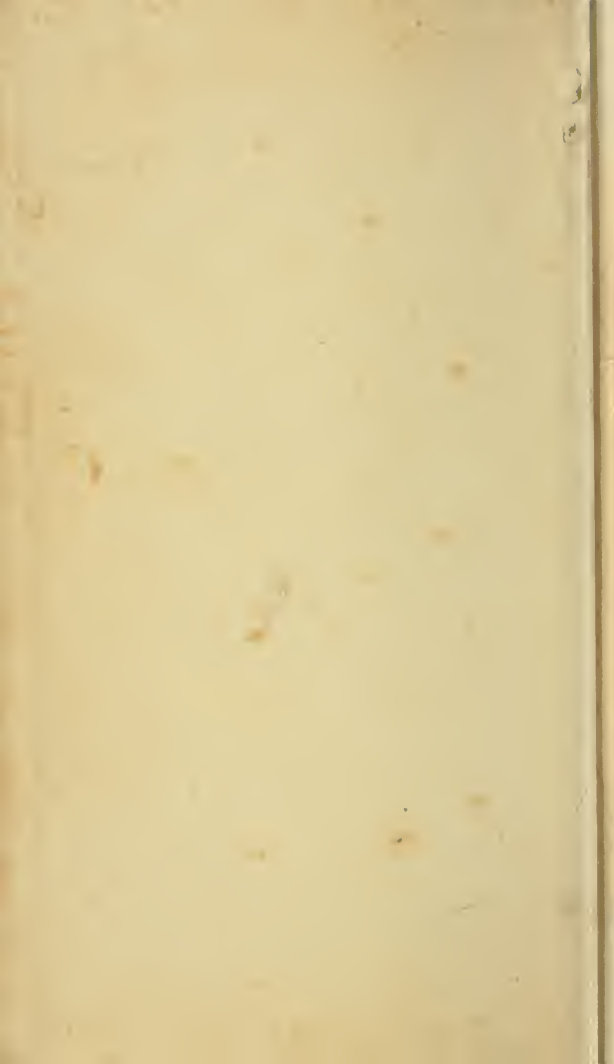


W. H. B. DUBOIS

NEW CHURCH HYMNS

W. H. B. DUBOIS

California  
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Rev. Robert A. Lundy  
1145 The Alameda, Apt. 9  
Belmont, Calif. 94002

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*Robert A. Lundy*

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7 Great Marlborough Street  
Church

# METHODIST FREE CHURCH

## H Y M N S.

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☉ sing unto the Lord a new song.—*Psalm xcvi. 1.*

Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—*Ephesians v. 18, 19.*

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London:

ANDREW CROMBIE,

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES' BOOK ROOM,  
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1889.

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## PREFACE.

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BY a resolution of the Annual Assembly of 1884, it was decided that a hymn-book should be prepared to replace the one which has been used by the United Methodist Free Churches since 1860, and a Committee was appointed to give effect to the resolution. Several reasons made a new compilation desirable. The first was that, in recent years, many hymns have been published, whose fervour and poetic power have won the approval and acceptance of nearly all sections of the Christian Church. Other reasons were, the imperfect classification of the hymns in the book hitherto in use, and the fact that a considerable number of them had become obsolete, owing to their want of adaptation for public worship.

To introduce into the new volume the principal hymns that have enriched the literature and worship of the present day, and to avoid too large a compilation, it was necessary to consider well which of the hymns in the old collection should be omitted from the new. The Committee approached this part of its duty with no small anxiety, and has endeavoured to execute it with the greatest care. The object kept continually in view was to omit no hymn that had become familiar by use, or that, by other associations, had endeared itself to our Churches. In a few cases hymns that otherwise would have been excluded have on this account been retained. Archaic words or phrases in some of the hymns of the former book have been altered; and hymns that were too long have been shortened by the omission of one or two of the weaker verses, so that each hymn may be sung through without inconvenience.

In the selection of new hymns the compilers have spared no effort in searching for the best, the most poetical, but before all, the most spiritual of the productions of the poets of our own and other lands. No collection of hymns or sacred songs of any repute has escaped attention.

The principle which guided the Committee in the compilation of the book was to fulfil in the highest degree the purpose and conditions of Divine worship, and to afford fitting means for the outpouring of the heart in prayer, the up-lifting of the soul to nobler aims, holier aspirations and fuller consecration, and the realisation, through sacred song, of communion and fellowship with God.

Not less earnestly has the Committee endeavoured, in the inclusion of new hymns, to provide for the glad and grateful expression of praise. It is still, it will always be 'a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.' In all ages praise has been the universal language of the children of God, and He reveals Himself in response, when they draw nigh to Him with songs of thanksgiving. Thus, at the dedication of the temple, 'when they lifted up their voices,' 'the glory of the Lord filled the House of God;' and 'the great multitude which no man can number,' with 'the voice of many waters,' sing the new song 'unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'

The compilers have also striven, by the choice of suitable hymns, and through the classification and arrangement of the whole book, to stimulate the manifestation of practical Christianity, and to supply a medium for the devout utterance of the varied emotions and experiences of the Christian life. Many hymns are comprised, that, to those who are afflicted, and to those in suffering and sorrow, will be full of consolation, and will be welcome 'as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

## PREFACE.

An Evangelistic section for Mission Services, and a section for Travellers by Land and Sea, as well as one adapted to Services for the Young at times when the Sunday School Book cannot be used, have been provided, as have also sections for other special services and occasions. Indices of first lines, of authors' names and dates, of texts and subjects illustrated by the hymns, of hymns classified under one section but also suitable for others, or for use at special meetings or services, are appended to all but the cheaper editions. These indices make the contents of the book most easy of reference.

The thanks of the Committee are sincerely tendered to the authors and also to the publishers whose names are given below, for permitting, either without charge, or by purchase, the insertion in this book of original or of copyright hymns. Some hymns—the number is but small—that would also have been inserted, have had to be excluded because the right of publication could not be secured. The Committee has laboured diligently to ensure, as far as practicable, accuracy of versions and of authors' names and dates, and has had the advantage of passing this part of its work under the revision of Mr. W. T. Brooke, who is one of the foremost authorities on hymnology.

The compilers cannot expect to escape criticism; but those who judge of the book from outside the pale of Methodism, and who may be disposed to object to the retention of some hymns which, in their opinion, might have been spared, are reminded that this is a Methodist hymnal, prepared for Methodists who hold, in the main, those views of Christian truth and practice expounded by John Wesley.

From 'the thousand-voiced heart of the Church,' the hymns comprised in this collection have sprung. Though they have originated from minds whose doctrinal beliefs are wide asunder, they are animated by a catholicity of thought and love for the great verities of the Christian religion that have rejoiced and cheered the members of the Committee in their work, and have also strengthened the hope and intensified the prayer for the coming of that time when the whole Christian Church shall 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'

RALPH ABERCROMBIE  
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*April, 1889.*

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*Sick Room* : 30, 32, 90, 126, 189, 219, 229, 271, 274, 277, 503, 517-560, 774, 776, 781, 797, 952, 953.  
*Social Meetings* : 17, 21, 31, 200, 652, 653, 660, 666.  
*Sunday-school Anniversaries* : 169, 562, 569, 573, 662, 679, 858, 914, 916-926, 930, 931, 935-938, 940, 942, 982, 1038.  
*Teachers' Meetings* : 504, 644, 646, 652, 662, 905-908, 910.  
*Temperance Meetings* : 644, 645, 662, 664, 955-960.  
*Thank Offerings* : 336, 435, 439, 444, 638, 643, 645.  
*Watch Night Services* : 12, 24, 35, 487, 510, 521, 537, 587, 665, 742-745, 750, 751, 753-755, 764, 768, 771, 843.  
*Week Day Services* : 221, 267, 436, 437, 502, 570, 601, 630, 644, 646, 648, 652, 658-661, 669-671, 717.  
*Whitsuntide* : 129, 130, 132-139, 144, 149, 154-159, 464, 932.  
*Young, Services for the* : 21, 29, 48, 51, 64, 67, 71, 74, 82, 103, 110, 111, 122, 125, 130, 134, 156, 159, 174, 176, 178, 179, 182, 184, 186, 192, 194, 195, 197, 198, 200, 210, 221, 223, 252, 255, 256, 259, 261, 269, 271-273, 275, 277, 279-281, 281, 290, 291, 294, 311, 316, 317, 331, 333, 339, 349, 351, 359, 364, 406, 407, 416, 419, 426, 429, 430, 437, 440, 449, 452, 461, 466, 487, 491, 492, 513, 516, 537, 541, 542, 545, 548, 562, 569, 573, 578, 584, 614, 618, 623, 627, 644, 652, 658, 662, 685, 749, 751, 752, 770, 776, 782, 785, 790, 793, 799, 805, 809, 811, 815, 824, 825, 831, 832, 838, 839, 842, 843, 845, 846-860, 880, 912-944, 959



# METHODIST FREE CHURCH HYMNS.

## God the Father.

### HIS NATURE AND PERFECTIONS.

- 1 *The whole earth is full of His glory.*  
Isaiah vi. 3. L.M.
- E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds!
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too!  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,  
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name;  
But, O! the glories of Thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few!  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.  
*Isaac Watts. 1706.*
- 2 *Let them praise Thy great and terrible  
name; for it is holy.*—Psalm xcix. 3. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.
- G**OD the Lord is King! before Him,  
Earth, with all thy nations, wait!  
Where the cherubim adore Him,  
Sitteth He in royal state:  
He is Holy:  
Bless'd, only Potentate!
- 2 God the Lord is King of Glory!  
Zion, tell the world His fame;  
Ancient Israel, the story  
Of His faithfulness proclaim!  
He is Holy:  
Holy is His awful name!
- 3 In old times when dangers darkened,  
When, invoked by priest and seer,  
To His people's cry He hearkened,  
Answered them in all their fear;  
He is Holy:  
As they called, they found Him near.
- 4 Laws divine to them were spoken  
From the pillar of the cloud;  
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!  
Fiercely then His vengeance flow'd:  
He is Holy:  
To the dust their hearts were bow'd.
- 5 But their Father, God, forgave them  
When they sought His face once more,  
Ever ready was to save them,  
Tenderly did He restore:  
He is Holy:  
We, too, will His grace implore.
- 6 God in Christ is all-forgiving,  
Waits His mercy to fulfil;  
Come, exalt Him, all the living;  
Come, ascend His Zion still!  
He is Holy:  
Worship at His holy hill!  
*George Rawson. 1857.*
- 3 *Your life is hid with Christ in God.*  
Colossians iii. 3. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.
- L**ORD GOD, by whom all change is  
wrought,  
By whom new things to birth are brought,  
In whom no change is known!  
Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,  
Thy people still in Thee have part;  
Still, still Thou art our own.
- 2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in Thee;  
Out of Thine own eternity  
Our peace and joy are wrought;  
We rest in our eternal God,  
And make secure and sweet abode  
With Thee, who changest not.

GOD THE FATHER.

3 Each steadfast promise we possess ;  
Thine everlasting truth we bless,  
Thine everlasting love ;  
The unfailing Helper close we clasp,  
The everlasting arms we grasp,  
Nor from the refuge move.

4 Spirit who makest all things new,  
Thou ledest onward ; we pursue  
The heavenly march sublime.  
'Neath Thy renewing fire we glow,  
And still from strength to strength we go,  
From height to height we climb.

5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,  
New light, new glory still we find,  
New realms divine possess :  
New births of grace new raptures bring ;  
Triumphant, the new song we sing,  
The great Renewer bless.

6 To Thee we rise, in Thee we rest ;  
We stay at home, we go in quest,  
Still Thou art our abode.  
The rapture swells, the wonder grows  
As full on us new life still flows  
From our unchanging God.

*Thomas H. Gill. 1869.*

4 *O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He  
is good.*—Psalm cxviii. 1. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed Sea !  
Who would not give his heart to Thee,  
Who would not love Thee with His might ?  
O Jesus, Lover of mankind !  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays :  
Before the insufferable blaze  
Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;  
Yet, free as air Thy bounty streams  
On all Thy works ; Thy mercy's beams  
Diffusive, as Thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,  
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars  
Terrible majesty is Thine ! [bow ;  
Who then can that vast love express,  
Which bows Thee down to me, who less  
Than nothing am, till Thou art mine !

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,  
In number, weight, and measure still  
Thou sweetly orderest all that is :  
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,  
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee  
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

5 Fountain of good, all blessing flows  
From Thee : no want Thy fulness knows :  
What but Thyself canst Thou desire ?  
Yet, self-sufficient, as Thou art,  
Thou dost desire my worthless heart :  
This, only this, dost Thou require.

6 O God, of good the unfathomed Sea !  
Who would not give his heart to Thee,  
Who would not love Thee with his  
might ?

O Jesus, Lover of mankind !  
Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

*John Scheffler. 1657.  
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

5 *Awake up, my glory.*—Psalm lvii. 8. 4.4.6.4.4.6.

MY God, my King,  
Thy praise I'll sing,  
My heart is all Thine own :  
My highest powers,  
My choicest hours,  
I yield to Thee alone.

2 My voice, awake,  
Thy part to take,  
My soul, the concert join ;  
Till all around  
Shall catch the sound,  
And mix their hymns with mine.

3 But man is weak  
Thy praise to speak ;  
Your God, ye angels, sing ;  
'Tis yours to see,  
More near than we,  
The glories of our King.

4 His truth and grace  
Fill time and space,  
As large His honours be ;  
Till all that live  
Their homage give,  
And praise my God with me. Amen.  
*H. F. Lyte. 1834.*

6 *Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness,  
fearful in praises, doing wonders !* I.M.  
Exodus xv. 11.

O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss !  
Thee to perfection who can know ?  
O height immense ! What words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show ?

2 Unfathomable depths Thou art ;  
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea !  
Void of true wisdom is my heart ;  
With love embrace, and cover me !

3 While Thee, all-infinite, I set  
By faith before my ravished eye,  
My weakness bends beneath the weight ;  
O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die !

4 Eternity Thy fountain was,  
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew ;  
Thou wast ere time began his race,  
Ere glowed with stars the ethereal blue.

HIS NATURE AND PERFECTIONS.

6 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,  
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,  
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall  
shine  
When earth and heaven are fled away.

6 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;  
It lives, and moves, and is from Thee.

*Ernst Lange.* 1711.  
*Tr. John Wesley.* 1737.

7 *L.M.*  
*By the word of the Lord were the  
heavens made.—Psalm xxxiii. 6.*

THY hand, O God, Thy forming skill,  
Firm fixed this universal chain;  
Else empty barren darkness still  
Had held its unmolested reign.

2 What'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns or meets the wandering  
thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By Thee was to perfection brought.

3 High is Thy power above all height,  
What'er Thy will decrees is done:  
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,  
Only to Thee, O God, is known.

4 Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,  
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway:  
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,  
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.

5 What our dim eye could never see  
Is plain and naked to Thy sight:  
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.

6 In light Thou dwell'st; light that no shade,  
No variation, ever knew:  
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all  
displayed  
And open to Thy piercing view.

*Ernst Lange.* 1711.  
*Tr. John Wesley.* 1737.

8 *L.M.*  
*Thou art God alone.  
Psalm lxxxvi. 10.*

THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth  
The immortal armies of the sky;  
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;  
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!

2 With downcast eye the angelic choir  
Appear before Thy awful face;  
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,  
And through heaven's vault resound Thy  
praise.

3 In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art;  
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,  
Whose forming hand on every part  
Impressed the image of Thy God.

4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone:  
Justice and truth before Thee stand:  
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,  
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.

5 Each evening shows Thy tender love,  
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace:  
Thy awakened wrath doth slowly move,  
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

6 To Thy benign, indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath we owe;  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From Thee, great Source of Being, flow.  
*Ernst Lange.* 1711.  
*Tr. John Wesley.* 1737.

9 *L.M.*  
*All that is in the heaven and in the  
earth is Thine.—1 Chron. xxix. 11.*

PARENT of Good, Thy bounteous hand  
Incessant blessings down distills,  
And all in air, or sea, or land,  
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 All things in Thee live, move, and are,  
Thy power infused doth all sustain:  
Even those Thy daily favours share,  
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.

3 Thy sun Thou bid'st his genial ray  
Alike on all impartial pour:  
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,  
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 Yet while, at length, who scorned Thy  
might  
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,  
Of those who to Thy love aspire!

5 All creatures praise the eternal Name:  
Ye hosts that to His court belong,  
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,  
Awake the everlasting song!

6 Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is Thine;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

*Ernst Lange.* 1711.  
*Tr. John Wesley.* 1737.

10 *S.G. S.8.6.*  
*God is Light.—1 John i. 5.*

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!  
How pure the soul must be,  
When, placed within Thy searching sight,  
It shrinks not, but with calm delight  
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne  
May bear the burning bliss;  
But that is surely theirs alone,  
Since they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this.

5 O! how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before the Ineffable appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
That uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode:—  
An offering and a sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An advocate with God:—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight  
Of holiness above:  
The sons of ignorance and night  
May dwell in the Eternal Light,  
Through the Eternal Love.

*Thomas Binney. d. 1874.*

11 *O Lord, Thou hast searched me,* C.M.  
*and known me.—Psalm cxxxix. 1.*

**I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,  
Before they're formed within;  
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within Thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love. Amen.  
*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

12 *Thou art the same, and Thy* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*years shall have no end.—Psalm cii. 27.*

**O** GOD, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:  
Before Thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations  
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die:

†

A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers quickly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail.  
On us Thy mercy lighten,  
On us Thy goodness rest,  
And let Thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour  
With beauty and with grace,  
Till clothed in light for ever,  
We see Thee face to face:  
A joy no language measures;  
A fountain brimming o'er;  
An endless flow of pleasures;  
An ocean without shore. Amen.  
*Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1853.*

13 *The Lord He is God; there is none* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*else beside Him.—Deut. iv. 35.*

**N**ONE else but Thee for evermore,  
One, All, we dread, believe, adore:  
Great earth and heaven shall have their  
day,  
And, worn and old, shall pass away,  
But Thou remainest on Thy throne,  
Eternal, changeless, and alone!

2 None else we praise! In every form,  
In peace of calm, and power of storm,  
In simple flower, and mystic star,  
In all around, and all afar,  
In grandeur, beauty, truth, but Thee  
None else we hear, none else we see.

3 None else we love! for sweeter grace  
That made anew a ruined race:  
The heirs of life, the lords of death,  
With earliest voice and latest breath,  
When days begin, when days are done,  
Bless we the Father for the Son.

4 None else we trust! though flesh may fall,  
Or heart may sink when foes assail,  
Thou, by Thy Spirit, art our stay,  
And peace that shall not pass away:  
None else in life and death have we,  
But we have all in all with Thee.

5 Yea, none but Thee all worlds confess,  
And those redeemed ones numberless:  
Father, with Son and Spirit, One,  
And evermore beside Thee none,  
Of all that is, has been, shall be,  
We praise, love, trust none else but Thee!  
Amen.

*Samuel J. Stone. 1865.*

HIS WORKS IN CREATION.

14 *It is good to sing praises unto our God.*—Psalm cxlviii. 1. L.M.

**P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in His praise:  
His nature and His works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames:  
He counts their numbers, calls their names  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt Him high,  
Who spreads His clouds along the sky;  
There He prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling hills with corn;  
The beasts with food His hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for Him.

6 But saints are lovely in His sight,  
He views His children with delight;  
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,  
He looks and loves His image there.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

15 *Whom have I in heaven but Thee?* 7.7.7.7. D.  
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

**L**ORD of earth! Thy forming hand  
Well this glorious frame hath  
planned;  
Woods that wave and hills that tower,  
Ocean rolling in its power;  
Yet, amid this scene so fair,  
Should I cease Thy smile to share,  
What were all its joys to me?  
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight  
Rolls a world of purer light;  
There, in love's eternal reign,  
Parted friends shall meet again;  
O that world is passing fair!  
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,  
What were all its joys to me?  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast  
Seeks in Thee its only rest:  
I was lost, Thy accents mild  
Homeward lured Thy wandering child:  
O shouldst once Thy smile divine  
Cease upon my soul to shine,  
What were heaven or earth to me?  
Whom have I in each but Thee?

*Sir R. Grant. d. 1838.*

16 *O come, let us sing unto the Lord.* S.M.  
Psalm xcv. 1.

**C**OME, sound His praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown:  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all His own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are His works, and not our own;  
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,  
Nor dare provoke His rod:  
Come, as the people of His choice,  
And own your gracious God.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

17 *Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things.* C.M.  
Isaiah xl. 26.

**T**HE God of nature and of grace  
In all His works appears;  
His goodness through the earth we trace,  
His grandeur in the spheres.

2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,  
By Him in wisdom planned;  
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,  
The ocean round the land.

3 Lift to the firmament your eye;  
Thither your path pursue;  
His glory, boundless as the sky,  
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

4 He bows the heavens,—the mountains  
stand  
A highway for their God;  
He walks amidst the desert-land,  
'Tis Eden where He trod.

5 The forests in His strength rejoice;  
Hark! on the evening breeze,  
As once of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.

6 In every stream His bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and health;  
In every breeze His Spirit blows,  
The breath of life and health.

7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.

8 If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound;  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found!

*James Montgomery. 1819.*

18 *The firmament showeth His handi-  
works.*—Psalm xix. 1. L.M.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display ;  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
The Hand that made us is divine.

*Joseph Addison.* 1712.

19 *The heavens declare the glory  
of God.*—Psalm xix. 1. L.M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,  
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And night and day, Thy power confess ;  
But the best volume Thou hast writ  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when Thy truth began its race,  
It touched, and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has  
run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly  
light :  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

20 *The Lord reigneth ; let the earth  
rejoice.*—Psalm xcvi. 1. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high ;  
The garments He assumes  
Are light and majesty :  
His glories shine with beams so bright  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of His hand  
Keep the wide world in awe ;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard His holy law ;  
And where His love resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all His mighty works  
Surprising wisdom shines,  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their dark designs  
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees, His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this sovereign King  
Of glory condescend ?  
And will He write His name,  
My Father and my Friend ?  
I love His name, I love His word ;  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord !  
Amen.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

21 *Every good gift . . . is from  
above.*—James i. 17. 7.7. 7.7. D.

HAPPY man whom God doth aid !  
God our souls and bodies made ;  
God on us, in gracious showers,  
Blessings every moment pours ;  
Compasses with angel-bands,  
Bids them bear us in their hands ;  
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed,  
Life, and all, descend from God.

- 2 He this flowery carpet spread,  
Made the earth on which we tread ;  
God refreshes in the air,  
Covers with the clothes we wear,  
Feeds us with the food we eat,  
Cheers us by His light and heat,  
Makes His sun on us to shine ;  
All our blessings are divine !
- 3 Give Him then, and ever give,  
Thanks for all that we receive !  
Man we for his kindness love,  
How much more our God above !  
Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,  
To be honoured and adored ;  
God of all-creating grace,  
Take the everlasting praise ! Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1729



22 *Great is the mystery of godliness.* C.M.  
1 Timothy iii. 16.

FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines !  
How high Thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thousand  
signs,  
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,  
Their motions speak Thy skill ;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read Thy patience still.

3 Part of Thy name divinely stands  
On all Thy creatures writ ;  
They show the labour of Thy hands,  
Or impress of Thy feet.

4 But when we view Thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where justice and compassion join  
In their divinest forms ;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
Ereft seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song !  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.  
*Isaac Watts. 1706.*

23 *The invisible things of Him from  
the creation of the world are  
clearly seen, being understood  
by the things that are made.* C.M.  
Romans i. 20.

THERE is a book who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

4 One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

*John Keble. 1827.*

HIS PROVIDENCE.

24 *He called the name of that place  
Bethel.—Genesis xxviii. 19.* C.M.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who, through this earthly pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led :

2 Our fervent prayers we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease ;  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,  
Thy mercy we implore ;  
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,  
Thy goodness we'll adore. Amen.

*Philip Doddridge. 1737.  
Alt. by J. Logan. 1781.*

25 *I will bless the Lord at all times ;  
His praise shall continually be  
in my mouth.—Psalm xxxiv. 1.* C.M.

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

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

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

GOD THE FATHER.

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

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

*Tate and Brady.* 1696.

26 7.7. 7.7

*Give us day by day  
our daily bread.*—Luk 3 xi. 3.

**D**AY by day the manna fell :  
O to learn this lesson well !  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day—the promise reads—  
Daily strength for daily needs ;  
Cast foreboding fears away,  
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand ;  
All my sanguine hopes have planned,  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give :  
Day by day to Thee I live :  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own—my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not ;  
Happy is my humble lot ;  
Anxious, busy cares away !  
I'm provided for to day.

6 O to live exempt from care  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude !

*Josiah Conder.* 1836.

27 C.M.

*Thy way is in the sea,  
Psaln lxxvii. 19.*

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-falling 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.

8

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.

*William Cowper.* 1774.

28 L.M.

*God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.*—Ps. xlvi. 1.

**G**OD is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold Him present with His aid !

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, Thy living word,  
Thus all our raging fear controls :  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against the threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on His truthfulness and power.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

29 L.M.

*O taste and see that the Lord  
is good.*—Ps. xxxiv. 8.

( ) **T**ASTE and see that He is good,  
The King of heaven, who reigns on  
high !  
His truth through ages firm hath stood,  
His mercy reaches to the sky.

2 Good in the sunshine and the shower,  
When summer skies are bright and  
warm ;  
Good, when the wintry tempests lower,  
Amidst the whirlwind and the storm.

3 O taste and see that He is good,  
The Lord of providence and grace !  
He calms the surges and the flood,  
And guards us from His holy place.



4 Good, when He smites, and when He heals,  
And when He gives, or takes away :  
Good, when His goodness He conceals,  
In sorrow's dark and cloudy day.

5 O taste and see that He is wise !  
Who chastens sore with grief and pain ;  
Then bids the light in darkness rise,  
To cheer the mourner's heart again.

6 O teach us, Lord ! to trust Thy love,  
To taste Thy goodness, and adore !  
In clearer light Thy saints above  
Shall see and praise Thee evermore.  
*T. R. Birks. 1874.*

30 *8.6. 8.6. 4.4. 8.8.*  
*Thy judgments are right.*  
*Psalm cxix. 75.*

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,  
His will is ever just ;  
Howe'er He order now my cause,  
I will be still and trust.  
He is my God,  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
He never will deceive ;  
He leads me by the proper path,  
And so to Him I cleave,  
And take content  
What He hath sent ;  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
He taketh thought for me,  
The cup that my Physician gives  
No poisoned draught can be,  
But medicine due ;  
For God is true,  
And on that changeless truth I build,  
And all my heart with hope is filled.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
Though I the cup must drink  
That bitter seems to my faint heart,  
I will not fear nor shrink ;  
Tears pass away  
With dawn of day,  
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow all depart.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;  
My Light, my Life is He,  
Who cannot will me aught but good ;  
I trust Him utterly ;  
For well I know,  
In joy or woe,  
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,  
How faithful was our Guardian here.

6 Whate'er my God ordains is right,  
Here will I take my stand ;  
Though sorrow, need, or death make  
earth

For me a desert land,  
My Father's care  
Is round me there,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to Him I leave it all.

*S. Rodigast. 1675.*  
*Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858*

31 *S.M.*  
*In all thy ways acknowledge Him,*  
*and He shall direct thy paths.*  
*Proverbs iii. 6.*

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To Him commend thy cause, His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve Thy night ;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.

7 When Thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall Thy work withstand ?  
Whate'er Thy children want, 'Thou giv'st ;  
Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

*Paul Gerhardt. 1659.*  
*Tr. John Wesley. 1830.*

32 *S.M.*  
*He hath done all things well.*  
*Mark vii. 37.*

THOU doest all things well,  
God only wise and true !  
My days and nights alternate tell  
Of mercies always new.

2 With daily toil oppressed,  
I sink in welcome sleep ;  
Or wake in darkness and unrest,  
Yet patient vigil keep.

3 Soon finds each fevered day,  
And each chill night, its bourne ;  
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,  
Ere rest, or light return.

4 But be the night-watch long,  
And sore the chastening rod.  
Thou art my health, my sun, my song,  
My glory, and my God!

5 Thy smiling face lights mine;  
If veiled it makes me sad;  
Even tears in darkness, starlike, shine,  
And morning finds me glad.

6 For weeping, wakeful eyes  
Instinctive look above,  
And catch, through openings in the skies,  
Thy beams, unslumbering Love!

7 Hours spent with pain—and Thee  
Lost hours have never seemed;  
No! those are lost, which but might be  
From earth for heaven redeemed.

8 Its limit, its relief,  
Its hallowed issues, tell,  
That, though Thou cause Thy servant grief,  
Thou doest all things well!

W. M. Bunting. 1870.

33 8.8.8.8.8.8.  
*He maketh me to lie down in green  
pastures.*—Psalm xxiii. 2.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

34 C.M.  
*The Lord is my shepherd, I shall  
not want.*—Ps. xxiii. 1.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

1)

2 My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Even for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

Francis Rous. 1650.

35 C.M.  
*I will offer to Thee the sacrifice  
of thanksgiving.*—Psalm cxvi. 17.

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 on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and  
deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be feared than they.

6 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise! Amen.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

36 L.M.  
*Ye are blessed of the Lord which  
maile heaven and earth.*—Psalm cxv. 15.

HOW do Thy mercies close me round!  
For ever be Thy name adored!  
I blush in all things to abound;  
The servant is above his Lord.

*HIS MERCY AND GRACE.*

- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led;  
The Son of God, the Son of Man,  
He had not where to lay His head.
- 3 But lo! a place He hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep;  
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard,  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!  
What can the Rock of Ages move?  
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,  
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While Thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,  
In time and in eternity;  
Thou never, never wilt forsake  
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.
- Westley. 1740.*

37 *Although the fig-tree shall not blossom . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord.*  
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. 7.6. 7.6. D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings:  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing in His wings.  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul, again,  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We gladly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may:
- 3 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit should bear;  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flock nor herd be there;

Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

*William Cowper. 1779.*

*HIS MERCY AND GRACE.*

38 *The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.*—Psaln ciii. 17. C.M.

BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,  
And wake my voice to sing  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad:  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the unchanging God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men:  
His hand hath writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the powers of darkness raise  
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,  
As that which build the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

6 How would my fainting heart rejoice  
To know Thy favour sure;  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

*Isaac Watts. 1707.*

39 *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.*—Psaln ciii. 13. L.M.

THE Lord, how wondrous are His ways!  
How firm His word, how large His  
grace!  
Goodness and truth surround His throne,  
And thence He makes His mercy known,

2 High as His mighty arm hath spread  
The starry heavens above our head,  
His bounteous love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Nor half so far hath nature placed  
The rising morning from the west,  
As His forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those He loves.

4 How slowly doth His wrath arise !  
On swifter wings salvation flies ;  
And if He bids His anger burn,  
How soon His frowns to pity turn !

5 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;  
And will no load on us impose  
Beyond the strength that He bestows.

6 For His eternal love is sure  
To all the saints, and shall endure ;  
From age to age His truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

40 *I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.—Psalm lxi. 4.* L.M.

FATHER! beneath Thy sheltering wing  
In sweet security we rest,  
And fear no evil earth can bring,  
In life, in death supremely blest.

2 For life is good, whose tidal flow  
The motions of Thy will obeys ;  
And death is good, that makes us know  
The Life divine, that all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,  
And so Thy perfect peace to win ;  
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,  
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this we ask no more,  
But trust the love that saves to guide :  
The grace that yields so rich a store,  
Will grant us all we need beside.

*W. H. Burleigh. 1864.*

41 *Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel our father, for ever and ever.* C.M.  
1 Chronicles xxix. 10.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,  
Our Father, God, and King !  
Thy sovereign goodness we record,  
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By Thee the victory is given ;  
The majesty divine,  
And strength, and might, and earth and  
heaven,  
And all therein, are Thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,  
Who dost Thy right maintain,  
And, high on Thine eternal throne,  
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,  
Thou dost, and honour, give ;  
And kings their power and dignity  
Out of Thy hand receive.

12

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,  
Thy greatness to proclaim ;  
And therefore now we thank our God,  
And praise Thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers  
Thou dost to us make known ;  
And all the Deity is ours,  
Through Thy incarnate Son.

*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

42 *Mighty to save.—Is. lxiii. 1.* 6.6.4. 6.6.4.

O STRONG to save and bless,  
My rock and righteousness,  
Draw near to me :  
Blessing and joy and might,  
Wisdom and love and light,  
Are all with Thee.

2 My refuge and my rest,  
As on a father's breast,  
I lean on Thee ;  
From faintness and from fear,  
When foes and ill are near,  
Deliver me.

3 O answer me, my God !  
Thy love is deep and broad,  
Thy grace is near :  
Comfort my soul at last,  
Bring righteousness, and cast  
Away all fear.

4 Descend, Thou mighty Love,  
Descend from heaven above,  
Fill Thou my soul ;  
Heal every bruised part,  
Bind up this broken heart,  
And make me whole. Amen.

*Horatius Bonar 1856.*

43 *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.* 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.  
Psalm xxxiv. 3.

GOOD Thou art, and good Thou dost,  
Thy mercies reach to all,  
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,  
And for Thy mercy call :  
New they every morning are ;  
As fathers when their children cry,  
Us Thou dost in pity spare,  
And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides ;  
Thy providence displayed,  
Still preserves, and still provides  
For all Thy hands have made ;  
Keeps with most distinguished care  
The man who on Thy love depends ;  
Watches every numbered hair,  
And all his steps attends.

3 Who can sound the depths unknown  
Of Thy redeeming grace?  
Grace, that gave Thine only Son  
To save a ruined race!  
Millions of transgressors poor  
Thou hast for Jesu's sake forgiven,  
Made them of Thy favour sure,  
And snatched from hell to heaven.

4 Millions more Thou ready art  
To save, and to forgive;  
Every soul and every heart  
Of man Thou wouldst receive:  
Father, now accept of mine,  
Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee;  
Tell me now, in love divine,  
That Thou hast pardoned me! Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1763.*

44 *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.* C.M.  
Romans xi. 33.

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

- 2 Yet more than all, and ever more,  
Should we Thy creatures bless—  
Most worshipful of attributes—  
Thine awful holiness.
- 3 There's not a craving in the mind,  
Thou dost not meet and still;  
There's not a wish the heart can have  
Which Thou dost not fulfil.
- 4 Thy justice is the blindest thing  
Creation can behold;  
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins  
The guilty to be bold.
- 5 All things that have been, all that are,  
All things that can be dreamed,  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed:
- 6 All these may draw upon Thy power,  
Thy mercy may command;  
And still outflows Thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.
- 7 O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

*F. W. Faber. 1849.*

45 *The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.* L.M.

I LORD of all Being! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star,  
Centre and soul of every sphere;  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy wakening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day:  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noon-tide is Thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
love:  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.  
Amen.  
*O'iver W. Holmes. 1843.*

46 *The love of God.—Jude 21.* C.M.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,  
A shoreless, boundless sea,  
Wherein at last our souls must fall;  
O Love of God most free.

- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,  
A soft hand blinds our eyes,  
And we are guided safe and slow;  
O Love of God most wise.
- 3 And though we turn us from Thy face  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace;  
O Love of God most strong.
- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind.
- 5 But not alone Thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win;  
We know Thee by a dearer name,  
O Love of God within.
- 6 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free,  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God! to Thee.  
*Eliza Scudder. 1864.*

47 *Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.—1 Chronicles xvi. 25.* 7.5. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.

THOU, the great, eternal Lord,  
Art high above our thought;  
Worthy to be feared, adored,  
By all Thy hands have wrought  
None can with Thyself compare;  
Thy glory fills both earth and sky;  
We, and all Thy creatures, are  
As nothing in Thine eye.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

2 Of Thy great unbounded power  
To Thee the praise we give,  
Infinitely great, and more  
Than heart can e'er conceive:  
When Thou wilt to work proceed,  
Thy purpose firm none can withstand,  
Frustrate the determined deed,  
Or stay the Almighty hand.

3 Thou, O God, art wise alone;  
Thy counsel doth excel;  
Wonderful Thy works we own,  
Thy ways unsearchable:  
Who can sound the mystery,  
Thy judgment's deep abyss explain?  
Thine, whose eyes in darkness see  
And search the heart of man!

Charles Wesley. 1763.

48 *O taste and see that the Lord is good.*—Psalm xxxiv. 8. C.M.D.

THE Lord is rich and cheerful,  
The Lord is very kind;  
O come to Him, come now to Him,  
With a believing mind.

His comforts they shall strengthen thee,  
Like flowing waters cool;  
And He shall for thy spirit be  
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong,  
Our God is very high;  
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,  
And have security.  
He shall be to thee like the sea,  
And thou shalt surely feel  
His wind, that bloweth healthily,  
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,  
As all the ages tell;  
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,  
Then with thee it is well.  
And with His light thou shalt be blest,  
Therein to work and live:  
And He shall be to thee a rest  
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch. 1855.

The Lord Jesus Christ.

HIS DIVINITY AND GLORY.

49 *He is Lord of all.*—Acts x. 36. C.M.

ALL hall the power of Jesu's name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall,  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.  
Edward Perronet. 1780. *Att.*  
Last verse J. Rippon. 1787.

50 *Unto Him that loved us . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*  
Revelation i. 5, 6. 6.6.8. 6.6.9.

MY heart and voice I raise,  
To spread Messiah's praise;  
Messiah's praise let all repeat—  
The universal Lord,  
By whose almighty word  
Creation rose in form complete.

2 A servant's form He wore,  
And in His body bore  
Our dreadful curse on Calvary:  
He like a victim stood,  
And poured His sacred blood,  
To set the guilty captives free.

3 But soon the Victor rose  
Triumphant o'er His foes,  
And led the vanquished host in chains;  
He threw their empire down,  
His foes compelled to own,  
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.



4 With mercy's mildest grace,  
He governs all our race  
In wisdom, righteousness, and love  
Who to Messiah fly  
Shall find redemption nigh,  
And all His great salvation prove.

