Me to reign."

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**358 Wiltshire C.M.**

E. C. Rubie (1846-1942)

G. T. Smart, 1776-1867

O GOD of love, how measureless  
Thy thoughts to us are shown!  
More precious they than tongue can tell,  
Their fulness none have known!

2 We can but bless Thee for the light  
Which shines in Christ Thy Son,  
The favour of Thy countenance,  
Which He for us has won.

3 Our hearts are more than filled with joy,  
Our cup indeed runs o'er,  
And, Father, in Thy presence now  
We worship and adore.

4 We boast in Thee, Thou Source of good,  
Thy glory fills our sight,  
Now reconciled through Jesus' death,  
We praise with great delight.

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**359 Remember Me C.M.**

C. A. Coates

A. Hull

NO act of power could e'er atone,  
No wonder-working word  
Could, from the brightness of the throne,  
Make love's sweet voice be heard.

2 If sinners ever were to know  
The depths of love divine,  
All Calvary's weakness and its woe,  
Blest Saviour, must be Thine.

3 God's righteousness is there proclaimed,  
His mercy's depths are known,  
While to the full Thou hast maintained  
The glory of His throne.

4 God now is glorified in Thee,  
In Thee, His only Son;  
His hand, His house, His heart are free,  
Because Thy work is done.

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**360 Day of Rest 7.6.7.6.D.**

Samuel C. G. Küster, (1762-1838) tr. by Miss H. K. Burlingham.  
J. W. Elliott, 1833-1915

O JESUS, Friend unfailing,  
How dear art Thou to me!  
Are cares or fears assailing?  
I find my strength in Thee!  
Why should my feet grow weary  
Of this my pilgrim way?  
Rough though the path and dreary,  
It ends in perfect day!

2 Nought, nought I count as pleasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!  
Thy sorrow, without measure,  
Earned peace and joy for me.  
I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
Thy claims o'er me divine,  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine!

3 What fills my heart with gladness?  
'Tis Thine abounding grace!  
Where can I look in sadness,  
But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
My all is Thy providing –  
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding –  
No good wilt Thou withhold.

4 Why should I droop in sorrow?  
Thou'rt ever by my side!  
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?  
What ill can e'er betide?  
If I my cross have taken,  
'Tis but to follow Thee;  
If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
Nought severs Thee from me.

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5 O worldly pomp and glory,  
Your charms are spread in vain!  
I've heard a sweeter story!  
I've found a truer gain!  
Where Christ a place prepareth,  
There is my loved abode;  
There shall I gaze on Jesus:  
There shall I dwell with God.

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

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**361 Confidence 7.6.7.6.D**

Miss Annie L. Waring (1820-1910) vv. 1-3, E. Cronin v. 4.  
Anon.

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 can I be dismayed?

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

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

4 We'll see Thee soon, Lord Jesus,  
Amid the ransomed throng,  
Its glory, joy and beauty,  
Its never-ending song:  
Oh, day of wondrous promise,  
The Bridegroom and the bride  
Are seen in glory ever,  
For ever satisfied!

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**362 Heiland 10s Dactylic**

Anon.

L. Burgmiller, arr. by R. J. Reetzke, 1924-

OH! what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,  
Well may His name by His saints be adored!  
He has redeemed them from hell by His blood,  
Saved them for ever, and brought them to God.

2 Now in the glory He waits to impart  
Peace to the conscience and joy to the heart –  
Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal  
All who their sin and their wretchedness feel.

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

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**363 Whitburn L.M.**

Mrs. G. Helyar

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

O LORD and Saviour, we recline  
On that eternal love of Thine.  
Thou art our rest, and Thou alone  
Remainest when all else is gone.

2 Yes! "Thou remainest"; sea and land,  
E'en heaven shall pass, but Thou shalt stand:  
Undimmed Thy radiancy appears,  
Changeless through all the changing years.

3 Lord, on the throne Thy love's the same  
As once upon Thy cross of shame:  
In lowliness Thou cam'st to die;  
Thou livest now for us on high.

4 We see Thee there, the Lamb once slain;  
Thy loss was our eternal gain;  
We see Thee crowned with glory now,  
No shade on Thy victorious brow.

5 The shadow dwelt on Calvary's tree,  
And now Thine unveiled face we see;  
Praise be to God for that blest word,  
That "Thou remainest", blessed Lord.

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**364    Saved By Grace            L.M.D.**

G. W. Frazer

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

HAVE I an object, Lord, below,  
Which would divide my heart from Thee;  
Which would divert its even flow  
In answer to Thy constancy?  
Oh, teach me quickly to return,  
And cause my heart afresh to burn!

2 Have I a hope, however dear,  
Which would defer Thy coming, Lord,  
Which would detain my spirit here,  
Where nought can lasting joy afford?  
From it, my Saviour, set me free  
To look and long and wait for Thee.

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

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**365 Hyfrydol 8.7.8.7.D.**

Mrs. J. A. Trench

R. H. Prichard, 1811-1887

OH, the brightness of the glory  
Shining in the Saviour's face!  
Telling all the blessed story  
Of the ways of God in grace:  
Lowly, hated, and rejected  
In the world He came to save,  
By the glory of the Father  
Raised triumphant from the grave.

2 Centre of the Father's counsels,  
He for whom all things were made!  
Object of the Father's pleasure,  
Who the Father's name displayed!  
All the Father's will accomplished,  
He to death obedient trod;  
Now in highest glory seated,  
Centre of the throne of God.

3 There we see Him crowned with glory,  
Glory in His unveiled face,  
And in peace and rest before Him  
In that glory learn of grace:  
For it shineth in the visage  
Of the One who for us died,  
Bore our sins and all their judgment,  
Jesus Christ the crucified.

4 Called to share the Father's pleasure  
In His well-beloved Son,  
Seated on His throne in heaven  
For the work on earth well done,  
We adore Him, and are waiting  
To behold Him face to face,  
In His presence praise the glory,  
Learn the riches of His grace.

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**366 Vox Dilecti C.M.D.**

H. Bonar

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water – thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me: thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

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**367 Foundation 10s or 11s.**

Richard Keene (?-1787)

Early American Melody

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid up for faith in God's excellent word!  
What more can He say, than to you He has said –  
You who to the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health;  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home, or abroad; on the land, on the sea;  
As need may demand shall our strength ever be.

3 If through the deep waters He cause us to go,  
The rivers of grief shall not overflow;  
And He will be with us in troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to us our deepest distress.

4 If through fiery trials our pathway should lie,  
His grace all-sufficient shall be our supply;  
The flame shall not hurt us; His only design  
Is the dross to consume and the gold to refine.

5 Fear not, He is with us; oh, be not dismayed!  
For He is our God, and will still be our aid;  
He'll strengthen us, help us, and cause us to stand,  
Upheld by His gracious omnipotent hand.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
He will not (He's said it) give up to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
He'll never – no, never – no, never forsake.

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**368    Old Hundredth    L.M.**

Anon.

"Genevan Psalter", 1551

THERE is no other name than Thine,  
Jehovah-Jesus, name divine,  
On which to rest for sins forgiven,  
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 Name above every name, Thy praise  
Shall fill yon courts through endless days;  
Jehovah-Jesus, name divine,  
Rock of salvation, Thou art mine.

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**369    Stephanos    8.5.8.3.**

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary;  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.

2 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
All the price is paid;  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Jesus, God's own Son,  
Telling that the work is finished;  
All is done.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

5 Precious blood, whose full atonement  
Bringeth us to God!  
Precious blood, our song and glory,  
Praise and laud!

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**370 Till He Come 8.7.8.7.7.7.**

J. J. Hopkins

L. Mason, 1792-1872

LORD, Thy love has sought and found us  
Wandering in this desert wide,  
Thou hast thrown Thine arms around us,  
For us suffered, bled and died:  
Sing my soul! He loved thee,  
Jesus gave Himself for me.

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

3 He is speaking to His Father,  
Tasting deep that bitter cup,  
Yet He takes it, willing rather  
For our sakes to drink it up.  
Oh what love! He loved me!  
Gave Himself, my soul, for me.

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

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

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

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

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**371 Cwm Rhondda 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly

J. Hughes, 1873-1932

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious;  
See "The Man of Sorrows" now!  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to Him shall bow.  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crowns become the Victor's brow!

2 Crown the Saviour! angels own Him,  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour "King of kings"!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels now surround Him,  
Own His title, praise His name.  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
"King of kings, and Lord of lords"!

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**372    Blaenwern    8.7.8.7.D.**

T. H. Reynolds

W. P. Rowlands, 1860-1937

SAVED for glory! yes, for glory!  
By the work of God's blest Son;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
We believe what Christ has done.  
Saved for glory, saved by Jesus,  
All our meetness His alone;  
Meetness which the Father pleases  
Ours should be, in Christ the Son.

2 All of grace, yes, grace surpassing,  
Such a portion to bestow;  
But the love all knowledge passing,  
Grace has called us now to know;  
Love that bore the stripes and sorrow,  
Love that suffered on the tree,  
Love that shares the bright to-morrow  
With the loved ones, you and me.

3 Through that perfect offering, never  
Can our sins against us rise,  
Perfected are we for ever  
By that wondrous sacrifice.  
Jesus, Saviour! we are graven  
Ever on Thy heart of love;  
We shall reach the wished-for haven  
In Thy Father's house above.

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**373 Oakham 8.7.8.7.D.**

Mrs. J. A. Trench

Anon.

ALL the path the saints are treading,  
Trodden by the Son of God:  
All the sorrows they are feeling,  
Felt by Him upon the road:  
All the darkness and the sorrow  
From around and from within,  
All the joy and all the triumph,  
He passed through apart from sin.

2 Now come forth in resurrection,  
Passing onward to the throne,  
Having suffered all the judgment,  
Borne the storm of wrath alone:  
He is able thus to succour  
Those who tread the desert sand,  
Pressing on to resurrection,  
Where He sits at God's right hand.

3 Now He praises in the assembly,  
Now the sorrow all is passed;  
His the earnest of our portion,  
We must reach the goal at last.  
Yes, He praises, grace recounting  
All the path already trod –  
We associated with Him –  
God, our Father and our God.

4 Join the singing that He leadeth,  
Loud to God our voices raise;  
Every step of faith yet trodden  
Is a triumph of His grace:  
Whether joy, or whether trial,  
All can only work for good,  
For He healeth all – who loves us  
And hath bought us with His blood.

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5 It is finished! It is finished!  
Who can tell redemption's worth!  
He who knows it leads the singing –  
Full the joy, as fierce the wrath.  
Taken up in resurrection,  
Desert ways rehearsed above,  
Tell the power of God's salvation,  
And His never-failing love.

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**374 Whitburn L.M.**

H. Bonar

H. W. Baker, 1821-1877

GO labour on; spend, and be spent,  
Thy 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;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises – what are men?

3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near – a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day:  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away:  
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 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.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
At daybreak cry "Arise and Come!"

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**375 Lynton 8.5.8.5.**

E. Williams

T. Willey, 1847-1930

LORD, we do not ask the question,  
Where abidest Thou?  
Well we know where Thou art dwelling,  
Well we know it now.

2 Thou abidest in the bosom  
Of the Father's love;  
In that love for ever living,  
Love – all thought above.

3 And we know that Thou would'st have us  
Ever dwell with Thee,  
In that holy, heavenly circle,  
Home of liberty.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, this our portion  
While we wait for Thee;  
Now to live in love unbounded,  
And eternally.

5 Hold our hearts, O Lord, we pray Thee  
By and in Thy love,  
Till we dwell with Thee in glory  
Evermore above.

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**376 Come Thou Weary 8.5.8.3.**

E. E. Nichols

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

PRECIOUS Name! the name of Jesus,  
Son of God most high,  
Who in love to guilty sinners,  
Came to die.