5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!  
Thy kingdom shall increase,  
Till all the world Thy glory see,  
And righteousness abound,  
As the great deep profound,  
And fill the earth with purity! Amen.

*Benjamin Rhodes. 1806.*

51 *There is none other name under  
heaven given among men, whereby we must  
be saved.—Acts iv. 12.* 7.7. 7.7. D.

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

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

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

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

*Charles Wesley. 1742.*

52 *Blessed be His glorious name for  
ever.—Psalm lxxii. 19.* S.M.

I BLESS the Christ of God;  
I rest on love divine;  
And with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call the Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt:  
I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of grace;  
I trust His truth and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.

4 In Him is only good,  
In me is only ill;  
My ill but draws His goodness forth,  
And me He loveth still.

5 'Tis He who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives;  
I love because He loveth me,  
I live because He lives.

6 My life with Him is hid,  
My death has passed away,  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

*Horatius Bonar. 1863.*

53 *God hath made that same Jesus,  
whom ye have crucified, both Lord and  
Christ.—Acts ii. 36.* 7.7.7.7.

JESUS is our common Lord,  
He our loving Saviour is;  
By His death to life restored,  
Misery we exchange for bliss;

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,  
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!  
Only to believers known,  
Glorious and unspeakable!

3 Chr'ist, our Prother and our Friend,  
Shows us His eternal love:  
Never shall our triumphs end,  
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with Him in white,  
For our bridal day prepare,  
For our partnership in light,  
For our glorious meeting there!

*Wesley. 1742.*

54 *Though now ye see Him not, yet  
believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable.* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
1 Peter i. 8.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
O Name of might and favour,  
All other names above:  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee.  
To Thee alone we sing:  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King!

2 O Pringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought:  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing:  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King!

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine ;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine ;  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing :  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King !

4 O grant the consummation  
Of this our song above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love :  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee,  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King : Amen.

*Frances R. Havergal.* 1870.

55 *That was the true light, which  
lighteth every man that cometh into the  
world.—John i. 9.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

O ONE with God the Father  
In majesty and might,  
The brightness of His glory,  
Eternal Light of light :  
O'er this our home of darkness  
Thy rays are streaming now ;  
The shadows flee before Thee,  
The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly :  
O heavenly Light, arise,  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes !  
We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod ;  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us  
With radiance of Thy grace ;  
O Jesus, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face,  
We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of righteousness. Amen.

*Bishop W. W. How.* 1871.

56 *Thou art fairer than the children  
of men.—Ps. xlv. 2.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

MY heart is full of Christ, and longs  
Its glorious matter to declare !  
Of Him I make my loftier songs,  
I cannot from His praise forbear :  
My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
The honours of my 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.

3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,  
And take to Thee Thy power divine ;  
Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,  
All power and majesty are Thine ;  
Assert Thy worship and renown ;  
O all-redeeming God, come down !

4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,  
And let Thy glorious toil succeed ;  
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,  
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed ;  
Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
And reign in every heart alone. Amen.

*Wesley.* 1743.

57 *He shall feed His flock like a  
shepherd.—Isa. xl. 11.* 8.8. 8.8. D. Anapæstic.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart ;  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art :  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,  
The place of Thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God :  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree ;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast :  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart ;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

58 *Thou shalt make them drink of  
the river of Thy pleasure.—Ps. xxvi. 8.* 8.8. 8.8. D. Anapæstic.

A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace  
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see ;  
For us who His offers embrace,  
For all, it is open and free :  
Jehovah Himself doth invite  
To drink of His pleasures unknown,  
The streams of immortal delight,  
That flow from His heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in Him we believe,  
By faith of His Spirit we take ;  
And, freely forgiven, receive  
The mercy for Jesus's sake :



We gain a pure drop of His love,  
The life of eternity know,  
Angelical happiness prove,  
And witness a heaven below.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

59 *Whom having not seen, ye love.*  
1 Peter i. 8. C.M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine;  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.

- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream, that comes  
Unthought,  
When slumbers o'er me roll,  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yea, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,  
Unseen but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,  
All-glorious as Thou art.  
*Ray Palmer.* 1840.

60 *There is a friend that sticketh  
closer than a brother.*—Proverbs xviii. 24. 7.6. 7.6. D.

O JESUS. Friend unfalling,  
How dear Thou art 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 What fills my soul 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, biding,  
No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 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.

C

4 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 unfalling,  
How dear art Thou to me!  
*From the German. Tr. Mrs. H. K. Browne.*

61 *The Lord descended in a cloud . . .  
and proclaimed the name of the Lord.*  
Exodus xxxiv. 5. C.M.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford  
To him of old allowed:  
And let my faith behold its Lord  
Descending in a cloud.

- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,  
Thine attributes proclaim,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
The glories of Thy Name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I Thee adore,  
Who gav'st my soul to be!  
Fountain of being, and of power,  
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, Thou art;  
But let me rather prove  
That name in-spoken to my heart,  
That favourite name of Love.
- 5 Merciful God, Thyself proclaim  
In this polluted breast;  
Mercy is Thy distinguished name,  
Which suits a sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,  
Our sin implores Thy grace;  
And Thou art merciful to all  
Our lost apostate race.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1763.

62 *To whom shall we go? Thou  
hast the words of eternal life.*—John vi. 63. 7.6. 7.6. D.

I O Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,  
My spirit turns for rest,  
My peace is in Thy favour,  
My pillow on Thy breast!  
Though all the world deceive me,  
I know that I am Thine,  
And Thou wilt never leave me,  
O blessed Saviour mine!

- 2 In Thee my trust abideth,  
On Thee my hope relies,  
O Thou whose love provideth  
For all beneath the skies:  
O Thou whose mercy found me,  
From bondage set me free,  
And then for ever bound me,  
With threefold cords to Thee.

17

3 My grief is in the dulness  
 With which this sluggish heart  
 Doth open to the fulness  
 Of all Thou wouldst impart :  
 My joy is in Thy beauty  
 Of holiness divine !  
 My comfort in the duty  
 That binds my life to Thine !

4 Alas, that I should ever  
 Have failed in love to Thee,  
 The only one who never  
 Forgot or slighted me !  
 O for a heart to love Thee  
 More truly as I ought,  
 And nothing place above Thee  
 In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing  
 Of living in Thy love,  
 And thus on earth possessing  
 The peace of heaven above ;  
 O for the bliss that by it  
 The soul securely knows,  
 The holy calm and quiet  
 Of faith's serene repose.

*J. S. B. Monsell. 1862.*

63 *God also hath . . . given Him a name which is above every name.* C.M.  
 Philippians ii. 9.

JESUS! the Name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or s y ;  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the Name to sinners dear,  
 The Name to sinners given ;  
 It scatters all their guilty fear,  
 It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head ;  
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,  
 And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of His grace !  
 The arms of love that compass me,  
 Would all mankind embrace !

5 His only righteousness I show,  
 His saving truth proclaim ;  
 'Tis all my business here below,  
 'To cry ' Behold the Lamb !'

6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp his name ;  
 Preach Him to a.d., and cry in death,  
 ' Behold, behold the Lamb !'

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

HIS INCARNATION AND  
 ADVENT.

64 *He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives.* C.M.  
 Luke iv. 18.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour  
 comes!  
 The Saviour promised long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,  
 Exerts His sacred fire ;  
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love  
 His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held ;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyes oppressed with night,  
 To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

*Philip Doddridge. 1736.*

65 *When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
 Matthew ii. 10.

AS with gladness men of old  
 Did the guiding star behold,  
 As with joy they hailed its light,  
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
 So, most gracious Lord, may we  
 Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,  
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore ;  
 So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
 At Thy cradle rude and bare ;  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
 All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
There for ever may we sing  
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

W. Chatterton Dix. 1860.

66 *Waiting for the consolation of* 8.7. 8.7.  
*Israel.—Luke ii. 25.*

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free ;  
From our sins and fears release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;  
The desire of every nation,  
Joy of every contrite heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a king ;  
Born, to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.  
Amen.

Wesley. 1746.

67 *Ye shall find the babe wrapped* 11.10. 11.10. *Anapestic.*  
*in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.*  
Luke ii. 12.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine  
aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are  
shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the  
stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the  
ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the  
mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favour  
secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine  
aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !  
Bi-hop R. Heber. 1811.

68 *The Lord, whom ye seek, shall* 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.  
*suddenly come to His temple.—Malachi iii. 1.*

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore ;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

2 Clothed with our mortal flesh,  
The Covenant-Angel stands,  
Holds, with the promises,  
Our pardon in His hands ;  
Commissioned from His Father's throne  
To make His grace to mortals known.

3 Great Prophet of my God,  
My lips shall bless Thy name :  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came ;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

4 Be Thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern, Lord, and Guide ;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me near Thy side ;  
O let me never run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden way !

5 I love my Shepherd's voice ;  
His watchful eye shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of His sheep ;  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
Bears in His arms the tender lambs.

6 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died !  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside ;  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

7 O Thou almighty Lord,  
My Saviour and my King,  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy glorious reign I sing :  
Thine is the power ; and here I sit  
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

69 *At the name of Jesus every knee  
should bow.*—Phil. ii. 10. 6.6. 7.7. 7.7.

**H**IGH above every name,  
Jesus, the Great I AM !  
Bows to Jesus every knee,  
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell ;  
Saints adore Him, demons flee,  
Fiends, and men, and angels feel !

2 He left His throne above,  
Emptied of all but love :  
Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
God vouchsafed a worm to appear,  
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,  
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth He sought  
His own received Him not ;  
Him a sign by all blasphemed,  
Outcast and despised of men,  
Him they all a madman deemed,  
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail, Galilean King !  
Thy humble state I sing,  
Never shall my triumphs end ;  
Hail, derided Majesty !  
Jesus, hail ! the sinner's Friend,  
Friend of publicans,—and me. Amen.  
Wesley. 1739.

70 *I will not leave you comfortless :  
I will come to you.*—John xiv. 18. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.

**J**ESUS came—the heavens adoring—  
Came with peace from realms on  
high ;  
Jesus came for man's redemption,  
Lowly came on earth to die ;  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,  
When our hearts are bowed with care ;  
Jesus comes again in answer  
To an earnest heart-felt prayer ;  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,  
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;  
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,  
Leading souls redeemed to heaven ;  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,  
Shares alike our hopes and fears ;  
Jesus comes, while'er beholds us,  
Glad our hearts, and dries our tears ;  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Cheering e'en our falling years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,  
When the heavens shall pass away ;  
Jesus comes again in glory ;  
Let us then our homage pay ;  
Hallelujah ! ever singing,  
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.  
Godfrey Thring. 1866.

71 *I am come that they might have life.* L.M.D.  
John x. 10.

**T**HE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil,  
The child of poverty and toil ;  
The Man of sorrows, born to know  
Each varying shade of human woe :  
His joy, His glory, to fulfil,  
In earth and heaven, His Father's will ;  
On lonely mount, by festive board,  
On bitter cross, despised, adored.

2 The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,  
He speaks, as never man yet spake,  
The truth which makes His servants  
free,  
The royal law of liberty.  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away,  
His living words our spirits stay,  
And from His treasures, new and old,  
The eternal mysteries unfold.

3 The Lord is come ! In Him we trace  
The fulness of God's truth and grace ;  
Throughout those words and acts Divine  
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;  
And from His inmost Spirit flow,  
As from a height of sunlit snow,  
The rivers of perennial life,  
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

4 The Lord is come ! In every heart,  
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;  
In every land where right is might,  
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;  
In every Church, where faith and love  
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;  
In every holy, happy home,  
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast  
come ! Amen.  
Arthur P. Stanley. d. 1881.

72 *In His days shall the righteous  
flourish ; and abundance of peace so long  
as the moon endureth.*—Ps. lxxii. 7. C.M.D.

**I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels beaming near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold—  
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,'  
From heaven's all-gracious King ;  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world ;  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,  
The world has suffered long ;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wroth ;  
And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring ;  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing !

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow,—  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing ;  
O rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing !

5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold :  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

*E. H. Sears.* 1839.

73 *And there were . . . shepherds abiding  
in the field, keeping watch over their flock  
by night.*—Luke ii. 8. C.M.

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

2 'Fear not !' said he, for sudden dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

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

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

5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God on high,  
Who thus addressed their song :

6 'All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to  
men,  
Begin and never cease. Amen.

*Nahum Tate.* 1700.

74 *The shepherds returned, glorifying  
and praising God.*—Luke ii. 20. 77. 7. 7. 77.

SING, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Unto us a child is born,  
Unto us a Son is given,  
God Himself comes down from heaven ;  
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

2 God with us, Immanuel,  
Deigns for ever now to dwell,  
And on Adam's fallen race  
Sheds the fulness of His grace ;  
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

3 God comes down that man may rise,  
Lifted far above the skies ;  
Christ is Son of Man that we  
Sons of God in Him may be ;  
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

4 O renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day ;  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee ;  
Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born.

5 Sing, O sing, this blessed morn,  
Jesus Christ to-day is born ;  
Glory to the Father give,  
Praise the Son in whom we live ;  
Glory to the Spirit be,  
Godhead One, and Persons Three. Amen.  
*Bishop C. Wordsworth.* 1862.

75 *Unto us a child is born.*—Isaiah ix. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear, far and near,  
Sweetest angel voices :  
'Christ is born !' their choirs are singing,  
Till the air, everywhere,  
Now with joy is ringing.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow  
Of His birth, who the earth  
Rescues from her sorrow  
God to wear our form descendeth ;  
Of His grace to our race,  
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark ! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat—  
‘Flee from woe and danger ;  
Brethren, come ; from all that grieves  
you,  
You are freed ; all you need  
I will surely give you.’

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,  
Weep no more, for the door  
Now is found of gladness :  
Cling to Him, for He will guide you  
Where no cross, pain or loss,  
Can again betide you.

5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,  
Who for sin, deep within,  
Long and sore have smarted ;  
For the poisoned wounds you’re feeling  
Help is near, One is here  
Mighty for their healing.

6 Come then, let us hasten yonder ;  
Here let all, great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder.  
Love Him who with love is yearning ;  
Hail the Star, that from far  
Bright with hope is burning.  
*Paul Gerhardt.* 1651.  
*Tr. Catherine Winkworth.* 1858.

76 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*A multitude of the heavenly host  
praising God.—Luke ii. 13.*

**H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices  
Sweetly sounding through the  
skies ?

Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,  
Loudest hallelujahs rise.  
Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
‘Glory in the highest, glory,  
Glory be to God most high !

2 ‘Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found ;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
Christ is born, the great Anointed !  
Heaven and earth His glory sing !  
Glad receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 ‘Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,  
Learn His name and taste His joy,  
Till in heaven you sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high !’  
Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer’s birth,  
Spread the brightness of His glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

*Joan Cuwood.* 1816.

77 10.10. 10.10. 10.10.  
*Unto you is born this day . . .  
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*  
Luke ii. 11.

**C**HRISTIANS, awake, saluto the happy  
morn  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
Of God incarnate and the Virgin’s Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald’s voice :  
‘Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour’s birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth ;  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised  
word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the  
Lord.’

3 He spake, and straightway the celestial  
choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire ;  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven’s whole orb with hallelujahs  
rang ;  
God’s highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened  
shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for  
man ;  
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
The first apostles of the Saviour’s name,  
Then to their flocks, still praising God,  
return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture  
burn.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God’s wondrous love in saving lost man-  
kind ;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved  
our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man’s first heavenly state again takes  
place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts  
among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song ;  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display ;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven’s almighty King.

*John Byrom.* 1773.



78

*Irregular.*  
Let us now go even unto  
Bethlehem.—Luke ii. 15.

COME, all ye faithful, joyful and  
triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;  
Born upon earth, behold the King of  
angels!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

2 He, God of God, and Light of Light be-  
gotten,  
Comes to the world as a maiden's Child;  
He, very God, begotten not created:  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Sing; choir of angels, raise your hymn of  
triumph;  
Sing, ye that stand around the throne on  
high;  
Glory to God, all glory in the highest!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

4 Thou who didst doign to be born for us  
this morning,  
Glory to Thee, O Jesus, Lord!  
Word of the Eternal Father, now incarnate!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!  
Amen.

*From the Latin, 18th Century.  
Tr. John Ellerton. 1871.*

79

*7.7. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.*  
Glory to God in the highest, and  
on earth, peace, good-will toward men.  
Luke ii. 14.

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

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

2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus, our Immanuel here.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

3 Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

*Charles Wesley. 1739.*

80

*8.7. 8.7. 4.7.*  
Behold, I bring you good tidings  
of great joy, which shall be to all people.  
Luke ii. 10.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant Light:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Waiting long with hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending,  
In His temple shall appear:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now repeats the sentence,  
Mercy calls you, break your chains:  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*James Montgomery. 1819.*

81

*6.5., 12 lines.*  
Wherefore God a'so hath highly  
exalted Him.—Philip. ii. 9.

HARK! the voice eternal  
Robed in majesty,  
Calling into being  
Earth and sea and sky;  
Hark! in countless numbers  
All the angel-throng  
Hail Creation's morning  
With one burst of song.  
High in regal glory,  
Mid eternal light,  
Reign, O King immortal,  
Holy, Infinite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,  
 Calm both earth and sea,  
 Noble in its grandeur  
 Stood man's purity :  
 Came the great transgression,  
 Came the saddening fall,  
 Death and desolation  
 Breathing over all.  
 Still in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reigned the King Immortal,  
 Holy, Infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,  
 Through the troubled night,  
 Looking, longing, yearning  
 For the promised light.  
 Prophets saw the morning  
 Breaking far away,  
 Minstrels sang the splendour  
 Of that opening day :  
 Whilst in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reigned the King Immortal  
 Holy, Infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent  
 Of the new-born King,  
 Joyously the watchers  
 Heard the angels sing :  
 Sadly closed the evening  
 Of His hallowed life,  
 As the noontide darkness  
 Veiled the last dread strife.  
 Lo ! again in glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reigns the King Immortal,  
 Holy, Infinite.

5 Lo ! again He cometh,  
 Robed in clouds of light,  
 As the Judge Eternal,  
 Armed with power and might.  
 Nations to His footstool  
 Gathered then shall be ;  
 Earth shall yield her treasures,  
 And her dead, the sea.  
 Till the trumpet soundeth,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reign, Thou King Immortal,  
 Holy, Infinite.

6 Jesus ! Lord and Master,  
 Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 To Thy feet triumphant  
 Hallowed praise we bring.  
 Thine the pain and weeping,  
 Thine the victory ;  
 Power, and praise, and honour  
 Be, O Lord, to Thee.  
 High in regal glory,  
 'Mid eternal light,  
 Reign, O King Immortal,  
 Holy, Infinite. Amen.

*John Julian.* 1880.

HIS EXAMPLE AND  
 TEACHING.

82 *Grace is poured into Thy lips.* C.M.  
 Psalm xlv. 2.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
 Around Thy steps below !  
 What patient love was seen in all  
 Thy life and death of woe !

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart  
 A weight of sorrow hung ;  
 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
 Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
 Thy heart could only love.

4 O, give us hearts to love like Thee,  
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
 Far more for others' sins, than all  
 The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,  
 In us, Thy brethren, see  
 That gentleness and grace which spring  
 From union, Lord, with Thee. Amen.  
*Sir E. Denny.* 1839.

83 *Lord, it is good for us to be here.* L.M.D.  
 Matthew xvii. 4.

L ORD, it is good for us to be  
 High on the mountain here with Thee,  
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
 The glorious saints of other days,  
 Who once received, on Horeb's height,  
 The eternal laws of truth and right,  
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 Lord, it is good for us to be  
 With Thee, and with Thy faithful three,  
 Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock  
 Is nerved against temptation's shock ;  
 Here, where the Son of Thunder learns  
 The thought that breathes, the word that  
 burns ;  
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
 With Him whose last, best creed is Love.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be  
 Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee,  
 Watching the glistening raiment glow  
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
 The human lineaments that shine  
 Irradiant with a light Divine ;  
 Till we too change from grace to grace,  
 Gazing on that transfigured face.



Lord, it is good for us to be  
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly Voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice:  
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim;  
'This is My Son! O hear ye Him!'

Arthur P. Stanley. d. 1881.

84 *In whom are hid all the treasures  
of wisdom and knowledge.—Colossians ii. 3.*

6.6. 8.6. 10.12.

O MASTER, at Thy feet  
I bow in rapture sweet!  
Before me, as in darkening glass,  
Some glorious outlines pass,  
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and  
power;  
I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless Thee  
for this hour.

2 O full of truth and grace,  
Smile of Jehovah's face!  
O tenderest heart of love untold!  
Who may Thy praise unfold?  
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of  
kings,  
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veil-  
ing wings.

3 I have no words to bring  
Worthy of Thee, my King,  
And yet one anthem in Thy praise  
I long, I long to raise;  
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,  
But words all melt away in silent awe and  
love.

4 How can the lip be dumb,  
The hand all still and numb,  
When Thee the heart doth see and own  
Her Lord and God alone?  
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,  
And open Thou my lips that I may show  
Thy praise.

5 Yea, let my whole life be  
One anthem unto Thee.  
And let the praise of lip and life  
Out-ring all sin and strife.  
O Jesus, Master! be Thy name supreme,  
For heaven and earth, the one, the grand,  
eternal theme. Amen.

Frances R. Havergal. d. 1879.

85 *I have given you an example.* C.M.  
John xiii. 15.

LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

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

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

4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven;  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.

John H. Gurney. 1851.

86 *If we suffer, we shall also reign  
with Him.—2 Tim. ii. 12.* 8.8. 6.8. 8.8.

S SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done,  
What hast Thou suffered on the tree?  
Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,  
Obedient unto death for me?  
The mystery of Thy passion show,  
The end of all Thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,  
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine;  
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,  
To change my human to divine,  
To cleanse from all iniquity,  
And make the sinner all like Thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,  
My bleeding Sacrifice expired;  
But didst Thou not my Pattern die,  
That by Thy glorious spirit fired,  
Faithful to death I might endure,  
And make the crown by suffering sure?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,  
That I might in Thy footsteps tread;  
Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,  
And groan and bow with Thee my head;  
Thy dying in my body bear,  
And all Thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,  
Shall as his perfect Master be;  
To all Thy inward life restored,  
And outwardly conformed to Thee,  
Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,  
And grasp, through death, the glorious  
prize.

6 This is the strait and royal way,  
That leads us to the courts above;  
Here let me ever, ever stay,  
Till, on the wings of perfect love,  
I take my last triumphant flight,  
From Calvary's to Zion's height. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1745.

87 *Forasmuch then as the children  
are partakers of flesh and blood, He at  
Himself likewise took part of the same.* C.M.  
Hebrews ii. 14.

O! MEAN may seem this house of clay,  
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;  
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;  
This watch the Lord did keep;  
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;  
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of heaven;  
To every grief, to every tear  
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own  
Because Thy heaven we share,  
Because we sing around Thy throne,  
And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,  
To make our earth divine!  
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,  
And lift our life to Thine!

Thomas H. Gill. 1846.

88 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*He would have given thee living water.*—John iv. 10.

JESUS, the gift divine I know,  
The gift divine I ask of Thee;  
That living water now bestow,  
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me:  
Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art,  
Now let me find Thee in my heart.

2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more  
For drops of finite happiness;  
Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,  
In streams of pure, perennial peace,  
In joy, that none can take away,  
In life, which shall for ever stay.

3 Father, on me the grace bestow,  
Unblamable before Thy sight,  
Whence all the streams of mercy flow;  
Mercy, Thy own supreme delight,  
To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,  
And plant Thy nature in my heart.

4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,  
While listening to the mourner's cry,  
The widow's and the orphan's groan,  
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,  
The poor and helpless to relieve,  
My life, my all, for them to give.

5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,  
Which purges me from every stain;  
Unspotted from the world and sin,  
My faith's integrity maintain;  
The truth of my religion prove,  
By perfect purity and love. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

89 8.8. 8.3.  
*And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.*  
Mark iv. 39.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,  
Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry:  
'O save us in our agony!'  
Thy word above the storm rose high,—  
'Peace, be still!'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep  
Sank like a little child to sleep,  
The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
'Peace, be still!' Amen.  
Godfrey Thring. 1866.

90 8.5. 8.3.  
*Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*  
Matthew xi. 28.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,  
Be at rest!'

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

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

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

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

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

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
'Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,  
Answer, Yes!'

Stephen of Saba. 8th Century.  
Tr. and att. by J. M. Neale. 1862.

91 *Jesus went unto them walking on the sea.*—Matthew xiv. 25. C.M.D.

O WHERE is He that trod the sea?  
O, where is He that spake,  
And demons from their victims flee,  
The dead from slumber wake?  
The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
The dumb men talk and sing,  
And from blind eyes, benighted long,  
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O, where is He that trod the sea?  
Tis only He can save;  
To thousands hungering wearily,  
A wondrous meal He gave:  
Full soon, celestially fed,  
Their plentiful food they take:  
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
'Twas harvest when He brake.

3 O, where is He that trod the sea?  
My soul! the Lord is here:  
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;  
And leap, and look, and hear.  
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy:  
Art thou diseased or dumb?  
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
Ehohd thy Helper come!  
T. T. Lynch. 1855.

92 *The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.* Luke xix. 10. L.M.

JESUS, Thy far-extended fame  
My drooping soul exalts to hear;  
Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,  
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,  
With comfortable words and kind:  
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,  
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,  
In every placo and age the same?  
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,  
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?

4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have,  
The good, the kind Physician, Thou  
Art able now our souls to save,  
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Though eighteen hundred years are past  
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,  
Thy tender mercies ever last;  
And still Thy healing power is here!

6 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,  
And not regard the sin-sick soul?  
The sin-sick soul Thou lov'st much more,  
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin,  
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess:  
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of Thine utmost good,  
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;  
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,  
And wash my nature white as snow.  
Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

93 *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*—1 Corinthians xiii. 13. 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.

BLESSED Saviour, Thou hast taught us,  
Taught us in Thy word divine,  
That our doings are but nothing  
If they be not linked with Thine;  
If we be not bound to Thee  
With the bond of charity.

2 Though with tongues of men and angels,  
Soaring may our voices rise;  
Though we have the gift of knowledge,  
Understanding mysteries:  
All will still as nothing be,  
If we have not charity.

3 Though with faith, that even mountains  
At our word we may remove,  
Though our bodies to be burned  
Yield we, and possess not love,  
We have nothing till we be  
Bound with bonds of charity.

4 Bind us with the bond that bindeth  
Human hearts to God above,  
Bind us with the bond uniting  
Rich and poor with heavenly love.  
With the bond that binds to Thee,  
Never-falling charity. Amen.

Godfrey Thring. 1860.

94 *It became Him, . . . to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.*—Hebrews ii. 10. L.M.

THOU through suffering perfect mad'st,  
On whom the bitter cross was laid;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure:  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

4 But, O! far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

5 O! heal the bruised heart within :  
O! save our souls all sick with sin :  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore. Amen.

*Bishop W. W. How. 1871.*

HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

95 *The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—Isaiah liii. 6.* 8.7. 8.7. D.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !  
Hail, Thou Galilean King !  
Who didst suffer to release us,  
Who didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, Thou universal Saviour !  
Bearer of our sin and shame !  
By Thy merits we find favour ;  
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
By almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made ;  
Every sin may be forgiven,  
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide :  
All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side :  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
' Spare them yet another year ;'  
Thou for saints art interceding,  
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive ;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits !  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,  
Help to sing the Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.  
Amen.

*John Bakewell. 1760.*

96 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Galatians vi. 14.* 8.7. 8.7.

I N the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me :  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*Sir John Bowring. 1825.*

97 *They crucified Him.—John xix. 18.* L.M.

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;  
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
O come, together let us mourn :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

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

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
A broken heart Love's cradle ; ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

5 O Love of God ! O Sin of man !  
In this dread act your strength is tried ;  
And victory remains with Love ;  
For He, our Love, is crucified !

*F. W. Faber. 1849.*

98 *The righteousness which is of God by faith.—Philippians iii. 9.* L.M.

JESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress :  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day :  
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, even me, to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
For ever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
Even then, this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Count Zinzendorf. *abt.* 1736.  
Tr. John Wesley. 1740.

99 *Behold and see if there be any  
sorrow like unto My sorrow.—Lament. i. 12.*

5.5.11. 5.5.11.

ALL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh:  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is:  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father hath punished for you His dear  
Son.  
The Lord, in the day  
Of His anger, did lay  
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them  
away.

3 He answered for all:  
O come at His call,  
And low at His cross with astonishment fall:  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus's cries:  
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, He dies.

4 He dies to atone  
For sins not His own:  
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He  
hath done.  
Ye all may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession, 'My Father, forgive!'

5 For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree:  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
That sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim;  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace:  
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my  
place.

7 His death is my plea;  
My Advocate see,  
And hear the blood speak that hath answered  
for me.

My ransom He was  
When He bled on the cross:  
And by losing His life He hath carried my  
cause.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

100 *Behold the Lamb of God.* C.M.  
John i. 29.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree:  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;  
'Receive My soul,' He cries:  
See where He bows His sacred head:  
He bows His head, and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like Thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sen. 1739.

101 *Herein is love. . . . God . . .  
sent His son to be the propitiation for our  
sins.—1 John iv. 10.* S.S. S.S. S.S.

( ) LOVE Divine! what hast Thou done?  
The immortal God hath died for me!  
The Father's co-eternal Son  
Bore all my sins upon the tree:  
The immortal God for me hath died!  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!  
Come, sinners, see your Maker die,  
And say, was ever grief like His?  
Come, feel with me His blood applied:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!

3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God:  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus's blood:  
Pardon for all flows from His side:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath His Cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream:  
All things for Him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to Him:  
Of nothing think or speak beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Wesley. 1742.

102 *When they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head.*  
Matthew xxvii. 29. 7.6. 7.6. D.

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

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

3 What language shall I borrow  
To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me Thine for ever,  
Nor let me faithless prove;  
O let me never, never,  
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying,  
O show Thyself to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free:  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th Cent., by Paul Gerhardt, 17th Cent. Tr. J. W. Alexander. 1849.*

103 *Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.*—Luke xv. 6. 9.7. 9.7. 9.9.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;  
Are they not enough for Thee?  
But the Shepherd made answer:—'This of Mine  
Has wander'd away from Me;  
And, although the road be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,  
That mark out the mountain's track?'  
'They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.  
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'  
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

5 And all through the mountains thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
'Rejoice, I have found My sheep!'  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!'

*Elizabeth C. Clephane. d. 1869.*

104 *A place called Gethsemane.*  
Matthew xxvi. 36. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see!  
Watch with Him one bitter hour:  
Turn not from His griefs away:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the Judgment hall:  
View the Lord of Life arraigned.  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.  
'It is finished!' hear Him cry:  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom:  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies:  
Saviour, teach us how to rise. Amen.

*James Montgomery. 1820.*



HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

105 *It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.*  
Hebrews x. 4. S.M.

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

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

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.  
Isaac Watts. 1709.

106 *Father, forgive them : for they know not what they do.—Luke xxiii. 34.* S.S. S.S. S.S.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
Sinners, He prays for you and me:  
'Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
They know not that by Me they live!'

2 Adam, descended from above  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through Thee may live,  
In us a quickening Spirit be,  
And witness Thou hast died for me!

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee—by Thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away!

4 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my  
tears!  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears;  
That all may hear the quickening sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

5 O let Thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love for every sinner free;  
That every fallen soul of man  
May taste the grace that found out me;  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love. Amen.  
Wesley. 1741.

107 *Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—1 Corinthians i. 24.* I.M.

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 death 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 a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.  
Isaac Watts. 1709.

108 *In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.—Zechariah xiii. 1.* C.M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper. 1772.



109 *C.M. With Chorus.*  
*Who loved me, and gave*  
*Himself for me.—Galatians ii. 20.*

LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Did He devote that sacred head  
 For sinners such as I?

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

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ, the great Redeemer died,  
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 Whilst His dear Cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.  
*Isaac Watts. 1709. Chorus A non.*

110 *7.7.7.7.7.*  
*That Rock was Christ.*  
*1 Cor. x. 4.*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling!  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
 Foul, I to the fountain fly:  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death,  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne;  
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

*Augustus M. Toplady. 1776.*

HIS RESURRECTION AND  
 ASCENSION.

111 *7.7.7.7. With Hallelujahs.*  
*He is not here: for He is*  
*risen, as He said.—Matt. xxviii. 6.*

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sons of men and angels say,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.  
 Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Fought the fight, the battle won,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.  
 Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Death in vain forbids His rise,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Christ hath opened Paradise.  
 Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
 Hallelujah!  
 Dying once, He all doth save,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?  
 Hallelujah!

5 Soar we now, where Christ hath led,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Following our exalted Head,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
 Hallelujah!

6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!  
 Hallelujah!  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.  
 Hallelujah!

*Charles Wesley. 1733*

HIS RESURRECTION.

112 *To this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.—Rom. xiv. 9.* C.M.

AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!  
Thy Lord hath risen long;  
Go to His grave, and with thee take  
Both tuneful heart and song.

2 Where life is waking all around,  
Where love's sweet voices sing,  
The first bright blossoms may be found  
Of an eternal spring.

3 The shade and gloom of life are fled  
This resurrection day;  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
The grave hath no more prey.

4 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise;  
And the sad tears death makes us weep,  
He wipes from all our eyes:

5 And every bird, and every tree,  
And every opening flower,  
Proclaim His glorious victory,  
His resurrection power.

6 The folds are glad, the fields rejoice  
With vernal verdure spread,  
The little hills lift up their voice  
And shout that death is dead.

7 Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in His resurrection take,  
And comfort in His word.

8 And let thy life through all its ways  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise.  
Christ died and rose for me.

*J. S. B. Monseil. 1862.*

113 *He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. xv. 4.* L.M.D.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
On the dear bosom of your God:  
He sheds a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
The tomb in vain forbids His rise!  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies!

D

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains:  
Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King!  
Horn to redeem, and strong to save!'  
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?'  
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting  
grave?'

*Isaac Watts. 1705. Alt. M. Mac'an. 1760.*

114 *Come, see the place where the Lord lay.—Matthew xxviii. 6.* C.M.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought,  
Such wonders love can do;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands He rears  
His once dishonour'd head;  
And He through endless ages reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like His shall every saint  
His vacant tomb survey;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord  
To realms of endless day.

*Philip Doddridge. 1755.*

115 *Why seek ye the living among the dead?—Luke xxiv. 5.* 7.8. 7.8. 4.

JESUS lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immovable;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Praise to Him and glory giving.  
Hallelujah!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,  
Part us now from Christ for ever.  
Hallelujah!

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
High o'er heaven and earth is given:  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

Hallelujah!

C. F. Gellert. 1757.

Tr. Frances E. Cox. 1841. alt.

116 *Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.*—1 Corinthians xv. 20. 8.7. 8.7. D.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!  
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
He, who on the cross a victim  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield:  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen, we are risen;  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face;  
That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory;  
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the Triune Majesty! Amen.  
Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.

117 *Christ being raised from the dead, doth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him.*—Romans vi. 9. 8.7. 8.7. 7.8. 7.4.

CHRIST JESUS lay in death's strong  
bands  
For our offences given;  
But now at God's right hand He stands,  
And brings us life from heaven:  
Wherefore let us joyful be,  
And sing to God right thankfully  
Loud songs of Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

2 It was a strange and dreadful strife,  
When Life and Death contended;  
The victory remained with Life,  
The reign of Death was ended:  
Striped of power, no more he reigns,  
An empty form alone remains;  
His sting is lost for ever!  
Hallelujah!

3 So let us keep the festival  
Whereto the Lord invites us;  
Christ is Himself the joy of all,  
The Sun that warms and lights us;  
By His grace He doth impart  
Eternal sunshine to the heart;  
The night of sin is ended!  
Hallelujah!

4 Then let us feast this Easter day  
On the true Bread of heaven!  
The word of grace hath purged away  
The old and wicked leaven;  
Christ alone our souls will feed,  
He is our Meat and Drink indeed,  
Faith lives upon no other!  
Hallelujah!  
Martin Luther. 1524.  
Tr. Richard Massie. 1854.

118 *While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*—Luke xxiv. 51. 7.7. 7.7.

HALL the day that sees Him rise  
To His throne above the skies!  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There for Him high triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Wide unfold the radiant scene!  
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Circled round with angel powers,  
Their triumphant Lord and ours,  
Conqueror over death and sin,  
Take the King of Glory in!

4 Him, though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

5 See, He lifts His hands above!  
See, He shows the prints of love!  
Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His Church below.

6 Still for us His death He pleads;  
Prevalent, He intercedes;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

7 Lord, though parted from our sight,  
High above you azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies.

8 Where we shall with Thee remain,  
Partners of Thine endless reign;  
There Thy face unclouded see,  
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

119 8.8.8.8.8.8.  
*This Man, because He  
continueth ever, hath an unchangeable  
priesthood.*—Hebrews vii. 24.

**E**NTERED the holy place above,  
Covered with meritorious scars,  
The tokens of His dying love,  
Our great High Priest in glory bears;  
He pleads His passion on the tree,  
He shows Himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,  
My Friend and Advocate appears,  
My name is graven on His hands,  
And Him the Father always hears;  
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,  
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive  
The answer of His powerful prayer;  
This instant now by Him I live,  
His prevalence with God declare;  
And soon my spirit, in His hands,  
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.  
Charles Wesley. 1762.

120 7.7.7.7. D.  
*He was taken up; and a cloud  
received Him out of their sight.*—Acts. i. 9.

**H**E is gone—a cloud of light  
Has received Him from our sight;  
High in heaven, where eye of men  
Follows not, nor angels' ken;  
Through the veils of time and space,  
Passed into the holiest place;  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone—towards their goal,  
World and Church must onward roll:  
Far behind we leave the past;  
Forward are our glances cast;  
Still His words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change:  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
He will give what'er we need.