2 Precious Name! the story telling  
Of His humble birth;  
Of His lonely pathway, trodden  
Here on earth.

3 Precious Name of Him the Saviour,  
Come the lost to save;  
In His grace, for ruined sinners  
All He gave.

4 Precious Name of Him who suffered  
On the shameful tree,  
Gave Himself, the willing victim,  
Spotless He.

5 Precious Name! enthroned in heaven,  
Still that name He bears;  
On His brow the crown of glory  
Now He wears.

6 Precious, peerless Name of Jesus,  
None can tell its worth;  
Sweetest Name there is in heaven,  
Or on earth.

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**377 Austin S.M.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

A. E. Lord

O BLESSED living Lord,  
Engage our hearts with Thee,  
And strike within the answering chord  
To love so rich and free.

2 To know Thy loving heart,  
And cleave to Thy blest side;  
And gaze upon Thee where Thou art,  
And in Thy love abide;

3 Be this our one desire;  
Thyself our object here;  
The goal to which our hearts aspire,  
To meet Thee in the air.

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**378 Remembrance 7.6.7.6.D**

Anon.

Anon.

LORD Jesus, our Redeemer,  
What pains, what sufferings sore,  
Were borne by Thee in patience,  
To save us evermore!  
Thy hands, Thy feet, both wounded;  
Thy soul an offering made;  
Thy precious blood outpouring,  
Wherewith our peace was made.

2 For us Thou wast forsaken,  
For us made sin by God:  
We think upon Thine anguish,  
Thy pain beneath the rod;  
We thank Thee for Thy sorrows,  
Thy suffering and Thy woe;  
Though little, O Lord Jesus,  
Our hearts those depths can know.

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**379 Innsbruck New 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

Robert S. Hawker (1804-1873)

H. Isaak, c. 1450-1517

WE bless Thee, O Thou great Amen!  
God's glorious pledge to sinful men,  
Confirming all His word!  
Doubtful no promises remain,  
For all are Yea, and all Amen,  
In Thee, the faithful Lord.

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

3 O faithful Witness of our God,  
Who cam'st by water and by blood!  
In Thee the Holy One,  
God's record doth for ever stand  
Of life eternal, from His hand,  
To all in Thee the Son.

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

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

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**380 Melita 8.8.8.8.8.**

Anon.

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

WHAT love it was that brought Thee down,  
Down to the depths in which I lay,  
That made Thee leave Thy glory-throne,  
In Servant's form to tread Thy way;  
Yet lower still to death to go,  
That I might never judgment know.

2 My place is now in Thee above,  
By virtue of Thy precious blood,  
Before Thy Father's face in love,  
Made now my Father and my God.  
Oh! that my feeble voice might swell,  
The praise of Him who loves so well.

3 'Tis love that cannot be explained,  
It is too wonderful, too vast;  
The heart of God alone contained,  
Such thoughts divine in ages past.  
But oh! I know it rests on me,  
And will throughout eternity.

4 O fill me Lord yet more and more,  
So that my heart e'en here below,  
From Thy love's rich and boundless store,  
Be satisfied and overflow.  
Full with the blessing Thou hast given,  
The foretaste now of what makes heaven.

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**381 Bavaria 8.7.8.7.D**  
W. Williams  
German Melody

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

2 Since in Thee is our redemption  
And salvation full and free,  
Nothing need our souls dishearten  
But forgetfulness of Thee;  
Nought can stay our steady progress,  
More than conquerors we shall be,  
If our eye, whate'er the danger,  
Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.

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

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**382 St Christopher 7.6.7.6.D.**

Anon.

F. C. Maker, 1844-1927

LOVE bound Thee to the altar,  
The Father's love and Thine,  
For us, O peerless Victim,  
That we with Thee might shine.  
Thy wealth Thou didst surrender,  
Thyself didst freely give,  
Thy life in grace unbounded,  
That we with Thee might live.

2 In those long hours of anguish,  
When men passed scoffing by,  
When Satan sore assailed Thee,  
When God heard not Thy cry,  
Then were our sins Thy burden,  
Our guilt, our grief, Thy bands;  
And then our names were graven  
For ever on Thy hands.

3 We praise Thee, Lord most holy,  
Thou First-born from the dead;  
Now o'er all powers triumphant,  
O'er all things Lord and Head;  
But ever and for ever  
The memory of Thy pain  
Shall raise our songs in worship,  
For Thou for us wast slain.

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**383 Sweet Home 11s.**

D. Denham (1791-1848)

H. R. Bishop

'MID scenes of confusion and creature-complaints,  
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
To feel in communion a foretaste of home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace  
With Thee, blessed Saviour, whose love cannot cease;  
Though oft amid trials and dangers we roam,  
With Thine we're united, and hasting toward home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict we stay,  
O give us submission, and strength as the day;  
Soon, free from afflictions, to Thee we shall come,  
For aye dwell with Thee in that glorious home.

4 We wait, blessed Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,  
To see Thee in glory – the glory divine;  
With all Thy redeemed, from the earth, from the tomb,  
To join in Thy praise, blessed Saviour, at home.

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**384 Rutherford 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.**

Mrs. A. R. Cousin (based on Samuel Rutherford)  
C. Urhan, 1790-1845

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

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

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

4 Oh, I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine;  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His "house of wine."  
I stand upon His merit;  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

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5 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

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**385 Westland 6.6.8.4.D.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

J. C. Trench

THE Father sent the Son  
A ruined world to save;  
Man meted to the Sinless One  
The cross – the grave:  
Blest Substitute from God,  
Wrath's awful cup He drained;  
Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's  
Reproach sustained.

2 The new and living way  
Stands open now to heaven;  
Thence, where the blood doth speak always,  
God's gift is given.  
The river of His grace,  
Through righteousness supplied,  
Is flowing o'er the barren place  
Where Jesus died!

3 The Lord shall come again!  
The Conqueror must reign!  
No tongue but shall confess Him then,  
The Lamb once slain:  
Jesus is worthy now  
All homage to receive;  
Oh, let us now before Him bow,  
And to Him cleave.

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**386 St Anne C.M.**

E. L. Bevir (1847-1922)

W. Croft, 1678-1727

WHERE glory lights the courts on high,  
With highest glory crowned,  
Thee, Lord of power and majesty,  
Celestial hosts surround.

2 Oh, who shall sing that path of worth,  
That led up to the throne?  
The Corn of wheat upon this earth,  
Could but abide alone.

3 But Thou art risen from the dead,  
And we as one with Thee,  
Now sing Thy name, our Lord, our Head,  
A heavenly company.

4 Blest Saviour, Thou art waiting yet  
Till perfect at Thy side,  
Thy blest companion shall be set,  
Thy fair and ransomed bride.

5 And, blessed Lord, Thou soon shalt hear  
That rising shout of praise,  
When Thou shalt come into the air  
Thy sleeping saints to raise.

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**387 Beaumaris 8.7.8.7.**

J. N. Darby

Anon.

WHERE the saints in glory thronging,  
Where they feed on life's blest tree –  
There is stilled each earnest longing,  
Satisfied our souls shall be.

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

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

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

5 Object of eternal pleasure,  
Perfect in Thy work divine!  
Lord of glory! without measure  
Worship, joy and praise are Thine.

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**388 Hursley L.M.**  
Samuel O'Malley Cluff (1837-1910)  
P. Ritter, 1760-1846

NOTHING but Christ, as on we tread,  
The Gift unpriced, God's living Bread;  
With staff in hand and feet well shod,  
Nothing but Christ – the Christ of God.

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

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

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**389 Millennium 6.6.6.8.8.**

J. Irons (1785-1852)

Anon.

NOW let our hearts unite  
To praise the Saviour's name;  
Let ransomed souls delight  
His triumph to proclaim,  
Till heaven and earth shall hear our songs:  
Salvation to our God belongs.

2 He gave for us His Son  
In everlasting love;  
And lo, our Lord came down  
His faithfulness to prove;  
Obeyed and suffered, died and rose  
In triumph over all our foes.

3 Now He's exalted high,  
And from yon glorious throne  
He hears His people cry,  
And claims them as His own;  
He bears them all upon His breast:  
In Him we are completely blest.

4 For ever justified  
By His atoning blood,  
We shall be glorified  
In presence of our God;  
Ere long we shall our Saviour see,  
For where He is His saints must be.

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**390 Mendon L.M.**

A. Midlane

Traditional German Melody arr. by S. Dyer, 1785-1835

THE perfect righteousness of God  
Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood;  
'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace  
His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.

2 God could not pass the sinner by,  
Justice demands that he should die;  
But in the cross of Christ we see  
How God can save, yet righteous be.

3 The judgment fell on Jesus' head,  
'Twas in His blood sin's debt was paid;  
Stern Justice can demand no more,  
And Mercy can dispense her store.

4 The sinner who believes is free,  
Can say, "The Saviour died for me:"  
Can point to the atoning blood,  
And say, "This made my peace with God."

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**391 Ovio 8.7.8.7.**

A. P. Cecil

L. Mason, 1792-1872

OH! the peace for ever flowing  
From God's thoughts of His own Son,  
Oh, the peace of simply knowing,  
On the cross that all was done.

2 Peace with God, for Christ in heaven  
Object is of faith to me:  
Peace with God! the Lord is risen!  
Righteousness now counts me free.

3 Peace with God – for Christ's in glory,  
God is just and God is love;  
Oh! how blessed is the story,  
That we're brought to God above.

4 Now free access to the Father,  
Through the Christ of God, we have;  
By the Spirit here abiding,  
Promise of the Father's love.

5 Jesus, Saviour, we adore Thee!  
Christ of God – Anointed Son;  
We confess Thee, Lord of glory,  
Fruits of victory Thou hast won!

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**392 Knowledge 10.10.10.10.4.**

Mary Shekleton (1827-1883)

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,  
O Jesus, Saviour; yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth and everlasting strength,  
Know more and more.

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

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

4 But though I cannot tell, or sing, or know  
The fulness of Thy love while here below,  
My tiny 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 Lord Jesus, when Thee face to face I see,  
When on Thy lofty throne I sit with Thee,  
Then of Thy love in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing.

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**393 Hamburg L.M.**

W. Yerbury

L. Mason, 1792-1872

O LORD, by faith we look above,  
And crowned with brightest glory see  
Thyself, by man once crowned with thorns,  
And hear Thee say, "Remember Me."

2 The cross! 'twas there Thou bowedst Thy head;  
There deeper pangs than mortals know  
Did rend Thy heart, and deepest floods  
Of wrath divine did Thee o'erflow.

3 Thine anguish, Lord, in that dread hour,  
When God in justice hid His face,  
And earth and hell conjoined their power,  
Surpasses human thought to trace.

4 Love brought Thee down, love led Thee on,  
Nor ought Thy steadfast heart could move,  
Till all redemption's toil was done;  
Oh, matchless mystery of love!

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**394 Speranza 10s.**

H. F. Nunnerley (1873-1953)

C. Leflaive, 1864-1938

O GLORIOUS Lord! what thoughts Thy mind did fill  
When from Thy God Thou cam'st to do His will!  
How deep, indeed, the joy that filled Thy heart –  
That myriad sons with Thee should find their part!

2 Thy brethren, Lord, Thine own and one with Thee,  
Were in Thy heart when dying on the tree;  
Thy church complete and in Thy beauty dressed –  
The day of God and love divine at rest.

3 O blessed Lord, what treasured thoughts unfold  
In light divine, as we Thy face behold!  
Now on our view unbounded glories break,  
That speak Thy fame and songs eternal wake.

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**395 Meditation 9s.**

W. Anglin (1882-1965)

E. P. Ellis

O SAVIOUR we would contemplate Thee  
In all Thy pathway here so lowly,  
Thy life so pleasing to Thy Father,  
So perfect, faithful, and so holy.

2 Though Son of God, yet Man of Sorrows,  
With human grief Thou wast acquainted,  
Through want and woe Thy pathway leading,  
Yet ever wast with sin untainted.

3 O Lord, we see Thee in the garden,  
In agony of intercession,  
With falling blood-drops, tears and crying,  
We contemplate Thy holy passion.

4 O Saviour, we Thy cross remember,  
When Thou, the weight of sin enduring,  
Becam'st the holy spotless Victim,  
For us eternal life securing.