3 He is gone—but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before;  
In the heaven of heavens the same,  
As on earth He went and came.  
In the many mansions there,  
Place for us He will prepare:  
In that world, unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone—but, not in vain,  
Wait, until He comes again;  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere;  
Evermore in heart and mind,  
Where our peace in Him we find,  
To our own Eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

Arthur P. Stanley. 1859.

121 L.M.  
*Lift up your heads, O ye  
gates; . . . and the King of Glory shall  
come in.*—Psalms xxiv. 9.

**O**UR Lord is risen from the dead!  
Our Jesus is gone up on high!  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as His right;  
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord that all our foes overcome,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrown!  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;  
The King of saints, and angels too,  
God over all for ever blessed.

Wesley. 1711.

122 C.M.  
*I go to prepare a place for you.*  
John xiv. 2.

**T**HE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of Glory is gone in  
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks beyond the cloud,  
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds :  
Let Thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be ;  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. 1853.

HIS INTERCESSION AND  
REIGN.

123 *When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.*—Ephesians iv. 8. 6.6. 6.6. 8 8.

(GOD is gone up on high,  
With a triumphant noise ;  
The clarions of the sky  
Proclaim the angelic joys !  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,  
For us He reigns above ;  
Let all the nations know  
Our Jesu's conquering love !  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord  
Is by the Father given ;  
By angel-hosts adored,  
He reigns supreme in heaven .  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat,  
He bears the righteous sway ;  
His foes, beneath His feet,  
Shall sunk and die away ;  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,  
Satan, the world, and sin ;  
But He shall tread them down,  
And bring His Kingdom in :  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed  
In righteousness divine,  
With all the hosts of God,  
In one great chorus join,—  
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1746.

124 *He shall reign for ever and ever.*—Rev. xi. 15. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

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, crown Him ;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;  
In the seat of power enthroned 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 crowd around 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,  
O what joy the sight affords :  
Crown Him, crown Him,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords ! Amen.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

125 *God also hath highly exalted Him.*—Philippians ii. 9. 6.5. 6.5. D. With Chorus.

(GOLDEN harps are sounding,  
Angel voices ring,  
Pearly gates are opened—  
Opened for the King ;  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Jesus, King of Love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.

All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing,  
Jesus hath ascended !  
Glory to our King !

2 He who came to save us,  
He who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die ;  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Has gone up on high !

Praying for His children,  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace,  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you ;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.

Francis R. Havergal. 1876

126

*One is your Master, even  
Christ.—Matthew xxiii. 8.*

C.M.

- I**MMORTAL Love, for ever full,  
For ever flowing free,  
For ever shared, for ever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea !
- 2 Our outward lips confess the Name  
All other names above ;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away !  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray !
- 4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down ;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.
- 5 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He ;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.
- 6 The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.
- 7 Through Him the first fond prayers are  
said  
Our lips of childhood frame ;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.
- 8 O Lord and Master of us all !  
Whatever our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

*John G. Whittier. 1847.*

127

*God hath made that same  
Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord  
and Christ.—Acts ii. 36.*

6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

- R**EJOICE, the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore,  
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
And triumph evermore ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains  
He took His seat above ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all His foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home ;  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, 'Rejoice !'  
*Charles Wesley. 1745.*

128

*On His head were many  
crowns.—Revelation xix. 12.*

S.M.D.

**C**ROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save !  
His glories now we sing,  
Who died and rose on high,  
Who died eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die !

3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease  
And all be love and praise !  
His reign shall know no end ;  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
Enthroned in worlds above ;  
Crown Him the King to whom is given  
The wondrous name of Love !  
All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
For Thou hast died for me ;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity ! Amen.

*Matthew Bridges. 1852,  
and Godfrey Thring. 1882.*



The Holy Spirit.

HIS REGENERATING AND  
SANCTIFYING GRACE.

129 *He dwelleth with you,  
and shall be in you.—John xiv. 17.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

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

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

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

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me !  
I myself would quiet be,  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way has made ;  
Silently, like morning light  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

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

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me !  
I myself would holy be ;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose, and cherish all things good ;  
And, whatever I can be,  
Give to Him who gave me Thee. Amen.  
*T. T. Lynch. 1855.*

130 *Ye shall be baptized with  
the Holy Ghost.—Acts i. 5.* S.M.

ORD God, the Holy Ghost !  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord  
In this Thy holy place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire  
With wisdom from above,  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Light ! Explore,  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of Truth ! Be Thou  
In life and death our guide :  
O Spirit of adoption ! Now  
May we be sanctified. Amen.

*James Montgomery. 1819.*

131 *No man can say that Jesus  
is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.* S.M.  
1 Corinthians xii. 3.

SPIRIT of Faith, come down,  
Reveal the things of God,  
And make to us the Godhead known,  
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,  
And give us eyes to see ;  
Who did for every sinner die,  
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless Thou take the veil away,  
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel  
Our interest in His blood,  
And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
Thou art my Lord, my God !

5 O that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb !  
Spirit of faith ! Descend, and show  
The virtue of His name.

6 The grace which all may find,  
The saving power, impart,  
And testify to all mankind,  
And speak in every heart.



7 Inspire the living faith,  
Which whosoe'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes :

8 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus cail,  
And perfects them in love. Amen.

Wesley. 1746.

132 *They were all filled with  
the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 4.* L.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs,  
To reach the wonders of the day  
When, with Thy fiery cloven tongues,  
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,  
Season of grace and sweet delight,  
When Thou didst come with mighty power,  
And light of truth divinely bright.

3 By this the blest disciples knew  
Their risen Head had entered heaven,  
Had now obtained the promise due,  
Fully by God the Father given.

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours  
The apostolic promise given ;  
We wait the Pentecostal powers,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

5 Assembled here with one accord,  
Calinly we wait the promised grace,  
The purchase of our dying Lord ;  
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

6 If every one that asks may find,  
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,  
Come, as a mighty rushing wind ;  
Great grace be now upon us all.

7 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,  
And languish Thy descent to meet ;  
Kindle in each the living fire,  
And fix in every heart Thy seat. Amen.

First three verses. R. C. Brackenbury. 1792.  
Remainder, Charles Wesley. 1742.

133 *Wail for the promise  
of the Father.—Acts i. 4.* 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

○ LORD, with one accord  
We gather round Thy throne,  
To hear Thy holy word,  
To worship Thee alone.  
Now send from Heaven the Holy Ghost,  
Be this another Pentecost.

2 We have no strength to meet  
The storms that round us lower ;  
Keep Thou our trembling feet  
In every trying hour ;  
More than victorious shall we be  
If girded with Thy panoply.

3 Where is the mighty wind  
That shook the holy place,  
That gladdened every mind,  
And brightened every face,  
And where the cloven tongues of flame  
That marked each follower of the Lamb ?

4 There is no change in Thee,  
Lord God the Holy Ghost,  
Thy glorious majesty  
Is as at Pentecost !  
O may our loosened tongues proclaim,  
That Thou, our God, art still the same !

5 And may that living wave,  
That issues from on high,  
Whose golden waters lave  
Thy throne eternally,  
Flow down in power on us to-day,  
And none shall go unblessed away !  
Amen.

William Pennefather. d. 1873.

134 *If any man have not the  
Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.* C.M.  
Romans viii. 9.

○ SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come !

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

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

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

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

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,  
And pentecostal grace ;  
That all of woman born may see  
The glory of Thy face

7 Spirit Divine attend our prayers,  
Make a lost world Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come ! Amen.

Andrew Reed. 1841.

135 *And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.—Acts ii. 3.* C.M.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath He came ;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

- 2 But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His Holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.
- 4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud :
- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around ;  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.
- 7 Come Lord ! come Wisdom, Love, and  
Power !  
Open our ears to hear ;  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear ! Amen.

John Keble. 1827.

136 *Ye are sanctified . . . by the Spirit.—1 Corinthians vi. 11.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind ;  
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind :  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

- 2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth com-  
mand,  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee :  
Make us eternal truth receive,  
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name :  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died :  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee ! Amen.  
*From the Latin. Tr. John Dryden. 1693.*

137 *I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.* C.M.  
John xiv. 16.

SPIRIT of Holiness, descend,  
Thy people wait for Thee :  
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,  
Let us Thy mercy see.

- 2 Behold ! Thy weary Churches wait  
With wistful longing eyes ;  
Let us no more be desolate,  
O bid Thy light arise !
- 3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,  
Leads us in hope to Thee ;  
Let us not feel its rays alone,  
Alone Thy people be.
- 4 O bring our dearest friends to God,  
Remember those we love ;  
Fit them on earth for Thine abode,  
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 Spirit of Holiness, 'tis Thine  
To hear our feeble prayer ;  
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,  
Let us Thy mercy share ! Amen.

S. F. Smith. 1843.

138 *When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.* 7.7. 7.7.  
John xvi. 13.

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine !  
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
Word of God, and inward Light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !  
Glow within this heart of mine,  
Kindle every high desire,  
Perish self in Thy pure fire !
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine !  
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear, and nobly strive !
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine !  
King, within my conscience reign ;  
Be my Lord, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, for ever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine !  
Still this restless heart of mine,  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!  
 Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
 In the desert ways I'll sing,  
 Spring, O Well, for ever spring!  
 Amen.  
*Samuel Longfellow. 1846.*

139 *Come from the four winds,* C.M.  
*O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that*  
*they may live.—Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.*

**O** BREATHE upon this languid frame,  
 Spirit of heavenly might!  
 Baptize me with the vital flame  
 Of purity and light.

2 Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire  
 And burn my sin to dust:  
 God of my righteousness, inspire  
 My soul with hope and trust.

3 Spring up within this barren heart,  
 Well-spring of life divine!  
 Love to my feeble will impart:  
 Light out of darkness shine.

4 O Light and Power! O Life and Love!  
 Of every good the source!  
 Blow, rushing Wind of God, above,  
 And speed me on my course.

5 Then, heavenly Master, come within,  
 My every thought control;  
 Thy work fulfil, the harbour win,  
 Anchor, and keep my soul. Amen.  
*Josiah Conder. 1836.*

140 *How much more shall your* C.M.  
*heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them*  
*that ask Him?—Luke xi. 13.*

**C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise,  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

3 O Father, shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate?  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
 And Thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers;  
 Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours. Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

141 *God hath sent the Spirit of* C.M.  
*His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba,*  
*Father.—Galatians iv. 6.*

**W**HY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days?  
 Great Comforter, descend and bring  
 The tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven?  
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
 And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of its part  
 In the Redeemer's blood,  
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,  
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
 The pledge of joys to come:  
 May Thy blest wings, celestial Dove,  
 Convey me safely home. Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

142 *Ye shall receive power,* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.*  
*Acts i. 8.*

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quickening fire,  
 Come, and in me delight to rest,  
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire.  
 O come and consecrate my breast!  
 The temple of my soul prepare,  
 And fix Thy sacred presence there!

2 If now Thy influence I feel,  
 If now in Thee begin to live,  
 Still to my heart Thyself reveal,  
 Give me Thyself, for ever give;  
 A point my good, a drop my store,  
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.

3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant;  
 So strong the principle divine,  
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,  
 Till all my hallowed soul is Thine,  
 Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
 And lost in Thine immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,  
 My treasure, and my all Thou art;  
 True witness of my sonship, now  
 Engraving pardon on my heart,  
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,  
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

5 Come, then, my God, mark out Thine heir,  
 Of heaven a larger earnest give:  
 With clearer light Thy witness bear,  
 More sensibly within me live,  
 Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,  
 And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

Amen.

*Wesley. 1759.*

143 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*And God said, Let there be light :  
 and there was light.—Genesis i. 3.*

**EXPAND** Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
 And, brooding o'er my nature's night,  
 Call forth the ray of heavenly Love,  
 Let there in my dark soul be light,  
 And fill th' illustrated abyss  
 With glorious beams of endless bliss.

2 'Let there be light,' again command,  
 And light there in our hearts shall be ;  
 We then through faith shall understand  
 Thy great mysterious Majesty,  
 And, by the shining of Thy grace,  
 Behold in Christ Thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,  
 Be mindful of Thy changeless word ;  
 We worship toward that Holy Place,  
 In which Thou dost Thy name record,  
 Dost make Thy gracious nature known,  
 That living Temple of Thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see  
 The Temple filled with light divine ;  
 And art Thou not well pleased with me,  
 Who, turning to that heavenly Shrine,  
 Through Jesus to Thy throne apply,  
 Through Jesus for acceptance cry ?

5 With all who for redemption groan,  
 Father, in Jesu's name I pray ;  
 And still we cry and wrestle on,  
 Till mercy take our sins away :  
 Hear from Thy dwelling-place in heaven,  
 And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

144 L.M.  
*He shall baptize you with  
 the Holy Ghost, and with fire.—Matt. iii. 11.*

**FATHER**, if justly still we claim  
 To us and ours the promise made,  
 To us be graciously the same,  
 And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above  
 Of holiness the Spirit shower,  
 Of wise discernment, humble love,  
 And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,  
 Of power demonstrative, impart ;  
 Such as may every conscience reach,  
 And sound the unbelieving heart :

4 The Spirit of refining fire,  
 Searching the inmost of the mind,  
 To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
 And kindle life more pure and kind :

5 The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,  
 To break the power of cancelled sin,  
 Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,  
 And still the conquest more than win.

6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,  
 Which in our hearts Thy laws may  
 write ;

Then grief expires, and pain, and strife ;  
 'Tis nature all, and all delight. Amen.

Henry More. 1668. *Att. John Wesley.* 1761.

145 L.M.  
*He shall come down like rain  
 upon the mown grass.—Psalm lxxii. 6.*

**ON** all the earth Thy Spirit shower,  
 The earth in righteousness renew ;  
 Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,  
 And to Thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,  
 Let it opposers all o'erturn ;  
 And every law of sin reverse,  
 That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let Thy Spirit in every place  
 Its richer energy declare ;  
 While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
 The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true !  
 The ancient seers Thou didst inspire ;  
 To us perform the promise due,  
 Descend, and crown us now with fire !  
 Amen.

Henry More. 1668. *Att. John Wesley.* 1761.

146 8.8.8.8. 8.8.  
*God hath . . . given us the  
 spirit of power, of love, and of a sound  
 mind.—2 Timothy i. 7.*

**I WANT** the Spirit of power within,  
 Of love, and of a healthful mind ;  
 Of power, to conquer inbred sin ;  
 Of love, to Thee and all mankind ;  
 Of health, that pain and death defies,  
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 When shall I hear the inward voice,  
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?  
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,  
 Attend the promised Comforter ;  
 O come, and righteousness divine,  
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

3 O that the Comforter would come,  
 Nor visit as a transient guest,  
 But fix in me His constant home,  
 And take possession of my breast,  
 And fix in me His loved abode,  
 The temple of indwelling God.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire ;  
 Attest that I am born again ;  
 Come, and baptize me now with fire,  
 Nor let Thy former gifts be vain ;  
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;  
 Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

HIS WORK AS TEACHER AND COMFORTER.

5 Where the Indubitable seal  
That ascertains the kingdom mine?  
The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine;  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1740.*

147 *O Lord, revive Thy work.* S.M.  
Habakkuk iii. 2.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smouldering embers now,  
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of Life,  
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours. Amen.  
*Albert Milwane. 1861.*

HIS WORK AS TEACHER AND  
COMFORTER.

148 *Likewise the Spirit also helpeth* 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*our infirmities.—Romans viii. 26.*

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,  
Into every longing heart;  
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,  
Now Thy blissful self impart:  
Sign our uncontested pardon,  
Wash us in the atoning blood;  
Make our hearts a watered garden,  
Fill our spotless souls with God.

2 If Thou gav'st the enlarged desire  
Which for Thee we ever feel,  
Now our panting souls inspire,  
Now our cancelled sin reveal:  
Claim us for Thy habitation,  
Dwell within our hallowed breast;  
Seal us heirs of full salvation,  
Fitted for our heavenly rest.

3 Give us quietly to tarry,  
Till for all Thy glory meet,  
Waiting, like attentive Mary,  
Happy at the Saviour's feet:  
Keep us from the world unspotted,  
From all earthly passions free,  
Wholly to Thyself devoted,  
Fixed to live and die for Thee.

4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,  
Lord, we will not let Thee go,  
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,  
All Thy grace on us bestow:  
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,  
Joy, and perfect love, impart,  
Present, everlasting heaven,  
All Thou hast, and all Thou art. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1761.*

149 *Wait for the promise of the* 6.6.4. 6.6.4.1.  
*Father.—Acts i. 4.*

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,  
Shed on us from above  
Thine own bright ray:  
Divinely good Thou art,  
Thy sacred gifts impart  
To gladden each sad heart;  
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power:  
Rest which the weary know,  
Shade 'mid the noontide-glow,  
Peace when deep griefs overflow;  
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene and still,  
Our inmost bosoms fill,  
Dwell in each breast;  
We know no dawn but Thine,  
Send forth Thy beams divine,  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires.  
Extinguish passion's fires,  
Heal every wound;  
Our stubborn spirits bend,  
Our icy coldness end,  
Our devious steps attend,  
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;  
Let all who Christ confess  
His praise employ;  
Give virtue's rich reward,  
Victorious death accord,  
And with our glorious Lord  
Eternal joy. Amen.

*King Robert II. of France, 11th Century.*  
*Tr. Ray Palmer. 1865.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

150

*He shall glorify Me.*  
John xvi. 14.

8.7. 8.7.

COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,  
Bring to every thankful mind  
All the Saviour's dying merit,  
All His sufferings for mankind.

2 True Recorder of His passion,  
Now the living faith impart,  
Now reveal His great salvation,  
Preach His gospel to our heart.

3 Come, Thou witness of His dying,  
Come, Remembrancer divine;  
Let us feel Thy power applying  
Christ to every soul—and mine.

4 Let us groan Thine inward groaning,  
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;  
All receive the grace atoning,  
All the sprinkled blood receive. Amen.  
Wesley. 1745.

151

*Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*—Col. iii. 16.

8.7. 8.7.

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises,  
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;  
While we chant the name of Jesus,  
Deign on every heart to move.

2 Source of sweetest consolation,  
Breathe Thy peace on all below,  
Bless, O bless this congregation,  
Bid our hearts with fervour glow.

3 Hail, ye spirits, bright and glorious,  
High exalted round the throne;  
Now with you we join in chorus,  
And your Lord we call our own.

4 God to us His Son hath given;  
Saints, your noble anthems raise;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Shout the great Jehovah's praise.  
Amen.  
Joseph Hart. 1750.

152

*The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.*—Romans viii. 26.

L.M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm our minds,  
And fit us to approach our God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead us to Thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to our souls  
A living spark of heavenly fire?  
O, kindle now the sacred flame,  
And make us burn with pure desire!

44

3 Impress upon our wandering hearts  
The love that Christ to sinners bore;  
And give a new, a contrite heart,  
A heart the Saviour to adore.

4 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let us now Thy glory see:  
O, soothe and cheer each burdened heart,  
And bid our spirits rest in Thee. Amen.  
John Stewart. 1833.

153

*When the Comforter is come,*  
... *He shall testify of Me.*—John xv. 26.

C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us Thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke;  
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,  
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night:  
On our disordered spirits move,  
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,  
If Thou within us shine;  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine. Amen.  
Wesley. 1740.

154

*He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.*—John xiv. 16.

L.M.

JESUS, we on the words depend,  
Spoken by Thee while present here,  
'The Father in My name shall send  
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.'

2 That promise made to Adam's race,  
Now, Lord, in us, even us, fulfil,  
And give the Spirit of Thy grace,  
To teach us all Thy perfect will:

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,  
That Guide infallible impart,  
To bring Thy sayings to our mind,  
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 He only can the words apply,  
Through which we endless life possess,  
And deal to each His legacy,  
Our Lord's unutterable peace.

5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,  
O might He now to us bring in,  
And fill our souls with power divine,  
And make an end of fear and sin.



6 The length and breadth of love reveal,  
The height and depth of Deity;  
And all the sons of glory seal,  
And change and make us all like Thee.  
Amen.  
Wesley. 1746.

155 *The eternal Spirit.*—Heb. ix. 14. C.M.

ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power  
Are burst the bands of death,  
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,  
Revive them with Thy breath.

- 2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,  
Each rising fear control,  
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,  
To melt the icy soul.
- 3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,  
To raise us when we fall,  
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,  
And aid when sinners call.
- 4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,  
And write it in each heart;  
There its reviving truths record,  
And there its peace impart.
- 5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus  
Our hearts, and guide our ways:  
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,  
And tune our lips to praise. Amen.  
W. H. Bathurst. 1831.

156 *Ye are the temple of God,* S.M.  
*and the . . . Spirit of God dwelleth in you.*  
1 Corinthians iii. 16.

HOW shall the mighty God,  
Whom heaven cannot contain,  
A temple and a fit abode  
Within me ever gain?

- 2 Come, Spirit of the Lord;  
Teacher and Heavenly Guide;  
Be it according to Thy word,  
In my poor heart reside.
- 3 Enter, O Holy Ghost!  
Pervade this soul of mine,  
In me renew Thy Pentecost,  
Reveal Thy power divine.
- 4 Make it my highest bliss  
Thy blessed fruit to bear,  
Thy joy, love, peace, and gentleness,  
Goodness and faith to share.
- 5 Let me in deepest fear  
Thy holiness to grieve,  
Walk in the Spirit, even here  
And in the Spirit live.

6 Now let me live in Thee.  
My inner life of love;  
So best shall I preparing be  
For perfect life above. Amen.  
George Rawson. 1876.

157 6.5. 6.5. D. *With Chorus.*  
*I will pour out My Spirit*  
*upon all flesh.*—Joel ii. 28.

HEAR us, Thou that broodest  
O'er the watery deep,  
Waking all creation  
From its primal sleep;  
Holy Spirit, breathing  
Breath of life divine,  
Breathe into our spirits,  
Blending them with Thine.  
Light and life immortal!  
Hear us as we raise  
Hearts, as well as voices,  
Mingling prayer and praise.

- 2 When the sun ariseth  
In a cloudless sky,  
May we feel Thy presence,  
Holy Spirit, nigh;  
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
Keep it cloudless still,  
Through the day before us,  
Perfecting Thy will.
- 3 When the fight is fiercest  
In the noontide heat,  
Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
To our Saviour's feet,  
There to find a refuge  
Till our work is done,  
There to fight the battle  
Till the battle's won.
- 4 If the day be falling  
Sadly as it goes,  
Slowly in its sadness  
Sinking to its close,  
May Thy love in mercy  
Kindling, ere it die,  
Cast a ray of glory  
O'er our evening sky.
- 5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
Whensoever it be,  
Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
Quickening life in Thee;  
Life, that gives us, living,  
Life of heavenly love,  
Life, that brings us, dying,  
Life from heaven above. Amen.  
Godfrey Thring. 1882.

158 7.7. 7.5.  
*Made partakers of the Holy*  
*Ghost.*—Heb. vi. 4.

COME to our poor nature's night,  
With Thy blessed inward light,  
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
Comforter Divine.



THE HOLY TRINITY.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord,  
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford,  
Lost—until by Thee restored,  
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphans are our souls, and poor,  
Give us from Thy heavenly store  
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,  
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil,  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
Make Thy temple in each breast;  
There Thy presence be confessed,  
Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine.

7 In us Abba, Father, cry;  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;  
Upwards, by the starry road,  
Lead us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter Divine. Amen.

George Rawson. 1853.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On each to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind He came—  
As viewless too.

4 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each  
fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

7 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

8 O praise the Father; praise the Son  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three. Amen.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

159 *The Comforter, which is  
the Holy Ghost.*—John xiv. 25. 8.6. 8.4.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

The Holy Trinity.

160 *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God  
Almighty.*—Rev. iv. 8. 11.12. 12.10.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty;  
Gratefully adoring, our song shall  
rise to Thee;  
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee,  
casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt  
be.

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

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in  
earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.  
Amen.

Bishop R. Heber. 1827.

161 *Glory to God in the highest.* 7.7. 7.7.  
Luke ii. 14.

GLORY be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky ;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

- 2 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King !  
Thee we now presume to sing ;  
Glad, Thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored :  
Hail, the everlasting Lord !  
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove  
God of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,  
Christ, the Father's only Son,  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou :  
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,  
Justify us by Thy blood ;  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou.
- 7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone  
Art with Thy great Father one ;  
One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;  
One supreme, eternal Three. Amen.

Wesley. 1739.

162 *Thou art worthy, O Lord,* C.M.  
*to receive glory and honour and power.*  
Revelation iv. 11.

A THOUSAND oracles divine  
Their common beams unite,  
Till sinners may with angels join  
To worship God aright :

- 2 To praise a Trinity adored  
By all the hosts above ;  
And one thrice-holy God and Lord  
Through endless ages Love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! They never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of Holiness  
Whose glory fills the sky :
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,  
When God Himself imparts,  
And the whole Trinity descends  
Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet,  
And challenge them to sing  
Jehovah, on His shining seat,  
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,  
And asks our nobler strain ;  
The Father of celestial powers,  
The Friend of earth-born man.

- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,  
With rapturous amaze,  
On us, poor ransomed souls, look down  
For Heaven's superior praise.
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,  
For us His crown resigned ;  
That fulness of the Deity,  
He died for all mankind !

Charles Wesley. 1767.

163 *The Lord make His face to* C.M.  
*shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.*  
Numbers vi. 25.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three,  
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost  
By all mankind and me.

- 2 Thy favour and Thy nature too,  
To me, to all restore ;  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
Display Thy beams divine,  
And cause the glories of Thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in Thy light O may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove,  
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by Thee,  
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,  
And let Thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow  
On me, through grace forgiven ;  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

164 *When ye pray, say, Our* C.M.  
*Father which art in heaven.—Luke xi. 2.*

FATHER of me, and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise Thy love :

- 2 To know Thy nature, and Thy name,  
One God in Persons Three ;  
And glorify the great I AM,  
Through all eternity.

3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,  
To every heart of man :  
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
In all our bosoms reign.

4 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin,  
The joy that human thought transcends,  
Into our souls bring in :

5 The kingdom of established peace,  
Which can no more remove ;  
The perfect power of Godliness,  
The omnipotence of Love. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1762.*

165 *Who is like Thee, glorious* C.M.  
*in holiness, fearful in praises, doing*  
*wonders !—Exodus xv. 11.*

**T**HAIL : Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three :  
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,  
Our songs we make of Thee.

2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen,  
Thou art a Spirit pure ;  
Thou from eternity hast been,  
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,  
Thy Godhead we adore ;  
Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Thou dwel'st for evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite Thou art,  
Thine eye doth all things see,  
And every thought of every heart  
Is duly known to Thee.

5 What'er Thou wilt, in earth below  
Thou dost, in heaven above ;  
But chiefly we rejoice to know  
The almighty God of Love.

6 Thou lov'st what'er Thy hands have  
made ;  
Thy goodness we rehearse,  
In shining characters displayed  
Throughout our universe.

7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,  
O'er all Thy works doth reign ;  
But most Thou dost delight to bless  
Thy favourite creature Man.

8 Wherefore, let every creature give  
To Thee the praise designed ;  
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,  
The hearts of all mankind. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1763.*

166 *Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*of Hosts.—Isaiah vi. 3.*

**I**NFINITE God, to Thee we raise  
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise ;  
By all Thy works on earth adored,  
We worship Thee, the common Lord,  
The everlasting Father own,  
And bow our souls before Thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,  
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings ;  
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,  
And seraphs shout the Triune God,  
And, ' Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,  
' Thy glory fills both earth and sky !'

3 God of the patriarchal race,  
The ancient seers record Thy praise ;  
The goodly apostolic band,  
In highest joy and glory stand ;  
And all the saints and prophets join  
To extol the Majesty Divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,  
Of Thee they justly make their boast ;  
The Church, to earth's remotest bounds,  
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds,  
And strives, with those around Thy  
throne,  
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,  
All might and love they render Thee ;  
Thy true and only Son adore,  
The same in dignity and power ;  
And God the Holy Ghost declare,  
The saints' eternal Comforter.

*Te Deum. From the Latin.*  
*Tr. Wesley. 1747.*

167 *The whole earth is full of* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*His glory.—Isaiah vi. 3.*

**M**ESSIAH, joy of every heart,  
Thou, Thou the King of glory art :  
The Father's everlasting Son,  
Thee, Thee we most delight to own ;  
For all our hopes on Thee depend,  
Whose glorious mercies never end.

2 Pent to redeem a sinful race,  
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace,  
Into a lower world didst come,  
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb ;  
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,  
Our God, appeared a child of man !

3 When Thou hadst rendered up Thy breath,  
And dying drawn the sting of death,  
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,  
And ope the portals of the skies,  
That all who trust in Thee alone,  
Might follow and partake Thy throne.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

4 Seated at God's right hand again,  
Thou dost in all His glory reign;  
Thou dost, Thy Father's image, shine  
In all the attributes Divine;  
And Thou in vengeance clad shalt come,  
To seal our everlasting doom.

5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray;  
O Saviour, take our sins away!  
Before Thou as our Judge appear,  
In dreadful majesty severe,  
Appear, our Advocate with God,  
And save the purchase of Thy blood.

6 Hallow, and make Thy servants meet,  
And with Thy saints in glory seat;  
Sustain and bless us by Thy sway,  
And keep to that tremendous day,  
When all Thy Church shall chant above  
The new eternal song of love. Amen.

*Te Deum. From the Latin.*  
*Tr. Wesley. 1747.*

168 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*That they may behold My  
glory.—John xvii. 24.*

SAVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope  
That Thou at last wilt take us up;  
With daily triumph we proclaim,  
And bless and magnify Thy name;  
And wait Thy greatness to adore  
When time and death shall be no more.

2 Till then with us vouchsafe to stay,  
And keep us pure from sin to-day;  
Thy great confirming grace bestow,  
And guard us all our days below;  
And ever mightily defend,  
And save, O save us, to the end.

3 Still let us, Lord, with grace be blest,  
Who in Thy guardian mercy rest;  
Extend Thy mercy's arms to me,  
The weakest soul that trusts in Thee;  
And never let me lose Thy love,  
Till I, even I, am crowned above. Amen.

*Te Deum. From the Latin.*  
*Tr. Wesley. 1747.*

169 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.  
*Both young men and maidens;  
old men and children; let them praise the  
name of the Lord.—Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13.*

YOUNG men and maidens, raise  
Your tuneful voices high;  
Old men and children, praise  
The Lord of earth and sky:  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

E

2 The universal King  
Let all the world proclaim;  
Let every creature sing  
His attributes and name:  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

3 In His great name alone  
All excellences meet,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And shall for ever sit;  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;  
Glory to God be given,  
Above the noblest songs  
Of all in earth or heaven:  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1763.*

170 8.5. 8.5. 8.4. 3.  
*Thou hast created all things,  
and for Thy pleasure they are and were  
created.—Revelation iv. 11.*

ANGEL voices ever singing  
Round Thy throne of light,  
Angel harps for ever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night:  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee,  
Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we know that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yea, we can,

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of Thine:  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,  
For Thy praise design;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
All combine.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee,  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily,  
Hearts, and minds, and hands, and voices,  
In our choicest  
Psalmody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity!  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee! Amen.

*Francis Post. 1861.*

Divine Worship.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

171 *Know ye that the Lord He is God.—Psalm c. 3.* L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding  
praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.  
Alt. J. Wesley. 1741.*

172 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.—Psalm c. 1.* L.M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth  
tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, Lord, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

*William Kethe. 1569.*

173  *Surely the Lord is in this place.—Genesis xxviii. 16.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

LO! God is here, let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face;  
Who know His power, His grace who  
prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night  
The united choirs of angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering  
tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;  
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;  
O take, O seal them for Thine own!  
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;  
Be Thon by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! May our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill,  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

5 As flowers their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch Thy every ray,  
So may Thy influence thus inspire;  
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,  
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening  
Flame. Amen.

*Gerhardt Tersteegen. 1731.  
Tr. J. Wesley 1739.*

174 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Psalm cxlv. 10.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

ALL things praise Thee, Lord most high;  
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,  
All were for Thy glory made,  
That Thy greatness thus displayed  
Should all worship bring to Thee;  
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

2 All things praise Thee ; night to night  
Sings in silent hymns of light ;  
All things praise Thee ; day to day  
Chants Thy power, in burning ray ;  
Time and space are praising Thee,  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

3 All things praise Thee ; round her zones  
Earth, with her ten thousand tones,  
Rolls a ceaseless choral strain ;  
Roaring wind and deep-voiced main,  
Rustling leaf and humming bee,  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

4 All things praise Thee ; high and low,  
Rain and dew and seven-hued bow,  
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,  
Rippling stream and tempest loud ;  
Summer, winter, all to Thee  
Glory render : Lord, may we.

5 All things praise Thee ; Heaven's high  
shrine  
Rings with melody divine ;  
Lowly bending at Thy feet,  
Seraph and archangel meet ;  
This their highest bliss to be  
Ever praising : Lord, may we.

6 All things praise Thee ; Gracious Lord,  
Great Creator, Powerful Word,  
Omnipresent Spirit, now  
At Thy feet we humbly bow,  
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

*G. W. Conder. d. 1874.*

175 *Praise waiteth for Thee,* L.M.  
*O God, in Zion.—Psalm lxxv. 1.*

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits :  
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-gates ;  
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail ;  
O Thou, that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints, how safely led,  
How surely kept, how richly fed !  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in Thee !

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour,  
The moral waste within restore ;  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bearfruit to Thee. Amen.  
*H. F. Lyte. 1834.*

176 *O give thanks unto the Lord :* 77.7.7.  
*for He is good : for His mercy endureth for*  
*ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.*

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He the golden-tressèd sun  
Caused all day his course to run ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure :

5 And the moon to shine by night  
'Mong her spangled sisters bright ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He His chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

9 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton. 1623.*

177 *I will sing praises unto my* 8.8.8. 8.8.8.  
*God while I have any being.—Psalm cxlvi. 2.*

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



DIVINE WORSHIP.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.

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

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures. Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

178 *He that hath pity upon the  
poor lendeth unto the Lord.*  
Proverbs xlix. 17. 8.8.8. 4.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Giver of all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,  
Where harvests ripen Thou art there,  
Giver of all!

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,  
And give us all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,  
Spirit of life and love and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all!

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
Thou gladly wilt we give to Thee,  
Giver of all!

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
O, may we ever with Thee live,  
Giver of all!

Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.

179 *I heard the voice of many angels,  
... saying, ... Worthy is the Lamb that  
was slain.—Revelation v. 11, 12.* C.M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus!'  
'Worthy the Lamb!' our hearts reply,  
'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 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1703.

180 *Unto Him that loved us ...  
be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*  
Revelation i. 5, 6. L.M.

JESUS, Thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept Thy well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;  
Like that blest hour when from above  
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Each following moment as it flies,  
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

181 *Unto you therefore which  
believe He is precious.—1 Peter ii. 7.* C.M.

JESUS, I love Thy saving name,  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven might hear.



2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are vanity,  
And gold but sordid dust.

3 All that my largest thoughts can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart  
And sheds its fragrance there;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name  
With my last labouring breath;  
And, dying, glory in Thy love,  
The antidote of death.

*Philip Doddridge. 1755.*

182 *I will love Thee, O Lord,* C.M.  
*my strength.—Psalm xviii. 1.*

JESUS, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this—  
Nor 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 crown wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity. Amen.  
*Bernard of Clairvaux. 12th Century.*  
*Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.*

183 *Who shall not fear Thee, O* 7.7. 4.4 7. D.  
*Lord, and glorify Thy name?—Rev. xv. 4.*

W ORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,  
And strength ascribe to Jesus!  
Jesus alone  
Defends His own,  
When earth and hell oppress us.  
Jesus with joy we witness  
Almighty to deliver;  
Our seals set to,  
That God is true,  
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,  
Our ransomed souls adore Thee:  
Our Saviour Thou  
We find it now,  
And give Thee all the glory.  
We sing Thine arm unshortened,  
Brought through our sore temptation;  
With heart and voice  
In Thee rejoice,  
The God of our salvation.

3 Thine arm hath safely brought us  
A way no more expected,  
Than when Thy sheep  
Passed through the deep,  
By crystal walls protected:  
Thy glory was our rear-ward,  
Thine hand our lives did cover,  
And we, even we,  
Have passed the sea,  
And marched triumphant over.

4 The world's and Satan's malice,  
Thou, Jesus, hast confounded;  
And, by Thy grace,  
With songs of praise  
Our happy souls resounded:  
Accepting our deliverance,  
We triumph in Thy favour,  
And for the love  
Which now we prove,  
Shall praise Thy name for ever.  
Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1743.*

184 *O Lord, my God, Thou art* 5.5.5.5. 6.5. 6.5.  
*very great: Thou art clothed with honour*  
*and majesty.—Psalm civ. 1.*

O WORSHIP the King,  
All glorious above!  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love!  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

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

3 The earth, with its store  
Of wonders untold,  
Almighty! Thy power  
Hath founded of old,  
Hath established it fast  
By a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast,  
Like a mantle, the sea.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

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

5 Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies how tender,  
How firm to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might!  
Ineffable Love!  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above  
The humbler creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall hush to Thy praise. Amen.  
*Sir R. Grant. 1833.*

185 *O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—Psalms xcv. 9.* 12.11. 12.10.

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
Gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness  
Bring, and adore Him, the Lord is His name!

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;  
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
He will accept for the Name that is dear;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,  
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;  
Gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness  
Bring, and adore Him, the Lord is His name!

*J. S. B. Moaisell. 1837.*

186 *Set your affection on things above.—Colossians iii. 2.* 8.4. 8.4. 8.4.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round;  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much,  
To long for more;  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest.  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesu's breast.

*Adelaide A. Procter. 1857.*

187 *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!* C.M.  
Romans xi. 33.