5 By faith we see Thee high exalted,  
The crown of glory ever wearing,  
Where every heart and voice united,  
"The Lamb is worthy" are declaring.

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**396 O How He Loves 8.4.8.4.8.8.4.**

Miss M. Nunn (1778-1847)

H. P. Main, 1839-1925

ONE there is above all others,  
Oh, how He loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
With His precious blood He bought us;  
In the wilderness He sought us;  
To His flock He safely brought us,  
Oh, how He loves!

3 We have found a Friend in Jesus,  
Oh, how He loves!  
'Tis His great delight to bless us,  
Oh, how He loves!  
How our hearts delight to hear Him  
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!  
Why should we distrust or fear Him?  
Oh, how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Backward shall our foes be driven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Best of blessings He'll provide us;  
Nought but good shall e'er betide us;  
Safe to glory He will guide us,  
Oh, how He loves!

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**397 Cliff College 7.6.7.6.D.**

P. Gerhardt

C. H. Dale

WE go to meet the Saviour,  
His glorious face to see;  
What manner of behaviour  
Doth with this hope agree?  
May God's illumination  
Guide heart and walk aright,  
That so our preparation  
Be pleasing in His sight.

2 Throughout the darksome hours,  
Till night shall pass away,  
We'll chant with all our powers  
The blessings of that day;  
To Thee, the Lord of glory,  
We raise the happy song,  
And make Thy love's bright story  
The theme of every tongue.

3 Love caused Thine incarnation,  
This brought Thee from on high;  
Thy thirst for our salvation,  
This made Thee come to die;  
Oh, love beyond all measure,  
Wherewith Thou didst embrace  
The victims of the pressure  
Of sin and its disgrace.

4 Not sinful man's endeavour,  
Nor any mortal's care,  
Could draw Thy sovereign favour  
To sinners in despair;  
Uncalled Thou cam'st with gladness  
Us from the fall to raise,  
And change our grief and sadness  
To songs of joy and praise.

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**398 Plymouth 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

C. Wesley

T. Hastings, 1784-1872

O THOU who hast redeemed of old,  
And made me of Thy grace take hold,  
And be at peace with Thee,  
Help me these blessings now to own,  
And tell aloud what Thou hast done,  
O holy Lamb, for me.

2 Out of myself for help I go,  
Thy power alone resolved to know,  
Thy love's the plea I make;  
Give me the power – 'tis this I claim –  
With heart and life to praise Thy name,  
Give for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Love, only love, Thy heart inclined,  
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,  
Down from the throne above;  
Love made Thee here a Man of grief,  
Distressed Thee sore for our relief,  
Oh, mystery of love!

4 Lord, I am Thine; Thy love to me  
Constrains my soul to cleave to Thee,  
And gladly to resign  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am:  
My life be all with Thine the same,  
And all Thy shame be mine.

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**399 Dursley 8.8.8.8. Dactylic**  
S. Medley  
Anon.

OF Jesus the Saviour we sing,  
His person, His name, and His love;  
To Him the glad tribute we bring,  
For oh, how His goodness we prove.

2 Oh, sing of His beauty divine,  
For none upon earth is so fair;  
His glories the heavens outshine,  
No angel with Him can compare.

3 His brightness eclipses the sun  
And all the vast orbs of the sky;  
By dying His conquests He won,  
And passed to the glory on high.

4 Oh, sing of His wonderful name  
With ecstasy, rapture, and joy;  
For aye let His heavenly fame  
Our loudest hosannas employ.

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**400 Elberfeld 7.6.7.6.**

J. N. Darby

"Geistliche Lieder", Elberfeld, 1853

OH, day of deepest sorrow,  
Day of unfathomed grief,  
When Thou didst taste the horror  
Of wrath without relief.

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

3 No eye was found to pity,  
No heart to share Thy woe,  
But shame and scorn and spitting:  
None cared Thy name to know.

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

5 O Lord, Thy wondrous story  
Our inmost soul doth move;  
We ponder o'er Thy glory –  
Thy lonely path of love.

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## 401 Supremacy 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Adapted from J. Conder  
N. Tomblin, 1933

THOU art the everlasting Word,  
The Father's only Son,  
God manifest, God seen and heard,  
The heaven's beloved One;  
The Lamb of God, exalted Lord  
Worthy art Thou to be adored!

2 In Thee most perfectly expressed,  
The Father's self doth shine;  
Fulness of Godhead, too; the Blest,  
Eternally divine.  
With Thee before the Father's face,  
We celebrate His boundless grace.

3 Image of the Infinite Unseen,  
Whose being none can know;  
Brightness of light no eye hath seen,  
God's love revealed below.  
The light of love has shone in Thee,  
And in that love our souls are free.

4 The higher mysteries of Thy fame,  
The creature's grasp transcend;  
The Father only that blest name  
Of Son can comprehend.  
The sweetness of that name of love  
The Father gives us now to prove.

5 Yet loving Thee, on whom His love  
Ineffable doth rest,  
Our hearts are led to Him above,  
And we with Thee are blest.  
The Father's name Thou hast declared,  
The Father's love with Thee is shared.

6 Of the vast universe of bliss,  
The Centre Thou and Sun;  
The eternal theme of praise is this,  
That God's beloved Son  
Fills all that scene, where God alone  
In His own rest is fully known.

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**402 St. Gertrude 11.11.11.11.Trochaic. Ref.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

A. S. Sullivan, 1842-1900

EVERLASTING glory unto Jesus be!  
Sing aloud the story of His victory!  
How He left the splendour of His home on high,  
Came in love so tender, on the cross to die.

2 Yes! He came from heaven, suffered in our stead;  
Praise to Him be given, Firstborn from the dead!  
Jesus, meek and lowly, came the lost to save;  
He, the Victim holy, triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Christ is Lord of glory, sing we now today!  
Tell abroad the story; own His rightful sway!  
Sing aloud, and never cease to spread His fame;  
Triumph, now and ever, in the Saviour's Name.

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**403    Arlington    C.M.**

I. Watts

T. A. Arne, 1710-1778

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Saviour die?  
Would He devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I?

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When the Incarnate Maker died  
For man His creature's sin.

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**404 Boardman C.M.**

A. Midlane

L. Devereux, 1839, arr. by G. Kingsley, 1811-1884

OH, what a gift the Father gave  
When He bestowed His Son  
To save poor ruined, guilty man,  
By sin defiled, undone!

2 For we were lost and vile indeed,  
To sin a willing prey,  
Till God in mercy interposed,  
And turned our night to day.

3 Now we can call the Saviour ours,  
Though all unworthy still;  
We're sheltered by His precious blood  
Beyond the reach of ill.

4 Come all who trust in Jesus now  
And tell our joys abroad,  
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend  
For Christ, the gift of God.

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**405    Arlington    C.M.**

T. Haweis

T. A. Arne, 1710-1778

BEHOLD the Lamb! 'tis He who bore  
My burden on the tree,  
And paid in blood the dreadful score,  
The ransom due for me.

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

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

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

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**406 St. Peter C.M.**

J. N. Darby

A. R. Reinagle, 1799-1877

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

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

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

4 There Christ the centre of the throng  
Shall in His glory shine,  
But not an eye those hosts among  
But sees His glory Thine.

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

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

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

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**407 French C.M.**  
Samuel Tomkins (1841-1926)  
Thomas Ravenscroft's "Psalmes", 1621

WE worship at Thy holy feet,  
Thou glorious Lamb of God;  
Thy blood has washed us from our sins,  
And brought us nigh to God.

2 We worship at Thy holy feet,  
Once hated Nazarene;  
In heaven's unsullied light Thou art,  
God's glory in Thee seen.

3 We worship at Thy holy feet;  
Thou'rt evermore the same,  
The First and Last, the Faithful, True,  
All glory to Thy name.

4 We worship at Thy holy feet,  
For we to Thee belong;  
Our life, our peace, our all-in-all,  
Our never-ending song.

5 We worship at Thy holy feet,  
And long to serve Thee still;  
Take Thou our hearts, our lips, our lives,  
And mould them to Thy will.

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**408 Harts 7s.**

Anon.

B. Milgrove, 1731-1810

CHRIST is risen: sound His praise;  
He the sleeping saints will raise;  
Grave, boast not of victory,  
Christ arose and vanquished thee.

2 Christ is risen: come He will,  
Cease our tears, our sighs be still;  
Christ those bars of death will break –  
Bid His own their graves forsake.

3 Christ is risen; His own voice  
Shall our longing hearts rejoice;  
We shall see Him face to face;  
Glory soon shall crown His grace.

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**409 Kingston 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

S. Davies

W. Hayes, 1706-1777

ETERNAL praise, our God, shall rise  
In mansions fair beyond the skies  
Thy name to celebrate;  
But joyful songs e'en here we raise  
Our God and Father now to praise,  
While for our Lord we wait.

2 When ruined, guilty and undone,  
Thou gav'st for us Thine only Son  
To suffer, bleed and die;  
Rejoicing in Thy love we sing,  
Praise for Thy gift of gifts we bring,  
His name to magnify.

3 We praise Thee in our pathway here;  
Far off we were, but now brought near  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord:  
Fresh grace for every moment here,  
Fresh manna through the desert drear,  
The Spirit doth afford.

4 When He shall come, for whom we wait,  
We then shall see and know how great  
The gain that faith had stored;  
But here our joyful songs we raise  
Our God and Father now to praise,  
While waiting for our Lord.

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**410 Waltham 8.6.8.6.8.8.**

Anon.

T. Willey, 1847-1930

ETERNAL Word, eternal Son,  
The Father's constant joy,  
What Thou hast done and what Thou art  
Shall all our tongues employ;  
Our life, our Lord, we Thee adore;  
Worthy art Thou for evermore.

2 The eternal glory's living light,  
Of God the image Thou,  
Creator of the universe,  
Upholding all things now;  
Our peace, our strength, we Thee adore;  
Worthy art Thou for evermore.

3 The Son in whom the fulness dwells,  
Through whom all glories flow,  
Thou hast a servant's form assumed  
That creatures God might know;  
Our spring, our Head, we Thee adore;  
Worthy art Thou for evermore.

4 Declarer of the Father's name,  
Expression of His grace,  
The Word of life, the light of men,  
The Lord with unveiled face;  
Our joy, our hope, we Thee adore;  
Worthy art Thou for evermore.

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**411 Mercy 7s.**

M. Bowly

L. M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869

REST, my soul, the work is done,  
Done by God's beloved Son;  
This to faith is now so clear,  
There's no place for torturing fear.

2 Not through works of weary toil  
Comes the sunshine of God's smile;  
Won by Christ, if found in Him,  
Brightly falls the glorious beam.

3 With belief in Jesus blest,  
We are entering into rest;  
He who God's salvation brought  
In us all our works hath wrought.

4 Come, my soul, take up the cross,  
Count the gain, despise the loss;  
Labour for and with the Lord  
Brings exceeding great reward.

5 Free from every fear of wrath,  
Choose the labourer's happy path;  
Tread the way which Christ hath trod  
Till the sabbath of thy God.

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**412 Toplady 7.7.7.7.7.**

A. M. Toplady

T. Hastings, 1784-1872

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Grace hath hid me safe in Thee,  
Where the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Are of sin the double cure,  
Cleansing from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands  
Could fulfil the law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
Nought for sin could e'er atone  
But Thy blood, and Thine alone.

3 Found by Thee before I sought,  
Unto Thee in mercy brought,  
I have Thee for righteousness,  
From Thy fulness grace for grace:  
Thou hast washed me in Thy blood,  
Made me live, and live to God.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
If mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
Still of Thee I'll sing alone:  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
All my boast and joy's in Thee.

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**413 Melita 8.8.8.8.8.**

G. W. Frazer

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

THE Lamb was slain, His precious blood  
On Calvary's awful tree was shed;  
He for the guilty sinner stood,  
And bore the judgment in his stead.  
He has made peace,  
And now He lives who once was dead.