MY God! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright!  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate spirits, day and night,  
Incessantly adored!

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

4 O how I fear Thee, living God !  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

5 Yet may I love Thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as Thou art ;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

6 Father of Jesus, Love's Reward !  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee !  
F. W. Faber. 1349.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress :  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;  
Hallelujah !  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes :  
Hallelujah !  
Widely yet His mercy flows !

4 Angels in the height adore Him,  
They behold Him face to face :  
All His works bow down before Him,  
Through the boundless realms of space :  
Hallelujah !  
Praise with us the God of grace !  
Amen.  
H. F. Lyte. 1864.

188 10.4. 6.6.6.6. 10.4.  
*Let everything that hath breath,  
praise the Lord.—Psalm cl. 6.*

LET all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
The heavens are not too high,  
His praise may thither fly ;  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.  
Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !

2 Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
The Church with psalms must shout,  
No door can keep them out :  
But, above all, my heart  
Must bear the longest part.  
Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !

3 Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King !  
The Father, with the Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
One everlasting Lord,  
Be evermore adored !  
Let all the world in every corner sing  
My God and King ! Amen.  
George Herbert. d. 1632. alt.

189 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
*Praise ye the Lord from the  
heavens.—Ps. cxlviii. 1.*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing ?  
Hallelujah !  
Praise the everlasting King !

190 C.M.  
*The second man is the  
Lord from heaven.—1 Corinthians xv. 47.*

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways !

2 O loving wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against their foe,  
Should strive and should prevail.

4 O generous love ! that He, who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo ;

5 And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

J. H. Newman. 1864  
55

DIVINE WORSHIP.

191 11.10. 11.10. Iambic.  
*Sing forth the honour of  
 His name ; make His praise glorious,  
 Psalm lxxi. 2.*

**P**RAISE ye Jehovah! Praise the Lord  
 most holy,  
 Who cheers the contrite, girds with  
 strength the weak ;  
 Praise Him who will with glory crown the  
 lowly,  
 And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye Jehovah! For His lovingkind-  
 ness,  
 And all the tender mercy He hath  
 shown ;  
 Praise Him who pardons all our sin and  
 blindness,  
 And calls us sons, and takes us for His  
 own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our  
 blessing :  
 Before His gifts earth's richest boons  
 wax dim ;  
 Resting in Him, His peace and joy  
 possessing,  
 All things are ours, for we have all in  
 Him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who  
 gave us,  
 With full and perfect love, His only Son :  
 Praise ye the Son! who died Himself to  
 save us ;  
 Praise ye the Spirit! Praise the Three  
 in One! Amen.  
*Lady Mary C. Campbell. 1838.*

192 L.M. With Chorus.  
*Sing praises to God,  
 sing praises.—Psalm xlvii. 6.*

**S**ING to the Lord a joyful song,  
 Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;  
 To us His gracious gifts belong,  
 To Him our songs of love and praise :  
 For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To whom be praise for evermore.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,  
 For daily help and nightly care,  
 Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
 And praise His name, for it is fair :

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,  
 His truth to prove, His will to do,  
 Praise ye our God, for He is great,  
 Trust in His name, for it is true :

4 For joys untold that from above,  
 Cheer those who love His sweet employ,  
 Sing to our God, for He is Love,  
 Exalt His name, for it is Joy :

5 For life below, with all its bliss,  
 And for that life, more pure and high,  
 That nobler life which after this  
 Shall ever shine, and never die :

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To whom be praise for evermore.  
 Amen.  
*J. S. B. Monsell. 1862.*

193 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*Rejoice . . . the Lord is at  
 hand.—Phil. iv. 4, 5.*

**L**IFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,  
 Behold the King of glory waits !  
 The King of kings is drawing near,  
 The Saviour of the world is here :  
 Life and salvation doth He bring,  
 Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing !

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,  
 Mercy is ever at His side ;  
 His kingly crown is holiness ;  
 His sceptre, pity in distress :  
 The end of all our woe He brings,  
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

3 O, blest the land, the city blest,  
 Where Christ the ruler is contest !  
 O, happy hearts and happy homes,  
 To whom this King in triumph comes !  
 The cloudless Sun of joy He is,  
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,  
 Make it a temple set apart  
 From earthly use, for heaven's employ,  
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;  
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,  
 And new and nobler life begin.

5 Redeemer, come, we open wide  
 Our heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !  
 Thine inner presence let us feel,  
 Thy grace and love in us reveal,  
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,  
 Until the glorious goal is won ! Amen.  
*George Weiszel. 1635.  
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

194 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*Hitherto hath the Lord  
 helped us.—1 Samuel vii. 12.*

**C**OME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing  
 Call for songs of loudest praise :  
 Teach me, Lord, the rapturous measures  
 Sung by flaming hosts above ;  
 Bid me tell the countless treasures  
 Of my God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home :  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let that grace break every fetter  
That withholds my heart from Thee :  
Proned to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Proned to leave the God I love ;  
Saviour, take my heart and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above. Amen.  
*Robert Robinson. 1759.*

195 *O give thanks to the Lord* 7.7. 7.7.  
*of lords : for His mercy endureth for ever.*  
Psalm cxxxvi. 3.

PRAISE, O praise our heavenly King,  
Grateful hallelujahs sing,  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Praise Him, that His love appears  
Crowning our revolving years ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 Praise Him, that the sun by day  
Pours on all his golden ray ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise Him, that the moon by night  
Gives the world her silver light ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 Praise Him, that the stars appear  
Glittering in the mighty sphere ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise Him, that the rain-cloud drops  
Fatness on the ripening crops ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 Praise Him, that the country round  
Rich with waving ears is found ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 8 Praise Him, that the barns contain  
Precious stores of gathered grain ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 9 Praise Him, that with Living Bread  
Our immortal souls are fed ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

10 Praise Him, that He grants in this  
Earnest of eternal bliss ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

11 Praise to our all-bounteous King,  
Praise for ever let us sing ;  
Praise Him, ye angelic host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.  
*H. Trend. 1861.*

196 *Let them praise the name* 8.7. 8.7.  
*of the Lord.—Psalm cxlviii. 5.*

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore  
Him ;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,  
Never shall His promise fail ;  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name. Amen.  
*Anon. 1801.*

197 *Rejoice in the Lord.* S. M.  
Phil. iv. 4.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround His throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But servants of the Heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas :
- 4 This mighty God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He will send down His heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin,  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

8 Then let our songs aloud,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.  
*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

6 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

7 Higher then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
Saviour, to its goal ;  
Where, in joys unthought of,  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King. Amen.  
*Godfrey Thring. 1866.*

198 *I press toward the mark* 6.5. 6.5. D.  
*for the prize of the high calling of God*  
*in Christ Jesus.—Philippians iii. 14.*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King :  
All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee :  
Thou, for our redemption,  
Can'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater,  
Are Thy mercies here :  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there ;  
Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toll nor care, is known ;  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven ;  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within,  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done ;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toll and sorrow past ;  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last !

199 *Sing unto God, sing praises* 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.  
*to His name.—Psalm lxxviii. 4.*

SING praise to God who reigns above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of power, the God of love,  
The God of our salvation ;  
With healing balm my soul He fills,  
And every faithless murmur stills :  
To God all praise and glory !

2 The angel-host, O King of kings,  
Thy praise for ever telling,  
In earth and sky all living things  
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,  
Adore the wisdom which could span,  
And power which formed creation's plan :  
To God all praise and glory !

3 What God's almighty power hath made,  
His gracious mercy keepeth ;  
By morning glow or evening shade,  
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;  
Within the kingdom of His might,  
Lo ! all is just and all is right :  
To God all praise and glory !

4 The Lord is never far away ;  
But, through all grief distressing,  
An ever-present help and stay,  
Our peace, and joy, and blessing ;  
As with a mother's tender hand  
He leads His own, His chosen band :  
To God all praise and glory !

5 When every earthly hope has flown  
From sorrow's sons and daughters,  
Our Father from His heavenly throne  
Beholds the troubled waters ;  
And at His word the storm is stayed,  
Which made His children's hearts afraid :  
To God all praise and glory !

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

- 6 Then all my gladsome way along  
I sing aloud Thy praises,  
That men may hear the grateful song  
My voice unwearied raises :  
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart !  
Both soul and body bear your part :  
To God all praise and glory ! Amen.

*J. J. Schütz. d. 1690.  
Tr. Frances E. Cox. 1864.*

200 *By Him therefore let us  
offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.*  
Hebrews xiii. 15.

7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light ;  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight ;  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild ;  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven ;  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise.

6 For Thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Its pure sacrifice of love ;  
Father, unto Thee we raise  
This, our sacrifice of praise. Amen.  
*Folliott S. Pierpoint. 1864.*

201 *Glory to God in the highest.*  
Luke ii. 14.

6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

GLORY to God on high !  
Let praises fill the sky,  
Praise ye His name :  
Angels His name adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
And saints cry evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb !

2 All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name :  
We who have felt His blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Spread His dear fame abroad ;  
Worthy the Lamb !

3 To Him our hearts we raise,  
None else shall have our praise ;  
Praise ye His name :  
Him our exalted Lord,  
Him as below adored,  
We praise with one accord,  
Worthy the Lamb !

4 Join all the ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless,  
Praise ye His name :  
In Him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
And say with heart and voice,  
Worthy the Lamb !

5 Though we must change our place,  
Our souls will never cease  
Praising His name :  
To Him we'll tribute bring,  
Laud Him our gracious King,  
And, without ceasing, sing,  
Worthy the Lamb ! Amen.

*J. Allen, 1757.*

202 *O God, Thou art my God.* L.M.  
Psalm lxxiii. 1.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;  
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,  
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,  
Life could no lasting joy afford ;  
My peace, the sense of pardoning love,  
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise ;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And all the remnant of my days.

Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*



203 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
*God is love.*—1 John iv. 8.

- (G)OD is Love; that anthem olden  
 Sing the glorious orbs of light,  
 In their language, glad and golden,  
 Speaking to us day and night  
 Their great story,  
 God is Love, and God is Might.
- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices  
 In that message from above,  
 With ten thousand thousand voices  
 Telling back, from hill and grove,  
 Her glad story,  
 God is Might, and God is Love.
- 3 Through these anthems of creation,  
 Mingling in harmonious strife,  
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation,  
 To the world with blessings rife,  
 Tell their story,  
 God is Love, and God is Life.
- 4 Through that precious Love He sought us,  
 Wandering from His holy ways;  
 With that precious Life He bought us;  
 Then let all our future days  
 Tell this story,  
 Love is Life, our lives be praise.
- 5 Gladsome is the theme, and glorious,  
 Praise to Christ our gracious Head;  
 Christ, the risen Christ, victorious,  
 Death and hell hath captive led:  
 Glory, glory!  
 Love lives on, and Death is dead.
- 6 Up to Him let each affection  
 Daily rise, and round Him move  
 Our whole lives, one resurrection  
 To the Life of life above;  
 Their glad story,  
 God is Life, and God is Love.
- J. S. B. Monsell. 1867.*

204 7.7. 7.7.  
*I will sing unto the Lord as  
 long as I live.*—Psalm civ. 33.

- (S)ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
 When Jehovah's work began,  
 When He spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
 When the Prince of Peace was born;  
 Songs of praise arose when He  
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
 God will make new heavens and earth;  
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
 Till that glorious Kingdom come?  
 No;—the Church delights to raise  
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
 Learning here, by faith and love,  
 Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
 Then, amidst eternal joy,  
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

*James Montgomery. 1819.*

205 6.6. 8.4. D.  
*Fear not, Abram: I am thy  
 shield.*—Genesis xv. 1.

- THE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
 And God of Love:  
 Jehovah, Great I AM,  
 By earth and heaven confest;  
 I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever blest.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
 At whose supreme command,  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At His right hand:  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
 And Him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all His ways;  
 He calls a man His friend,  
 He calls Himself my God,  
 And He shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on His oath depend;  
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend;  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore. Amen.

*Thomas Olivers. 1772.*

206 6.6. 8.4. D.  
*I am the Lord God of  
 Abraham.*—Genesis xxviii. 13.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
 At His command:  
 The watery deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my view,  
 And through the barren wilderness  
 My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest:  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Sion's sacred height,  
His kingdom still maintains,  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garments white and pure  
His spotless bride:  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With groves of living joys,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

*Thomas Olivers. 1772.*

207 *Thou art worthy, O Lord.* 6. G. S. & D.  
Rev. iv. 11.

**B**EFORE the great Three-  
One Saints all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath done,  
Through all their land:  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame,  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.

2 The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing;  
And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,  
'Almighty King!  
Who was and is the same,  
And evermore shall be:  
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,  
We worship Thee.'

3 Before the Saviour's face  
The ransomed nations bow:  
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,  
For ever new:  
He shows His prints of love;  
They kindle to a flame,  
And sound, through all the worlds above,  
The slaughtered Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high:  
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'  
They ever cry:  
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!  
I join the heavenly lays,  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise. Amen.

*Thomas Olivers. 1772.*

208 *The joy of the whole earth* S. M.  
*is Mount Zion.—Psalm lxxviii. 2.*

**G**REAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great;  
He makes His churches His abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honours of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

209 *A Name which is above* C. M.  
*every name.—Phil. ii. 9.*

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

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

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My Shield and Hiding-place;  
My never-falling Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

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

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

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

*John Newton. 1779.*

210 *Rejoice and sing praise.* 6. 5. 6. 5. D. Anapæstic.  
*Psalm xcvi. 4.*

**W**ITH gladness we worship,  
Rejoice as we sing,  
Free hearts and free voices  
How blessed to bring!

DIVINE WORSHIP.

The old thankful story  
Shall scale Thine abode,  
Thou King of all glory,  
Most bountiful God !

2 Thy right would we give Thee,  
True homage Thy due,  
And honour eternal,  
The universe through :  
With all Thy creation,  
Earth, heaven, and sea,  
In one acclamation  
We celebrate Thee.

3 Renewed by Thy Spirit,  
Redeemed by Thy Son,  
Thy children revere Thee  
For all Thou hast done :  
O Father ! returning  
To love and to light,  
Thy children are yearning  
To praise Thee aright.

4 Our souls mount aspiring  
To reach the Divine,  
Partaking Thy nature  
In Christ—even Thine !  
Ascending and soaring,  
With Him in accord,  
We triumph adoring,  
We joy in the Lord.

5 We join with the angels,  
And so there is given  
From earth, Hallelujah !  
In answer to heaven.  
Amen ! Be Thou glorious  
Below and above,  
Redeeming, victorious,  
And Infinite Love ! Amen.  
*George Rawson. 1876.*

211 *Stand up and bless the Lord  
your God.—Nehemiah ix. 5.* S.M.

STAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense  
The spirit feels Him near.

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5 God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours ;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.  
*James Montgomery. 1824.*

212 *8.8. 8.8. Anapestic.  
This God is our God for  
ever and ever.—Psalm cxviii. 14.*

THIS, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And neither knows 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.  
Amen.  
*Joseph Hart. 1759.*

213 *L.M.  
In all places where I record  
My Name, I will come unto thee, and I will  
bless thee.—Exodus xx. 24.*

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat,  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.  
Amen.  
*William Cowper. 1763.*

214 *C.M.  
The love of God is shed  
abroad in our hearts.—Romans v. 5.*

BEING of beings, God of love !  
To Thee our hearts we raise ;  
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
And gladly sing Thy praise.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

2 Thine, only Thine, we pant to be ;  
Our sacrifice receive ;  
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,  
To Thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires ;  
For all Thy mercies' store  
The sole return Thy love requires  
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask ; we open then  
Our hearts to embrace Thy will ;  
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again,  
With all Thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad !  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be, with Christ, in God. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1739.*

215 *I will bless the Lord at all  
times.—Ps. xxxiv. 1.* 8.4. 4.8. 8.8.

HOW shall we worship Thee, O Lord ?  
What shall we bring  
To Thee, our King,  
By children and by men adored ?  
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise  
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

2 What can we give ? Thou dost desire  
A steadfast will  
Obedient still,  
And faithful work that does not tire :  
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise  
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

3 How easy in the golden light  
Of summer hours,  
Among the flowers,  
To bless Thee for a world so bright !  
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise  
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

4 When sorrow darkens all our sky,  
Life's blossoms lost  
In sudden frost,  
And all our courage like to die,  
O ! help us still Thy name to praise  
By loyal deeds and patient days.

5 In life, in death, in joy and pain,  
May we adore  
Thee more and more,  
Till love turns all our loss to gain,  
And tunes the years to perfect praise  
In loyal deeds and patient days. Amen.  
*Annie Matheson. 1884.*

216 *Come unto Me, all ye that  
labour and are heavy laden, and I will give  
you rest.—Matthew xi. 28.* 7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 8.8.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,  
To Thy goodness flee ;  
When the heavy-laden cast  
All their load on Thee ;  
When the troubled, seeking peace,  
On Thy name shall call ;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
At Thy feet shall fall :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above ;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his Father's love ;  
When the proud man in his pride  
Sloops to seek Thy face ;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end ;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend :  
When the sailor on the wave  
Eows the fervent knee ;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care  
In the city crowd,  
When the shepherd on the moor  
Names the name of God ;  
When the learned and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
Name the blessed name :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lips,  
Youth, or maiden fair ;  
When the aged, weak and grey,  
Seek Thy face in prayer ;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low ;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe :  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When creation, in her pangs,  
Heaves her heavy groan ;  
When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
Breathe their bitter moan ;

When Thy waiting, weeping Church,  
Looking for a home,  
Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.  
Amen.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

217 *God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*  
Psalm lxxiii. 25. C.M.D.

MY heart is resting, O my God,—  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill;  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.  
And a new song is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set;  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known;  
And fear that sends me to Thyself  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine,  
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care;  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding every where.  
'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,  
Ten thousand voices say;  
The music of their glad Amen  
Will never die away. Amen.

*Anna L. Waring.* 1852.

218 *What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?*  
Psalm cxvi. 12. L.M.

WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,  
Poor nothings! for His boundless  
grace?

Fain would we His great name record,  
And worthily set forth His praise.

—Great object of our growing love,  
To whom our more than all we owe,  
Open the Fountain from above,  
And let it our full souls o'erflow.

3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,  
Thy grace for every sinner free;  
Till all mankind shall learn Thy name,  
Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.

4 Open a door which earth and hell  
May strive to shut, but strive in vain:  
Let Thy word richly in us dwell,  
And let our gracious fruit remain.

5 O multiply the sower's seed!  
And fruit we every hour shall bear,  
Throughout the world Thy Gospel spread,  
Thy everlasting truth declare.

6 We all, in perfect love renewed,  
Shall know the greatness of Thy power,  
Stand in the temple of our God  
As pillars, and go out no more.

*A. G. Spanjenberg.* 1734.

*Tr. John Wesley.* 1742.

219 *Let my supplication come before Thee.*—Psalm cxix. 170. S.7. S.7. 4.7.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,  
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay;  
By Thy mercy,  
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

*J. J. Cummins.* 1839.

220 *I will sing with the Spirit.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
1 Corinthians xiv. 15.

JESUS, Thou soul of all our joys,  
For whom we now lift up our voice,  
And all our strength exert,  
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,  
Compose into a thankful frame,  
And tune Thy people's heart.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,  
Thy glory be our whole design,—  
Thy glory, not our own :  
Still let us keep our end in view,  
And still the pleasing task pursue,  
To please our God alone.

3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,  
O let it never more steal in,  
To offend Thy glorious eyes,  
To desecrate our hallowed strain,  
And make our solemn service vain,  
And mar our sacrifice.

4 Still let us on our guard be found,  
And watch against the power of sound,  
With sacred jealousy ;  
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,  
And music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our hearts away from Thee.

5 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,  
And sweetly join with one accord  
Thy goodness to proclaim :  
Jesus, Thyself in us reveal,  
And all our faculties shall feel  
Thy harmonizing name.

6 With calmly-reverential joy,  
O let us all our lives employ  
In setting forth Thy love ;  
And raise in death our triumph higher,  
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,  
That endless song above ! Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

221 *I will praise Thee, O Lord,* C.M.  
*with my whole heart.*—Psalm ix. 1.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,  
In every part, with praise,  
That my whole being may proclaim  
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,  
Nor even the praising heart  
I ask, but for a life made up  
Of praise in every part :

3 Praise in the common words I speak,  
Life's common looks and tones,  
In intercourse at hearth or board  
With my beloved ones :

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4 Not in the temple crowd alone,  
Where holy voices chime ;  
But in the silent paths of earth,  
The quiet rooms of time.

5 Fill every part of me with praise ;  
Let all my being speak  
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord !  
Poor though I be, and weak.

6 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, even me,  
Receive the glory due,  
And so shall I begin on earth  
The song for ever new.

7 So shall no part of day or night  
From sacredness be free ;  
But all my life, in every step,  
Be fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar. 1867.

222 *Building up yourselves on* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*your most holy faith.*—Jude 20.

COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace  
Divine !  
Come, Jesus, in Thy name to join  
A happy, chosen band ;  
Who fain would prove Thine utmost will,  
And all Thy righteous laws fulfil,  
In love's benign command.

2 If pure essential Love Thou art,  
Thy nature into every heart,  
Thy loving self, inspire ;  
Bid all our simple souls be one,  
United in a bond unknown,  
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend.—  
To spread Thy praise our common end,  
To help each other on ;  
Companions through the wilderness,  
To share a moment's pain, and seize  
An everlasting crown.

4 Supply what every member wants ;  
To found the fellowship of saints,  
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;  
So shall we all Thy love receive,  
Together to Thy glory live,  
And to Thy glory die. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

223 *We know that all things* 11.10. 11.10. *Anapestic.*  
*work together for good to them that love God.*  
Romans viii. 28.

BRIGHTLY, O Father, when morning is  
breaking,  
Shed o'er Thy children the beams of Thy  
love,  
Scattering the night-clouds of sorrow and  
darkness,  
Lifting our spirits to glories above.

G5



DIVINE WORSHIP.

- 2 Teach us, O Father, to work in the day-time,  
 Soon, O, too soon, is the night coming on ;  
 Help us, while earnestly, actively striving,  
 To finish our work ere the daylight be gone.
- 3 Bravely, O Father, in life's daily conflict,  
 Help us, Thy soldiers, to combat each ill,  
 Crushing each foe that impedes our march onwards,  
 Each impulse within us opposed to Thy will.
- 4 Help us, O Father, in watching or waiting,  
 Teach us in all things, Thy way is the best ;  
 Guide us and keep us throughout our life's journey,  
 Lead us at last to the mansions of rest.
- 5 Calmly, O Father, as life's day is closing,  
 Bring us in peace to Thy glorious home,  
 Where care, and conflict, and labour, and watching,  
 Darkness, and sorrow, and sin cannot come. Amen.

*John Westbury. b. 1838.*

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies ;  
 Through the whole earth His bounty shines,  
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes the creatures wait  
 On Thee for daily food ;  
 Thy liberal hand provides them meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !  
 How slow Thine anger moves !  
 But soon He sends His pardoning word,  
 To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
 But we, who taste Thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless Thy name. Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

226 8.8.8.8. 8.8.  
*The Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him.*  
 Hebrews v. 9.

**T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,  
 My help and refuge from my foes,  
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine ;  
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.

224 C.M.  
*We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.*

**M**Y God, I love Thee for Thyself,  
 All creature things above ;  
 Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts  
 I praise,—but Thee I love.

- 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,  
 Besides, I ask not aught ;  
 If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,  
 All that I find is nought.
- 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself,  
 Whate'er Thou givest me,  
 Empty and void, I languish still,  
 And grieve unceasingly.
- 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,  
 Thee, as my final end ;  
 To Thee in constancy of love  
 Eternally to tend. Amen.

*G. B. Babier. d. 1869.*

- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,  
 And keeps my happy soul above ;  
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
 And joy, and everlasting love ;  
 To me, with Thy dear Name, are given,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
 The medicine of my broken heart ;  
 In war my peace, in loss my gain,  
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
 In shame, my glory and my crown ;
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply,  
 In weakness, my Almighty power,  
 In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
 My light in Satan's darkest hour,  
 In grief, my joy unspeakable,  
 My life in death, my heaven in hell.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

227 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.  
*Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*  
 Psalm cxli. 4.

**T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The everlasting hills ;  
 Streaming thence, in fresh supplies,  
 My soul the Spirit feels ;  
 Will He not His help afford ?  
 Help, while yet I ask, is given ;  
 God comes down, the God and Lord  
 That made both earth and heaven.

225 C.M.  
*The Lord is good to all.*  
 Psalm cxlv. 9.

**S**WEET is the memory of Thy grace,  
 My God, my heavenly King ;  
 Let age to age Thy righteousness  
 In sounds of glory sing.



2 Faithful soul, pray always, pray,  
And still in God confide ;  
He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
Nor suffer thee to slide ;  
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,  
He thy quiet spirit keeps,  
Rest in Him, securely rest,  
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,  
Thy Keeper can surprise ;  
Careless slumbers cannot steal  
On His all-seeing eyes ;  
He is Israel's sure defence ;  
Israel all His care shall prove,  
Kept by watchful providence,  
And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
Omnipotently near ;  
Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,  
And banishes thy fear,  
Shadows with His wings thy head,  
Guards from all impending harms ;  
Round thee and beneath are spread  
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,  
Shall bless thy coming in,  
Kindly compass thee about,  
Till thou art saved from sin ;  
Like thy spotless Master, thou,  
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,  
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,  
Henceforth, and evermore.

Wesley. 1743.

228 *In this was manifested  
the love of God toward us.*—1 John iv. 9. C.M.D.

WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone,  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
On ocean and on land ;  
Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth  
Rejoicing in his night,  
And kindle earth to glowing life  
And beauty with his light.

2 'Tis not alone because Thy names  
Of wisdom, power, and love,  
Are written on the earth beneath,  
The glorious skies above ;  
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,  
Yet not for these alone,  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.

3 We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way ;  
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light :

4 Because, when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still ;  
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
Yet Thou forsakest not :

5 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love ;  
Because Thy Son came down to die,  
That we might live above ;  
Because, when we were bound by sin,  
Thou gavest hopes of heaven ;  
Yes ; much we love, who much have sinned,  
And much have been forgiven.

Julia A. Elliott. 1839.

229 *To the Lord . . . belong  
mercies and forgivenesses.*—Daniel ix. 9. 7.7. 7.7. 1

LORD, have mercy when we pray  
Strength to seek a better way ;  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe our cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale ;  
When our tears bedew Thy word,  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie  
On the restless bed, and sigh ;  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,  
From the thought of former ill ;  
When the dim advancing gloom  
Tells us that our hour is come ;  
When is loosed the silver cord,  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

3 Lord, have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below !  
When our darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of Thy bright but distant heaven ;  
Then Thy fostering grace afford,  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord ! Amen.

H. H. Milman. 1827.

THE LORD'S DAY.

230 *It is a good thing to give  
thanks unto the Lord.*—Psalm xcii. 1. L.M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks and  
sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares distract my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word :  
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

4 Then I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired and wished below,  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

231 *Call the Sabbath a delight,* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*the holy of the Lord.*—Isaiah lviii. 13.

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright !  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain  
We view our promised land.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth ;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth.  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven ;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls ;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls :  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams ;  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 May we new graces gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
Attain the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest ;  
And there our voice upraising  
To Father and to Son  
And Holy Ghost, be praising  
Ever the Three in One. Amen.

Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.

232 *This is the day which the* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*Lord hath made : we will rejoice and be*  
*glad in it.*—Psalm cxviii. 24.

THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain :  
It comes as cooling showers  
To some exhausted land ;  
As shade of clustered palm-trees  
Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 O day, when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy :  
When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest,  
And pain to wondrous rapture,  
Upon the Saviour's breast.

3 Lord, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labour,  
Of steady faithful toil ;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit  
In our humility.

4 And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed :  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone,—  
So many talents wasted,  
So few bright laurels won !

5 So be it, Lord, for ever :  
O may we evermore,  
In Jesu's holy presence,  
His blessed name adore :  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple walls,  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Zion's golden halls ;

6 So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that home at last ;  
When life's short week of sorrow,  
And sin and strife are past ;  
When angel-hands have gathered  
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,  
Most Holy Trinity ! Amen.

Mrs. Ada Cross. 1866.

233 *I was in the Spirit on the* L.M.  
*Lord's day.*—Rev. i. 10.

A GAIN our weekly labours end,  
And we the Sabbath's call attend ;  
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,  
And seek to be for ever blest.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 This day let our devotions rise  
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;  
And God that peace divine bestow,  
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This holy calm within the breast  
Prepares for that eternal rest,  
Which for the sons of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away:  
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!  
*J. Stennett. 1732.*

234 *Ye shall keep the Sabbath therefore; for it is holy unto you.* C.M.  
Exodus xxxi. 14.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
In concert with the blest,  
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,  
We blest and pious grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was displayed,  
By God, the eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought,  
With grief and pain extreme;  
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;  
'Twas greater to redeem!  
*Samuel Wesley, jun. 1735.*

235 *The rest of the Holy Sabbath.* S.6. 8.4.  
Exodus xvi. 23.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,  
From toil and trouble free;  
Hail, day of light, that bringest light  
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee  
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,  
As weekly labours cease:  
No voice, but those that sweetly sing  
Sweet songs of peace.

4 All earthly things appear to fade,  
As, rising high and higher,  
The yearning voices strive to join  
The heavenly choir.

5 For those who sing with saints below  
Glad songs of heavenly love,  
Shall sing, when songs on earth have  
ceased,  
With saints above.

6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise  
That Thou this day hast given,  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven. Amen.  
*Godfrey Thring. 1870.*

236 *In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.—Ps. lxxi. 1.* S.8. 8.8.6.

ON this, the holiest and best  
Of earth's dim days, the day of rest;  
O, let my happy portion be  
To find supreme delight in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

2 These precious hours I would improve  
In fervent prayer, in sacred love;  
From earth's delusive pleasures flee,  
To find my every joy in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

3 When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,  
With deep distress my guilt I own,  
O, let my contrite spirit see  
What boundless mercy dwells in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

4 When in Thy temple I adore,  
And truth's unfathomed mines explore;  
Or trembling, praise the One in Three,  
Fresh glories let me ever see  
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

5 Thus on each day of holy rest,  
May I with heavenly joys be blest;  
And in a bright eternity  
Have my undying bliss in Thee—  
In Thee, my God, in Thee! Amen.  
*Anon. 1872.*

237 *The Sabbath of the Lord thy God.—Exodus xx. 10.* S.M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place  
Where Thou, my Lord, hast been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

6 This is the First of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of Death ! Amen.

John Ellerton. 1867.

238

*Sing aloud unto God our  
strength.—Psalm lxxxii. 1.*

S.M.

SING to the Lord, our might,  
With holy fervour sing ;  
Let hearts and instruments unite  
To praise our Heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,  
And this His festal day,  
When He accepts the humblest vows  
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given ;  
The Church her Sabbath still requires  
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness ;  
And God is still as near His fold,  
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for Him to fill ;  
And He that Israel then supplied,  
Will help His Israel still.

H. F. Lyte. 1834.

240

*God is light.—1 John i. 5.*

7.8. 7.8. 7.7.

LIGHT of light, enlighten me,  
Now anew the day is dawning ;  
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,  
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning ;  
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,  
Happy is my day of rest !

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,  
To Thy living waters lead me ;  
Thou from earth my soul release,  
And with grace and mercy feed me ;  
Bless Thy word that it may prove  
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying ;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow  
Which Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,  
Rapt, awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee up-springing,  
Have a foretaste fully given  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,  
Build a Paradise within me ;  
O reveal Thyself to me,  
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me ;  
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,  
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care and vanity,  
For the day to God is holy ;  
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly ;  
Nought to-day my soul shall move  
Simply resting in Thy love. Amen.

B. Schmolck. 1731.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

239

*The first day of the week,  
1 Corinthians xvi. 2.*

S.M.

THIS is the day of Light :  
Let there be light to-day !  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of Rest :  
Our failing strength renew ;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Send Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Peace :  
Thy peace our spirits fill ;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of Prayer :  
Let earth to heaven draw near ;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the day of Bread—  
The Bread which Thou wilt give ;  
To-day for us Thy feast is spread,  
That hungering souls may live.

70

241

*I was glad when they said  
unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.  
Psalm cxxii. 1.*

6.6.8. 6.6.8.

HOW pleased and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,  
Come, let us seek our God to-day ;  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son  
Has fixed His royal throne;  
He sits for grace and judgment there:  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest!  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
Peace to this sacred house!  
For there my friends and kindred dwell;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee His blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

242 *A day in Thy courts is  
better than a thousand.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 10. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

LORD of the worlds above!  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are:  
To Thine abode My heart aspires,  
With warm desires To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God delights to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still; And happy they  
Who love the way To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each o'ercomes at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,  
Shalt thither bring Our willing feet.

4 God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Light and our Defence;  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow Upon our race  
His saving grace, And glory too.

5 The Lord His people loves;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
From holy, humble souls:  
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts Alone in Thee!

Isaac Watts. 1719.

243 *How amiable are Thy  
tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.*—Ps. lxxxiv. 1. 7.7. 7.7. D.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe:  
O, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast;  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow  
In this vale of sin and woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.  
Amen.

H. F. Lyte. 1834.

244 *Pray for the peace of  
Jerusalem.*—Psalm cxxii. 6. L.M.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls  
The Christian to the house of prayer;  
I love to stand within its walls,  
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,  
Where two or three for worship meet;  
For thither Christ Himself resorts,  
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,  
To join in holy praise and love;  
And imitate the blessed throng  
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound,  
May all our hearts in one agree;  
Where brethren meet, where Christ is  
found,  
May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. Lyte. 1834.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

245 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*—Heb. iv. 9. L.M.

**L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;  
And own as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our labouring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day ! begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

*Philip Doddridge. 1755.*

246 *Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.*—Psalm xxvi. 8. L.M.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are !  
With strong desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

- 2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,  
Around the throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace ;  
There they behold Thy gentle rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

247 *My house shall be called the house of prayer.*—Matthew xxi. 13. L.M.

**F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, de-  
part,  
Make not the house of prayer thy mart ;  
Lord of the temple and the day,  
Drive the intrusive crowd away.

2 Fain would I find a calm retreat  
From vain distractions near Thy feet,  
And, borne above all earthly care,  
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

- 3 Lord ! in this blest and hallowed hour  
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power ;  
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,  
My Lord and God, the Crucified !
- 4 Or let me, through the opening skies,  
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise ;  
And realise, with raptured awe,  
The vision dying Stephen saw.
- 5 But, if unworthy of such joy,  
Still shall Thy love my heart employ ;  
For, of Thy favoured children's fare,  
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.
- 6 Yet never can my soul be fed  
With less than Thee, the Living Bread ;  
Thyself unto my soul impart,  
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

248 *The Lord God is a sun and shield.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 11. L.M.

**G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from Thy presence springs :  
To spend one day with Thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within Thy house, O God of grace ;  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power  
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, He makes our day ;  
God is our shield, He guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at Thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Amen.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.*

249 *Now therefore are we all here present before God.*—Acts x. 33. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

**I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We Thy people now draw near ;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy word with godly fear.



THE LORD'S DAY.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
 Cheered by hope and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be  
 Till Thy glory  
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,  
 All Thy people shall adore;  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Far than thought conceived before;  
 Full enjoyment,  
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Thomas Kelly. 1815.

250 *It shall be a Sabbath of rest  
 unto you.—Leviticus xvi. 31.* L.M.

WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,  
 To sing before the mercy-seat,  
 And ere the darkness round us fell,  
 We bade the grateful vespers swell.

2 What'er has risen from heart sincere,  
 Each upward glance, each filial fear,  
 Each true resolve, each solemn vow,  
 Jesus, our Lord! accept them now.

3 What'er beneath Thy searching eyes  
 Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,  
 'Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,  
 Jesus, our Lord! forgive us now:

4 And teach us erring souls to win,  
 And hide their multitude of sin;  
 To tread in Thy long-suffering way,  
 And grow more like Thee day by day.

5 So as our Sabbaths hasten past,  
 And rounding years bring nigh the last;  
 When sinks the sun behind the hill,  
 When all the weary wheels stand still;

6 When by our bed the loved ones weep,  
 And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,  
 And vain is help or hope from men;  
 Jesus, our Lord! receive us then.

Amen.

W. M. Punshon. 1867.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
 For some are sick, and some are sad,  
 And some have never loved Thee well,  
 And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,  
 Yet from the world they break not free;  
 And some have friends who give them pain,  
 Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;  
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
 The very wounds that shame would hide;

6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
 And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

Henry Twells. 1868.

252 *I will trust in the covert of  
 Thy wings.—Psalm lxi. 4.* C.M.

THE Lord be with us as we bend  
 His blessing to receive;  
 His gift of peace upon us send,  
 Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
 Along our homeward road;  
 In silent thought, or friendly talk,  
 Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night  
 Enfold our day of rest;  
 Be He of every heart the Light,  
 Of every home the Guest.

4 The Lord be with us through the hours  
 Of slumber calm and deep;  
 Protect our homes, renew our powers,  
 And guard His people's sleep. Amen.

John Ellerton. 1870.

253 *The end of the Sabbath.* S.S. 8.6.  
 Matthew xxviii. 1.

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close;  
 Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,  
 Grant me the peace Thy love bestows;  
 Smile on my evening hour.

2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest!  
 Hallow and calm my troubled breast;  
 Weary, I come to Thee for rest;  
 Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the Gospel seed remain  
 Unfruitful, or be lost again;  
 Let heavenly dew descend like rain;  
 Smile on my evening hour.

251 *And at even, when the sun  
 did set, they brought unto Him all that were  
 diseased.—Mark i. 32.* L.M.

AT even ere the sun was set,  
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
 O, in what divers pains they met!  
 O, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near;  
 What if Thy form we cannot see?  
 We know and feel that Thou art here.