2 Proclaimer of that peace to all,  
He tells of full, unmingled grace,  
To high and low – who hear the call –  
To old and young of Adam's race,  
He preaches peace,  
And love divine shines in His face.

3 Behold Him now, exalted high;  
Upon the throne He took His seat;  
Oh, wondrous grace, that we brought nigh  
And in Him seated are complete;  
He is our peace,  
For light divine He's made us meet.

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**414 St. Agnes C.M.**

Based on Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. Edward Caswall (1814-1878)  
J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

JESUS, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the mind conceive,  
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name  
To sinners who believe.

3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now  
And through eternity.

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**415 Queensland 8.7.8.7.D.**

T. Willey  
Beaudesut

FATHER, Spring and Source of blessing,  
Grateful praise to Thee we bring;  
Objects of Thy sovereign favour,  
Gladly of Thy love we sing –  
Love that found its full expression  
In Thy gift unspeakable,  
Him – who dwelling in Thy bosom,  
Could alone its secrets tell.

2 Thine eternal, gracious purpose,  
Now to us in Christ is shown,  
Purpose fraught with richest blessing,  
For the sons Thou hadst foreknown.  
Brought to rest within the circle  
Where love's treasures are displayed,  
There we drink the living waters,  
Taste the joys that never fade.

3 Brought to know Thy Well-Beloved,  
Drawn to Him in boundless grace,  
Thy effulgence, love and glory  
Shining in His blessed face –  
We adore Thee, God and Father,  
May Thy name exalted be!  
Praise and worship we would render  
Now as in eternity.

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**416 St. Peter's (Mancroft)**

**7.6.7.6.7.7.6.**

R. Seagrave (b. 1693)

Harmonised by Dr. Bunnett

SAVIOUR, who can e'er forget  
Or cease to bless Thy name,  
Which alone hath power to move,  
And every heart inflame?  
Ne'er was love so great as Thine,  
Ne'er was bounty so divine;  
Ransomed mortals feel the grace  
Which angels love to trace.

2 None could think such love but Thou,  
And none below could ask;  
None but Thou in heaven or earth  
Could execute the task.  
Thou beholding from afar  
Saw'st no Mediator near;  
Stooping from above the skies  
Thou cam'st the Sacrifice.

3 Bowing 'neath Thy God's dread hand –  
We bless Thy constant name;  
Rising from the bands of death –  
We celebrate Thy fame;  
Worthy then art Thou to reign,  
Worthy to be loved again,  
Worthy Thou to be adored,  
Of heaven and earth the Lord.

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**417 Jackson's C.M.**

R. Beacon

T. Jackson, 1715-1781

FATHER of lights, whose will divine  
Has by Thy truthful word  
Begotten us, and made us Thine,  
For aye be Thou adored.

2 Thine, Father, was the wondrous grace  
That sent Thine only Son  
To show Thy glory in the face  
Of Thy beloved One.

3 He came Thy great and blessed name  
Of Father to declare,  
The Just, to meet Thine every claim,  
The Sinless, sin to bear.

4 Thus only, Father, couldst Thou raise  
From depths of sin and shame  
A chosen people for the praise  
And glory of Thy name.

5 Oh, counsel all divine to find  
True worshippers in those  
Who once, estranged by carnal mind,  
Were Thine and Jesus' foes!

6 Then glory, Father, be to Thee,  
And to Thine only Son;  
All glory to the One in Three  
And to the Three in One.

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**418 Glasgow C.M.**

H. Allen

Moore's "Psalm-Singer Pocket Companion", 1756

FATHER! Thine own unbounded love  
Has reached us through Thy Son;  
We now behold Him crowned above,  
Eternity's begun.

2 Once far from Thee and dead in sin,  
In Him who lives we live;  
Our spirits rise to bless Thy name,  
And holy worship give.

3 The praises led by Thy Beloved,  
Delight Thy holy ear;  
And we, with hearts divinely moved,  
Rejoice that praise to share.

4 Father, Thy love our portion is,  
Thou gav'st us to Thy Son,  
For Thine own glory and for His,  
Made like that blessed One.

5 In that bright scene of cloudless light,  
Where sons at home shall be,  
With Him we'll share that glory bright,  
And all His beauty see.

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**419 Resting 8.7.8.7.**

Miss C. A. Wellesley

C. Jouard 1858-1927 and F. Jouard 1884-1941.

GATHERED to Thy name, Lord Jesus,  
Losing sight of all but Thee,  
Oh, what joy Thy presence gives us,  
Calling up our hearts to Thee!

2 Yet with reverence we would linger  
In the shadow of Thy cross,  
Which has closed our hearts for ever  
To the world and all its dross.

3 Loved with love which knows no measure  
Save the Father's love to Thee,  
Blessed Lord, our hearts would treasure  
All the Father's thoughts of Thee.

4 Blood-bought, reconciled, forgiven,  
Here Thy death we love to show,  
Waiting till above in heaven  
All Thy glory we shall know.

5 Oh, the joy, the wondrous singing  
When we see Thee as Thou art,  
Thy blest name, Lord Jesus, bringing  
Sweetest music to God's heart!

6 Notes of gladness, songs unceasing,  
Hymns of everlasting praise,  
Psalms of glory, joy increasing,  
Through God's endless day of days!

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**420 Brandenburg 7s.**

W. J. Hocking

German Melody

GLADLY let us join to sing,  
Heart and lips united bring,  
In a strain of sweet accord  
To our Saviour, Christ the Lord.

2 Crowned above in heavenly light,  
What an all-transcending sight!  
Worthy Lord, we bow the knee,  
Power and praise belong to Thee.

3 Chiefest name in earth or heaven  
To the Son of man is given;  
Hallelujah! nought shall claim  
Higher glory than Thy name.

4 Now, O Lord, we sing to Thee,  
Thou our song eternally;  
When above on Thee we gaze,  
Heaven shall swell with perfect praise.

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**421 Lubeck 7s.**  
G. W. Frazer  
Freilinghausen's "Gesangbuch", 1704

GLORY unto Him who died,  
Who for us was crucified;  
Who in rich abounding grace  
Took the guilty sinner's place.

2 Glory unto Him who lives,  
Him who life eternal gives;  
Quickened from the silent grave,  
He is mighty now to save.

3 Glory unto Him on high,  
By whose blood we are made nigh;  
Seated in Him is our place,  
Trophies of His matchless grace.

4 Glory unto Him whose voice  
Shall each waiting heart rejoice;  
He will call His saints away  
To His own eternal day.

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**422 Placida 8.7.8.7.**

William Kelly (1821-1906)

H. E. Gebhardt, 1832-1899

GOD and Father, we adore Thee  
For the Christ, Thine image bright,  
In whom all Thy holy nature  
Dawned on our once hopeless night.

2 Thou didst send Him as the witness  
Of a life beyond compare;  
By Thy Spirit we received Him;  
Now in Christ how blest we are!

3 Fellowship with Thee, the Father,  
And with Jesus Christ Thy Son –  
Such Thine own most gracious giving  
By Thy Spirit to each one.

4 For in Christ was life eternal  
Once beheld and heard below;  
And in Him dwelt all the fulness,  
Though in grace He stooped so low.

5 Now in Him, our God and Father,  
Sharers of Thy love are we;  
Now partaking with our Saviour  
His unceasing rest in Thee.

6 Grace divine is this, transcending  
All that else the heart employs:  
'Tis the Son and Father deigning  
Us to give of Their own joys.

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**423 Northampton 8.7.8.7.D.**

Gustaffson (tr. from Swedish)

Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876)

GOD and Father, we Thy children  
Would in meekness hear Thy word,  
Undistracted, hearts responsive,  
As Thy Spirit strikes the chord;  
All Thy mind we would be learning,  
As the desert path we trace;  
Thine we are, and would be leaning  
Ever on Thy boundless grace.

2 Still the Spirit is revealing  
Heights of glory Thou hast given,  
And our eyes by faith are seeing  
Christ at Thy right hand in heaven;  
As on earth His path was trodden,  
Ever subject to Thy will,  
As the Man of all Thy counsels,  
Who the universe will fill.

3 When our hearts this place accord Him,  
When, as Isaac, He has come,  
Cast the bondslave out and ruleth  
As the Lord upon His throne,  
Then our hearts bow down before Him,  
This world's glory waxeth dim,  
Every hindrance then must vanish,  
All be subject unto Him.

4 God our Father, Thee we worship,  
Praise Thee evermore that Thou  
Leadest us in triumph, telling  
All Thy boundless love e'en now;  
May we therefore still be learning,  
In Thy word Thy counsels trace,  
Till the day that Thou displayest  
All the glory of Thy grace.

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**424 The Saviour is Coming 11s.**

Anon.

Anon.

THOUGH faint yet pursuing we go on our way;  
The Lord is our leader, our stronghold and stay;  
Though suffering and sorrow and trial we bear,  
The Lord is our refuge, and whom shall we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;  
If the weak are oppressed, He hears their complaint;  
The way may be dreary, and thorny the road,  
But why should we falter? Our help is in God.

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;  
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!  
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;  
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;  
So faint yet pursuing, still onward we move,  
The Lord is our leader; our home is above.

5 And there shall His people eternally dwell  
With Him who has led them so safely and well;  
The toilsome way over, the wilderness passed,  
And Canaan the blessed is theirs at the last.

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**425 Lyons 10.10.11.11.**

J. Newton

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us whatever betide;  
The scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 His call we obey, like Abram of old,  
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
For though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,  
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

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**426 Seine 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. Conder

W. Brockhaus, 1819-1888

'TIS not that I did choose Thee,  
For, Lord, that could not be;  
This heart would still refuse Thee,  
But Thou hast chosen me;  
Thou from the sins that stained me  
Hast washed and set me free,  
And to this end ordained me  
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me  
And taught my opening mind;  
The world had else enthralled me,  
To heavenly glories blind;  
My heart owns none above Thee;  
For Thine own self I thirst;  
This knowing, if I love Thee,  
That Thou didst love me first.

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**427 'Peace, be still'**

**8.4.8.4.8.8.4.**

John Kent (1766-1843)

Scottish Melody

'TIS the church triumphant singing,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Heaven throughout with praises ringing,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Thrones and powers before Him bending;  
Odours sweet, with voice, ascending;  
Swells the chorus never-ending,  
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Join to sing the great salvation,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Loud as mighty thunders roaring,  
Floods of mighty waters pouring,  
Prostrate at His feet adoring,  
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Sing with blest anticipation,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Through the vale of tribulation,  
Worthy the Lamb!  
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,  
On His love for ever dwelling,  
Still untold, though ever telling,  
Worthy the Lamb!

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**428 Evan C.M.**

Catesby Paget (19th Century)

W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870

A MIND at perfect peace with God:  
Oh, what a word is this!  
A sinner reconciled through blood:  
This, this indeed is peace.

2 By nature and by practice far,  
How very far from God!  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of His Son,  
I am as near as He.

4 So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be;  
The love wherewith He loves the Son,  
Such is His love to me.

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

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**429 Warrington L.M.**

J. Montgomery

R. Harrison, 1748-1810

TO Him who suffered on the tree  
Our souls at His soul's price to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:  
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.

2 He hath redeemed us by His blood,  
Hath cleansed from every sinful stain,  
And made us kings and priests to God:  
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 To Him, enthroned by every right,  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim;  
Honour, and majesty, and might:  
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain.

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**430 Hull 8.8.6.8.8.6.**

T. Kelly

S. Chandler, born 1760

TO wait for that appointed day,  
When Christ His glories will display,  
Be this our one great care:  
To do His will, our business here;  
No toil to shun, no danger fear,  
Resolved the cross to bear.

2 And though He should prolong His stay,  
And sinners mock at the delay,  
His people need not fear;  
The Man who wore the crown of thorns,  
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,  
In glory will appear.

3 In patience then we now may rest,  
Assured the Father's time is best,  
And all His word obey;  
We wait till that blest day shall come;  
The Lord will first convey us home,  
And then His power display.