- 4 O! ever present, ever nigh,  
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;  
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 5 My only Intercessor, Thou,  
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now  
With every prayer, and every vow;  
Smile on my evening hour.
- 6 And, O, when life's short course shall end,  
And death's dark shades around impend,  
My God, my everlasting Friend,  
Smile on my evening hour. Amen.  
*Charlotte Elliott. 1836.*

254 *And all the angels stood  
round about the throne . . . and worshipped  
God.—Rev. vii. 11.* S.M.

OUR day of praise is done,  
The evening shadows fall;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But O, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

*John Ellerton. 1868.*

255 *The Lord will bless His people  
with peace.—Psalms xxix. 11.* 10.10. 10.10.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we  
With one accord our parting hymn of  
praise;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship  
cease,  
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of  
peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approach-  
ing night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children  
free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward  
way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the  
day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy  
name.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly  
life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-  
flict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.  
Amen.

*John Ellerton. 1868.*

MORNING.

256 *My voice shalt Thou hear in  
the morning, O Lord.—Psalms v. 3.* L.M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem,  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In all thy converse be sincere,  
In conscience as the noon-day clear;  
Think how the all-seeing God surveys  
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels take thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to the eternal King.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew!  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite. Amen.

*Bishop Ken. 1695.*

257 8.4.7. 8.4.7.  
*I will sing aloud of Thy  
 mercy in the morning.*—Psalm lix. 16.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking,  
 Now is breaking  
 O'er the earth another day ;  
 Come to Him who made this splendour,  
 See thou render  
 All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning ;  
 Ready burning  
 Be the incense of thy powers ;  
 For the night is safely ended,  
 God hath tended  
 With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever  
 Each endeavour,  
 When thine aim is good and true ;  
 But that He may ever thwart thee,  
 And convert thee,  
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,  
 He unfoldeh  
 Every fault that lurks within ;  
 He the hidden shame glossed over  
 Can discover,  
 And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
 Free from sorrow,  
 Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
 And, released from death's dark sadness,  
 Rise in gladness  
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Our God's bounteous gifts abuse not,  
 Light refuse not,  
 But His Spirit's voice obey ;  
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
 Light unfolding  
 All things in unclouded day.

*Baron Von Canitz. 17th Century.  
 Tr. H. J. Buckoll. 1841.*

258 10.10. 10.10.  
*The Father of lights, with  
 whom is no variableness.*—James i. 17.

FATHER of lights, again these new-born  
 rays  
 That flush the kindling east bespeak Thy  
 praise ;  
 Shine on our hearts, true Light of Life,  
 that we  
 May mirror back Thy light and shine for  
 Thee.

2 God of the day ! teach us to walk in light  
 With guileless hearts, as in our Father's  
 sight ;  
 To hate the works of darkness, and to be  
 True to ourselves, our fellow-man, and  
 Thee.

3 God of our time ! Thy latest gift—this  
 day,  
 We render back to Thee, and humbly lay  
 Upon Thine altar : consecrate its hours,  
 That we may work Thy will with all our  
 powers.

4 God of our home ! we own Thee Master  
 here,  
 May all be ordered in Thy faith and fear ;  
 Unseen but felt, O, may Thy presence  
 prove  
 The bond of peace, the pledge of joy and  
 love.

5 And when at last life's eventide shall  
 come,  
 And the night gathers round our earthly  
 home,  
 O, be Thy face unveiled, our morning star,  
 Herald of dawn in sunnier climes afar.  
*W. Hay Aitken. 1872.*

259 8.7. 8.7.  
*The night is far spent, the  
 day is at hand.*—Romans xliii. 12.

LO, the golden sun is shining ;  
 Let us, children of the day,  
 Cast aside the works of darkness,  
 Which have led our souls astray.

2 May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,  
 Bring us peace and purity ;  
 From our lips all falsehood banish,  
 And our thoughts from sin set free.

3 Ever, as the day glides onward,  
 Let us keep our tongue from guile,  
 Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,  
 Hands from aught that can defile.

4 All day long an Eye is o'er us,  
 Which our every secret knows,  
 Sees our every step before us,  
 From first morn till evening's close.

5 Lord, in holy adoration  
 Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
 Till we taste Thy blest salvation,  
 And unveiled Thy brightness see.

6 Praise unending to the Father,  
 To the Son and Spirit Blest,  
 Still from age to age ascending,  
 Be throughout all worlds address.

Amen.

*From the Latin. Tr. W. J. Copeland. 1847.*

260 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
*O give thanks unto the Lord ;  
 for He is good.*—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

O GIVE thanks to Him who made  
 Morning light and evening shade,  
 Source and Giver of all good,  
 Nightly sleep and daily food ;  
 Quickener of our wearied powers,  
 Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,  
Who made every breathing thing:  
His, our warm and sentient frame,  
His, the mind's immortal flame:  
O how close the ties that bind  
Spirits to the Eternal mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship;  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks to Him who came  
In a mortal, suffering frame—  
Temple of the Deity  
Came, for sinful man to die;  
In the path Himself hath trod,  
Leading back His saints to God.

*Josiah Conder. 1836.*

261 *The Lord's mercies . . . are* L.M.  
*new every morning.*—Lam. iii. 22, 23.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise,  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New, every morning, is the love,  
Our waking and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Will dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves—a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Seek we no more,—content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As heaven shall bid them, come or go,—  
The secret, this, of rest below.

8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

*John Keble. 1827.*

262 *In the morning will I direct* S.M.  
*my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.*  
Psalm v. 3.

SWEETLY the holy hymn  
Breaks on the morning air:  
Before the world with smoke is dim  
We meet to offer prayer.

2 While flowers are wet with dews,  
Dew of our souls, descend;  
Ere yet the sun the day renews,  
O Lord, Thy Spirit send!

3 Upon the battle-field,  
Before the fight begins,  
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,  
To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails  
Upon the stream of day,  
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gates  
To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side,  
Before the morning's light,  
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,  
And rose refreshed with might.

6 O hear us, then, for we  
Are very weak and frail;  
We make the Saviour's name our plea,  
And surely must prevail.

*C. H. Spurgeon. 1866.*

263 *He that followeth Me shall* L.M.  
*not walk in darkness.*—John viii. 12.

O JESUS, Lord of light and grace,  
Thou brightness of the Father's face;  
Thou fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night.

2 Come, Holy Sun of Heavenly love,  
Come in Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 So we the Father's help will claim  
And sing the Father's glorious Name,  
And His almighty grace implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And guide us safely to the end.

5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

6 O hallowed thus be every day :  
 Let meekness be our morning ray,  
 Our faith like noontide splendour glow,  
 Our souls the twilight never know. Amen.  
*Bishop Ambrose of Milan. 4th Century.*  
*Tr. John Chandler. 1831.*

264 *The things which are seen  
 are temporal ; but the things which are not  
 seen are eternal.—2 Corinthians iv. 18.*

C.M.D.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
 The brightness of the day,  
 The crimson of the sunset sky,  
 How fast they fade away !  
 O, for the pearly gates of heaven,  
 O, for the golden floor,  
 O, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
 That setteth nevermore !

- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint ;  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint !  
 O, for a heart that never sins,  
 O, for a soul washed white,  
 O, for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day nor night.
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher ;  
 But there are perfectness, and peace,  
 Beyond our best desire.  
 O, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,  
 And by Thy life laid down,  
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown. Amen.  
*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. 1853.*

265 *The heavens declare the  
 glory of God.—Psalm xix. 1.*

7.6. 7.6. D.

THY love for all Thy creatures  
 What tongue, O God, may tell ?  
 The morning, noon, and evening,  
 Alike our praise compel ;  
 The morning, noon, and evening,  
 Whene'er they rise or fall,  
 Unto thy hymn Thy praises,  
 Great Maker of them all.

- 2 Behold ! the sun in splendour  
 Hath lit his fires on high,  
 The farther on his journey,  
 The higher in the sky ;  
 And when again he sinketh  
 Beneath the western wave,  
 A radiant crown of glory  
 Shall kindle o'er his grave.
- 3 May we, to whom in mercy  
 A brighter light is given,  
 The farther on our journey,  
 The nearer be to heaven ;

And when the shades of evening  
 Shall lengthen o'er our heads,  
 May rays of heavenly glory  
 Illume our dying beds.

- 4 Shine ! shine ! Thou Sun Eternal,  
 And cast a ray divine  
 On those who hymn Thy praises,  
 Both now and ever Thine ;  
 For then no cloud of evening  
 Shall gather round the past,  
 Eut Thou, O Christ, shalt light us  
 Safe Home,—safe Home at last.

Amen.

*Godfrey Thring. 1879.*

266 *11.10. 11.10. Iambic.*  
*When I awake, I am still  
 with Thee.—Psalm cxxxix. 18.*

STILL, still with Thee, when purple  
 morning breaketh,  
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows  
 flee ;  
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the  
 daylight,  
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am  
 with Thee.

- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;  
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
 In the calm dew and freshness of the  
 morn.
- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless  
 ocean,  
 The Image of the morning star doth  
 rest,  
 So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- 4 Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born  
 morning  
 A fresh and solemn splendour still is  
 given,  
 So doth this blessed consciousness, awak-  
 ing,  
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee  
 and heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to  
 slumber,  
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in  
 prayer ;  
 Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er-  
 shadowing,  
 But sweeter still to wake and find Thee  
 there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-  
 ing  
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows  
 flee ;  
 O ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's  
 dawning,  
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am  
 with Thee !  
*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. b. 1814.*

DIVINE WORSHIP.

267 *With Thee is the fountain of life.—Psalm xxxvi. 9.* S.M.

STILL with Thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be,  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning, to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,  
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind,  
The setting, as the rising sun,  
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings  
The signal of repose,  
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings  
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be,  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee. Amen.  
*James D. Burns. 1856. alt.*

268 *Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.—Psalm c. 4.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

FOR all Thy care we bless Thee,  
O Father, God of might!  
For golden hours of morning,  
And quiet hours of night:  
Thine is the arm that shields us  
When danger threatens nigh,  
And Thine the hand that yields us  
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

2 For all Thy love we bless Thee;  
No mortal lips can speak  
Thy comfort to the weary,  
Thy pity for the weak:  
By Thee life's path is brightened  
With sunshine and with song;  
The heavy loads are lightened,  
The feeble hearts made strong.

3 For all Thy truth we bless Thee;  
Our human vows are frail,  
But through the strife of ages  
Thy word can never fail;  
The kingdoms shall be broken,  
The mighty ones will fail,  
The promise Thou hast spoken  
Shall triumph over all.

4 O teach us how to praise Thee,  
And touch our lips with fire!  
Yea, let Thy Dove descending,  
Our hearts and minds inspire;  
Thus toiling, watching, singing,  
We tread our desert way,  
And every hour is bringing  
Nearer the dawn of day.  
*Sarah Doudney. 1871.*

EVENING.

269 *I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep.—Psalm lv. 8.* L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.  
*Bishop Ken. 1693.*

270 *So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psalm cvl. 30.* L.M.

FATHER of all, again we meet  
With joy to worship at Thy feet;  
From home and loved ones parted long  
Once more we join their evening song.

2 Thy guiding hand, O Lord, hath been  
With us in every changing scene,  
And now we bend before Thy throne,  
Thy goodness and Thy love to own.

3 Thou know'st the story of the past—  
The joys and sorrows that have cast  
Their lights and shadows on the way  
That we have journeyed day by day.

4 But we would leave the past with Thee,  
With all that is, and all to be ;  
Thy tender care so long hath blest,  
We can but trust Thee for the rest.

5 If some we loved have passed away  
Through death's dark vale to brighter  
day,  
We would not call them back again  
To share with us life's toil and pain :

6 We know that they are safe with Thee,  
From every cloud of sorrow free,  
And, in a home of light and love,  
We all shall meet again above.

H. P. H. 1881.

271 *Abide with us.*—Luke xxiv. 29. 10.10. 10.10.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me  
abide :  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebb'd out life's little day,  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away,  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;  
But as Thou dwel'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me.

5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

6 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Amen.

H. F. Lyte. 1847.

272 *Thy faithfulness every night.* L.M.  
Psalm xcii. 2.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
O It is not night if Thou be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.

John Keble. 1820.

273 *In blessing I will bless thee.* 8.8.8.8.8.8.  
Genesis xxii. 17.

SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;  
O Thy word into our minds instil ;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.



4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee,  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad :  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light. Amen.  
F. W. Faber. 1861.

274 *The Lord shall be unto thee  
an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.*  
Isaiah lx. 19.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sun-  
light glows ;  
O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now ;  
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot  
be,  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with  
Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our  
Guide,  
Be Thou our Light in death's dark even-  
tide ;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst  
appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when  
storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succours  
fall ;  
When all is dark, may we behold Thee  
nigh,  
And hear Thy voice, ' Fear not, for it is I.'

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall  
fall,  
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide !  
Amen.

Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.

275 *When thou liest down,  
thou shalt not be afraid.—Prov. iii. 24.*  
7.6. 7.6. 8.8.

THE day is past and over ;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !  
We pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be ;  
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
And save us through the coming night !

2 The joys of day are over ;  
We lift our hearts to Thee,  
And ask Thee that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be ;  
O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
And save us through the coming night !

3 The toils of day are over ;  
We raise our hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of dark may be ;  
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
And guard us through the coming night !

4 Be Thou our soul's preserver,  
For Thou, O God, dost know  
How many are the perils  
Awaiting us below ;  
O loving Jesus, hear our call,  
And guard and save us from them all !  
Amen.

Anatolius. 5th Century.  
Tr. J. M. Neale. 1862.

276 *And there shall be no night  
there.—Rev. xxii. 5.*  
8.8. 8.4.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store ;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,  
Safe home at last.

3 O ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky ;

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain ;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all. Amen.

Godfrey Thring. 1866.



277 *The time of my departure  
is at hand.*—2 Timothy iv. 6. S.M.

THIS sweetly solemn thought  
Can cheer the evening hour,  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than e'er I've been before :

2 Nearer the nightless day,  
Nor sun nor moon to shine ;  
Nearer the fountains pure and deep,  
Water of life divine :

3 Nearer the pearly gates,  
The city pure as gold ;  
Nearer the presence of its King,  
To share His love untold :

4 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the glorious great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea :

5 Nearer the vale of death,  
To lay my burden down ;  
To bear the palm and wear the crown,  
And stand before the throne.

*Phoebe Cary. d. 1871.  
And George Gill. 1878.*

278 *At evening time it shall be  
light.*—Zech. xiv. 7. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

AT evening time when day is done,  
Life's little day is near its close,  
And all the glare and heat are gone,  
And gentle dews foretell repose ;  
To crown my faith before the night,  
At evening time let there be light !

2 At evening time when labour's past ;  
Though storms and toils have marred  
my day  
Mercy has tempered every blast,  
And love and hope have cheered the  
way ;  
Now let the parting hour be bright,  
At evening time let there be light !

3 God doth send light at evening time,  
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee ;  
I trust His promises sublime,  
His glory now is risen on me,  
His full salvation is in sight,  
At evening time, there now is light.

*James Montgomery. 1841.  
All. George Rawson. 1857.*

279 *Under the shadow of  
the Almighty.*—Psalm xci. 1. 8.8.7. 8.8.7.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,  
May our evening song be telling,  
Of Thy mercy large and free ;  
Through the day Thy love has fed us,  
Through the day Thy care has led us,  
With divinest charity.

G

2 This day's sins, O, pardon, Saviour !  
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,  
Envy, pride, and vanity ;  
From the world, the flesh, deliver,  
Save us now, and save us ever,  
O Thou Lamb of Calvary !

3 From enticements of the devil,  
From the might of spirits evil,  
Be our shield and panoply ;  
Let Thy power this night defend us,  
And a heavenly peace attend us,  
And angelic company.

4 While the night dews are distilling,  
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling  
From Thine own infinity !  
Softly let our eyes be closing,  
Loving souls on Thee reposing,  
Ever blessed Trinity ! Amen.

*George Rawson. 1857.*

280 *Now let it please Thee to  
bless the house of Thy servant.*  
6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.  
2 Samuel vii. 29.

FATHER of love and power,  
Guard Thou our evening hour,  
Shield with Thy might ;  
For all Thy care this day  
Our grateful thanks we pay,  
And to our Father pray,  
Bless us to-night !

2 Jesus Immanuel !  
Come in Thy love to dwell  
In hearts contrite ;  
For many sins we grieve,  
But we Thy grace receive,  
And in Thy word believe ;  
Bless us to-night !

3 Spirit of Holiness,  
Gentle transforming grace,  
Indwelling Light ;  
Soothe Thou each weary breast,  
Now let Thy peace possessed  
Calm us to perfect rest ;  
Bless us to-night ! Amen.

*George Rawson. 1857.*

281 *There shall no evil befall thee.*  
Psalm xci. 10. 8.4. 8.4. 8.8.8.4.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel-guard defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

81

2 When we in the morn awaken,  
 Guide us Thy way,  
 Keep our love and truth unshaken  
 In work and play;  
 In our daily task be near us,  
 In temptation keep and hear us,  
 And with holy counsel cheer us,  
 The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
 And, when we die,  
 May we in Thy mighty keeping  
 All peaceful lie.  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
 But to reign in glory take us  
 With Thee on high. Amen.

*First verse, Bishop R. Heber. 1826.  
 Third verse, Archbishop Whately. d. 1863.*

282 12.11. 12.11.  
*I will be as the dew unto  
 Israel.—Hosea xiv. 5.*

HOW calmly the evening once more is  
 descending,  
 As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;  
 O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter be-  
 friending,  
 May we and our households continue to  
 share!

2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is  
 open!  
 O enter, my soul, at the glorions gates;  
 The silence and smile of His love are the  
 token,  
 Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3 We come to be soothed with His merciful  
 healing;  
 The dews of the night cure the wounds  
 of the day;  
 We come, our life's worth and its brevity  
 feeling,  
 With thanks for the past; for the future  
 we pray.

4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in  
 sorrow;  
 Sustain us in work till the time of our  
 rest;  
 When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-  
 morrow  
 Dawn on us, of homes long expected  
 possessed. Amen.

*T. T. Lynch. 1855.*

283 11.11. 11.5.  
*Thou shalt lie down, and  
 none shall make thee afraid.—Job xl. 19.*

NOW God be with us, for the night is  
 closing;  
 The light and darkness are of His disposing,  
 And 'neath His shadow we to rest may  
 yield us,  
 For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;  
 Till morning cometh, watch, O Father,  
 o'er us;  
 In soul and body Thou from harm defend  
 us;  
 Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-  
 takes us;  
 Our earliest thoughts be Thine when  
 morning wakes us;  
 All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing  
 Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,  
 Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast  
 made us;  
 But Thy dear presence will not leave them  
 lonely,  
 Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy king-  
 dom given,  
 Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;  
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver  
 Us now and ever. Amen.

*Peter Herbert. 16th Century. 4th verse anon.  
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

284 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*Fear thou not, for I am  
 with thee.—Isaiah xli. 10.*

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Ere repose our spirits seal;  
 Sin and want we come confessing,  
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal:  
 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
 We are safe, for Thou art nigh!

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be:  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in light, and deathless bloom.  
 Amen.

*James Edmeston. 1820.*

285 4.4.7.8.7.  
*And the city had no need of the  
 sun, . . . for the glory of God did lighten it,  
 and the Lamb is the light thereof.  
 Revelation xxi. 23.*

THE day departs;  
 Our souls and hearts  
 Long for that better morrow,  
 When Christ shall set His people free  
 From every care and sorrow.

2 The sunshine bright  
Is lost in night ;  
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,  
Shine on our souls with beams of love,  
All darkness there dispelling.

3 Be Thou still nigh,  
With sleepless eye,  
While all around are sleeping,  
And angel-guards, at Thy command,  
Afar all danger keeping.

4 The land above,  
Of peace and love,  
No earthly beams need brighten ;  
For all its borders Christ Himself  
Doth with His glory lighten.

5 May we be there,  
That joy to share,  
Glad hallelujahs singing,  
With all the ransomed evermore  
Our joyful praises bringing.

6 Lord Jesus, Thou  
Our Refuge now,  
Forsake Thy servants never ;  
Uphold and guide, that we may stand  
Before Thy throne for ever. Amen.  
*J. A. Freylinghausen. 17th Century.*  
*Tr. H. L. L. 1862.*

2 Thou hast on earth been often weary,  
Pity our weakness from above ;  
The darkness, then no longer dreary,  
Is but the shadow of Thy love.

3 To Thy belovèd, In their sleeping,  
Thou givest rest, sweet rest of heart ;  
Lord ! take us to Thy holy keeping,  
And all Thy peace untold impart.

Amen.

*George Rawson. 1876.*

288 *The lifting up of my hands* 6.4. 6.6.  
*as the evening sacrifice.—Psalm cxli. 2.*

THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;

3 So now herself, my soul,  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge  
In whom all spirits live ;

4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;

5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide,  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live ; yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity.  
One Lord Divine ;  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine ! Amen.

*From the Latin.*  
*Tr. Edward Caswall. 1858.*

286 *Peace be unto you.* L.M.  
*Luke xxiv. 36.*

THOU who hast known the careworn  
breast,  
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,  
Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,  
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.

2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,  
Gladness and hope without alloy,  
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,  
And gleamings of eternal joy.

3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,  
'Peace be to you this evening hour ;'  
Then all the struggles of the day  
Vanish before Thy loving power.

4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven,  
A little nearer every night ;  
Christ to our earthly darkness given,  
Till in His glory there is light.  
*George Rawson. 1853.*

287 *So He giveth His beloved* 9.8. 9.8.  
*sleep.—Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

WE bless Thy name, O holy Jesus,  
For evening hours and silent night,  
For day's decline, that gently frees us  
From all the burdens of the light.

289 *The Lord shall reign for ever* 9.8. 9.8.  
*and ever.—Exodus xv. 13.*

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleep-  
ing,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keep-  
ing,  
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
- John Ellerton. 1870.

## The Holy Scriptures.

- 290 *O, how love I Thy law !*  
Psalm cxix. 97. C.M.
- FATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublim'er sweets than nature knows,  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near !  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there. Amen.  
Anne Steele. 1760.
- 291 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.*—Psalm cxix. 105. C.M.
- LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray ;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high ;  
Our guide and chart wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky :
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day ;  
When waves wouldwhelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay :
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son,  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won ?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts ;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts ! Amen.  
Bernard Barton 1826.
- 292 *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.*  
Colossians iii. 16. L.M.
- DWELL in me richly, blessèd word,  
So wise to teach, so safe to guide ;  
Come as my counsellor from God,  
And evermore with me abide.
- 2 I need thy light, for I am dark,  
And prone to go from God astray ;  
Be thou a lamp unto my feet,  
To keep them in the narrow way.
- 3 I need thee when the days are bright,  
And earthly things look fair and gay,  
To point to treasures in the skies,  
That cannot change or fade away.
- 4 I need thee when my aching heart  
Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care ;  
Through thee I may my Saviour's voice,  
In tones of gentlest comfort, hear.

5 I need thee when my foes without,  
And inward fightings try me sore,  
To tell me of the blessed land  
Where conflict shall disturb no more.

6 And when my happy home I reach,  
A glad some psalm my voice shall raise;  
And all thy teachings shall unite  
In the new song of thankful praise.

Anon.

293 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*All Scripture is given by  
inspiration of God, and is profitable for  
doctrine.—2 Timothy iii. 16.*

**I**NSPIRER of the ancient seers,  
Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,  
The same through all succeeding years,  
To us, in our degenerate age,  
The Spirit of Thy word impart,  
And breathe the Life into our heart.

2 While now Thine oracles we read,  
With earnest prayer and strong desire,  
O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,  
Our souls to awaken and inspire,  
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,  
And guide us by the light of Grace!

3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,  
The living God through sin forsake,  
Our conscience by Thy word reprove,  
Convince and bring the wanderers back,  
Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,  
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

4 The sacred lessons of Thy grace,  
Transmitted through Thy word, repeat,  
And train us up in all Thy ways,  
To make us in Thy will complete,  
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,  
And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnished out of Thy treasury,  
O may we always ready stand  
To help the souls redeemed by Thee,  
In what their various states demand,  
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,  
And build them up in holiest love. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

294 C.M.  
*Open Thou mine eyes, that I  
may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.*  
Psalm cxix. 18.

**F**ATHER of all, in whom alone  
We live, and move, and breathe,  
One bright celestial ray dart down,  
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2 While in Thy word we search for Thee,  
We search with trembling awe!  
Open our eyes, and let us see  
The wonders of Thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light that shines so clear;  
Now the revealing Spirit send,  
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,  
Which here by faith we know;  
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,  
And die to all below. Amen.

Wesley. 1740.

295 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*A prophet shall the Lord  
your God raise up unto you . . . like unto  
me; Him shall ye hear in all things.*  
Acts iii. 22.

**C**OME, O Thou Prophet of the Lord,  
Thou great Interpreter divine,  
Explain Thine own transmitted word;  
To teach and to inspire is Thine;  
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,  
Open the book, and loose the seal.

2 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,  
The folly of our darkened heart;  
Unfold the wonders of Thy love,  
The knowledge of Thyself impart;  
Our ear, our inmost soul we bow:  
Speak, Lord, Thy servants hearken now.  
Amen.

Wesley. 1746.

296 C.M.  
*Thy testimonies also are my  
delight and my counsellors.*  
Psalm cxix. 24.

**H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its glories shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 O'er all the strait and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast;  
A light whose ever-cheering ray  
Grows brightest at the last.

4 O may its lamp, through all the night  
Of life, make plain our way!  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day. Amen.

John Fawcett. 1782.

297 L.M.  
*Exceeding great and precious  
promises.—2 Peter i. 4.*

**L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessing in Thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
With long despair our spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !  
How wise and holy Thy command !  
Thy promises, how firm they be !  
How firm our hope and comfort stand !

4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the Gospel to my heart.  
*Isaac Watts. 1799.*

298 *God gave the increase.* C.M.  
I Corinthians iii. 6.

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest ;  
Whose word, like manna showered from  
heaven,  
Is planted in our breast :

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air ;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strown,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply ;  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

*Bishop R. Heber. 1827.*

299 *God hath revealed them* L.M.  
*unto us by His Spirit.—I Cor. ii. 10.*

O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold  
In wondrous modes to saints of old,  
By dream, by oracle, or seer ;  
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?

2 What though no answering voice is heard,  
Thine oracles, the written word,  
Counsel and guidance still impart,  
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown,  
That future things to God are known,  
Enough the promises reveal ;  
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,  
To show that prayers accepted rise ;  
Our Priest is in the holy place,  
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire :  
The Sun is risen ; the stars retire ;  
The Comforter is come, and sheds  
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire,  
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;  
And by Thy mighty acts declare,  
Thou art the God who hearest prayer.  
Amen.

*Josiah Conder. 1836.*

300 *God . . . hath . . . spoken* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*unto us by His Son.—Heb. i. 1, 2.*

O WORD of God Incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky ;  
We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page,  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from Thee, her Master,  
Received the gift Divine ;  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored ;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Thee, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled ;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world ;  
It is the chart and compass,  
That, o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.  
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face. Amen.  
*Bishop W. W. How. 1867.*

301 *Holy men of God spake* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*  
2 Peter i. 21.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,  
Who didst Thy ancient saints inspire,  
Shed in their hearts Thy love abroad,  
And touch their hallowed lips with  
fire ;  
Our God from all eternity,  
World without end, we worship Thee.

2 Still we believe, Almighty Lord,  
Whose presence fills both earth and  
heaven,  
The meaning of the written word  
Is by Thy inspiration given :  
Thou only dost Thyself explain  
The secret mind of God to man.



3 Come, then, Divine Interpreter,  
The Scriptures to our hearts apply ;  
And, taught by Thee, we God revere,  
Him in Three Persons magnify ;  
In each the triune God adore,  
Who was, and is for evermore. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1767.*

302 *The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Psalm cxix. 130.* C.M.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.  
*William Cowper. 1779.*

303 *Not as though I had already attained.—Philippians iii. 12.* C.M.D.

WE limit not the truth of God  
To our poor reach of mind,  
By notions of our day and sect,  
Crude, partial, and confined :  
No, let a new and better hope  
Within our hearts be stirred ;  
The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
To break forth from His word.

2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense  
The oracles of heaven,  
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,  
And all the ages given ?  
That universe, how much unknown !  
That ocean, unexplored !  
The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
To break forth from His word.

3 Darkling our great forefathers went  
The first steps of the way ;  
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow  
Into the perfect day :

And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun  
More fervid rays afford ;  
The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
To break forth from His word.

4 The valleys passed, ascending still,  
Our souls would higher climb,  
And look down from supernal heights  
On all the bygone time :  
Upward we press ; the air is clear,  
And the sphere-music heard ;  
The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
To break forth from His word.

5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send  
Us increase from above,  
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls  
To comprehend Thy love ;  
And make us all go on to know,  
With nobler powers conferred ;  
The Lord hath yet more light and truth  
To break forth from His word. Amen.  
*George Rawson. 1876.*

304 *His delight is in the law of the Lord.—Psalm i. 2.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still ;  
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,  
And search the Oracles divine,  
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine  
Subject of all my converse be ;  
So will the Lord His follower join,  
And walk and talk Himself with me ;  
So shall my heart His presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast !  
While, on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long !  
And let Thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue.  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the Church above. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

305 *Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law.—Psalm cxix. 34.* C.M.

OPEN our eyes, O Lord ! and show  
The wonders of Thy law ;  
Thyself reveal, and we shall know  
More than the prophets saw.



2 Thy word is truth, each shining page  
Thy countless saints have sung ;  
Its promises, from age to age,  
From land to land, have rung.

3 Yet, Lord, we cannot hear aright,  
Until we know Thy voice ;  
Nor bear the glory of Thy light,  
Nor in Thy truth rejoice :

4 We scan in vain the mystic roll,  
Sealed with the sevenfold seal ;  
Unless Thy Spirit touch our soul,  
And Thy great love reveal.

5 That love alone the seal can break,  
Or fix our hearts on Thee :  
Or truths of heavenly wisdom take,  
And bid us come and see.

6 O hope of everlasting life !  
O welcome to the skies !  
Message that calls from earth's poor strife,  
To peace that never dies.

7 Such faith Divine, such hope we hail,  
The anchor of the soul,  
Reaching to that within the veil,  
Faith undefiled and whole.

W. J. Irons. 1873.

## The Gospel Message.

306 *The glorious Gospel of the  
blessed God.—1 Timothy i. 11.*

C.M.

0 FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace !

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad  
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own  
Your God, ye fallen race ;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.

8 See all your sins on Jesus laid :  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

307 *Salvation to our God which  
sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.*  
Revelation vii. 10.

5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.

YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name ;  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save ;  
And still He is nigh,  
His presence we have ;  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

3 ' Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son :  
The praises of Jesus,  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
And give Him His right,  
All glory and power,  
All wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
For infinite love. Amen.

Wesley. 1769.

308 *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew xi. 28.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

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

2 'Come unto Me, dear children,  
And I will give you light.'  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night !  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
But Thou hast brought us gladness,  
And songs at break of day.

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

4 'And whosoever cometh  
I will not cast him out.'  
O patient love of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt ;  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

W. Chatterton Dix. 1897.

309 *God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.—John iii. 16.* L. M.

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

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

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

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

5 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause !  
The fulness of the Gentiles call ;  
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,  
And all shall own Thou diedst for all.  
Amen.  
Wesley. 1741.

310 *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isaiah lv. 1.* L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts draw nigh ;  
'Tis God who invites the fallen race ;  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find My grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !  
For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;  
Leave all you have and are behind ;  
Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words believingly receive ;  
Quickened your souls, by faith divine,  
An everlasting life shall live.  
Wesley. 1740.

311 *Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.—John i. 16.* C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
'Come unto Me, and rest ;  
Lay down, poor 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.

Horatius Bonar. 1857.

312 *The Lord, the Lord God,* C.M.  
*merciful and gracious.—Exodus xxxiv. 6.*

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
Thou dost with sinners bear,  
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,  
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are!  
A Rock that cannot move;  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure;  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The goodness must endure.

*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

313 *We preach Christ crucified.* C.M.  
*I Corinthians i. 23.*

JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore;  
Open the door to preach Thy word,  
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! Thou know'st to prize  
What Thou hast bought so dear:  
Come, then, and in Thy people's eyes  
With all Thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old condest  
The suffering Son of God;  
And let them see Thee in Thy vest,  
But newly dyed in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died;  
Show them the tokens of Thy love,  
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

6 Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree  
To trample down their sin;  
Thy hands stretched out they all may see  
To take Thy murderers in.

(9)

7 Thy side an open fountain is  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss  
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready Thou art the blood to apply,  
And prove the record true;  
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry,  
'I suffered this for you!'

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

314 *Thus saith the Lord,* L.M.  
*Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom.*  
*Jeremiah ix. 23.*

LET not the wise his wisdom boast;  
The mighty glory in his might;  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down  
The most gigantic strength of man;  
And where is all his wisdom gone,  
When dust he turns to dust again!

3 One only gift can justify  
The boasting soul that knows his God;  
When Jesus doth His blood apply,  
I glory in His sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord my Righteousness I praise;  
I triumph in the love divine,  
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,  
In Christ to endless ages mine.

*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

315 *Not by works of righteousness* S.M.  
*which we have done, but according to His*  
*mercy He saved us.—Titus iii. 5.*

NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears  
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak;  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bondage break.

INVITATION TO THE SINNER.

6 I bless the Christ of God,  
I rest on love divine;  
And with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine.

*Horatius Bonar. 1857.*

316 *C.M. With Chorus.*  
*The Gospel of your salvation,*  
Ephesians i. 13.

SALVATION! O 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 the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

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

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*  
*And W. W. Shirley. 1772.*

317 *8.7. 8.7.*  
*His great love wherewith*  
*He loved us.—Ephesians ii. 4.*

WAS there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

2 There is welcome for the sinner;  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*F. W. Faber. 1849.*

Evangelistic Services.

INVITATION TO THE  
SINNER.

318 *L.M.*  
*Come: for all things*  
*are now ready.—Luke xiv. 17.*

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,  
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,  
The invitation is to all;  
Come all the world, come sinner thou,  
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest;  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and  
blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live:  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel,  
His conquering love consent to feel;  
Yield to His love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.

6 See Him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice!  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay,  
This is the acceptable day:  
Come in, this moment, at His call,  
And live for Him who died for all.

*Wesley. 1747.*

319 *There shall be a fountain* 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.  
*opened to the house of David, . . . for sin*  
*and for uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.*

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
 Sinners ruined by the fall;  
 Here a pure and healing fountain  
 Flows to you, to me, to all,  
 In a full perpetual tide,  
 Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
 Here the guilty free remission,  
 Here the troubled peace may find;  
 Health this fountain will restore,  
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever,  
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood;  
 God is faithful; God will never  
 Break His covenant in blood,  
 Signed when our Redeemer died,  
 Sealed when He was glorified.  
*James Montgomery. 1819.*

320 *Him that cometh to Me* 12.11. 12.11.  
*I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.*

COME to the merciful Saviour who calls  
 you,  
 O come to the Lord who forgives and  
 forgets;  
 Though dark be the fortune on earth that  
 befalls you,  
 There's a bright home above where the  
 sun never sets.

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are ex-  
 tended  
 To fold His dear children in closest em-  
 brace;

O come, for your exile will shortly be  
 ended,  
 And Jesus will show you His beautiful  
 face!

3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy  
 grows brighter  
 The longer you look at the depth of His  
 love;  
 And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares  
 grow lighter,  
 As you think of the home and the glory  
 above.

4 Have you sinned as none else in the world  
 have before you?  
 Are you blacker than all other creatures  
 in guilt?

O fear not, and doubt not! the mother who  
 bore you  
 Loves you less than the Saviour whose  
 blood you have spilt.

5 O come, then, to Jesus, and say how you  
 love Him,  
 And vow at His feet you will keep in  
 His grace;  
 For one tear that is shed by a sinner can  
 move Him,  
 And your sins will drop off in His tender  
 embrace.

6 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your  
 story  
 Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of  
 shame;  
 For the pardon of sin is the crown of His  
 glory,  
 And the joy of our Lord to be true to  
 His name.

*F. W. Faber. 1849.*

321 *I am not come to call the* 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
*righteous, but sinners to repentance.*  
*Matthew ix. 13.*

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity joined with power:  
 He is able;  
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh,  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him:  
 This He gives you;  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Bruised and broken by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:  
 On the bloody tree behold Him;  
 Hear Him cry before He dies,  
 'It is finished!'  
 Finished, the great sacrifice.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb:  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His name,  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

Amen.

*Joseph Hart. 1759.*

322 *8.7. 8.7. D.*  
*Call the poor, the maimed,  
 the lame, the blind.—Luke xiv. 13.*

'CALL them in!' the poor, the wretched,  
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
 Peace and pardon freely offer.

Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 'Call them in!' the weak, the weary,  
 Laden with the doom of sin;  
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus:  
 He is waiting: 'call them in!'

2 'Call them in!' the Jew, the Gentile;  
 Bid the stranger to the feast;  
 'Call them in!' the rich, the noble,  
 From the highest to the least.  
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
 He hath all their sorrows seen;  
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals  
 Wait the lost ones: 'call them in!'

3 'Call them in!' the broken-hearted,  
 Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;  
 Speak love's message, low, and tender,  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came,  
 See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
 Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
 Christ is coming: 'call them in!'

*Mrs. A. Shipton. 1862.*

323 *7.7. 7.7.*  
*The Spirit and the bride  
 say, come.—Revelation xxii. 17.*

COME, ye weary sinners, come,  
 All who groan beneath your load;  
 Jesus calls His wanderers home,  
 Hasten to your pardoning God.

2 Come, ye guilty spirits oppressed,  
 Answer to the Saviour's call;  
 'Come, and I will give you rest,  
 Come, and I will save you all.'

3 Jesus, full of truth and love,  
 We Thy kindest word obey;  
 Faithful let Thy mercies prove,  
 Take our load of guilt away.

4 Fain we would on Thee rely,  
 Cast on Thee our every care;  
 To Thine arms of mercy fly,  
 Find our lasting quiet there.

5 Burdened with a world of grief,  
 Burdened with our sinful load,  
 Burdened with this unbelief,  
 Burdened with the wrath of God;

6 Lo! we come to Thee for ease,  
 True and gracious as Thou art;  
 Now our groaning souls release,  
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

*Wesley. 1747.*

324 *L.M.*  
*All things are ready: come  
 unto the marriage.—Matthew xxii. 4.*

SINNERS, obey the Gospel word,  
 Hasten to the supper of my Lord,  
 Be wise to know your gracious day,  
 All things are ready, come away!

2 Ready the Father is to own  
 And kiss His late-returning Son;  
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you His bleeding hands

3 Ready the Spirit of His Love,  
 Just now the hardest heart to move;  
 To apply and witness with the blood,  
 And wash and seal the sons of God:

4 Ready for you the angels wait  
 To triumph in your best estate;  
 Tuning their harps they long to praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Is ready, with their shining host;  
 All heaven is ready to resound,  
 'The dead's alive! the lost is found!

6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
 In Christ to Paradise restored;  
 His proffered benefits embrace,  
 The plenitude of Gospel grace.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

325 *7.6. 7.6. D.*  
*Standeth before the door.  
 James v. 9.*

O JESUS, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast-closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting  
 To pass the threshold o'er:  
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
 His name and sign who bear;  
 O, shame! thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that hand is scarred,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marred:  
 O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 'I died for you, My children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?'  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door:  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us never more. Amen.

*Bishop W. W. How. 1867.*



326 *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?—Ezekiel xviii. 31.* 7.7.7.7. D.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 O God, your Maker, asks you why:  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with Himself to live;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of His own hands,  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why:  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died Himself that ye might live,  
 Will you let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will you slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why:  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love:  
 Will you not His grace receive?  
 Will you still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?  
 Wesley. 1741.

327 *O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.—Hosea xiv. 1.* 7.7.7.7.7.

WEARY souls that wander wide  
 From the central point of bliss,  
 Turn to Jesus crucified,  
 Fly to those dear wounds of His,  
 Sink into the purple flood,  
 Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
 By His pain He gives you ease,  
 Life by His expiring groan;  
 Rise, exalted by His fall,  
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,  
 God to you His Son hath given!  
 Ye may now be happy too,  
 Find on earth the life of heaven,  
 Live the life of heaven above,  
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,  
 Bliss for every soul designed;  
 God's original promise this,  
 God's great gift to all mankind;  
 Blessed in Christ this moment be!  
 Blessed to all eternity!  
 Wesley. 1747.

328 *The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—John xi. 28.* S.M. With Chorus.

I HEAR Thy welcome voice  
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.  
 I am coming, Lord,  
 Coming now to Thee!  
 Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,  
 Thou dost my strength assure;  
 Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
 Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
 To perfect faith and love,  
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
 For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
 The blessed work within.  
 By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
 Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!  
 Amen.

Mrs. L. Hartsough. 1874.

329 *Behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 Corinthians vi. 2.* 7.6.7.6. D.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us  
 To wash away our sin,  
 However great our trespass,  
 Whatever we have been;  
 However long from mercy  
 Our hearts have turned away,  
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,  
 And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
 And all who enter in  
 Shall find a Father's welcome,  
 And pardon for their sin:  
 The past shall be forgotten,  
 A present joy be given,  
 A future grace be promised,  
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us;  
 His Holy Spirit waits;  
 The blessed angels gather  
 Around the heavenly gates:



INVITATION TO THE SINNER.

No question will be asked us  
How often we have come ;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's home !

- 4 O all-embracing mercy !  
O ever-open door !  
What should we do without Thee  
When heart and eye run o'er ?  
When all things seem against us,  
To drive us to despair,  
We know one gate is open,  
One ear will hear our prayer !

O. Allen. 1862.

- 330 *Turn ye, turn ye from your  
evil ways ; for why will ye die ?*  
Ezekiel xxxiii. 11. 7.7. 7.7. D.

WHAT could your Redeemer do  
More than He hath done for you ?  
To procure your peace with God,  
Could He more than shed His blood ?  
After all His waste of love,  
All His drawings from above,  
Why will you your Lord deny ?  
Why will you resolve to die ?

- 2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn ;  
By His life your God hath sworn,  
He would have you turn and live,  
He would all the world receive :  
If your death were His delight,  
Would He you to life invite ?  
Would He ask, beseech, and cry,  
Why will you resolve to die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, while God is near ;  
Dare not think Him insincere ;  
Now, even now, your Saviour stands,  
All day long He spreads His hands,  
Cries, ' Ye will not happy be,  
No, ye will not come to Me !  
Me, who life to none deny :  
Why will you resolve to die ?'

Wesley. 1741.

- 331 *The glorious Gospel of Christ.*  
2 Corinthians iv. 4. 7.6. 7.6. D. With Chorus.

TELL me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

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

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in ;  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.

Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon ;  
The early dew of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

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

- 4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That *this* world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when *that* world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Christ Jesus makes thee whole.

Katherine Hunkey.

- 332 *I flee unto Thee to hide me.*  
Psalm cxliii. 9. 7.7.7.

LD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

- 4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

- 7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
As that love shall then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.  
Amen.

Isaac Williams. 1842. *alt.*

- 333 *He heard that it was*  
*Jesus of Nazareth.—Mark x. 47.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.9.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
Which moves with busy haste along,  
These wondrous gatherings day by day ?  
What means this strange commotion, pray ?  
In accents hushed the throng reply,  
' Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'

- 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has He skill  
To move the multitude at will?  
Again the stirring tones reply,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'
- 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and  
lame:  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'
- 4 Again He comes! from place to place  
His holy footprints we can trace,  
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay;  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'
- 5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come,  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace;  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,  
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'
- 6 But if you still His call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn:  
'Too late! too late!' will be the cry,  
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.'

Elta Campbell. 1863.

334 5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.  
*The blind receive their sight,  
and the lame walk, . . . and the poor have  
the gospel preached to them.—Matt. xi. 5.*

YE neighbours and friends  
Of Jesus, draw near,  
His love condescends,  
By titles so dear,  
To call and invite you  
His triumph to prove,  
And freely delight you  
In Jesus's love,—

- 2 The Shepherd who died  
His sheep to redeem;  
On every side  
Are gathered to Him  
The weary and burdened,  
The reprobate race;  
And wait to be pardoned  
Through Jesus's grace.
- 3 The blind are restored  
Through Jesus's name;  
They see their dear Lord,  
And follow the Lamb;  
The halt they are walking,  
And running their race;  
The dumb they are talking  
Of Jesus's grace.

- 4 The deaf hear His voice,  
And comforting word;  
It bids them rejoice  
In Jesus their Lord:  
'Thy sins are forgiven,  
Accepted thou art';  
They listen, and heaven  
Springs up in their heart.
- 5 The lepers from all  
Their spots are made clean;  
The dead by His call  
Are raised from their sin;  
In Jesu's compassion  
The sick find a cure;  
And gospel salvation  
Is preached to the poor.
- 6 To us and to them  
Is published the word:  
Then let us proclaim  
Our life-giving Lord,  
Who now is reviving  
His work in our days,  
And mightily striving  
To save us by grace.
- 7 O Jesus, ride on,  
Till all are subdued;  
Thy mercy make known,  
And sprinkle Thy blood;  
Display Thy salvation,  
And teach the new song  
To every nation,  
And people, and tongue.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

EXHORTATION TO REPENT.

335 C.M.  
*His eyes were as a flame  
of fire.—Rev. i. 14.*

- THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice,  
Which now to Thee we give.
- 2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere;  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,  
Nor feels his want of Thee?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
His desperate state explain;  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the  
dead,  
And bid the sleeper rise !  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, 'What must be done  
To save a wretch like me ?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery ?

7 'I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep to awake ;  
And turn to God, and every sin  
Continually forsake :

8 'I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee :  
I must be born again, or die  
To all eternity.'

*Charles Wesley.* 1767.

336 *But first gave their own  
selves to the Lord.*—2 Corinthians viii. 5.

I GAVE My life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead :  
I gave My life for thee ;  
What hast thou given for Me ?

2 I spent long years for thee,  
In weariness and woe,  
That an eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know :  
I spent long years for thee ;  
Hast thou spent one for Me ?

3 My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow-circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone :  
I left it all for thee ;  
Hast thou left aught for Me ?

4 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell :  
I suffered much for thee ;  
What canst thou bear for Me ?

5 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love :  
Great gifts I brought to thee ;  
What hast thou brought to Me ?

6 O, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for Me be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent :  
I gave Myself for thee ;  
Give thou thyself to Me.

*Frances R. Havergal.* 1859.

H

337 *As the Holy Ghost saith, To-  
day if ye will hear His voice.*  
Hebrews iii. 7. L.M.

O DO not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light,  
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart ;  
Thou wouldest be saved ; why not to-  
night ?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long-deluded sight ;  
This is the time, O then be wise !  
Thou wouldest be saved ; why not to-  
night ?

3 Thy God in pity urges still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will ;  
Thou wouldest be saved ; why not to-  
night ?

4 The world has nothing left to give ;  
No new, no pure, no sure delight ;  
Try then the life which Christ will give ;  
Thou wouldest be saved ; why not to-  
night ?

5 His boundless love refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite :  
Then be the work of grace begun ;  
Thou wouldest be saved ; why not to-  
night ?

*Mrs. Eliza Ann Reed.* 1842.

338 *Him hath God exalted . . . to  
give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of  
sins.*—Acts v. 31. S.M.

O THAT I could repent,  
With all my idols part,  
And to Thy gracious eyes present  
A humble contrite heart ;

2 A heart with grief opprest,  
For having grieved my God,  
A troubled heart, that cannot rest,  
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire ;  
With true sincerity of woe  
My aching breast inspire :

4 With softening pity look,  
And melt my hardness down ;  
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone !  
Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

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339 *Behold, I stand at the door,*  
*and knock.—Revelation iii. 20.*

**K**NOCKING! knocking! who is there?  
 Waiting, waiting, O, how fair!  
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,  
 Never such was seen before;  
 Ah, my soul, for such a wonder  
 Wilt thou not undo the door?

2 Knocking! knocking! still He's there!  
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair!  
 But the door is hard to open,  
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
 Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking! knocking!—what, still there!  
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!  
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,  
 And beneath the crowned hair  
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
 Of thy Saviour waiting there.

*Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.* 1867.  
*Alt. P. P. Bliss.* 1874.

340 *He found nothing but leaves.*  
 Mark xi. 13.

**N**OTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves  
 Over a wasted life;  
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,  
 O'er vows and promises unkept;  
 And reaps, from years of strife,  
 Nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves  
 Of life's fair ripening grain:  
 We sow our seeds; lo, tares and weeds,  
 Words, idle words for earnest deeds;  
 We reap, with toil and pain,  
 Nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves  
 No veil to hide the past:  
 And as we trace our weary way,  
 Counting each lost and unspent day,  
 Sadly we find at last,  
 Nothing but leaves!

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
 Bearing but withered leaves?  
 Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet  
 Before the awful judgment-seat  
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
 Nothing but leaves?

*Mrs. M. S. Dana.* 1869.

SALVATION THROUGH FAITH.

341 *If any man hear My voice,*  
*and open the door, I will come in to him.*  
 Revelation iii. 20. C.M.

**C**OME, let us, who in Christ believe,  
 Our common Saviour praise;  
 To Him with joyful voices give  
 The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door  
 Of every sinner's heart;  
 The worst need keep Him out no more,  
 Or force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,  
 Yield to be saved from sin;  
 In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
 That Thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,  
 Nor ever hence remove;  
 But sup with us, and let the feast  
 Be everlasting love. Amen.

*Wesley.* 1741.

342 *Unto you . . . which believe,*  
*He is precious.—I Peter ii. 7.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

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

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

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

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

*F. Whitfield.* 1860.

343 *Having a form of godliness,  
but denying the power thereof.*  
2 Timothy iii. 5. C.M.

LONG have I seemed to serve Thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain ;  
Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy word,  
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with the assembly join,  
And near Thine altar drew ;  
A form of godliness was mine,  
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,  
Nor knew its deep design,  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
And height, of love divine.

4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,  
Vainly I hoped and strove ;  
For what are outward things to Thee,  
Unless they spring from love ?

5 I see the perfect law requires  
Truth in the inward parts,  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,  
Of means an idol made ;  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?  
What can my weakness do ?  
Jesus, to Thee my soul looks up,  
'Tis Thou must make it new.

Wesley. 1740.

344 *Hide Thy face from my sins.*  
Psalm li. 9. 7.7.7.7. D.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?  
I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face,  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt His precious blood,  
Trampled on the Son of God,  
Filled with pangs unspeakable,  
I, who yet am not in hell !  
Whence to me this waste of love ?  
Ask my Advocate above ;  
See the cause in Jesu's face,  
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo ! I cumber still the ground :  
Lo ! an Advocate is found :  
'Hasten not to cut him down,  
Let this barren soul alone :'

Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood ;  
He disarms the wrath of God !  
Now His tender mercies move,  
Justice lingers into love.

4 Kindled His relentings are,  
He now delights to spare,  
Cries, 'How shall I give thee up ?'  
Lets the lifted thunder drop :  
There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands ;  
God is love ! I know, I feel ;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still !

Wesley. 1740.

345 *Who loved me, and gave  
Himself for me.—Galatians ii. 20.*  
7.7.7.7. With Chorus.

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

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

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within,  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
'I will cleanse thee from all sin.'

3 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be,  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust,  
Now I know the blood applied ;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.

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

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

W. Macdonald. 1874.

346 *He staggered not at the  
promise of God through unbelief.*  
Romans iv. 20. C.M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
My Saviour, and my Head,  
I trust in Thee, whose powerful word  
Hath raised Him from the dead.

2 Thou know'st for my offence He died,  
And rose again for me,  
Fully and freely justified,  
That I might live to Thee.

3 Eternal life to all mankind  
Thou hast in Jesus given;  
And all who seek, in Him shall find  
The happiness of heaven.

4 O God! Thy record I believe,  
In Abraham's footsteps tread,  
And wait, expecting to receive  
The Christ, the promised Seed.

5 Faith in Thy power Thou seest I have,  
For Thou this faith hast wrought;  
Dead souls Thou callest from their grave,  
And speakest worlds from nought.

6 In hope, against all human hope,  
Self-desperate, I believe;  
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,  
Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

7 The thing surpasses all my thought,  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.

8 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, 'It shall be done!'

Wesley. 1712.

347 *Lord, I believe; help Thou  
mine unbelief.*—Mark ix. 24.

C.M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin, how deep its stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word,  
'Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.'

3 My soul obeys the Almighty's call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,  
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From sins of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless soul,  
Into Thine arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Saviour, and my all. Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

348 *They that know Thy name  
will put their trust in Thee.*—Psalms ix. 10.

6.5. 6.5. D.

JESUS, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
There is none in heaven  
Or on earth like Thee:  
Thou hast died for sinners,  
Therefore, Lord, for me.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee,  
Name of matchless worth,  
Spoken by the angel  
At Thy wondrous birth.  
Written, and for ever,  
On Thy cross of shame;  
Sinners, read and worship,  
Trusting in that name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee,  
Pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy  
All Thine earthly days;  
Sinners gathered round Thee,  
Lepers sought Thy face,  
None too vile or loathsome  
For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee,  
Trust Thy written word,  
Though Thy voice of pity  
I have never heard:  
When Thy Spirit teacheth,  
To my taste how sweet!  
Only may I hearken,  
Sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee,  
Trust without a doubt;  
Whosoever cometh,  
Thou wilt not cast out;  
Faithful is Thy promise,  
Precious is Thy blood;  
These my soul's salvation,  
Thou my Saviour God.  
*Mrs. Mary Jane Walker. 1864.*

349 *My strong Rock, for a house  
of defence.*—Psalms xxxi. 2.

11.11. 11.11. With Chorus.

0 SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,  
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows  
would fly;  
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I  
be;  
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in  
Thee.

Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,  
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding  
in Thee.



REJOICING IN FORGIVENESS.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,  
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;  
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,  
Thou blest 'Rock of Ages,' I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,  
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;  
How often when trials like sea billows roll,  
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

W. O. Cushing.

350 *Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.*—Isa. xlv. 22. C.M.

JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid;  
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,  
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid;  
On Thee, O let my constant mind  
Be every moment stayed.

3 What'e'r in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim;  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,  
On Thee will I depend,  
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,  
When faith in sight shall end.

Wesley. 1742.

351 *7.7. 7.7. With Chorus.*  
*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.*—Job xlii. 15.

SIMPLY trusting every day,  
Trusting through a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by,  
Trusting Him whate'er befall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While He leads I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;  
Praying, if the path is drear;  
If in danger, for Him call;  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past,  
Till within the jasper wall;  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

E. Page.

REJOICING IN FORGIVENESS.

352 *6.6. 6.6. 8.8.*  
*God also hath highly exalted Him.*—Philippians ii. 9.

LET earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind,  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!  
It charms the hosts above;  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at His love;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory;  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole:  
See there my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel, He died for me.

6 O unexampled love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst Thou move  
To save a fallen race!  
What shall I do to make it known,  
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,  
On all the world to call;  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all;  
For all my Lord was crucified;  
For all, for all my Saviour died!

Charles Wesley. 1741.



353 *My soul thirsteth for God,  
for the living God.*—Psalm xlii. 2. L.M.

- I** THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;  
To dwell within Thy wounds : then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee :  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe ?  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move :  
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou should'st us to glory bring,  
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne  
Decked with a never-fading crown ?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 7 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;  
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 8 First-born of many brethren Thou !  
To Thee, lo ! all our souls we bow ;  
To Thee our hearts and hands we give ;  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live !

Amen.

*Count Zinzendorf and John and Anna  
Nitchman. 18th Century. Tr. John  
Wesley. 1740.*

354 *Thanks be to God, which  
giveth us the victory through our Lord  
Jesus Christ.*—1 Cor. xv. 57. 6.10. 10.6.

**B**LESSED be God, our God,  
Who gave for us His well-belovèd Son,  
His 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 disap-  
pear,  
He spared not His Son !

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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 !

*Horatius Bonar. 1857.*

355 *Go ye into all the world,  
and preach the Gospel to every creature.* 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
Mark xvi. 15.

**H**ARK ! the Gospel news is sounding,  
Christ hath suffered on the tree ;  
Streams of mercy are abounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free :  
Now, poor sinner,  
Look to Him who died for thee.

2 O ! escape to yonder mountain,  
Now begin to watch and pray ;  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away :  
Do not tarry,  
Come to Jesus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied ;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever  
From the Saviour's wounded side :  
None need perish ;  
All may live, for Christ hath died.

4 Christ alone shall be our portion,  
Soon we hope to meet above ;  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love :  
All His fulness  
We shall then for ever prove.  
*W. Sanders. 1829.*

356 *Joy shall be in heaven over  
one sinner that repenteth.*—Luke xv. 7. L.M.

**W**HIO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born !

2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of His eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down, and sees  
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The contrite soul He forns anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.  
*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

357 *He that believeth on the Son  
of God hath the witness in himself.*  
1 John v. 10. S.M.

HOW can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven ?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven ?

2 What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe  
That He for us hath died,  
We all His unknown peace receive,  
And feel His blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburdened of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

5 We by His Spirit prove  
And know the things of God,  
The things which freely of His love  
He hath on us bestowed.

6 His Spirit to us He gave,  
And dwells in us, we know ;  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all its fruits we show.

7 Our nature's turned, our mind  
Transformed in all its powers ;  
And both the witnesses are joined,  
The Spirit of God with ours.  
*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

358 *My tongue shall sing aloud  
of Thy righteousness.—Psaln li. 14.*  
7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.

LO RD, and is Thine anger gone ?  
And art Thou pacified ?  
After all that I have done,  
Dost Thou no longer chide ?  
Infinite Thy mercies are ;  
Beneath the weight I cannot move :  
O ! 'tis more than I can bear,  
The sense of pardoning love.

2 Let it still my heart constrain,  
And all my passions sway ;  
Keep me, lest I turn again  
Out of the narrow way :  
Force my violence to be still,  
And captivate my every thought ;  
Charm, and melt, and change my will,  
And bring me down to nought.

3 See my utter helplessness,  
And leave me not alone ;  
O preserve in perfect peace,  
And seal me for Thine own :  
More and more Thyself reveal,  
Thy presence let me always find :  
Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

4 As the apple of an eye  
Thy weakest servant keep ;  
Help me at Thy feet to lie,  
And there for ever weep :  
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow  
That I have any hope of heaven ;  
Much of love I ought to know,  
For I have much forgiven.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

359 *I will love Thee, O Lord,  
my strength.—Psaln xviii. 1.*  
11.11. 11.11. Anapastic.

MY JESUS, I love Thee, I know Thou art  
mine,  
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art  
Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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

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

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee in the heaven of light ;  
And sing with the glittering crown on my  
brow,  
If ever I lovèd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.  
Amen.  
*Amen.*

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES.

360 *Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.*—2 Corinthians ix. 15. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

WHAT am I, O Thou glorious God !  
And what my father's house to Thee,  
That Thou such mercies hast bestowed  
On me, the chief of sinners, me !  
I take the blessing from above,  
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

- 2 Me in my blood Thy love passed by,  
And stopped my ruin to retrieve ;  
Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye,  
Thy goodness yearned, and whispered,  
'Live !'  
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,  
And pardon in Thy mercy found.
- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,  
I render to my pardoning God ;  
Extol the riches of Thy grace,  
And spread Thy saving name abroad—  
That only name to sinners given,  
Which lifts poor dying men to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,  
And all within me shouts Thy name ;  
Thy name let every soul adore,  
Thy power let every tongue proclaim ;  
Thy grace let every sinner know,  
And find with me their heaven below.  
Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

361 *Present your bodies a living sacrifice.*—Romans xii. 1. 7.6. 7.6. With Chorus.

MY body, soul, and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee,  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.

My all is on the altar,  
I'm waiting for the fire.

- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour !  
I trust in Thy great name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.
- 3 O let the fire descending  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole !
- 4 O, blissful self-surrender,  
To live, my Lord, by Thee !  
Now, Son of God, my Saviour,  
Live out Thy life in me.
- 5 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus !  
Washed by Thy precious blood ;  
Now send me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

Mrs. James.

362 *O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.*—Psalm cxvi. 16. 10.7. 10.7. With Chorus.

I AM Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me ;  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died ;  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,  
blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine ;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.
- 3 O, the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my  
God,  
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know  
Till I cross the narrow sea ;  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Frances Jane Crosby. b. 1826.

363 *Whether we live . . . or die, we are the Lord's.*—Romans xiv. 8. 5.5.11. 5.5.11.

MY God, I am Thine,  
What a comfort divine,

What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !  
In the heavenly Lamb  
Thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of  
His name.

2 True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound,  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise  
found :

My Jesus to know,  
And feel His blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast :  
That, that is the fulness ; but this is the  
taste :

And this I shall prove,  
Till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

The Christian Life.

CONTRITION AND LONGING  
FOR GOD.

364 *He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.*—P's. lxxii. 6. 8.7. 8.7. 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
SINFUL though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favour,  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesu's merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless!  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free!  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless!  
Magnify it all in me—Even me.
- 6 Pass me not—this lost one bringing,—  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, O bless me!—Even me.  
Amen.  
*Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. 1860.*

365 *Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord.*—Jeremiah xxiii. 29. C.M.

COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone!

- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn,  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Saviour turn!

- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.

- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor:  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.

- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.

- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven;  
EY perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

366 *I am oppressed;* S.M.  
*undertake for me.*—Isaiah xxxviii. 14.

OPPRESSED with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear;  
Opposed by many a mighty foe,  
Yet will I not despair.

- 2 With this polluted heart  
I dare to come to Thee,  
Holy and mighty though Thou art,  
For Thou wilt pardon me.

- 3 I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin;  
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

- 4 I need not fear my foes,  
I need not yield to care,  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

- 5 In my Redeemer's name,  
I give myself to Thee;  
And all unworthy as I am,  
My God will welcome me.

*Anne Brontë. 1847.*  
105

367

*Be not faithless,  
but believing.*—John xx. 27.

S.M.

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,  
And force me to Thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life;  
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move;  
It calls me still to seek Thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall,  
I groan to be set free;  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for Thee.

5 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursèd death.

7 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give,  
To tear my soul from earth away  
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield, I yield,  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.  
Wesley. 1740.

4 Jesus, on Thine only name  
For salvation I depend!  
In Thy gracious hands I am,  
Save me, save me to the end;  
Let the utmost grace be given,  
Save me quite from hell to heaven.  
Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

369

*Ask, and it shall be given you.*  
Matthew vii. 7. C.M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem;  
Who gave His life that I might live  
A life concealed in Him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire;  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in His arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That, kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve Thee more.

4 Now, if Thy gracious will it be,  
Even now, my sins remove;  
And set my soul at liberty  
By Thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,  
Thou pardoning God, descend:  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven,  
But let me feel Thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven. Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1767.

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*Who shall deliver me from  
the body of this death?*—Romans vii. 24. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,  
Bid my sins and sorrows end:  
Whither should a sinner fly?  
Art not Thou the sinner's Friend?  
Rest in Thee I long to find,  
Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

2 Didst Thou ever see a soul  
More in need of help than mine?  
Then refuse to make me whole:  
Then withhold the balm divine;  
But if I do want Thee most,  
Come, and seek, and save the lost.

3 Haste, O haste, to my relief,  
Me from guilt and bondage take;  
Bid me of my sin and grief,  
For Thy love and mercy's sake;  
Set my heart at liberty,  
Show forth all Thy power in me.

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370

*Who will have all men to  
be saved.*—1 Timothy ii. 4. S.M.

AH! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come:  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from Him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,  
Which will not let my Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?

4 Some evil thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within,  
Some idol, which I will not own,  
Some secret bosom-sin.

CONTRITION AND LONGING FOR GOD.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
Which I have feared to see ;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me out of Thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display ;  
Into its darkest corner shine,  
And take the veil away.

7 I now believe, in Thee  
Compassion reigns alone ;  
According to my faith, to me  
O let it, Lord, be done !

8 In me is all the bar,  
Which Thou would'st fain remove ;  
Remove it, and I shall declare  
That God is only Love. Amen.

Wesley. 1741.

371 *O when wilt Thou come  
unto me ?—Ps. ci. 2.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

WHY not now, my God, my God ?  
Ready if Thou always art,  
Make in me Thy mean abode,  
Take possession of my heart :  
If Thou canst so greatly bow,  
Friend of sinners, why not now ?

2 God of love, in this my day,  
For Thyself to Thee I cry ;  
Dying, if Thou still delay,  
Must I not for ever die ?  
Enter now Thy poorest home ;  
Now, my utmost Saviour, come ! Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

372 *Can any hide himself in  
secret places that I shall not see him ? saith  
the Lord.—Jeremiah xxiii. 24.* C.M.

GOD is in this and every place ;  
But O, how dark and void  
To me—'tis one great wilderness—  
This earth without my God !

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,  
Till He His light impart,  
Till He His glorious self reveals,  
The veil is on my heart.

3 O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,  
Thyself unseen, unknown,  
Pity my helpless unbelief,  
And take me for Thine own.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,  
The long-sought blessing give,  
And bid me, at the point to die,  
Behold Thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love  
Shed in my heart abroad ;  
The middle wall of sin remove,  
And let me into God. Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

373 *The publican . . . smote  
upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to  
me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.* L.M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free ;  
O God, be merciful to me !

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppress,  
Christ and His cross my only plea ;  
O God, be merciful to me !

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see ;  
O God, be merciful to me !

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone ;  
To Calvary alone I flee ;  
O God, be merciful to me !

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me !

Cornelius Elvin. 1852.

374 *What things soever ye  
desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive  
them, and ye shall have them.—Mark xi. 24.* C.M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power,  
Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve Thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,  
The liberty from sin,  
The grace infused, the love revealed,  
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,  
Thou seest my heart's desire ;  
Made ready in Thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.

4 My longing soul cries out, oppress,  
Impatient to be freed :  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art Thou not able to convert ?  
Art Thou not willing too,  
To change this old, rebellious heart,  
To conquer and renew ?



6 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe,  
So arm me with Thy power,  
That I to sin shall never cleave,  
Shall never feel it more. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

375 *Surely He hath borne our  
griefs, and carried our sorrows.*—Is. liii. 4. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,  
Help us to look on Thee and mourn,  
On Thee whom we have slain,  
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,  
And, by reiterated crimes,  
Renewed Thy mortal pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see  
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,  
To know Thee, who Thou art,  
The One Eternal God and True!  
And let the sight affect, subdue,  
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
Reveal the charity divine,  
That suffered in my stead,  
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,  
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,  
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove,  
And by Thy manifested love,  
And by Thy sprinkled blood,  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get Thyself the victory,  
And bring me back to God.

5 Now let Thy dying love constrain  
My soul to love its God again,  
Its God to glorify:  
And, lo! I come Thy cross to share,  
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,  
And with my Saviour die! Amen.

Wesley. 1747.

376 *Give ear to my words,  
O Lord; consider my meditation.*—Ps. v. 1. C.M.

MY God, my God, to Thee I cry,  
Thee only would I know;  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
Purge my iniquity:  
Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part in Thee.

3 But art Thou not already mine?  
Answer, if mine Thou art!  
Whisper within, Thou Love divine,  
And cheer my drooping heart.

108

4 Tell me again my peace is made,  
And bid the sinner live:  
The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,  
My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,  
His wounds are opened wide:  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justified.

6 O why did I my Saviour leave,  
So soon unfaithful prove;  
How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,  
And sin against Thy love?

7 O could I lose myself in Thee,  
Thy depth of mercy prove:  
Thou vast unfathomable sea  
Of unexhausted love!

8 I loathe myself when God I see,  
And into nothing fall;  
Content if Thou exalted be,  
And Christ be all in all.

Wesley. 1740.

377 *Blessed are they that mourn:  
for they shall be comforted.*—Matthew v. 4. 8.8.8.8.8.

JESUS, if still the same Thou art,  
If all Thy promises are sure,  
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,  
And make me rich, for I am poor:  
To me be all Thy treasures given,  
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest;  
And lo! for Thee I ever mourn:  
I cannot, no, I will not rest,  
Till Thou, my only Rest, return;  
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed  
On all that hunger after Thee?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God;  
See the poor fainting sinner, see,  
And answer with endless peace,  
And fill me with Thy righteousness.

4 Ah, Lord! if Thou art in that sigh,  
Then hear Thyself within me pray;  
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,  
Mark what my labouring soul would say;  
Answer the deep, unuttered groan,  
And show that Thou and I are one.

5 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom,  
Light in Thy light I then shall see;  
Say to my soul, 'Thy light is come,  
Glory divine is risen on thee:  
Thy warfare's past; thy mourning's o'er  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.'

Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
And trust Thou wilt not long delay ;  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
Upon Thy word myself I stay ;  
Into Thy hands my all resign,  
And wait till all Thou art is mine.

Wesley. 1740.

378 *Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of righteousness arise.*  
Malachi iv. 2. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

**O** DISCLOSE Thy lovely face,  
Quicken all my drooping powers ;  
Gasp my fainting soul for grace,  
As a thirsty land for showers ;  
Haste, my Lord, no more delay,  
Come, my Saviour, come away.

2 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;  
Day-spring from on high, be near ;  
Day-star, in my heart appear !

3 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

4 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine :  
Scatter all my unbelief ;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

Wesley. 1740.

379 *And Jacob was left alone ; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.—Genesis xxxii. 24.*  
8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**C**OME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee :  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there ;  
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?  
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold :  
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of Thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long ?  
I rise superior to my pain ;  
When I am weak, then I am strong ;  
And when my all of strength shall fall,  
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

380 *I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.—Genesis xxxii. 26.*  
8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair :  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer :  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me,  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love Thou art :  
To me, to all, Thy mercies move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;  
I see Thee face to face, and live :  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end :  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath risen with healing in His wings :  
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee  
My soul its life and succour brings :  
My help is all laid up above,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end ;  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On Thee alone for strength depend ;  
Nor have I power from Thee to move,  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

381 *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.*  
Matthew viii. 20.

**B**IRDS have their quiet nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
All creatures have their rest,  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2 And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest;  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 I who once made Him grieve,  
I who once bid His gentle spirit mourn;  
Whose hand essayed to weave  
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn:

4 O why should I have peace?  
Why—but for that unchanged, undying love,  
Which would not, could not cease,  
Until it made me heir of joys above?

5 Yes, but for pardoning grace,  
I feel I never should in glory see  
The brightness of that face,  
Which once was pale and agonized for me!

6 Let the birds seek their nest,  
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;  
Come, Saviour, in my breast  
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

7 Come! give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within  
A heart, that for Thy sake  
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.  
Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1837.

382 *Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*  
Matthew xxviii. 20.

**M**Y Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,  
Be Thou my stay;  
Guide me, through each perplexing path,  
To perfect day;  
In weakness and in sin I stand;  
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,  
And follow at Thy dear command.

2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring  
Worthy of Thee,  
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,  
Accept of me:  
I need Thy righteousness divine,  
I plead Thy promises as mine,  
I perish if I am not Thine.

3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away  
From such a cry?  
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,  
And must I die?

6.10. 6.10.

Faith trembles; but her glance so bright  
Has pierced through regions dark as night,  
And entered into realms of light.

4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng,  
I see Thee there,  
Pleading with all Thy matchless love  
And tender care:  
Not for the angel forms around,  
But for lost souls in fetters bound,  
That they may hear salvation's sound.

5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest  
Alone with Thee;  
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear  
Of what may be.  
Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,  
I shall be conqueror in the fight,  
Then give to Thee my crown of light.  
Amen.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Godwin. 1865.

383 *It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.*—Philippians ii. 13. C.M.

**F**ATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,  
My soul on Thee depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too;  
Without the Spirit of Thy Son  
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;  
His blood's availing plea  
Obtained the help for all our race,  
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine,  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
And righteous word is Thine.

6 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on Thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live;  
Our God is all in all!

Charles Wesley. 1749.

384 *Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.* C.M.  
Luke xviii. 37.

**J**ESUS, if still Thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of Thy Name.

CONTRITION AND LONGING FOR GOD.

2 If still Thou goest about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I Thy praise may show,  
Be all Thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat ;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at Thy feet.

4 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command,  
Open, O Lord, mine ear ;  
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,  
And lift it up in prayer.

5 Silent, alas ! Thou know'st how long,  
My voice I cannot raise ;  
But, O ! when Thou shalt loose my  
tongue,  
The dumb shall sing Thy praise.

6 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,  
And dark I am within,  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin.

7 But Thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find Thee near ;  
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear !

8 Behold me waiting in the way  
For Thee, the heavenly Light ;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
'Sinner, receive thy sight.' Amen.  
Wesley. 1761.

385 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.  
*He cried, saying, Lord,  
save me !—Matthew xiv. 30.*

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,  
To Thee I feebly pray ;  
Heal me of my grief and pain,  
O take my sins away !  
From this bondage, Lord, release,  
No longer let me be oppress :  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

2 Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,  
Who humbly comes to Thee ?  
No, my God, I cannot doubt,  
Thy mercy is for me :  
Let me then obtain the grace,  
And be of paradise possess :  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

3 Worldly good I do not want,  
Be that to others given ;  
Only for Thy love I pant,  
My all in earth and heaven ;  
This the crown I fain would seize,  
The good wherewith I would be blest :  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

4 This delight I fain would prove,  
And then resign my breath ;  
Join the happy few whose love  
Was mightier than death.  
Let it not my Lord displease,  
That I would die to be Thy guest :  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast ! Amen.  
Wesley. 1742.

386 *Wherewith shall I come  
before the Lord ?—Micah vi. 6.* L.M.

WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,  
And bow myself before Thy face ?  
How in Thy purer eyes appear ?  
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace ?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high ?  
Will multiplied oblations please,  
Thousands of rains His favour buy,  
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?  
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?  
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,  
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,  
Must take the path Thy word hath  
showed,  
Justice pursue, and mercy love,  
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be Thine,  
Present for past can ne'er atone ;  
Though I to Thee the whole resign,  
I only give Thee back Thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust ?  
I nothing have, I nothing am ;  
Excluded is my every boast,  
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before Thy face,  
On me I feel Thy wrath abide ;  
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;  
'Tis just ;—but O Thy Son hath died !

8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled,  
He bore our sins upon the tree ;  
Beneath our curse He bowed His head ;  
'Tis finished ! He hath died for me !

9 See where before the throne He stands,  
And pours the all-prevailing prayer ;  
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,  
And shows that I am graven there.

10 He ever lives for me to pray,  
He prays that I with Him may reign ;  
Amen to what my Lord doth say !  
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

Wesley. 1740.

387 *But will God indeed dwell  
on the earth?—1 Kings viii. 27.* C.M.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed  
round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?

- 2 Will He forsake His throne above,  
Himself to me impart?  
Answer, Thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design;  
What meant the suffering Son of Man,  
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I may now perceive Thee near,  
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal  
The heights and depths of grace,  
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,  
That dear disfigured face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confest,  
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb;  
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,  
And tell me all Thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in Thy person show,  
Jehovah crucified!  
And then the pardoning God I know,  
And feel the blood applied:
- 8 I view the Lamb in His own light,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

388 *The word preached did  
not profit them.—Hebrews iv. 2.* C.M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of Thy salvation, Lord:  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of Thy word!

- 2 My glorious Saviour and my God,  
How little art Thou known  
By all the judgments of Thy rod,  
Or blessings of Thy throne.
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love,  
How negligent my fear,  
How low my hope of joys above,  
How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart  
To give Thy word success;  
Write Thy salvation on my heart,  
And make me learn Thy grace.