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**431 Langran 10s.**

Adapted from J. N. Darby

J. Langran, 1835-1909

WE praise Thee, Lord, in strains of deepest joy,  
Responsive to Thy voice of holy love;  
We hail Thee, source of bliss without alloy,  
Bright inlet to the light of heaven above.

2 We praise Thee, Lord, for in Thy blessed face  
God's glory shines for us without a veil;  
And now Thou leadest us in righteous grace  
To that blest place where praises never fail.

3 We live of Thee, we've heard Thy quickening voice  
Speaking of love beyond all human thought,  
Thy Father's love, in which we now rejoice,  
As those in spirit to Thy Father brought.

4 Thou hast made known the Father whom we've seen  
In Thy blest Person – infinite delight!  
It more than satisfies, as here we glean  
The foretaste of His love, till all be light.

5 Father, Thou lovest! favour all divine,  
A cloudless favour rests upon us here;  
Thy face shines on us as it still doth shine  
On Thy blest Son, whose image we shall bear.

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**432 Mapleton C.M.**

Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Anon.

AND did the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to man's estate and dust  
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left the throne,  
The radiant throne on high –  
Surprising mercy, love unknown –  
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the guilty culprit's place  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man – oh, miracle of grace –  
For man the Saviour bled.

4 Blest Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In Thine atoning blood!  
By this are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends  
To love so full, so free;  
Thy word declares that love extends  
In saving power to me.

6 What glad returns can I impart,  
For favour so divine?  
Oh, take me, all, and fill my heart,  
And make me wholly Thine.

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**433 Celeste 8.8.8.8. Dactylic**  
Mrs. E. Mills (1805-1829)  
"Lancashire Sunday School Songs" 1857

WE sing of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
The glorious mansions of rest –  
But what must it be to be there?

2 We tell of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above –  
But what must it be to be there?

3 We tell of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials without and within –  
But what must it be to be there?

4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure and woe,  
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.

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**434 Ellacombe 7.6.7.6.D.**

M. Bowly

"Gesangbuch Der Herzoge", Wurttemberg 1784

WE'RE pilgrims in the wilderness:  
Our dwelling is a camp;  
Created things, though pleasant,  
Now bear to us death's stamp.  
But onward we are speeding,  
Though often sorely tried:  
The Holy Ghost is leading  
Home to the Lamb, His bride.

2 With fellow-pilgrims meeting,  
Who seek the rest to come,  
'Tis sweet to sing together,  
"We are not far from home."  
And when we've learned our lesson,  
Our work in suffering done,  
Our ever-loving Father  
Will welcome every one.

3 We look to meet our brethren,  
From every distant shore;  
Not one will seem a stranger,  
Though never seen before;  
With angel hosts attending,  
In myriads through the sky:  
Yet 'midst them all, Thou only,  
O Lord, wilt fix the eye.

4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
O give us pilgrims' ways,  
Low thoughts of self, befitting  
Proclaimers of Thy praise;  
O make us each more holy,  
In spirit pure and meek:  
More like to heavenly citizens,  
As more of heaven we speak.

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**435    Clementia    7.7.7.7.D. Ref.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

C. Jouard 1858-1927 and F. Jouard 1884-1941.

GOD in mercy sent His Son  
To a world by sin undone;  
Jesus Christ was crucified –  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

2 Oh! the glory of the grace,  
Shining in the Saviour's face,  
Telling sinners from above,  
"God is Light" and "God is Love."

3 Sin and death no more shall reign,  
Jesus died and lives again.  
In the glory's highest height  
See Him God's supreme delight.

4 All who in His name believe,  
Everlasting life receive;  
Lord of all is Jesus now;  
Every knee to Him must bow.

5 Christ the Lord will come again;  
He who suffered once will reign;  
Every tongue at last shall own,  
"Worthy is the Lamb" alone.

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**436    Blaenwern    8.7.8.7.D.**

Edward Henry Chater (1845-1915)

W. P. Rowlands, 1860-1937

GOD and Father, we adore Thee,  
Now revealed in Christ the Son,  
Joying in Thy holy presence  
Through the work that He has done.

2 Filled with praise we bow before Thee;  
Thou art evermore the same;  
With adoring hearts we bless Thee,  
Magnify Thy holy name.

3 Worship, honour, praise and glory,  
Would we render unto Thee;  
Heights unsearched and depths unfathomed  
In Thy wondrous love we see.

4 All Thy glory shines transcendent  
In the person of the Son,  
Jesus Christ, Thy Well-beloved,  
Who redemption's glory won.

5 In Thy presence we behold Him,  
Object of Thy heart's deep love,  
Boundless theme of adoration  
In that scene of joy above.

6 In Thy grace Thou now hast called us  
Sharers of Thy joy to be,  
And to know the blessed secret  
Of His preciousness to Thee.

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**437 St. Anne C.M.**

W. Cowper

W. Croft, 1678-1727

GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

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**438    Eventide    10s.**

A. von der Kammer (from German)

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889

HOW wonderful! that Thou the Son hast come,  
And here for us as Son of man hast died;  
Our sins were laid on Thee, Thou didst become  
Salvation's Rock, when Thou wast crucified;  
And faith perceives Thy finished work – the rest  
Where love well known, yet passing human thought,  
Has set our feet; as those Thy love has blessed,  
We praise and worship by Thy Spirit taught.

2 To Thee, O Lord, we bring our note of praise –  
To Thee who bore for us the cross of shame:  
What grief Thou knewest on that day of days,  
When curse and death on Thee, the Victim came!  
How great Thy grace! no mind of man can grasp  
The love told out in suffering on the tree;  
Love that has gathered now within its clasp  
Those once far off, but now brought home to Thee.

3 How wonderful that love made manifest  
In Thee – its fulness told! so that the heart,  
Touched by Thy kindness, finds in Thee its rest,  
And lost in Thee, adoring, knows its part;  
There to our hearts Thy rich unmeasured grace,  
And love's full fountain more and more revealed,  
Call forth from every mouth Thine endless praise,  
And willing lips their heart-felt homage yield.

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**439    The Home    C.M.D.**

Mrs. J. A. Trench

Miss S. M. Walker, 1848-1918

HOW blest a home, the Father's house!  
There love divine doth rest;  
What else could satisfy the hearts  
Of those in Jesus blest?  
His home made ours: His Father's love  
Our hearts full portion given,  
The portion of the First-born Son,  
The full delight of heaven.

2 O what a home! The Son who knows –  
He only – all His love;  
And brings us as His well-beloved  
To that bright rest above;  
Dwells in His bosom; knoweth all  
That in that bosom lies;  
And came to earth to make it known,  
That we might share His joys.

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

4 O what a home! But such His love  
That He must bring us there,  
To fill that home, to be with Him,  
And in His glory share.  
The Father's house, the Father's heart,  
All that the Son is given,  
Made ours, the objects of His love,  
And He, our joy in heaven.

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**440    Waiting            6.6.11.6.6.11.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham  
Scottish Melody

I'M waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord;  
I'm waiting for Thee, for Thy coming again.  
Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,  
A place to prepare, Lord;  
Thy home I shall share at Thy coming again.

2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,  
I'm oft weary here, Lord;  
The day must be near of Thy coming again.  
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,  
No sighing nor care, Lord,  
But glory so fair, at Thy coming again.

3 Whilst Thou art away, Lord,  
I stumble and stray, Lord;  
Oh! hasten the day of Thy coming again.  
This is not my rest, Lord,  
A pilgrim confessed, Lord,  
I wait to be blest, at Thy coming again.

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

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**441 Merton C.M.**

Sir E. Denny

H. K. Oliver, 1800-1885

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,  
Thou glorious Star of day;  
Shine forth and chase the dreary night  
With all our tears away.

2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee;  
Oh, leave the Father's throne!  
Come with a shout of victory, Lord,  
And claim us as Thine own.

3 No resting-place we seek on earth;  
No loveliness we see;  
Our eye is on the royal crown  
Prepared for us with Thee.

4 But blessed Lord, however bright  
That crown of joy above,  
What is it to the brighter hope  
Of dwelling in Thy love?

5 What to the joy, the deeper joy,  
Unmingled, pure, and free,  
Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with Thee?

6 This joy e'en now on earth is ours;  
But only, Lord, above,  
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know  
The fulness of Thy love.

7 There near Thy heart upon the throne,  
Thy ransomed Bride shall see,  
What grace was in the suffering Lamb,  
Who died to make us free.

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**442 Hiding in Thee 11s.**

Richard de Courcy (1743-1803)

Ira D. Sankey, 1840-1908

IN weakness and trial with God we may plead;  
No fear of denial, we're sure to succeed:  
For, though we oft grieve Him, His promise is clear,  
And love will believe Him: our Father will hear.

2 'Gainst the giant-like might of our foes we can bring,  
As our weapons of fight, but a stone and a sling;  
Should this have dismayed us, our souls it may cheer  
That, called on to aid us, our Father will hear.

3 Our calls may be weak as the voice of a child;  
And much that we speak may by sin be defiled;  
Yet, Christ for us pleading, we may persevere;  
Through Him interceding, our Father will hear.

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**443 Lebanon S.M.D.**

H. Bonar

J. Zundel, 1815-1882

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
He followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
He bound me with the chains of love,  
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the flock,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold:  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice;  
I love, I love His home.

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**444 Lobe den Herren P.M.**

Emil Donges (1853-1923)

"Stralsund Gesangbuch", 1665

JESUS, God's Lamb, in the midst  
Of the throne Thou art crowned;  
Thou once on Calvary sufferedst,  
Of man the disowned;  
Worthy art Thou,  
Glory encircles Thy brow,  
Son of the Father enthroned.

2 We Thy beloved assembled  
Remember Thy dying;  
Unto the death of our Lord  
Our full hearts are replying;  
Thou hast loved us,  
Jesus, who gav'st Thyself thus;  
We on Thy love are relying.

3 Here upon earth till Thy coming  
Thy death we are showing;  
But unto Thee in the glory  
Our hearts are outgoing;  
To Thee above,  
Centre of glory and love,  
Gladly our worship is flowing.

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**445 Melbourne 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

G. de Mattos

W L Viner, 1790-1867

JESUS Lord, Almighty Saviour,  
Bowed in death on Calvary's tree!  
Darkest hour of bitter judgment  
Borne to set Thy people free!  
Sweet our portion,  
As we thus remember Thee.

2 From the highest height of glory  
To the cross of deepest shame,  
Thus accomplishing redemption  
Jesus in His pity came;  
Precious Saviour,  
We adore Thy matchless name.

3 From the darkness and the distance,  
From the crushing sense of sin,  
Blessed Lord, Thou now hast freed us,  
By Thy blood hast made us clean;  
In Thy beauty  
Now Thy ransomed ones are seen.

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**446 Epiphany Hymn 11.10.11.10. Dactylic**

H. D'A. Champney

J. F. Thrupp, 1827-1867

JESUS, our Lord, with what joy we adore Thee;  
Chanting our praise to Thyself on the throne,  
Blest in Thy presence we worship before Thee,  
Own Thou art worthy, and worthy alone.

2 How hast Thou triumphed, and triumphed with glory,  
Battled death's forces, rolled back every wave!  
Can we refrain then from telling the story,  
How Thou art victor o'er death and the grave?

3 "Lord, what is man?" we would break forth exclaiming;  
Jesus, the crowned One, the Lamb that was slain!  
Joyful we own Thee, Thy praises proclaiming;  
Death Thou hast vanquished by rising again!

4 "Lord, what is man?" Yes, with deep adoration,  
Gladly prolong we this wonderful theme;  
Jesus, divine One, Thou Head of creation,  
Head of Thy church, which Thou cam'st to redeem!

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**447 St. Agnes C.M.**

Sir E. Denny

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day!  
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,  
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,  
With one awakening smile,  
And bid the serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine;  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine!

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**448 Richmond C.M.**  
Susannah Harrison (1752-1784)  
Thomas Haweis, 1732-1820

LOOK, look, ye saints, within the veil,  
And raise your happy song;  
Your joys can never, never fail,  
For you to Christ belong.