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5 Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high,  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die. Amen.  
Isaac Watts. 1709.

389 *My soul thirsteth for Thee.* 6.6.6.6.  
Psalm lxxiii. 1.

MY spirit longs for Thee  
Within my troubled breast,  
Unworthy though I be  
Of so divine a guest.

- 2 Of so divine a guest  
Unworthy though I be,  
Yet has my heart no rest  
Unless it come from Thee.
- 3 Unless it come from Thee,  
In vain I look around;  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found.
- 4 No rest is to be found  
But in Thy blessed love;  
O let my wish be crowned,  
And send it from above! Amen.

John Byrom. 1773.

390 *For what I would,  
that do I not.—Romans vii. 15.* 8.8.6.8.8.6.

STILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace  
Reveal the beauties of Thy face,  
The middle wall remove;  
Appear, and banish my complaint;  
Come, and supply my only want,  
Fill all my soul with love.

- 2 O conquer this rebellious will!  
Willing Thou art and ready still,  
Thy help is always nigh;  
The hardness from my heart remove,  
And give me, Lord, O give me love,  
Or at Thy feet I die.
- 3 To Thee I lift my mournful eye;  
Why am I thus?—O tell me why  
I cannot love my God?  
The hindrance must be all in me;  
It cannot in my Saviour be,  
Witness that streaming blood.
- 4 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,  
To buy me from the power of sin,  
And make me love again;  
Come then, my Lord, Thy right assert,  
Take to Thyself my ransomed heart,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

391 *For to me to live is Christ.* 7.7. 7.7.  
Philippians i. 21.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be  
Perfectly resigned to Thee?  
Poor and vile in my own eyes,  
Only in Thy wisdom wise:

- 2 Only Thee content to know,  
Only serving Thee below,  
Only guided by Thy light,  
Only mighty in Thy might.
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know,  
Let Him as He listeth blow;  
Let the manner be unknown,  
So I may with Thee be one.
- 4 Fully in my life express  
All the heights of holiness,  
Sweetly let my spirit prove  
All the depths of humble love. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

392 *Thine heart was tender,* C.M.  
*and thou hast humbled thyself before the*  
*Lord.—2 Kings xxii. 19.*

FOR that tenderness of heart  
Which bows before the Lord,  
Acknowledging how just Thou art,  
And trembles at Thy word:

- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow,  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow!
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give  
The sensible distress,  
The pledge Thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace:
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come;  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

393 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*I will put my Spirit*  
*within you.—Ezekiel xxxvi. 27.*

LOVE, I languish at Thy stay!  
I pine for Thee with lingering smart,  
Wearied and faint through long delay:  
When wilt Thou come into my heart,  
From sin and sorrow set me free,  
And swallow up my soul in Thee?

- 2 Come, O Thou universal Good!  
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!  
The hungry, dying spirit's food,  
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;  
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,  
My everlasting rest from sin!

3 Be Thou, O Love, whate'er I want;  
Support my feebleness of mind,  
Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint  
Revive, illuminate the blind,  
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,  
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.

- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight!  
My strength and health, my shield and  
sun,  
My boast, and confidence, and might,  
My joy, my glory, and my crown,  
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,  
My tree of life, my paradise.
- 5 The secret of the Lord Thou art,  
The mystery so long unknown,  
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,  
The name inscribed in the white stone,  
The Life divine, the little leaven,  
My precious pearl, my present heaven.  
*Westley.* 1742.

394 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.  
*God hath made man*  
*upright.—Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,  
We by our God were made;  
But we turned from good to ill,  
And o'er the creature strayed;  
Multiplied our wandering thought,  
Which first was fixed on God alone;  
In ten thousand objects sought  
The bliss we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain  
Of fancied happiness,  
Draw us to Thyself again,  
And bid our wanderings cease;  
Jesus, speak our souls restored  
By Love's divine restitory,  
Re-united to our Lord,  
And wholly lost in Thee! Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

395 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*I will love Thee, O Lord,*  
*my strength.—Psalm xviii. 1.*

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man  
knows,  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would: but though my will  
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see:  
O when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Thee-wand tend!



4 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!'  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Amen.

Gerhardt Tersteegen. 1731.

Tr. J. Wesley. 1736.

396

*The cross of Christ.*  
Galatians vi. 12.

8.8.8. 6.

**D**RAWN to the cross which Thou hast  
blessed  
With healing gifts for souls distressed,  
To find in Thee my Life, my Rest,  
Christ crucified, I come!

2 Stained with the sins which I have wrought  
In word and deed and secret thought,  
For pardon which Thy blood hath bought,  
Christ crucified, I come!

3 Weary of selfishness and pride,  
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,  
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,  
Christ crucified, I come!

4 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,  
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;  
Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears,  
Christ crucified, I come!

5 I would not, if I could, conceal  
The ills which only Thou canst heal,  
So to the cross, where sinners kneel,  
Christ crucified, I come!

6 Wash me, and take away each stain,  
Let nothing of my sin remain;  
For cleansing, though it be through pain,  
Christ crucified, I come!

7 To be what Thou wouldst have me be,  
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,  
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,  
Christ crucified, I come!

Genevieve S. Irons. 1881.

397

*He said, It is finished:  
and He bowed His head, and gave up the  
ghost.—John xix. 30.*

L.M.

**O** JESUS, let Thy dying cry  
Pierce to the bottom of my heart,  
Its evils cure, its wants supply,  
And bid my unbelief depart.

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2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;  
Prepare for Thee the holiest place;  
Then, O essential Love, come in!  
And fill Thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to Thy word,  
A tender, contrite heart receive,  
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,  
And never can itself forgive;

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,  
A heart that cannot faithless prove,  
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,  
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

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*As many as I love, I  
rebuke and chasten.—Revelation iii. 19.*

L.M.

**O** LET us our own works forsake,  
Ourselves, and all we have deny;  
Thy condescending counsel take,  
And come to Thee, pure gold to buy.

2 O might we, through Thy grace, attain  
The faith Thou never wilt reprove,  
The faith that purges every stain,  
The faith that always works by love!

3 O might we see, in this our day,  
The things belonging to our peace,  
And timely meet Thee in Thy way  
Of judgments, and our sins confess!

4 Thy fatherly chastisements own;  
With filial awe revere Thy rod;  
And turn, with zealous haste, and run  
Into the outstretched arms of God.

Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

FAITH AND CONSECRATION.

399

*Behold the Lamb of God,  
which taketh away the sin of the world.*  
John 1. 29.

6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless, be  
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide :  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul ! Amen.

Roy Palmer. 1834.

3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,  
When no kind hand we see ;  
That we may lift our souls in prayer  
Undoubtingly to Thee.

4 Help us to gaze on things unseen  
By eyes of mortal sight ;  
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and  
glean  
Some beams of heavenly light.

5 Thy glorious presence may we see,  
When earth's last tie is riven ;  
In faith then trust our souls to Thee,  
Till we awake in heaven. Amen.

J. Baldwin Brown. 1859.

400 *Looking unto Jesus the  
author and finisher of our faith.*  
Hebrews xii. 2. L.M.

AUTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,  
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;  
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,  
To-day as yesterday the same :

2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,  
And ask the gift unspeakable ;  
Increase in us the kindled fire,  
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know Thee strong to save ;  
Save us, a present Saviour Thou !  
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,  
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in Thy name believes,  
Eternal life with Thee is given ;  
Into himself he all receives,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,  
With strong, commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;  
The invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Wesley. 1740.

401 *Lord, increase our faith.*  
Luke xvii. 5. C.M.

THOU, who our faithless hearts canst  
read,  
And know'st each weakness there ;  
Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead,  
O turn not from our prayer !

2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour  
The truths Thy Gospel saith ;  
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,  
And so increase our faith :

402 *Surely the Lord is in  
this place.*—Genesis xxviii. 16. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ! Amen.  
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. 1841.

403 *Have faith in God.*  
Mark xi. 22. C.M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe :

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God :
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt :
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last spark is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up the dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home. Amen.  
W. H. Bathurst. 1831.

404 *Perfect love casteth out fear.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
1 John iv. 18.

- O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !  
It lifts me up to things above,  
It bears on eagles' wings ;  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below ;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest ;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up !  
No more on this side Jordan stop,  
But now the land possess ;  
This moment end my legal years,  
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !  
Cast out Thy foes ; the lubred sin,  
The carnal mind, remove ;  
The purchase of Thy death divide !  
And O ! with all the sanctified  
Give me a lot of love ! Amen.  
Wesley. 1742.

405 *If I wash thee not, thou  
hast no part with Me.—John xlii. 8.* C.M.

**F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side ;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died !  
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- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own :  
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love. Amen.  
Wesley. 1740.

406 *The Lord hath laid on  
Him the iniquity of us all.—Isaiah liii. 6.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

**I** LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God !  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains.

- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him ;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares ;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine ;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's Holy Child.  
I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.  
Horatius Bonar. 1844.

407 *Come unto me.—Matt. xi. 28.* 8.8.8. 6.

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

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
spot.  
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about  
Wilt many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height  
to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- Charlotte Elliott.* 1835.

408 *We walk by faith, not by sight.—2 Cor. v. 7.* C.M.

WE walk by faith, and not by sight;  
No gracious words we hear  
From Him who spoke as never man,  
But we believe Him near.

- 2 We may not touch His hands and side,  
Nor follow where He trod;  
But in His promise we rejoice,  
And cry, 'My Lord and God!'
- 3 Help Thou, O Lord, our unbelief;  
And may our faith abound,  
To call on Thee when Thou art near,  
And seek where Thou art found:
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,  
In realms of clearer light  
We may behold Thee as Thou art,  
With full and endless sight. Amen.  
*H. A. Ford.* 1844.

409 *Thy commandment is exceeding broad.—Psalm cxix. 96.* C.M.

- DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made  
In this weak, helpless soul,  
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,  
Descends to make me whole.
- 2 The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword  
O! help me to endure;  
Till bold to say, My hallowing Lord  
Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3 I see the exceeding broad command,  
Which all contains in one;  
Enlarge my heart to understand  
The mystery unknown.
- 4 O that with all Thy saints I might,  
By sweet experience, prove  
What is the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth of perfect love! Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

410 *He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.—Psalm cxxx. 8.* S.M.

FATHER, I dare believe  
Thee merciful and true;  
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,  
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then for Jesu's sake,  
And bid my heart be clean;  
An end of all my troubles make,  
An end of all my sin.

3 I will, through grace, I will,  
I do, return to Thee;  
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill  
My heart with purity!

4 For power I feebly pray:  
Thy kingdom now restore,  
To-day, while it is called to-day,  
And I shall sin no more.

5 I cannot wash my heart,  
But by believing Thee,  
And waiting for Thy blood to impart  
The spotless purity.

6 While at Thy cross I lie,  
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,  
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

411 *They which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham. Galatians iii. 9.* L.M.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,  
His faith by his obedience showed;  
He with the harsh command complied,  
And gave his Isaac back to God.

- 2 His son the father offered up,  
Son of his age, his only son,  
Object of all his joy and hope,  
And less beloved than God alone.
- 3 O for a faith like his, that we  
The bright example may pursue;  
May gladly give up all to Thee,  
To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Now, Lord, to Thee our all we leave,  
Our willing soul Thy call obeys;  
Pleasure, and wealth, and fame we give,  
Freedom, and life, to win Thy grace.
- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear,  
A thing from which we cannot part?  
We can; we now rejoice to tear  
The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;  
All things for Thee we count but loss;  
Lo! at Thy word our Isaac dies,  
Dies on the altar of Thy cross.

7 For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,  
A hundred-fold we here obtain;  
And soon with Thee shall all receive,  
And loss shall be eternal gain.  
Wesley. 1740.

412 *He leadeth me beside the still waters.*—Psalm xxiii. 2. 7.7. 7.7. D.

HAPPY soul that, free from harms,  
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!  
Who his quiet shall molest?  
Who shall violate his rest?  
Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
Jesus takes his every care;  
He who found the wandering sheep,  
Jesus, still delights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,  
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,  
On His only love rely,  
Smile at the destroyer nigh;  
Free from sin and servile fear,  
Have my Jesus ever near,  
All His care rejoice to prove,  
All His paradise of love!
- 3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;  
Take on Thee my every care,  
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear;  
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,  
More and more in Thee rejoice,  
More and more of Thee receive,  
Ever in Thy Spirit live:
- 4 Live, till all Thy life I know,  
Perfect through my Lord below,  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gathered to the fold above.  
O that I at last may stand  
With the sheep at Thy right hand,  
Take the crown so freely given,  
Enter in by Thee to heaven! Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

413 *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.* Isaiah xxvi. 3. 10. 10.

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

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties  
pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging  
round?  
On Jesu's bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far  
away?  
In Jesu's keeping we are safe, and they.

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5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all un-  
known?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us  
and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its  
powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall  
cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect  
peace.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1876.

414 *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Acts xvi. 31. 8.5. 8.3.

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

- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow,  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing,  
In the crimson flood,  
Trusting Thee to make me holy,  
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal. 1874.

415 *Without Me ye can do nothing.*—John xv. 5. 7.6. 7.6. D.

I COULD not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost!  
Whose wondrous love redeemed me  
At such tremendous cost;  
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;

But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And perfect strength in weakness  
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear!  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near;  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee.

4 I could not do without Thee;  
No other friend could read  
The spirit's strange, deep longings,  
Interpreting its need;  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

5 I could not do without Thee,  
For life is fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be passed;  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be with me,  
And whisper, 'It is I.'

*Frances R. Havergal. 1873.*

416 7.6.7.6. *With Chorus. Trochaic.*  
*God forbid that I should*  
*glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus*  
*Christ.—Galatians vi. 14.*

JESUS, keep me near the Cross;  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all, a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
In the Cross, in the Cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God!  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Make me walk from day to day  
With its shadow o'er me.

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

*Frances Jane Crosby. 1874.*

417 7.7.7.7.  
*The life was the light of men.*  
*John i. 4.*

I GHT of Life, seraphic fire,  
Love Divine! Thyself impart;  
Every fainting soul inspire,  
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner choer,  
Scatter all our guilty gloom,  
Son of God, appear, appear!  
To Thy human temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;  
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;  
Fill us with the glorious power,  
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,  
We will covet nothing less;  
Be Thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy, and all our peace. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

418 6.5.6.5. D.  
*Looking unto Jesus, the*  
*author and finisher of our faith.*  
*Hebrews xii. 2.*

LOOKING unto Jesus  
With the eye of faith,  
Telling Him our troubles,  
Hearing what He saith,—  
Like the day-spring stealing  
Through the shades of night,  
Silently it turneth  
Darkness into light.

2 Looking unto Jesus,  
In a sweet accord  
Knitteth the disciple  
To the absent Lord:  
To our soul's complainings  
Jesus giveth heed,  
Pouring out His fulness  
Over all our need.

3 Looking unto Jesus,  
In the stormy day;  
'Tis His gracious Spirit  
Cheers us on our way:  
Looking still to Jesus,  
When the storms retreat,  
He will be our shelter  
From the noontide heat.

4 Looking unto Jesus  
From the bed of pain,  
As a suffering brother,  
Jesus will sustain.  
Looking still to Jesus,  
In the hour of death,  
Lo! the everlasting  
Arms are underneath.

*Jane Crewdson. d. 1863.*

419 I.M.  
*Happy is the man that*  
*findeth wisdom.—Proverbs iii. 13.*

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



- 2 Happy beyond description he  
Who knows, the Saviour died for me,  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price  
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise,  
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,  
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his guest retains!  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.
- Wesley. 1747.

120 *There remaineth there fore* C.M.  
*a rest to the people of God.*—Hebrews iv. 9.

L ORD, I believe a rest remain  
To all Thy people known,  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone;

- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of Thy love.
- 5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,  
And have Thee all my own;  
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good!  
I want, and Thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant;  
This, only this be given;  
Nothing beside my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away!  
Into my soul descend;  
No longer from Thy creature stay,  
My Author and my End!
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me Thine abode!  
Let all I am in Thee be lost,  
Let all be lost in God. Amen.

Wesley. 1740.

421 *Blessed are the pure in heart;* C.M.  
*for they shall see God.*—Matthew v. 8.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above,  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love. Amen.
- Wesley. 1742.

422 *By whom we have now* T. T. T. T.  
*received the atonement.*—Romans v. 11.

H OLY Lamb, who Thee receive,  
Who in Thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to Thee,  
As Thou art, so let us be!

- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast!  
See I long in Thee to rest!  
Gladly would I now be clean,  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;  
To Thy cross my spirit bind;  
Earthly passions far remove,  
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of sin and misery,  
Thine we are, Thou Son of God!  
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 5 Who in heart on Thee believes,  
He the atonement now receives,  
He with joy beholds Thy face,  
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.
- 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable, are Thine;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Souls of earth, and hosts of heaven!
- Amen.  
Anna Dober. 1735.  
Tr. J. Wesley. 1740.

**423** *Whosoever therefore shall be  
ashamed of Me . . . of him also shall the Son  
of Man be ashamed.*—Mark viii. 38. L.M.

LORD Jesus, shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?  
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor !  
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! Sooner far  
May evening blush to own a star.  
Ashamed of Jesus ! Just as soon  
May midnight blush to think of noon.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is this boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me !  
*Joseph Grigg. 1765.*

**424** *Be ye . . . followers of  
God, as dear children.*—Ephesians v. 1. 8.8. 8.8. 6.

OLD LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail inconstant heart ;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 What'e'r pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,  
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;  
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

4 Renouncing every sinful thing,  
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in Thee,  
In Thee, my God, in Thee.

*From the French. abt. 1826.  
Tr. Lucy Wilson. 1829.*

**425** *I will put My law in their  
inward parts, and write it in their hearts.*  
Jeremiah xxxi. 33. S.M.

THE thing my God doth hate  
That I no more may do,  
Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like Thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And, sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin.

3 That blessèd law of Thine,  
Jesus, to me impart ;  
The Spirit's law of life divine,  
O write it in my heart !

4 Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove,  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity,  
And sweetly every moment draw  
My happy soul to Thee.

6 Soul of my soul remain :  
Who didst for all fulfil,  
In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
Thy heavenly Father's will. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

**426** *We love Him, because  
He first loved us.*—1 John iv. 19. 7.6. 7.6.

IN full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only,  
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone ;  
And all I have, and am, Lord,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own !

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus !  
O make my heart Thy throne !  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus ;  
Rule over everything !  
And keep me always loyal,  
And true to Thee my King. Amen.  
*Frances R. Havergal. d. 1879.*

**427** *Lo, we have left all, and  
have followed Thee.*—Mark x. 28. 8.7. 8.7. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow Thee ;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own !

2 Let the world despise and leave me ;  
They have left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue :

And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me :  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest :  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me !  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee !

4 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find in every station,  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee !  
What a Father's smile is thine !  
What a Saviour died to win thee !  
Child of Heaven ! shouldst thou repine ?

5 Hasten then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there :  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*H. F. Lyte. 1824.*

428 *According to your faith* C.M.  
*be it unto you.—Matthew ix. 29.*

COME, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain, sin, remove ;  
Now in my gasping soul reveal  
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness brought in ;  
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,  
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,  
This moment be subdued ;  
Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.

4 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou !  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.

5 'Tis done ! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless ;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

*Charles Westey. 1762.*

429 *Truly I am Thy servant,* 7.7.7.  
*Psalm cxvi. 16.*

TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

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2 Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love ;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold ;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine ;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

*Frances R. Havergal. 1878.*

430 *These were redeemed* 7.7.7.  
*from among men.—Revelation xiv. 4.*

THINE for ever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever ! O how blest,  
Thy who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end !

3 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife :  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever ! Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied ;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Amen.

*Mrs. Mary F. Maude. 1847.*

431 *My times are in Thy hand,* C.M.  
*Psalm xxxi. 15.*

LORD, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey ;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day ?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before:  
He who into God's kingdom comes,  
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessèd face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days;  
And join with the triumphant saints,  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

*Richard Baxter.* 1681.

432 *S.M.*  
*Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.—Romans xiv. 8.*

JESUS! I live to Thee,  
The loveliest and best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;  
To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven for ever mine. Amen.

*Henry Harbaugh.* 1850.

433 *6.6. 6.6. 8.8.*  
*But first gave their own selves to the Lord.—2 Corinthians viii. 5.*

GOD of my life, to Thee  
My cheerful soul I raise!  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days;  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,  
I glorify Thy name,  
From whom alone my birth,  
And all my blessings came:  
Creating and preserving grace,  
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,  
To Thee O let me live!  
To Thee my every breath  
In thanks and praises give:  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul, and all its powers,  
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;  
All, all my happy hours  
I consecrate to Thee:  
Me to Thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

5 I wait Thy will to do,  
As angels do in heaven;  
In Christ a creature new,  
Most graciously forgiven,  
I wait Thy perfect will to prove,  
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,  
The work of faith with power,  
Receive Thy favoured son,  
In death's triumphant hour;  
Like Moses to Thyself convey,  
And bear my raptured soul away. Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

434 *8.8. 8.8. Anapæstic.*  
*Thou art the God of my strength.—Psalm xliii. 2.*

WHAT now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after His image aspire:

2 My hope is all centred in Thee,  
I trust to recover Thy love,  
On earth Thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy it above.

3 I thirst for a life-giving God,  
A God that on Calvary died;  
A fountain of water and blood,  
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!

4 I gasp for the stream of Thy love,  
The spirit of rapture unknown,  
And then to re-drink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

435 *8.8. 8.8. 8.8.*  
*Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me. Luke ix. 23.*

MASTER! I own Thy lawful claim,  
Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be.  
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,  
Where'er Thou goest, to follow Thee  
Myself in all things to deny,  
Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
For Thee I cheerfully forego;  
My covetous and vain desires,  
My hopes of happiness below,  
My senses' and my passions' food,  
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
 Shall lead my captive soul astray ;  
 My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to obey ;  
 My own in all things to resign,  
 And know no other will but Thine.

4 Wherefore to Thee I all resign ;  
 Being Thou art, and Love, and Power,  
 Thy only will be done, not mine !  
 Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore !  
 Flow back the rivers to the sea,  
 And let our all be lost in Thee ! Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

436 *If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.*—Matt. ix. 21. C.M.

WHEN in the busy crowd of life  
 Too often pressed and thronged,  
 And in their rude and selfish strife  
 Both overlooked and wronged ;

2 How sweet to know faith's lightest touch  
 The watchful Saviour feels ;  
 And healing, in reply to such,  
 Into the sufferer steals.

3 Off through the world we smoothly go,  
 Hiding some secret care,  
 Our nearest, dearest, may not know,  
 Which God alone can share.

4 We mingle with the busy throng,  
 They pass unheeded by ;  
 They bear us in their tide along,  
 We commune with the sky.

5 Saviour ! it is Thy people's bliss  
 To feel Thy care for them ;  
 And, while the crowd Thy mercy miss,  
 To touch Thy garment's hem.

6 Friends may mistake, or foes may slight,  
 Thyself not seem to see ;  
 One touch of faith, however light,  
 Will find its way to Thee.

7 And Thou wilt give, when sorrow pleads,  
 Good comfort to the soul,  
 The healing it so sorely needs,  
 The faith, which makes it whole.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1867.

437 *God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.*—1 Corinthians x. 13. 8.7. 8.7. Iambic.

MY Father and my God, behold  
 Thy wayward child before Thee ;  
 And to Thy will my spirit mould,  
 I now with tears implore Thee.

2 Without Thee I in plenty pine,  
 In throngs of men am lonely ;  
 With Thee all earth and heaven are mine,  
 With Thee, my Father, only.

3 O search my bosom through and through,  
 And strengthen my endeavour,  
 And make me always think and do  
 What pleases Thee for ever.

4 My love, my life, my all control  
 Henceforth by Calvary's story ;  
 Stamp here Thy image on my soul,  
 And fit me for Thy glory. Amen.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1883.

438 *Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.*—Psalm xxxvii. 7. 8.6. 8.6. 8.6. 8.4.

REST in the Lord ; rest, weary heart,  
 With sin and sorrow worn,  
 And conscience rankling with the smart  
 Of pitiless self-scorn ;  
 O counting all beside but loss,  
 Climb Calvary's lowly hill,  
 And there beneath the bleeding Cross,  
 Rest and be still.

2 Rest in the Lord ; what time the storm  
 Around thy pathway raves,  
 Behold His calm majestic form  
 Serenely walks the waves ;  
 And hark ! that tranquil voice is heard  
 Which winds and waves fulfil ;  
 O rest upon His changeless word ;  
 Rest and be still.

3 Rest in the Lord ; although the sands  
 Of life are running low,  
 Though clinging hearts and clasping hands  
 May not detain thee now :  
 His hand is on thee ; death's alarms  
 Can never work thee ill :  
 Rest on His everlasting arms ;  
 Rest and be still.

4 Rest in the Lord ; no conflicts more,  
 The latest labour done ;  
 The weary strife for ever o'er,  
 The crown for ever won.  
 Beside the crystal stream, that flows  
 From Zion's heavenly hill,  
 Rest in Eternal Love's repose ;  
 Rest and be still.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1870.

439 *Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?*—Acts ix. 6. 6.4. 6.4. 6.6.6.4.

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

2 At the blest mercy-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,  
 Jesus, to Thee :

ADOPTION AND SONSHIP.

Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer,  
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,  
Likeness to Thee,  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,  
Thy gifts so free,  
In joy, in grief, through life,  
O Lord, for Thee!  
And when Thy face I see,  
My ransomed soul shall be,  
Through all eternity,  
Something for Thee. Amen.  
*S. D. Phelps.*

440 *Love the Lord your God* L.M.  
*with all your heart.—Deut. xiii. 3.*

MY heart, O God, be wholly Thine,  
I would not keep it back from Thee;  
Nor wish to shun the grace divine,  
Which asks this humble gift of me.

2 O take it now, and let Thy love  
For evermore within me dwell;  
And may Thy Spirit from above  
Teach me to serve my Master well.

3 Afar be every thought of sin,  
Afar be every wish to stray;  
Let truth and holiness begin  
To lead me up the heavenward way.

4 Make this my only aim and care,  
To seek Thy praise in all I do;  
To consecrate each act with prayer,  
As I my daily work pursue.

5 More like to Thee, my blessed Lord,  
I would be, as my days pass by,  
With patience, love, and wisdom stored,  
Ready to live, and fit to die. Amen.  
*W. J. Mathams. 1880.*

ADOPTION AND SONSHIP.

441 *Who have fled for refuge* S.S. S.S. S.S.  
*to lay hold upon the hope set before us.*  
Hebrews vi. 18.

NOW I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,  
Before the world's foundation slain;  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far,  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this sea,  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
I look into my Saviour's breast;  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends  
be gone,  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

*John A. Rothe. 1735.*  
*Tr. J. Wesley. 1740.*

442 *By one offering He hath* G.G. G.G. S.S.  
*perfected for ever them that are sanctified.*  
Hebrews x. 14.

ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.

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

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

4 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.



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

Wesley. 1742.

443 *In whom we have redemption  
through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.*  
Ephesians i. 7.

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

AND can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain,  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

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

3 He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace!  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

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

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

Wesley. 1739.

444 *Thou knowest that I love Thee.*  
John xxi. 16.

6.4. 6.4. 10.10.

LIFT my heart to Thee,  
Saviour Divine,  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine.  
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,  
That my Belov'd's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties;  
But chiefly Thine,  
That through Thy sacrifice  
Thou, Lord, art mine.  
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound  
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

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3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,  
I all things owe;  
All that I have and am,  
And all I know,  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not mine own, Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold  
Life's brightest hour  
From Thee, or gathered gold,  
Or any power?  
Why should I keep one precious thing from  
Thee,  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self  
for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
Me in Thy love,  
Until death's holy sleep  
Shall me remove  
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow  
over,  
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.  
Amen.  
C. E. Mudie. b. 1818.

445 *Thou hast delivered my  
soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and  
my feet from falling.*—Psalm cxvi. 8.

L.M.

MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,  
Saved from the second death I feel,  
My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to Him my feet shall run,  
My eyes on His perfections gaze,  
My soul shall live for God alone,  
And all within me shout His praise.  
Charles Wesley. 1762.

446 *I will not leave you  
comfortless: I will come to you.*  
John xiv. 18.

8.8.6. 8.8.6.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on,  
Even from my infant days;  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me, if I ever knew  
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,  
And followed, with a heart sincere,  
Thy drawings from above;  
Now, now the further grace bestow,  
And let my sprinkled conscience know  
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,  
A stranger to the gospel hope,  
The sense of sin forgiven;  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
Without the inward witness live,  
That antepast of heaven.

LOVE AND HOLINESS.

4 If now the witness were in me,  
Would He not testify of Thee  
In Jesus reconciled?  
And should I not with faith draw nigh  
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,  
And know myself Thy child?

5 What'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,  
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,  
Thy glory to display;  
Mine heart of unbelief convince,  
And now absolve me from my sins,  
And take them all away.

6 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
How merciful Thou art:  
The secret of Thy love reveal,  
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell  
For ever in my heart. Amen.  
Wesley. 1747.

447 *I am come that they might  
have life, and that they might have it more  
abundantly.*—John x. 10. 8.8.8.8.8.

O GOD of our forefathers, hear,  
And make Thy faithful mercies known:  
To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,  
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,  
In whom Thy smiling face we see,  
In whom Thou art well pleased with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,  
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,  
That only ground of all our hope,  
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,  
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,  
And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His only name,  
Forgiveness in His blood, we have;  
But more abundant life we claim  
Through Him, who died our souls to save,  
To sanctify us by His blood,  
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son!  
And hear the blood that speaks above;  
On us let all Thy grace be shown,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

Amen.  
Wesley. 1745.

448 *Because ye are sons, God  
hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into  
your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*  
Galatians iv. 6. C.M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
S Allow my humble claim;  
Nor, while unworthy I draw near,  
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father God! how sweet the sound,  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the harmony of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace  
On my expanding heart;  
And show that in Jehovah's love  
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so divine,  
Unwavering I believe;  
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;  
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

449 *My soul is even as a  
weaned child.*—Psalm cxxxi. 2. C.M.D.

AS helpless as a child who clings  
Fast to his father's arm,  
And casts his weakness on the strength  
That keeps him safe from harm;  
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,  
And thus I every hour  
Would link my earthly feebleness  
To Thine almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks  
Up in his mother's face,  
And all his little griefs and fears  
Forgets in her embrace;  
So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,  
And in Thy face divine  
Can read the love that will sustain  
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits  
Close by his parent's knee,  
And knows no want while he can have  
That sweet society;  
So sitting at Thy feet, my heart  
Would all its love outpour,  
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,  
Lord,  
To love Thee more and more. Amen.

James D. Burns. 1857.

LOVE AND HOLINESS.

450 *Filled with all the fulness of God.*  
Ephesians iii. 19. 8.8.8.8.8.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
clare;  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there!  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone  
 O may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown !  
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !  
 All pain before Thy presence flies,  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise ;  
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;  
 Hourly within my soul renew  
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;  
 And day and night be all my care,  
 To guard the sacred treasure there.

Amen.

Paul Gerhardt. 1666. Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.

451 *God so loved the world,* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*that He gave His only begotten Son.*  
 John iii. 16.

MY Saviour, Thou Thy love to me  
 In shame, in want, in pain, hast  
 showed ;

For me, on the accursed tree,  
 Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood ;  
 Thy wounds upon my heart impress,  
 Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.

2 More hard than marble is my heart,  
 And foul with sins of deepest stain ;  
 But Thou the mighty Saviour art,  
 Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain ;  
 Ah soften, melt this rock, and may  
 Thy blood wash all these stains away !

3 O that I, as a little child,  
 May follow Thee, and never rest  
 Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy mild  
 And lowly mind into my breast !  
 Nor ever may we parted be,  
 Till I become one spirit with Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way :  
 How wondrous things Thy love hath  
 wrought !

Still lead me, lest I go astray ;  
 Direct my word, inspire my thought ;  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering be Thy love my peace ;  
 In weakness be Thy love my power ;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death as life be Thou my guide,  
 And save me who for me hast died.

Amen.

Paul Gerhardt. 1666. Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.

452 *Being rooted and grounded* 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*in love.*—Ephesians iii. 17.

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

2 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy grace receive ;  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more Thy temples leave :  
 Thee we would be always blessing,  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

Amen.

Wesley. 1747.

453 *To know the love of Christ,* 10.10. 10.10. 4.  
*which passeth knowledge.*—Ephesians iii. 19.

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of  
 Thine,  
 My Saviour, Jesus ! Yet this soul of mine  
 Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and  
 length,  
 Its height and depth, and everlasting  
 strength,

Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,  
 My Saviour, Jesus ! Yet these lips of mine  
 Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
 A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
 And love beget.

3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,  
 My Saviour, Jesus ! Yet this heart of mine  
 Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so  
 free,

Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,  
 Nigh unto God.

4 O, fill me, Saviour, Jesus, 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.

5 And then, when Jesus face to face I see,  
 When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
 Then of His love, in all its breadth and  
 length,

Its height and depth, its everlasting  
 strength,

My soul shall sing.

Mary Shelton. 1863.

454 *The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.—Romans v. 5.* L.M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free !  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on Thee.
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,  
Of any other love but Thine.
- 4 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul ;  
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 5 Thee I can love, and Thee alone,  
With pure delight and inward bliss ;  
To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own,  
O what a happiness is this !
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But Thy pure love within my breast ;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

*From the French of  
Madame Bourignon. 1640.  
Tr. J. Wesley. 1736.*

455 *All things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark ix. 23.* C.M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,  
Thy faithful promise seal,  
Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's race,  
In us, even us, fulfil.

- 2 Let us, to perfect love restored,  
Thy image here retrieve,  
And in the presence of our Lord,  
The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow,  
Which cannot ask in vain,  
Which holds, and will not let Thee go,  
Till I my suit obtain ;
- 4 Till Thou into my soul inspire  
The perfect love unknown,  
And tell my infinite desire,  
Whate'er thou wilt, be done.
- 5 But is it possible that I  
Should live and sin no more ?  
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,  
The faith shall bring the power.

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6 On me that faith divine bestow,  
Which doth the mountain move ;  
And all my spotless life shall show  
The omnipotence of love. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

456 *The greatest of these is charity.—1 Corinthians xiii. 13.* C.M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move ;  
The devils know, and tremble too ;  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realm of bliss.
- 5 When joined to that harmonious throng  
That fills the choirs above,  
Then shall we raise our noblest song,  
And every note be love.
- 6 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our gracious God.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

457 *I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.* C.M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.

- 2 I find Him lifting up my head,  
He brings salvation near,  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be,  
What can withstand His will ?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy Word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet Thee from above,  
Thy goodness thankfully adores ;  
And sure I taste Thy love.

6 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of paradise possesst,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

458 *Whom have I in heaven  
but Thee?*—Psalm lxxiii. 25. 7.7.7.7.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thine, and only Thine, I am;  
Take my body, spirit, soul;  
Only Thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;  
Let me ever cleave to Thee:  
Let me choose the better part,  
Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?  
Thee, and only Thee, I know:  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is Thy love;  
Who the worth of love can tell?  
Infinite, unsearchable!
- 6 Thou, O Love, my portion art;  
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart!  
Other comforts I despise,  
Love be all my paradise.
- 7 Nothing else can I require,  
Love fills up my whole desire;  
All Thy other gifts remove,  
Still Thou giv'st me all in love.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

459 *Believe on the Lord Jesus  
Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* C.M.  
Acts xvi. 31.

JESUS hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone;  
In Him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.

- 2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable!  
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,  
And all Thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me Thyself; from every boast,  
From every wish set free;  
Let all I am in Thee be lost;  
But give Thyself to me.

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5 Thy gifts, O Lord! can not suffice,  
Unless Thyself be given;  
Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where Thou art is heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

460 *I shall be satisfied, when  
I awake, with Thy likeness.*—Psalm xvii. 15. C.M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
Ah, when shall I wake up?

- 2 Thou, O my God, Thou only art  
The Life, the Truth, the Way:  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all Thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above, to give,  
Give me Thy only love to know,  
In Thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love,  
In mystic union join  
Me to Thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between  
My longing soul and Thee,  
Never to be broke off again  
To all eternity. Amen.

Wesley. 1740.

461 *We love Him, because He  
first loved us.*—1 John iv. 19. C.M.

MY God, I love Thee; not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because who love Thee not  
Are lost eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony;  
Yea, death itself; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell;
- 5 Not from the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King. Amen.

Francis Xavier. 16th Century.  
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.

462 *To behold the beauty of the Lord.*—Psalm xxvii. 4. C.M.

- NOW let us see Thy beauty, Lord,  
As we have seen before ;  
And by Thy beauty quicken us  
To love Thee and adore.
- 2 'Tis easy when with simple mind  
Thy loveliness we see,  
To consecrate ourselves afresh  
To duty and to Thee.
- 3 Our every feverish mood is cooled,  
And gone is every load,  
When we can lose the love of self,  
And find the love of God.
- 4 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won  
To home and Thee again,  
And as we are Thy children true  
We are more truly men.
- 5 Lord, it is coming to ourselves  
When thus we come to Thee ;  
The bondage of Thy loveliness  
Is perfect liberty.
- 6 So now we come to ask again  
What Thou hast often given,  
The vision of that loveliness  
Which is the life of heaven.
- Benjamin Waugh.* 1886.

463 *Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*—2 Cor. iii. 17. S.M.

- O COME, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within !  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove,  
Spirit of finished holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day,  
Which shall my sins consume,  
When old things shall be passed away,  
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,  
According to Thy will and word,  
Well-pleasing in Thy sight :
- 5 I ask no higher state ;  
Indulge me but in this,  
And soon or later then translate  
To my eternal bliss. Amen.
- Charles Wesley.* 1762.

464 *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*—Matt. iii. 11. C.M.