2 O happy saints, for ever freed  
From guilt and every care,  
Dwell, dwell, with your exalted Head,  
And let your life be there,

3 And glory in your Lord and God;  
See, see Him as He is;  
Your robes are spotless through His blood,  
Your happiness is His.

4 O think not of this world of woe,  
Though subject still to grief;  
But seek your portion there to know,  
For this will give relief.

5 Aye trust, for ever trust in God,  
For every promise given;  
And dwell with Him through Jesus' blood,  
Within the veil of heaven.

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**449 Venio 4.6.8.8.4.**

Mrs. A. Dent

Anon.

LORD Jesus, come,  
And take Thy rightful place  
As Son of man, of all the theme;  
Come, Lord, to reign o'er all supreme;  
Lord Jesus, come.

2 Lord Jesus, come,  
The Man of sorrows once,  
The Man of patience waiting now –  
The Man of joy, for ever, Thou;  
Come, Saviour, come.

3 Lord Jesus, come,  
Crowned with Thy many crowns –  
The Crucified, the Lamb once slain,  
To wash away sin's crimson stain;  
Lord Jesus, come.

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

5 Lord Jesus, come,  
That, lost in Thee, our souls,  
May bow and worship and adore,  
In Thy blest presence evermore;  
Lord Jesus, come.

6 Lord Jesus, come,  
And let Thy glory shine,  
That quickly these changed bodies may  
Each one reflect a living ray;  
Lord Jesus, come.

7 Lord Jesus, come,  
Let every knee bow down,  
And every tongue to Thee confess,  
The Lord of all come forth to bless;  
Lord Jesus, come.

## 8 Spirit and Bride

With longing voice say, Come;  
Yea, Lord, Thy word from that bright home,  
Is, "Surely, I will quickly come";  
E'en so, Lord, come.

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**450 St. Hilda 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. N. Darby

J. H. Knecht, 1752-1817 and E. Husband, 1843-1908

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

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

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

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

5 But oh, for us, blest Saviour,  
How brighter far the lot  
To be with Thee for ever,  
Where evil enters not! –

6 To see Thee who so loved us  
Then face to face above,  
Whose grace at first had moved us  
To taste and know Thy love.

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

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

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**451 De Fleury 8.8.8.8.D. Dactylic**

T. Haweis

White's Sacred Melodies

LORD Jesus, to tell of Thy love  
Our souls shall for ever delight,  
And sing of Thy glory above,  
In praises by day and by night.  
Wherever we follow Thee, Lord,  
Admiring, adoring, we see  
That love which was stronger than death,  
Flow out without limit, and free.

2 Descending from glory on high,  
With men Thy delight was to dwell,  
Contented, our Surety to die,  
By dying to save us from hell.  
Enduring the grief and the shame,  
Thou barest our sins on the cross,  
Oh! who would not boast of this love,  
And count the world's glory but loss?

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**452 St. Alphege 7.6.7.6.**

J. N. Darby

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876

LORD Jesus, homeless Stranger,  
Thou dearest Friend to me,  
An outcast in a manger,  
That Thou might'st with us be;

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

3 We see the Godhead-glory  
Shine through that human veil;  
And, willing, hear the story  
Of love come here to heal.

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

5 'Mid sin, and all corruption,  
Where hatred did abound,  
Thy path of true perfection  
Shed light on all around.

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

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**453 Orlington C.M.**

J. N. Darby

J. Campbell, 1807-1860

LORD Jesus! source of every grace,  
Glorious in light divine,  
Soon shall we see Thee face to face,  
And in that glory shine,

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

3 In peaceful wonder we adore  
The thoughts of love divine,  
Which in that world, for evermore,  
Unite our lot with Thine.

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**454 Clarendon Street 11s.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

A. J. Gordon, 1836-1895

LORD Jesus, we love Thee, and joyfully pour  
The praises of worshipping hearts at Thy feet;  
Lord Jesus, we love Thee; we love and adore  
The name that to God and to us is so sweet.

2 Thy name, blessed Lord, is as ointment poured forth;  
And, e'en as we utter it, fragrance doth rise  
To the Father, who only its excellent worth,  
Its matchless perfection, in fulness can prize.

3 Oh, name of sweet savour, a savour of rest,  
The name of the Victim, the Lamb that was slain!  
Oh, name of God's loved One in whom we are blest!  
Oh, name ever worthy all homage to gain!

4 Blest Lord, in Thy name would we boast all day long,  
And praise till we reach Thee on heaven's bright shore;  
Thou shalt be for ever our joy and our song;  
Lord Jesus, we love Thee, we love and adore.

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**455 Friend 8.7.8.7. Iambic**

E. O'Shaughnessy

G. C. Stebbins, 1846-1945

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

2 A home above, of peace and love,  
Close to Thy holy person!  
Thy saints shall there see glory fair,  
And shine as Thy reflection.

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

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

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

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

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**456 Yorkshire 10.10.10.10.10.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

J. Wainwright, 1723-1768

LORD, Thou hast left us to prepare the place,  
Where Thy redeemed ones soon with Thee shall dwell  
Now, whilst we wait and long to see Thy face,  
Teach us, by loving much, to serve Thee well.  
Attune our hearts below to songs of praise,  
Our sweet employ above through endless days.

2 Lord Jesus, every thought is read by Thee –  
Those heart-desires that cannot be expressed;  
Hasten the day when like Thee we shall be,  
And in Thy glorious presence fully blessed.  
Then evermore will be our joyful part,  
To know as known – to see Thee as Thou art.

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**457 Sweet Hour of Prayer L.M.D.**

Anon.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

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

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

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**458 Bennett Park 7.7.7.6.**

Samuel Trevor Francis (1835-1927)

F. E. Race

NOW around Thee, Lord, we meet,  
Sitting lowly at Thy feet;  
Sacred fellowship, how sweet!  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

2 Blessed Saviour, glorious Head,  
From Thyself we take the bread,  
Token of Thyself once dead,  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

3 From love's hand – O Lord, 'tis Thine –  
We would take this cup, this wine,  
Symbol of Thy grace divine:  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

4 Precious ointment we outpour,  
Praise Thy name for evermore,  
Spread Thy fame from shore to shore:  
Saviour, we adore Thee.

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**459    Winchester Old            C.M.**

Mrs. J. A. Trench

Arr. by C. Tye, 1497-1572

O BLESSED Lord, we praise Thee now  
For all that Thou hast done,  
Thine acts of untold grace and love,  
The victory Thou hast won.

2 We praise Thee for the bitter cross,  
The judgment Thou didst bear,  
When, standing in the sinner's place,  
Our sins were on Thee there.

3 But, more than all that Thou hast done,  
We praise for what Thou art,  
The Son of God, the Son of man,  
With loving, tender heart.

4 We praise Thee that Thou art our Lord,  
Whose ever gracious ways  
Transport our souls, and teach our hearts  
To yield Thee fervent praise.

5 It is our greatest joy on earth  
That Thou art with us here;  
Our greatest joy in heaven will be  
That we are with Thee there.

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**460 Work 7.6.7.6.D.**

C. L. Smith (Mrs. Bancroft)

L. Mason, 1792-1872

O FOR the robe of whiteness,  
To walk with Christ in light!  
O for the glorious brightness  
Of day without a night!

2 We would a name of favour,  
Graved on the stone of white;  
We'd taste that manna's flavour,  
Reserved for heaven's delight.

3 'Tis sweet, the thought of rising  
The risen Lord to meet;  
Or changed, ourselves surprising,  
Like Him for whom we wait.

4 What joy supreme in seeing  
The Saviour face to face,  
The peaceful joy of being  
For ever in that place!

5 Jesus, Thou King of glory,  
We soon shall dwell with Thee,  
And sing Thy love's bright story,  
When we Thy glory see.

6 E'en now our souls would enter  
The holiest on high,  
That all our love might centre  
In Thee who cam'st to die.

7 At God's right hand in glory  
Thou art, Thy work complete,  
Till perfected the story  
That gives us too our seat.

8 Then o'er the wide creation  
Thy power will stretch its arm –  
Secure from all temptation,  
Free from all human harm.

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**461 St. Denio P.M.**

E. C. Rubie

Welsh Hymn Melody

O LORD, we adore Thee,  
Blest Son of the Father,  
Whose love without measure  
Surpasses all praise.  
Thyself Thou hast given,  
We know Thee now – risen,  
Ascended – in heaven,  
Where on Thee we gaze.

2 Our Father, we praise Thee,  
Thou source of all blessing;  
The Son has revealed Thee  
In fulness of light.  
We joy in Thy presence;  
We worship before Thee,  
In love, and all blameless,  
In holiness bright.

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**462 Thankfulness 7.6.7.6.D.**

W. J. Hocking

"Geistliche Lieder", Elberfeld, 1853

O GRACIOUS God, our Father,  
We thank Thee for Thy word,  
To every saint so precious,  
That speaks of Christ the Lord;  
We thank Thee for Thy Spirit  
That moved those men of old  
Who in the holy record  
Thy truth and love unfold.

2 For that same One we thank Thee,  
The earnest and the seal,  
Who doth to Thine own children  
Thy mind and will reveal;  
As none but He who knew it,  
Thy truth could e'er impart,  
So none but those He teacheth  
Receive it in the heart.

3 O may we then, blest Father,  
Thy gracious word believe,  
That we may by Thy Spirit  
The truth in love receive;  
For we would thus be girded  
To serve our faithful Lord,  
And in this day of conflict  
Cleave to His name and word.

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**463 Angel's Story 7.6.7.6.D.**

J. Hutton

A. H. Mann, 1850-1929

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

2 We are of God's salvation  
Assured through Thy love,  
Yet oft, on slight occasion,  
How faithless do we prove!  
Thou hast our sins forgiven:  
Then leaving all behind,  
We would press on to heaven,  
Bearing the prize in mind.

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

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**464 St. Anne C.M.**

I. Watts

W. Croft, 1678-1727

O GOD, how wide Thy glory shines,  
How high Thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view Thy love's design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms;

3 Here Thy full character is shown,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brighter shone –  
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly throne,  
While saints on earth that know His name  
Their Lord and Saviour own.

5 How blest are we who have a part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy become our heart,  
And praise and thanks our tongue.

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**465 Flemming 8.8.8.6.**

Miss Charlotte Elliott

F. F. Flemming, 1778-1813

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,  
Help us throughout life's changing scene  
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 When far from home, fatigued, oppressed,  
In Thee we found our place of rest;  
As exiles still, yet richly blest,  
We cling, O Lord, to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove!  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would we cling to Thee.

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
We ask not, need not, ought beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The soul that clings to Thee.

5 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall;  
What can disturb or who appal?  
Thou art our strength, our rock, our all,  
Saviour, we cling to Thee.

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**466 Belmont C.M.**

M. Bowly

S. Webbe, 1740-1816

O LORD, of Thee we ne'er would tire;  
The new and living food  
Can satisfy our heart's desire;  
And life is in Thy blood.

2 If such the happy midnight song  
Our prisoned spirits raise,  
What are the joys that cause, ere long,  
Eternal bursts of praise?

3 To look within and see no stain,  
Abroad no curse to trace;  
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,  
But see Thee face to face.

4 To find each hope of glory gained,  
Fulfilled each precious word;  
And fully all to have attained  
The image of our Lord.

5 For this we're pressing onward still;  
And in this hope would be  
More subject to the Father's will,  
E'en now much more like Thee.

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**467 Dunfermline C.M.**

I. Watts

"Scottish Psalter", 1615

O LORD, in Thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own sin-offering brought  
To purge themselves from sin;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altars spilt;  
But Thy one offering took away  
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,  
For mortal was their race;  
Thy never-changing office stands  
Firm as the throne of grace.

5 Their range was earth, nor higher soared;  
The heaven of heavens is Thine;  
Thy majesty and priesthood, Lord,  
In peerless glory shine.

6 Immortal honours crown Thy name,  
Thou blessed Priest and King:  
May heaven and earth resound Thy fame,  
Each day fresh praises bring!

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**468 St Catherine 8.8.8.8.8.**

E. L. Bevir

H. F. Hemy, 1818-1888

O LORD of glory! who couldst leave  
The height supreme in death to lie,  
What tongue shall sing, what heart conceive  
The love divine that made Thee die?  
Bought with a price, for ever Thine,  
We break this bread, and drink this wine.

2 When here on earth, Thou wast alone,  
Proclaimer of this love to men;  
Upon the cross 'twas fully known,  
For God came forth to meet us then;  
Rent from above, the parted veil  
Announced to all that wondrous tale.

3 But risen, the First-born from the dead,  
Triumphant hast Thou entered in,  
The glorious Man, the living Head,  
Thrice worthy Thou our hearts to win;  
In Thy blest face all glories shine,  
And there we gaze on love divine.

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**469 St. Clement L.M.**

G. de Mattos

C. C. Scholefield, 1839-1904

O LORD, Thou never-changing One,  
Our hearts delight to think of Thee;  
Thy love, eternally the same,  
Our theme of endless praise shall be.

2 From every earthly reed we turn,  
Leaning on Thee to find our rest;  
And in the knowledge of Thy love  
Are fully and for ever blest.

3 Oh, guard meanwhile these hearts of ours,  
And fill them, All-sufficient One;  
Be it our constant rest to know  
That Thou art ours, and we Thine own.

4 Thou soon our raptured gaze shalt meet,  
Thy praise in heaven our tongues employ;  
With Thee, and like Thee, then to be –  
Our perfect everlasting joy.

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**470    Munich            7.6.7.6.D.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

"Neuvermehrtes Gesangbuch", Meiningen, 1693

O SAVIOUR, great and glorious  
Beyond all power to tell,  
We hail Thee now victorious  
O'er all the hosts of hell:  
Though crucified in weakness,  
In power Thou livest now;  
Though suffering once in meekness,  
Glory adorns Thy brow.

2 A life and death of sorrow  
Were here Thy portion, Lord;  
But on the glorious morrow  
Thy name shall be adored:  
Oh, come then in Thy glory!  
We long to see Thee reign,  
Thy foes subdued before Thee:  
Lord Jesus, come again.

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**471    Woodworth    L.M.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

ONCE more around Thy table, Lord,  
Obedient to Thy parting word,  
Our hearts from earthly care set free  
Have in Thy death remembered Thee.

2 Thyself Thou gavest, Son of God:  
In love to us didst shed Thy blood;  
Thyself Thou gavest to fulfil  
The Father's own eternal will.

3 Thyself Thou gavest: may that word  
Rest with us now in parting, Lord,  
And lead us in devotion meet  
To lay our lives at Thy blest feet.

4 Thyself Thou gavest, Lord: and we  
Would wholly give ourselves to Thee,  
In simple faith and fervent love  
To serve Thee till we meet above.

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472    **Suffield**            8.7.8.7.

G. W. Frazer

Anon.

ONCE we stood in condemnation  
Waiting thus the sinner's doom,  
Christ in death hath wrought salvation,  
God has raised Him from the tomb.

2 Strangers then to God we lived,  
Filled with enmity and fear;  
Souls from death He has reprieved,  
Love revealed and brought us near.

3 Now we see in Christ's acceptance  
But the measure of our own;  
Him who lay beneath our sentence,  
Seated high upon the throne.

4 Quickened, raised, and in Him seated;  
We a full deliverance know;  
Every foe has been defeated,  
Every enemy laid low.

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

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

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**473 St. Petersburg 8.8.8.8.8.**

Anon.

D. S. Bortniansky, 1752-1825

OUR God and Father, Thou hast made  
In grace our fellowship with Thee,  
And with Thy Son, our holy Lord,  
Who bled for us upon the tree:  
This privilege is all divine,  
This way of love is wholly Thine.

2 By Thine own Spirit Thou hast given  
Thy children in Thy Son to find  
Their lasting joy, their heart's delight,  
Their satisfaction for the mind:  
We love to speak His praises forth  
And tell to Thee His matchless worth.

3 The Blessed One is Thine own Son,  
His life on earth an offering sweet,  
His death rich sacrifice to Thee,  
His present service – how complete!  
God and the Lamb we now adore;  
To both be glory evermore.

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**474 West View 7.6.7.6.**

P. Gerhardt

Anon.

OUR God is our salvation,  
Our refuge in distress;  
What earthly tribulation  
Can shake our steadfast peace?

2 The ground of our profession  
Is Jesus and His blood:  
He gives us the possession  
Of everlasting good.

3 We know no condemnation,  
No law that speaks despair:  
And Satan's accusation,  
With Christ, we need not fear.

4 For us there is provided  
A city fair in view,  
To it we shall be guided,  
Jerusalem the new.

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

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

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

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**475 Lloyd C.M.**

Anon.

C. Howard, 1856-1927

OUR tongues must spread the Saviour's fame,  
Whose grace we daily prove,  
For since our souls have known His name  
His banner has been – Love.

2 When walking in the paths of sin,  
We far from Him did rove,  
By sweet constraint He drew us in,  
And waved His banner – Love.

3 He spread the banquet, made us eat,  
Bid all our fears remove;  
Yea, o'er our guilty rebel heads  
He placed His banner – Love.

4 When careless of His rich repast  
We've sought, alas, to rove,  
He has recalled His faithless guest,  
And raised His banner – Love.

5 In every conflict we sustain  
Our enemies shall prove,  
Through Him the victory we obtain  
Beneath His banner – Love.

6 And when He calls us home at length  
To feast with Him above,  
Through all eternity we'll sing  
His never-changing love.

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**476 Acclaim 8.8.8.5.**

T. Kelly

Traditional German Melody

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him,  
Who can tell how much we owe Him?  
Gladly let us render to Him  
All we have and are.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us;  
He for conflict fits and arms us;  
Nothing moves and nothing harms us  
While we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;  
He is faithful, changing never;  
Neither force nor guile can sever  
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleaving  
To Thyself and still believing,  
Till the hour of our receiving  
Promised joys with Thee!

5 Then we shall be where we would be;  
Then we shall be what we should be;  
Things that are not now nor could be  
Soon shall be our own.

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**477 Neander 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

Miss C. H. von Poseck

J. Neander, 1650-1680

RISEN Christ, our souls adore Thee:  
Thou hast left the silent grave;  
Death and Hades quail before Thee,  
Thou art mighty now to save:  
Glory, glory, we adore Thee,  
And the Victor's banner wave.

2 Risen Lord, Thou now art seated  
On the Father's throne on high:  
God the place supreme has meted  
To the One who came to die:  
All completed, hell defeated,  
Glory, glory, Lord, we cry.

3 Risen Saviour, past for ever  
Is Thine hour of untold woe:  
We rejoicing in Thy favour  
Share Thy blissful triumph now:  
Risen Saviour, now and ever  
At Thy glorious feet we bow.

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**478 Zion P.M.**

W. Kelly

T. Hastings, 1784-1872

SAVIOUR, though the world despised Thee,  
All God's angels to Thee bow;  
And the Father's glory raised Thee,  
When man's hatred laid Thee low;  
Lord of glory,  
Blessed evermore art Thou.

2 In that hour of shame unbounded,  
When Thine own in terror fled,  
When God's plans seemed all confounded  
In Thee on the tree seen dead,  
Then, blest Saviour,  
Was the great atonement made.

3 Oh, for grace to share Thy sorrow  
Where Thou, Lord, wast crucified!  
While we wait the cloudless morrow  
When Thou reignest glorified;  
Thy confessors,  
Now Thy body, then Thy bride.

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**479 Till He Come 8.7.8.7.7.7.**

T. Kelly

L. Mason, 1792-1872

SOFT the voice of mercy sounded,  
Sweet as music to the ear;  
Grace abounds where sin abounded,  
This the word that soothed our fear;  
Grace, the sweetest sound we know,  
Grace to sinners here below.

2 Grace we sing, God's grace through Jesus;  
Grace, the spring of peace to man;  
Grace, that from each sorrow frees us;  
Grace, too high for thought to scan;  
Grace, the theme of God's own love;  
Grace, the theme all themes above.

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**480    Trentham    S.M.**

Miss H. K. Burlingham

R. Jackson, 1842-1914

'TIS not far off – the hour  
When Christ will claim His own!  
We soon shall hear that voice of power,  
The Lord Himself shall come.

2 The days are passing by;  
The years flow on apace;  
Lord Jesus! Thy return draws nigh;  
We long to see Thy face.

3 Eternal in the heavens,  
Is our prepared abode –  
Radiant and pure, in light divine,  
The building of our God.

4 Then rest, divinely sweet,  
Our pilgrim feet shall know;  
And through that blest eternity  
What tides of praise shall flow!

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

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**481 Nottingham C.M.**

Anon.

J. Clark, c. 1659-1707

THE light of life we see Thee now,  
Lord Jesus, where Thou art;  
Glory and honour crown Thy brow;  
Our names are on Thy heart.

2 The broken loaf, the cup we share,  
Thy flesh, Thy blood, express;  
Thy body, Lord, discerning there,  
Thy precious name we bless.

3 Our thanks to God, Thy God and ours,  
With heart and voice we give,  
Thy Father praise with all our powers,  
Because through Thee we live.

4 Called in one body to declare  
Our fellowship with Thee,  
Lord, Thy rejection we would share  
Till we Thy glory see.

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**482 Nicolai P.M.**

Philip Nicolai (1556-1608)

Also tune by P. Nicolai.

THE Father, from eternity,  
Chose us, O Jesus Christ, in Thee,  
In Thee, His well-beloved;  
And we, as given to Thee – Thy bride,  
In Thee, Lord Jesus, can confide:  
Thy love remains unmoved.  
From Thee daily  
Strength receiving – to Thee cleaving,  
Blessed Jesus!  
May we all show forth Thy praises.

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

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**483 National Hymn 10s.**

William Patton Mackay (1839-1885)

G. W. Warren, 1828-1902

THE Lord is risen: the Red Sea's judgment flood  
Is passed in Him, who bought us with His blood.  
The Lord is risen: we stand beyond the doom  
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.

2 The Lord is risen: with Him we also rose,  
And in His grave see vanquished all our foes.  
The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment-land,  
In Him, in resurrection life we stand.

3 The Lord is risen: redeemed now to God,  
We tread the desert which His feet have trod.  
The Lord is risen: the sanctuary's our place,  
Where now we dwell before the Father's face.

4 The Lord is risen: the Lord is gone before,  
We long to see Him, and to sin no more.  
The Lord is risen: our triumph-shout shall be,  
"Thou hast prevailed. Thy people, Lord, are free".

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**484 Summerfield S.M.**

G. W. Frazer

Anon.

"THIS do, remember Me":  
O blessed, living Lord,  
What depths of grace we now can trace  
In that most precious word!

2 "This do, remember Me":  
Oh, deep desire of love  
As round Thy soul those waves did roll  
Of wrath from God above.

3 "This do, remember Me":  
Oh, what a savour sweet  
To God above! to man what love  
Is in Thy work complete!

4 Now gathered round Thee here  
With heart and conscience free,  
O Lord, once dead, whose blood was shed,  
We do remember Thee.

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**485 St. Theodulph**

**7.6.7.6.D.**

G. W. Frazer

M. Teschner, 1584-1635

THOU art the First, Lord Jesus,  
And so Thou art the Last;  
Thou fillest all the future,  
The present, and the past;  
The Alpha, the Beginning,  
The Omega, the End;  
Once dead, alive for ever,  
To whom each knee shall bend.

2 Thou brightness of the glory  
Which eye hath never seen!  
Thou never hadst beginning,  
Eternal Thou hast been;  
Thou art the perfect Image  
Of God Invisible,  
In light which none approacheth,  
In love which none can tell.

3 First-born of all creation  
Upon the eternal throne!  
Pre-eminent in all things,  
The universe Thine own!  
Of everything Creator,  
By whom all things subsist!  
All praise to Thee, Lord Jesus,  
From all that doth exist!

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**486 Mendon L.M.**

Sir E. Denny

Traditional German Melody arr. by S. Dyer, 1785-1835

'TIS finished all – our souls to win  
His life the blessed Jesus gave,  
And having borne our guilt and sin,  
He rose triumphant from the grave.

2 Past suffering now, the tender heart  
Of Jesus on His Father's throne  
Still in our sorrow bears a part,  
And feels it as He felt His own.

3 Sweet thought! we have a Friend above  
Our feeble faltering steps to guide,  
Who follows with the eye of love  
The little flock for which He died.

4 Lord Jesus, teach us more and more  
On Thee alone to cast our care,  
And, gazing on Thy cross, adore  
The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.

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**487 Clayton West 7s.**

A. Midlane

Anon.

SWEET the theme of Jesus' love!  
Sweet that theme all themes above;  
Love, unmerited and free,  
Our triumphant song shall be.

2 Love so vast that nought can bound,  
Love too deep for thought to sound,  
Love which brought the Lord of all  
To the wormwood and the gall.

3 Love which led Him to the cross,  
Bearing there unmeasured loss;  
Love which brought Him to the gloom  
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

4 Love which made Him hence arise  
Far above the starry skies;  
There, with tender, loving care,  
All His people's griefs to share.

5 Jesus, Lord, accept our praise;  
Now our hearts to Thee we raise,  
Though we know Thy boundless love  
Earthly praise is far above.

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**488 Grafenberg C.M.**

Sir E. Denny

J. Cruger, 1598-1662

'TIS past, the dark and dreary night:  
And, Lord, we hail Thee now,  
The Morning Star, without a cloud  
Of sadness on Thy brow.

2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,  
Thy sorrows all are o'er,  
And, oh, sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep,  
Thy heart shall break no more.

3 Deep were those sorrows, deeper still  
The love that brought Thee low,  
That bade the streams of life from Thee,  
A lifeless victim, flow.

4 Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,  
That pure and cleansing flood  
Speaks peace to every heart that knows  
The virtues of Thy blood.

5 Yet 'tis not that we know the joy  
Of cancelled sin alone,  
But, happier far, Thy saints are called  
To share Thy glorious throne.

6 Yes, when the storm of life is calmed,  
The dreary desert past,  
Our way-worn hearts shall find in Thee  
Their full repose at last.

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**489 Coventry C.M.**  
Sir E. Denny  
Adapted

TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
Our grateful souls repair,  
To dwell upon Thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.

2 There through Thine hour of deepest woe  
Thy suffering spirit passed;  
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,  
And love endured its last.

3 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
The crown of glory now.

4 O Saviour, linger not but come,  
Responsive to our call;  
Come, claim Thy kingly power and reign,  
The Heir and Lord of all.

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**490 Palestrina 8.8.8.4.**

Sir John Bowring (1792-1872)

G. P. Palestrina, arr. by W. H. Monk, 1823-1889

WE cannot always trace the way  
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move;  
But we can always surely say,  
That God is love.

2 If fear its gloomy cloud should fling  
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,  
As to their sanctuary, spring,  
For God is love.

3 When clouds hang o'er our darkened path,  
We'll check our dread, each doubt reprove;  
For here each saint sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

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

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**491    Celeste                    8.8.8.8. Dactylic**

Anon.

"Lancashire Sunday School Songs" 1857

WE praise Thee, our Father and God,  
For the Son that came down from the throne,  
For Thy Spirit that Thou hast bestowed  
To tell us what Jesus has done.

2 We praise Thee that once He appeared  
To put sin for ever away  
By Himself, as the Victim that bled  
For us who had all gone astray.

3 We praise Thee His work is complete,  
And He has been raised by Thy hand,  
While in righteousness Thee we can meet,  
And accepted before Thee we stand.

4 We praise Thee that now by His blood  
He has entered for us into heaven  
To appear in the presence of God,  
Since the veil by Thy hand has been riven.

5 We praise Thee that Jesus is near,  
That He in His glory will come;  
For salvation He soon will appear,  
His waiting ones all gathered home.

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**492 Maitland C.M.**

E. L. Bevir

G. N. Allen, 1812-1877

WE seek the things that are above,  
Beyond this earth and sky,  
Whence, Lord, Thou lookest down in love  
From God's right hand on high.

2 In yon refulgent realms of light  
Our part, our life we see;  
Thou art the Father's own delight,  
And we are graced in Thee.

3 Our hidden life in God art Thou,  
But soon Thou shalt appear,  
In radiant bliss shall every brow  
Thy glorious image bear.

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**493 Hymn to Joy 8.7.8.7.D.**

J. G. Arcus

Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827

HOLY Father, here before Thee,  
See Thy children humbly bow,  
Seeking for Thy marriage blessing,  
That alone can seal the vow:  
May they know that mystic union,  
Once, of old, ordained by Thee,  
Still reserved for Thy redeemed ones,  
Who have been to Calvary.

2 Saviour, as at Cana's wedding,  
Thou didst water change to wine,  
Turn their bridal cup of gladness  
To an holy draught of Thine;  
May the sacred ties of marriage  
In their lives be ever seen,  
And, their home, Thy love reflecting,  
Witness Thou art Head supreme.

3 May they know the constant guidance  
Of Thy Spirit through Thy Word,  
And, by Thy rich grace sufficient,  
Both walk worthy of their Lord;  
And, throughout life's earthly journey,  
Strong in faith and hope and love,  
Serve Thee with Thy love constraining,  
Till they reach that home above.

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**494 O Perfect Love 10s.**

Norman Anderson (1907-1986)

J. Barnby, 1838-1896

LORD, in Thy grace and truth our souls delight,  
As here in holy wedlock we unite,  
Whilst humbly at Thy holy feet we bow,  
And crave Thy blessing on our marriage vow.

2 Be Thou our constant guide throughout the days,  
Help us to honour Thee in all our ways,  
Blessing us ever, Lord, as man and wife,  
And heirs together of the grace of life.

3 May grace and holiness e'er mark our home,  
Which we would sanctify before Thy throne,  
Make it for Thee, a Bethany, O Lord,  
Witness and worship may it e'er afford.

4 Should trial come and sore oppress our way,  
Then may we find in Thee our ready stay,  
Trusting in Thee whate'er may intervene,  
Proving Thy faithful love – more brightly seen.

5 And when at length the evening shadows fall,  
Be this the sweetest memory we recall,  
That from the outset of our nuptial day,  
Thy love and grace have kept us all the way.

6 That way shall bring us to the "Perfect Day"  
When over all, Thou shalt have fullest sway,  
When, clad in garments spotless, by Thy side,  
We'll share the "lasting portion of Thy bride".

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**495 To God be the Glory 11s. Irreg.**

W. A. Lickley

W. H. Donnie, 1832-1916

OUR God and our Father, we come to Thee now  
In the name of our Saviour, most humbly to bow,  
For Thy servants who've gone forth, to serve far away,  
And pray for their safety and blessing today.

2 With deep supplication, in the Spirit we ask  
For Thy guidance and blessing, on their every task,  
That with boldness of utterance, Thy Word may resound  
And the gospel go forth, with a glad joyful sound.

3 Help them to be fruitful in service and life,  
And keep them abiding and free from all strife,  
That they may be blameless and harmless each day  
And hold forth the Word of life, brightly always.

4 Let them fight a good fight, and run a straight course,  
Keep true to the Faith and proclaim it with force,  
Let the Word of Christ richly in them always dwell,  
And give them Thy peace, as the umpire as well.

5 As we strive thus together, in prayer now for them,  
We ask Thee to keep them from ungodly men.  
Let their service be always accepted by saints,  
And Thy Word have free course, without let or restraints

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**496 Melbourne 8.7.8.7.8.7.**

T. Kelly (vv. 1-3 updated)

W L Viner, 1790-1867

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them,  
Safely through land, sea, and air,  
Go before them, guide, and lead them,  
In their journeys everywhere.  
Be Thou with them;  
We commit them to Thy care.

2 Friend and home and all forsaking,  
They have gone at Thy command,  
As their stay, Thy promise taking;  
Grant them always from Thy hand,  
Strength and wisdom;  
Help them faithfully to stand.

3 Send them forth at Thy direction,  
To the places of Thy choice,  
Yielding in complete subjection,  
Listening only to Thy voice;  
Bless and use them,  
In Thy service to rejoice.

4 Should no fruit appear to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain;  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humble be;  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in heaven they see.

6 There to reap in joy for ever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him who never  
Ceases to preserve His own,  
And with gladness  
Give the praise to Him alone.

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497    **Rhodes**                    **S.M.**

J. Kent

C. W. Jordan, 1840-1909

WHAT cheering words are these!  
Their sweetness who can tell?  
In time and to eternal days –  
" 'Tis with believers well!"

2 In every state secure,  
Watched by the Saviour's eye,  
'Tis well with them should life endure,  
And well if called to die.

3 Well in affliction's ways,  
Or on the mount with God;  
Well when they joy, and sing, and praise,  
Or buffet with the flood.

4 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
Or darkness seems to veil the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.

5 'Tis well when on the mount,  
They feast and joy in love;  
And 'tis as well, in God's account,  
When they the furnace prove.

6 But above all, how well  
When Jesus speaks the word,  
And, at the trumpet's sounding swell,  
They rise to meet their Lord!

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**498    Repos Eternal            P.M. (6.7.6.6.D.)**

H. L. Rossier

Arr. by R. L. Haslup

PERFECT eternal rest –  
Ever to serve, adore Thee!  
During the endless day,  
Thee, Lord, Thy saints shall praise;  
Rapt, in mute ecstasy,  
Casting their crowns before Thee,  
Prone at Thy feet they fall,  
Anthems of joy to raise.

2 Thee shall we contemplate –  
Gaze on Thy face adoring,  
Saviour and Bridegroom – Lord,  
Beauty Supreme above!  
Sounding the soundless depths,  
Measureless heights exploring –  
Heights of Thy peerless grace,  
Depths of Thy boundless love!

3 Jesus from Thee alone  
Borrowing light transcendent –  
Sun, Thou, of Righteousness,  
Lending Thy lustrous rays –  
Radiant, Thy bride shall wear,  
Through the long age resplendent,  
Glory immaculate –  
Thine own perfection's blaze.

4 Us wilt Thou contemplate –  
Pearl of Thy heart's deep longing,  
Travail of Thy lone soul,  
Fruit of Thy wondrous cross!  
Then wilt Thou rest in love!  
Thou wilt rejoice in singing, –  
Rest in triumphant love,  
Singing for joy o'er us.

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**499 St. Aidan 8.8.4.8.8.4.**

Miss S. M. Walker (1848-1918)

Adapted from "St. Aidan"

O WONDROUS Saviour! Jesus, Lord,  
Worthy alone to be adored,  
We worship Thee!  
Thou holy, spotless Son of God,  
To Thee the incarnate living Word,  
All glory be.

2 In Thee all human graces blend,  
And to Thy Father e'er ascend,  
As incense rare;  
Fragrant to Him Thou ever art,  
Source of rejoicing to His heart,  
Most sweet and fair.

3 Fairer than all the sons of men,  
Beyond all praise of tongue or pen,  
Thou peerless One!  
In grace, in patient tenderness,  
In truth, in holy faithfulness,  
Thine equal – none!

4 Matchless, incomparable, divine! –  
In Jesus all perfections shine –  
Oh, blessed Name!  
How shall we tell its worth abroad,  
How tell the praises of our Lord,  
Or spread His fame?

5 This, this shall be our endless theme,  
When glorified we share with Him  
The Father's home.  
And see in blessed wondrous grace  
Our God revealed in Jesus' face,  
Lord Jesus, come!

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**500    Repose            6.5.6.5.D.**  
Caroline Maria Noel (1817-1877)  
Anon.

AT the name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.

2 Name Him, brothers, name Him,  
With love strong as death,  
But with awe and wonder,  
And with bated breath;  
He is God the Saviour,  
He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped,  
Trusted and adored.

3 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.

4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

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