- MY God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in Thee,  
And all renewed I am.
- 2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let Thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand  
And all Thy goodness know.
- 3 When shall I see the welcome hour,  
That plants my God in me !  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty !
- 4 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad :  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 5 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow !
- 6 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume !  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come !
- 7 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul ;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move ;  
But Christ be all the world to me,  
And all my heart be love.

*Wesley.* 17:0.

465 *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God !* Romans xi. 33. C.M.

- WHAT shall I do my God to love,  
My loving God to praise ?  
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,  
And depth of sovereign grace ?
- 2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
Immense and unconfined ;  
From age to age it never ends ;  
It reaches all mankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,  
Wide as infinity !  
So wide, it never passed by one,  
Or it had passed by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven ;  
But far above the skies,  
In Christ abundantly forgiven,  
I see Thy mercies rise !



- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love,  
What angel-tongue can tell?  
O may I to the utmost prove  
The gift unspeakable!
- 6 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence;  
Deeper than inbred sin,  
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,  
When Jesus enters in.
- 7 Assert Thy claim, maintain Thy right,  
Come quickly from above;  
And sink me to perfection's height,  
The depth of humble love. Amen.
- Wesley. 1749.

**466** *Thou shalt call His name* C.M.  
*Jesus: for He shall save His people from*  
*their sins.—Matthew i. 21.*

THERE is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth,  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free:  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of one whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 4 Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 His name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesu's love for me.
- F. Whitfield. 1860.

**467** *I will love Thee, O Lord,* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*my strength.—Psalm xviii. 1.*

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower,  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

- 2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!  
Ah, why did I no sooner go  
To Thee, the only ease in pain!  
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,  
That I so late to Thee did turn.

- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed,  
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved:  
Far wide my wandering thoughts were  
spread,  
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from  
Thee.
- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory inay unite.
- 5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,  
Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod:  
What though my flesh and heart decay,  
Thee shall I love in endless day!
- John Scheffler. 1657. Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.

**468** *God forbid that I should glory,* 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*  
*Galatians vi. 14.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend:  
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;  
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessèd is this station,  
Low before the cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in His languid eye:  
Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze:  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace!
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant, still, in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.  
May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove His wounds each day more healing,  
And Himself more deeply know. Amen.
- J. Allen. 1757. and W. W. Shirley. 1774.

**469** *For the love of Christ* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.*

OLOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;  
Its riches are unsearchable :  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see,  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God :  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart !  
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet !  
Be this my happy choice :  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that with humbled Peter I  
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,  
My faithfulness to prove,  
'Thou know'st, for all to Thee is known,  
Thou know'st, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
Thou know'st that Thee I love !'

6 O that I could, with favoured John,  
Recline my weary head upon  
The great Redeemer's breast !  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee,  
My everlasting rest. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

7 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to Thee ;  
Then let or earth or hell assail,  
Thy mighty hand shall set me free ;  
For whom Thou sav'st, he ne'er shall  
fail.

From the Spanish.  
Tr. J. Wesley. 1735.

471 *Perfecting holiness in  
the fear of God.*—2 Corinthians vii. 1.

C.M.

O JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,  
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,  
Restored to our unsinning state,  
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive,  
From all indwelling sin,  
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,  
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,  
And pure as those above,  
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,  
And perfect us in love.

4 The counsel of Thy love fulfil ;  
Come quickly, gracious Lord !  
Be it according to Thy will,  
According to Thy word.

5 According to our faith in Thee,  
Let it to us be done ;  
O that we all Thy face might see,  
And know as we are known !

6 O that the perfect grace were given,  
The love diffused abroad !  
O that our hearts were all a heaven,  
For ever filled with God ! Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

470 *So panteth my soul  
after Thee, O God.*—Psalm xlii. 1.

L.M.

O GOD, my God, my all Thou art !  
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,  
Thy sovereign light within my heart,  
Thy all-enlivening power display.

2 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant,  
While in this desert land I live ;  
And hungry as I am, and faint,  
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 In a dry land, behold, I place  
My whole desire on Thee, O Lord ;  
And more I joy to gain Thy grace,  
Than all earth's treasures can afford.

4 More dear than life itself, Thy love  
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;  
And to declare Thy praise will prove  
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

5 In blessing Thee with grateful songs  
My happy life shall glide away ;  
The praise that to Thy name belongs  
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

6 Abundant sweetness, while I sing  
Thy love, my ravished heart o'erflows ;  
Secure in Thee, my God and King,  
Of glory that no period knows.

472 *If any man be in Christ,  
he is a new creature.*—2 Cor. v. 17.

8.8.8. 8.8.8.

O JESUS, source of calm repose,  
Thy like nor man nor angel knows,  
Fairest among ten thousand fair !  
Even those whom death's sad fetters bound,  
Whom thickest darkness compassed round,  
Find light and life, if Thou appear.

2 Lord over all, sent to fulfil  
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,  
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow ;  
With dutious reverence at Thy feet,  
Like humble Mary, lo ! I sit.  
Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth now.

3 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me,  
Lowly and gentle may I be ;  
No charms but these to Thee are dear :  
No anger may'st Thou ever find,  
No pride in my unruffled mind,  
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be  
there.

- 4 A patient, a victorious mind,  
That life and all things casts behind,  
Springs forth obedient to Thy call ;  
A heart that no desire can move,  
But still to adore, believe and love,  
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.  
Amen.  
*J. A. Freylinghausen. 1704.*  
*Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.*

- 473 *Search me, O God,* C.M.  
*and know my heart.—Psaln cxxxix. 23.*

- COME, Thou omniscient Son of Man,  
Display Thy sifting power ;  
Come with Thy Spirit's winnowing fan,  
And throughly purge Thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursèd thing,  
Far from our souls be driven ;  
The wheat into Thy garner bring,  
And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with Thy eyes of Mame,  
The clouds and darkness chase ;  
And tell me what by sin I am,  
And what I am by grace.
- 4 What'e'r offends Thy glorious eyes,  
Far from our hearts remove ;  
As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
Disperse it by Thy love.
- 5 Then let us all Thy fulness know,  
From every sin set free ;  
Saved, to the utmost, saved below,  
And perfectly like Thee. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

- 474 *I will not leave you com-* C.M.  
*fortless: I will come to you.—John xiv. 18.*

- O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !  
Christ shall in me appear ;  
I, even I, shall see His face,  
I shall be holy here.
- 2 This heart shall be His constant home ;  
I hear His Spirit's cry ;  
'Surely,' He saith, 'I quickly come' ;  
He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view ;  
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,  
And wear it as my due.
- 4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see ;  
My hope is full, O glorious hope !  
Of immortality.
- 5 With me I know, I feel, Thou art ;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless Thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.

- 6 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void ;  
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;  
Come, O my God, my God !
- 7 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,  
Large as infinity ;  
Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in Thee ! Amen.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

- 475 *He openeth the ears of men, and* 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.  
*scaleth their instruction.—Job xxxiii. 16.*

- OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
Bid my quiet spirit hear  
Thy kind and gentle voice ;  
Never in the whirlwind found,  
Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
Still and silent is the sound,  
The whisper of Thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,  
And hurry, I withdraw :  
For the small and inward voice  
I wait with humble awe ;  
Silent am I now and still,  
Dare not in Thy presence move ;  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of Thy love.
- 3 Thou didst undertake for me,  
For me to death wast sold ;  
Wisdom in a mystery  
Of bleeding love unfold ;  
Teach the lesson of Thy cross,  
Let me die with Thee to reign ;  
All things let me count but loss,  
So I may Thee regain.
- 4 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,  
My soul to Thee convert ;  
Thou canst make me understand,  
Though I am slow of heart ;  
Thine in whom I live and move,  
Thine the work, the praise is Thine,  
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,  
And all Thou art is mine.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

- 476 *They that be wise shall* C.M.  
*shine as the brightness of the firmament.*  
Daniel xii. 3.

- JESUS, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run ;  
And let Thy ministers believe,  
And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,  
May all Thy people prove  
The plenitude of gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine  
Illustrious as the sun ;  
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,  
Their glorious circuit run :

4 Beyond the reach of mortals spread  
Their light where'er they go;  
And heavenly influences shed  
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might;  
As burning luminaries, chase  
The gloom of sin's dark night:

6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

477 *Come unto Me, all ye  
that labour.*—Matthew xi. 28. L.M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit  
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy neek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
Thy cross, all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labour of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay;  
Appear, in my poor heart appear!  
My God, my Saviour, come away!

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

478 *Teach me to do Thy will.* C.M.  
Psalm cxliii. 10.

O THOU who hast Thy servants taught  
That not by words alone,  
But by the fruits of holiness  
The life of God is shown;

2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,  
And call Thee God and Lord;  
Give us a heart to follow Thee,  
Obedient to Thy word.

3 When we our voices lift in praise,  
Give Thou us grace to bring  
An offering of unfeigned thanks,  
And with the spirit sing.

4 And in the dangerous path of life  
Uphold us as we go;  
That with our lips and in our lives  
Thy glory we may show. Amen.

H. Alford. 1877.

479 *Sent Him to bless you, in  
turning away every one of you from his  
iniquities.*—Acts iii. 26. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

S AVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove  
That Jesus is Thy healing name;  
To lose, when perfected in love,  
Whate'er I have, or can, or am:  
I stay me on Thy faithful word,  
The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Answer that gracious end in me,  
For which Thy precious life was given;  
Redeem from all iniquity;  
Restore, and make me meet for heaven;  
Unless Thou purge my every stain,  
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,  
Sin to condemn, and man to save,  
That perfect love might cast out fear,  
That I Thy mind in me might have,  
In holiness show forth Thy praise,  
And serve Thee all my spotless days?

4 Didst Thou not die that I might live  
No longer to myself, but Thee,  
Might body, soul, and spirit give  
To Him who gave Himself for me?  
Come then, my Master, and my God,  
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.

5 Thy own peculiar servant claim,  
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake;  
Hallow in me Thy glorious name;  
Me for Thine own this moment take,  
And change and thoroughly purify;  
Thine only may I live and die. Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

480 *Blessed are they that mourn;* L.M.  
*for they shall be comforted.*—Matthew v. 4.

BLESSED are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty;  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blessed are the souls that pant for grace,  
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;  
They shall be well supplied and fed,  
With living streams, and living bread.

4 Blessed are the pure, whose hearts are  
clean  
From the defiling power of sin;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
The God of spotless purity.

5 Blessed are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Glory and joy are their reward.

6 These are the men, the pious race,  
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

481 *Blessed are the poor in spirit :*  
*for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*  
Matthew v. 3.

SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,  
Which all that feel shall surely know  
Their sins on earth forgiven ;  
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,  
And taste, in holiness divine,  
The happiness of heaven.

2 Meeken my soul, Thou heavenly Lamb,  
That I in the new earth may claim  
My hundred-fold reward ;  
My rich inheritance possess,  
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,  
Co-partner with my Lord.

3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,  
That sacred, Infinite Desire,  
And feast my hungry heart ;  
Less than Thyself cannot suffice,  
My soul for all Thy fulness cries,  
For all Thou hast, and art.

4 Mercy who show shall mercy find ;  
Thy pitiful and tender mind  
Be, Lord, on me bestowed ;  
So shall I still the blessing gain  
And to eternal life retain  
The mercy of my God.

5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart ;  
Bless me with purity of heart,  
That, now beholding Thee,  
I soon may view Thy open face,  
On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,  
And God for ever see !

6 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,  
And suffer for Thy righteous cause,  
Pronounce me doubly blest ;  
And let Thy glorious Spirit, Lord,  
Assure me of my great reward,  
In heaven's eternal feast. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

482 *That we might be partakers*  
*of His holiness.—Hebrews xii. 10.*  
C.M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,  
But inward holiness ?  
For this to Jesus I look up,  
I calmly wait for this.

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2 I wait till He shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin,  
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,  
For every sinner free ;  
Surely it shall on me take place,  
The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,  
He shall my soul redeem ;  
In Jesus I believe, and shall  
Believe myself to Him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart ;  
And, lo ! He saith, I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart !

6 Be it according to Thy word !  
Redeem me from all sin ;  
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,  
Come in, my Lord, come in ! Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

483 *Let this mind be in you,*  
*which was also in Christ Jesus.*  
Philippians ii. 5.

JESUS, shall I never be  
Firmly grounded upon Thee ?  
Never by Thy work abide,  
Never in Thy wounds reside ?

2 Plant, and root, and fix in me  
All the mind that was in Thee ;  
Settled peace I then shall find ;  
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.

3 Anger I no more shall feel,  
Always even, always still,  
Meekly on my God reclined ;  
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.

4 I shall suffer and fulfil  
All my Father's gracious will,  
Be in all alike resigned ;  
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.

5 When 'tis deeply rooted here,  
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;  
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;  
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.

6 When I feel it fixed within,  
I shall have no power to sin ;  
How shall sin an entrance find ?  
Jesu's is a *spotless* mind.

7 I shall nothing know beside  
Jesus, and Him crucified ;  
Perfectly to Him be joined ;  
Jesu's is a *loving* mind.

8 I shall fully be restored  
To the image of my Lord,  
Witnessing to all mankind,  
Jesu's is a *perfect* mind.

Wesley. 1742.

484 *7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.*  
*There shall be showers of blessing.—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.*

US, who climb Thy holy hill,  
 A general blessing make,  
 Let the world our influence feel,  
 Our gospel grace partake :  
 Grace to help in time of need,  
 Pour out on sinners from above,  
 All Thy Spirit's fulness shed  
 In showers of heavenly love.

2 Make our souls a fertile field  
 Which God delights to cherish ;  
 Let us in due season yield  
 The fruits of righteousness :  
 Make us trees of paradise,  
 Which more and more Thy praise may  
 show,  
 Deeper sink, and higher rise,  
 And to perfection grow. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

485 *C.M.*  
*Your life is hid with Christ  
 in God.—Col. iii. 3.*

JESUS, my life ! Thyself apply,  
 Thy holy Spirit breathe ;  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
 Still with Thy rebel strive ;  
 Enter my soul, and work within,  
 And kill, and make alive.

3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,  
 As the old Adam dies :  
 Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,  
 That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,  
 Who would not own Thy sway ;  
 Diffuse Thine image through my soul,  
 Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
 And seal me Thine abode ;  
 O make me glorious all within,  
 A temple built by God ! Amen.

*Wesley. 1740.*

486 *L.M.*  
*I will put My Spirit within  
 you.—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.*

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,  
 Which shall from age to age endure,  
 Whose word, when heaven and earth shall  
 pass,  
 Remains and stands for ever sure :

2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,  
 That all mankind Thy truth may see,  
 Hallow Thy great and glorious name,  
 And perfect holiness in me.

3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,  
 To quench my thirst and make me  
 clean ;  
 Now, Father, let the gracious shower  
 Descend, and make me pure from sin.

4 Purge me from every sinful blot ;  
 My idols all be cast aside ;  
 Cleanse me from every sinful thought,  
 From all the fith of self and pride.

5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,  
 From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;  
 The mind which was in Christ impart,  
 And let my spirit cleave to Thee.

6 O that I now, from sin released,  
 Thy word may to the utmost prove,  
 Enter into the promised rest,  
 The Canaan of Thy perfect love ! Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1742.*

LIGHT, GUIDANCE AND  
 GROWTH.

487 *10.4. 10.4. 10.10.*  
*He led them forth  
 by the right way.—Psalm cvii. 7.*

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
 gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on :  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead Thou me on :  
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on :  
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but  
 now  
 Lead Thou me on :  
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past  
 years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it  
 still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
 till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces  
 smile,  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost  
 awhile.

*J. H. Newman. 1833.*

488 *C.M.*  
*Walk in the light, as  
 He is in the Light.—1 John i. 7.*

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love  
 His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.



2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that Light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear ;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright :  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is Light.

Bernard Barton. 1826.

489 *The people that walked in  
darkness have seen a great light.*—Is. ix. 2. 8.7. 8.7. D.

**L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
Borders on the shades of death,  
Come, and by Thy love revealing,  
Dissipate the clouds beneath :  
The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
In our deepest darkness rise,  
Scattering all the night of nature,  
Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;  
Life and Joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart :  
Come and manifest the favour  
God hath for our ransomed race ;  
Come, Thou universal Saviour,  
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince !  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins :  
By Thy all-restoring merit  
Every burdened soul release ;  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into Thy perfect peace. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1746.

490 *In the daytime also He  
led them with a cloud, and all the night with  
a light of fire.*—Psalm lxxviii. 14. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

**G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my help and shield.

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3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.

From the Welsh of W. Williams.  
Tr. W. and P. Williams. 1771.

491 *L.M. With Chorus.  
He leadeth me beside the  
still waters.*—Psalm xxiii. 2.

**H**E leadeth me ! O blessed thought,  
Sometimes with heavenly comfort fraught !  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !  
By His own hand He leadeth me !  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

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

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

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore. 1862.

492 *Narrow is the way which  
leadeth unto life.*—Matthew vii. 14. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

**L**ORD, Thy children guide and keep,  
As with feeble steps they press  
On the pathway rough and steep,  
Through this weary wilderness.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread ;  
Give the strength we sorely lack :  
There are tangled paths to thread ;  
Light us, lest we miss the track.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
Where the feeble faint and die ;  
Grant us grace to persevere.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades,  
Becked with golden-fruited trees,  
Sunny slopes and scented shades ;  
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,  
Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
Till we reach the promised rest.  
Holy Jesus, day by day,  
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.  
*Bishop W. W. How. 1854.*

493 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*A Leader and Commander  
to the people.—Isaiah lv. 4.*

**C**APTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all that seek the land 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 the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray ;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way ·  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love is near.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

494 9.8. 9.8. 8.8.  
*Casting all your care upon  
Him ; for He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.*

**I**F thou but suffer God to guide thee,  
And hope in Him through all thy ways,  
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide  
thee,  
And bear thee through the evil days ;  
Who trust in God's unchanging love,  
Build on the Rock that nought can move.

2 Only be still, and wait His leisure  
In cheerful hope, with heart content  
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure  
And all-discerning love hath sent ;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.

3 Nor think, amid the heat of trial,  
That God hath cast thee off unheard,  
That he whose hopes meet no denial  
Must surely be of God preferred ;  
Time passes and much change doth  
bring,  
And sets a bound to everything.

4 All are alike before the Highest ;  
'Tis easy to our God, we know,  
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,  
To make the rich man poor and low ;  
True wonders still by Him are wrought,  
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving.  
So do thine own part faithfully,  
And trust His word, though undeserving.  
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee :  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

*George Neumark. 1653.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

495 8.8.8. 8.8.6.  
*Except the Lord build the  
house, they labour in vain that build it.  
Psaln cxxvii. 1.*

**E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed ;  
We spend our wretched strength for  
nought ;  
But if our works in Thee be wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire  
Our souls with this intense desire  
Thy goodness to proclaim ;  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O let our deed begin and end  
Complete in Jesu's name !

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,  
Far from an evil world retreat,  
And all its sinful ways ;  
One only thing resolved to know,  
And mould our useful lives below  
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for Thy will :  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up Thy rising Church, and place  
The city on the hill.

5 O let our faith and love abound ;  
O let our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine ;  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,  
The heavenly Light Divine. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1767.*

496 C.M.  
*He knoweth the way that I take.  
Job xxiii. 10.*

**F**ATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,  
O lead us gently on,  
Until life's trial-time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be,  
As yet by us untrod ;  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
— Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb  
The hill of sacrifice,  
Some angel may be there in time ;  
Deliverance shall arise :

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,  
O teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
— That makes the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came,  
And we, His followers here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,  
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And till in heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthemis raise,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

W. J. Irons. 1849.

497 10.4.10.4.  
*He led them on safely, so  
that they feared not.*—Ps. lxxviii. 53.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road :  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from  
me

Anght of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always  
spring

Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:

Lead me aright,  
Though strength should falter, and though  
heart should bleed,  
Through Peace to Light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst  
shed

Full radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,

My way to see ;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine

Like quiet night ;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
Through Peace to Light. Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter. d. 1861.

498 S.M.  
*I am the way, the truth,  
and the life.*—John xlv. 6.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,  
My sure, unerring Light,  
On Thee my feeble steps I stay,  
Which Thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,  
My Counsellor Thou art ;  
O never let me leave Thy side,  
Or from Thy paths depart I

3 I lift my eyes to Thee,  
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,  
That I may now enlightened be,  
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove  
Out of Thy hands my cause ;  
But rest in Thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon Thy cross.

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5 Teach me the happy art  
In all things to depend  
On Thee ; O never, Lord, depart,  
But love me to the end !

6 O make me all like Thee,  
Before I hence remove !  
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,  
And build me up in love.

7 Let me Thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroyed ;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

499 5.5.8.8.5.5.  
*For Thy name's sake,  
lead me and guide me.*—Psalm xxxi. 3.

JESUS, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won :

And, although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless ;  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,

Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not love and hope forsake us,  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief

From a long-felt grief,  
When oppressed by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience ;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

4 When sweet earth and skies

Fade before our eyes ;  
When through death we look to heaven,  
And our sins are all forgiven,  
From Thy bright abode,  
Call us home to God.

5 Jesus, still lead on,

Till our rest be won ;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland. Amen.

Count Zinzendorf. abt. 1750.  
Tr. H. L. L. b. 1813.

500 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.  
*I am the Lord thy God . . .  
which leadeth thee.*—Isaiah xlvi. 17.

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

*LIGHT, GUIDANCE AND GROWTH.*

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

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy ;  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.  
*James Edmeston. 1820.*

501 10.10. 10.10.  
*Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,*  
*Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.*  
Psalm lxxx. 1.

**L**EAD us, O Father! in the paths of peace ;  
Without Thy guiding hand we go  
astray,  
And doubts appal, and sorrows still  
increase :  
Lead us through Christ, the true and  
living way.

2 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth ;  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we  
grope,  
While passion stains, and folly dims our  
youth,  
And age comes on uncheered by faith  
and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right ;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone ;  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may  
be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest  
best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.  
Amen.  
*W. H. Burleigh. 1868.*

502 11.11. 11.11. Anapaestic.  
*He leadeth me in the*  
*paths of righteousness for His name's sake.*  
Psalm xxiii. 3.

**O** LEAD me, my Father; lead Thou, lest  
I stray ;  
O lead Thou me onward where Thou wilt  
each day !  
All passion be silent, all self-will be still ;  
And meekly my spirit ask only Thy will.

2 'Mid life's sweetest pleasures, Lord, keep  
me Thine own ;  
Lest I should forget Thee, or duty disown :  
When sorrow o'erwhelms me, and gone is  
the light,  
Then shine on me, Father, make Thou my  
way bright.

3 When thought is a burden, when work is  
a care,  
O then let me cherish the sweetness of  
prayer :  
When shadows are falling, when earth's  
day is past,  
O lead me, my Father, to sunshine at last.  
Amen.  
*J. Page Hopps. 1873.*

503 8.8.8. 4.  
*Thy right hand upholdeth me.*  
Psalm lxiii. 8.

**L**EANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest ;  
Though weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my Rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, this darkened room  
Is cheered by a celestial ray ;  
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom,  
Turns night to day.

3 Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith  
To Thee the future I confide ;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

4 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,  
Though faint with languor, parched with  
heat,  
Thy will as now becomes mine own,  
Thy will is sweet.

5 Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain  
With patience Thou my soul dost fill ;  
Thou whisperest, ' What did I sustain ?'  
Then I am still.

6 Leaning on Thee, I do not dread  
The havoc slow disease may make ;  
Thou, who for me Thy blood hast shed,  
Wilt ne'er forsake.

7 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
' Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
' Be of good cheer !'

8 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;  
I feel the everlasting arms,  
I cannot sink.

*Charlotte Elliott. 1836.*

504 *Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.*—I Samuel iii. 9. L.M.

**L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones, in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Amen.  
*Frances R. Havergal.* 1872.

505 *Behold, God is my salvation.* L.M.  
Isaiah xii. 2.

**I**NTO Thy gracious hands I fall,  
And with the arms of faith embrace;  
O King of Glory, hear my call,  
O raise me, heal me, by Thy grace!

2 Now righteous through Thy wounds I am,  
No condemnation now I dread;  
I taste salvation in Thy name,  
Alive in Thee, my living Head.

3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take Thy light from me away;  
Still with me let Thy grace abide,  
That I from Thee may never stray.

4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell;  
Thy peace and love my portion be;  
My joy to endure and do Thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord,  
Support my weakness with Thy might;  
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,  
And shield me in the threatening fight.

6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in Thy strength shall I go on,  
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun. Amen.  
*W. C. Dressler.* 1692.  
*Tr. J. Wesley.* 1739.

506 *They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.*—Ps. ix. 10. 8.8.8. 4.

**W**E cannot always trace the way  
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost  
move,  
But we can always surely say  
That Thou art love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling  
O'er earth—our souls to heaven above,  
As to their sanctuary, spring;  
For Thou art love.

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

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

*Sir John Bowring.* 1821.

507 *If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.* L.M.  
Colossians iii. 1.

**Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with Him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
By actions show your sins forgiven,  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right hand again,  
In all His Father's majesty,  
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To Him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place,  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,  
Ye nothing seek or want beside,  
Dead to the world and sin ye live,  
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;  
And, glorious as your Head revealed,  
Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

THANKFULNESS.

508

6.4. 6.4. 6.6.6.4.  
*He shall choose our inheritance  
 for us.—Psalm xlvi. 4.*

**T**HOU, Lord, my path shalt choose,  
 And my Guide be.  
 What shall I fear to lose  
 While I have Thee?  
 This be my portion blest,  
 On my Redeemer's breast,  
 In peaceful trust to rest ;  
 He cares for me.

2 This lightens every cross,  
 Cheers every ill ;  
 Suffer I grief or loss,  
 It is Thy will.  
 One who makes no mistake  
 Chooseth the way I take ;  
 He, who can ne'er forsake,  
 Holds my hand still.

3 Sweet words of peace and love  
 Christ whispers me ;  
 Bearing my soul above  
 Life's troubled sea.  
 This be my portion blest,  
 On my Redeemer's breast,  
 In peaceful trust to rest ;  
 He cares for me.

4 Christ died my love to win,  
 Christ is my tower ;  
 He will be with me in  
 Each trying hour.  
 He makes the wounded whole,  
 He will my heart console,  
 He will uphold my soul  
 By His own power.

5 To Thee, the only wise,  
 Whatever be,  
 I will lift up mine eyes,  
 Joyful in Thee.  
 This be my portion blest,  
 On my Redeemer's breast,  
 In peaceful trust to rest ;  
 He cares for me.

*From the German. Anon.*

509

4.6. 10.10.10. 6.6.  
*Lead me in a plain path.  
 Psalm xxvii. 11.*

**H**E leads us on  
 By paths we did not know ;  
 Upward He leads us though our steps be  
 slow,  
 Though oft we faint and falter on the way,  
 Though storms and darkness oft obscure  
 the day,  
 Yet when the clouds are gone,  
 We know He leads us on.

2 He leads us on  
 Through all the unquiet years ;  
 Past all our dream-land hopes, and doubts,  
 and fears,

He guides our steps through all the tangled  
 maze  
 Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days ;  
 We know His will is done,  
 And still He leads us on.

3 And He, at last,  
 After the weary strife,  
 After the restless fever we call life,  
 After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
 The wayward struggles which have proved  
 in vain,  
 After our toils are past,  
 Will give us rest at last.

*Count Zinzendorf. abt. 1750.  
 Tr. H. L. L. b. 1813.*

THANKFULNESS.

510

*All things work together  
 for good to them that love God.  
 Romans viii. 28.*

L.M.

**G**OD of my life, whose gracious power  
 Through varied deaths my soul hath  
 led,  
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
 Or litted up my sinking head ;

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,  
 Thy ruling Providence I see ;  
 Assist me still my course to run,  
 And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
 And given me back at Thy command ;  
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
 Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave  
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;  
 Sudden, I found Thee near to save,  
 The sickness owned Thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
 But to my loving Saviour's breast ?  
 Secure within Thine arms to lie,  
 And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

6 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room,  
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;  
 The crooked then shall straight become ;  
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

Amen.

*Wesley. 1740.*

511

*All things are yours.*  
 10.10. 10.10.  
 1 Cor. iii. 21.

**W**E bless Thee, Lord, for all this common  
 life  
 Can give of rest and joy amidst its strife ;  
 For earth and trees and sea and clouds  
 and springs ;  
 For work, and all the lessons that it brings ;



- 2 For Pisgah gleams of newer, fairer truth,  
Which ever ripening still renews our  
youth ;  
For fellowship with noble souls and wise,  
Whose hearts beat time to music of the  
skies ;
- 3 For each achievement human toil can  
reach ;  
For all that patriots win, and poets teach ;  
For the old light that gleams on history's  
page,  
For the new hope that shines on each new  
age.
- 4 May we to these our lights be ever true,  
Find hope and strength and joy for ever  
new,  
To heavenly visions still obedient prove,  
The Eternal Law, writ by the Almighty  
Love! Amen.
- J. M. White. 1883.

512 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
*How much owest thou  
unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 5.*

WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ on high,  
Looking o'er life's history,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- R. M. McCheyne. 1837.

513 C.M.  
*Godliness with contentment  
is great gain.—1 Timothy vi. 6.*

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue.

2 And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

- 3 In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied.
- 4 And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid,  
The Love that never seems to tire,  
Such rich provision made.
- Archbishop R. C. Trench. 1839.

514 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.  
*Let everything that hath  
breath praise the Lord.—Psalm cl. 6.*

MEET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of Truth and Grace :  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be Thine !

- 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease :  
Angels and archangels, all  
Praise the mystic Three in One,  
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall  
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.
- 3 Vying with that happy choir,  
Who chant Thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love :  
Thee they sing, with glory crowned,  
We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;  
Lower though our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die ;  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify ;  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.
- Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

515 C.M.  
*If any man be in Christ,  
he is a new creature.—2 Cor. v. 17.*

WE praise and bless Thee, gracious  
Lord,  
Our Saviour, kind and true,  
For all the old things passed away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,  
And joys, Thy grace has given ;  
Old ties are broken from the earth,  
New ties attach to heaven.

AFFLICTION AND RESIGNATION.

3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,  
How much renewed must be,  
Ere we can fully stand complete  
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun;  
Of Thine own strength Thou must im-  
part,  
In Thine own ways to run.

5 Ah! leave us not; from day to day  
Revive, restore again;  
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
Our enemies restrain.

6 So shall we faultless stand at last,  
Before Thy Father's throne;  
The blessedness for ever ours,  
The glory all Thine own. Amen.

*C. J. P. Spitta. d. 1859.  
Tr. H. L. L. b. 1813.*

516 *Every day will I bless Thee.* C.M.D.  
Psalm cxlv. 2.

FOR thousand, thousand mercies new,  
At dawn or vesper hour;  
The early and the latter dew,  
The sunshine and the flower;  
For founts of ever-springing bliss,  
For hope's unclouded ray;  
For life's thrice blessed sympathies,  
We bless Thee day by day.

2 For fond affection's richest love,  
For household tones of mirth,  
For melodies that hourly pour  
From hearts of indred birth;  
For many a fire-side thrill of love,  
For many a joyous lay;  
For peace that emblems peace above,  
We bless Thee day by day.

3 For untold sympathy that dwells  
Enshrined in love's foud breast;  
For springs that sorrow most reveals,  
Thrice hallowed and thrice blest;  
For waves of blessedness that steep  
Our lot in radiant day;  
For happiness unknown and deep,  
We bless Thee day by day.

4 For hope of better things above,  
Through Him who died for all;  
For love divine—eternal love,  
That raised us from our fall;  
For all the Christian's holy dower,  
His anchor, hope, and stay;  
For all, our God of love and power,  
We bless Thee day by day.

*Mrs. Sergeant.*

AFFLICTION AND  
RESIGNATION.

517 *In Thee is my trust.* L.M.  
Psalm cxli. 8.

0 THOU to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dress,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

*Count Zinzendorf. abt. 1730.  
Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.*

518 *My soul thirst'eth for God,* L.M.  
*for the living God.—Psalm xlii. 2.*

THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,  
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine,  
My longing heart implores Thy grace;  
O make me in Thy likeness shine!

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see;  
In love be every wish resigned,  
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by Thy side still may I keep,  
How'er life's various current flow;  
With steadfast eye mark every step,  
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,  
Alone Thou hast the winepress trod,  
In me Thy strengthening grace be shown,  
O may I conquer through Thy blood!

6 So when on Zion Thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at Thy right hand,  
And free from pain Thy glories sing.  
Amen.

C. F. Richter. 1700. Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.

519 *Out of the depths have* C.M.  
*I cried unto Thee.—Psalms cxxx. 1.*

OUT of the deep, out of the deep,  
O God, I make my moan;  
When I by night, awaked from sleep,  
Do watch with Thee alone.

2 Be not extreme, be not extreme  
To mark what is amiss;  
Forgiveness doth Thee well beseeem,  
Lord, be Thou feared in this.

3 My soul doth wait, my soul doth wait  
Till darkness wear away;  
My soul doth flee, I say, to Thee  
Before the breaking day.

4 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,  
Though yet thy dawn be dim;  
He will thee save from out the grave,  
Redemption is with Him.

Anon.

520 7.7.7.7.  
*Jesus, Thou Son of David,*  
*have mercy on me.—Mark x. 47.*

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;  
Thou our mortal grief hast borne;  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesus, Son of David, hear!

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

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

5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known:  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear!  
Jesus, Son of David, hear! Amen.

H. H. Milman. 1827.

521 11.10. 11.10. 10.10.  
*Lord, Thou knowest all things.*  
John xxi. 17.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow

Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for  
rest;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be coun-  
fessed;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious  
word,  
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest,  
Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and  
blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer  
strayed;  
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how  
kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders  
laid;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and  
soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and  
strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present, each temp-  
tation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices  
gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of  
gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sad-  
ness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
O! what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest,  
Lord?

5 Thou knowest—not alone as God all  
knowing—  
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast  
proved;  
On earth with purest sympathies o'erflow-  
ing,  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou  
hast loved;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may  
come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obey-  
ing,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy  
feet;  
On everlasting strength our weakness  
staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness  
complete;  
Then, rising and refreshed, we leave Thy  
throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known.

H. L. L. 1859.

522

Lord, remember me.  
Luke xxiii. 42.

C.M.

- O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And fills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 If, for Thy sake, upon my name  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 7 And when before Thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then with the saints at Thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me. Amen.
- T. Haweis. 1790, and  
Thomas Cotterill. 1819.*

523

We have not an high priest  
which cannot be touched with the feeling of  
our infirmities.—Hebrews iv. 15.

C.M.

- W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And ever yearns with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out His cries and tears;  
And, though exalted, feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

524

I will deliver him, and  
honour him.—Psalm xel. 15.

C.M.

- T**HREE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Thee, Saviour, we adore,  
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,  
And magnify Thy power.
- 2 Thy power, in human weakness shown,  
Shall make us all entire;  
We now Thy guardian presence own,  
And walk unburned in fire.
- 3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,  
And glory in our Guide;  
Surrounded and upheld by Thee,  
The fiery test abide.
- 4 The fire our graces shall refine,  
Till, moulded from above,  
We bear the character divine,  
The stamp of perfect love.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

525

I know thy works, and  
tribulation, and poverty.—Rev. ii. 9.

L.M.

- M**Y sufferings all to Thee are known,  
Tempted in every point like me;  
Regard my grief, regard Thy own,  
Jesus, remember Calvary.
- 2 Art Thou not touched with human woe?  
Hath pity left the Son of Man?  
Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,  
And claim a share in all my pain?
- 3 Have I not heard, have I not known,  
That Thou, the everlasting Lord,  
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,  
Art always faithful to Thy word?
- 4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,  
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 5 The day of small and feeble things  
I know Thou never wilt despise;  
I know with healing in His wings,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 6 With labour faint Thou wilt not fail,  
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,  
Till in this earth Thy judgments dwell,  
And, born of God, I sin no more.

*Wesley. 1740.*

526

Comfort ye, comfort ye  
My people, saith your God.—Isaiah xl. 1.

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

- C**OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort My people, saith your God;  
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,  
His golden sceptre, not His rod;  
And own, when now the cloud's removed,  
He only chastened whom He loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap ;  
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn ;  
Who now go on their way and weep,  
With joy they doubtless shall return,  
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,  
And have their fruit to holiness.

Wesley. 1742.

527 *Weep with them that weep.*  
Romans xii. 15. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

LET God, who comforts the distressed,  
Let Israel's Consolation hear :  
Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,  
And show Thyself the Comforter,  
And swell the unutterable groan,  
And breathe our wishes to the Throne.

2 We weep for those that weep below,  
And burdened, for the afflicted sigh ;  
The various forms of human woe  
Excite our softest sympathy,  
Fill every heart with mournful care,  
And draw out all our souls in prayer.

3 We wrestle for the ruined race,  
By sin eternally undone,  
Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,  
And make Thy richest mercy known,  
And make Thy vanquished rebels find  
Pardon in Christ for all mankind.

4 Father of everlasting Love,  
To every soul Thy Son reveal,  
Our guilt and sufferings to remove,  
Our deep, original wound to heal ;  
And bid the fallen race arise,  
And turn our earth to Paradise. Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1758.

528 *Hold fast the confidence  
and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the  
end.*—Hebrews iii. 6. 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.

CAST on the fidelity  
Of my redeeming Lord,  
I shall His salvation see,  
According to His word:  
Credence to His word I give ;  
My Saviour in distresses past  
Will not now His servant leave,  
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears  
To me Thou oft hast proved,  
Oft observed my silent tears,  
And challenged Thy beloved :  
Mercy to my rescue flew,  
And death ungrasped his fainting prey,  
Pain before Thy face withdrew,  
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,  
In all my troubles nigh,  
Jesus, on Thy word and name  
I steadfastly rely :  
Sure as now the grief I feel,  
The promised joy I soon shall have,  
Saved again, to sinners tell  
Thy power and will to save.

148

4 To Thy blessed will resigned,  
And stayed on that alone,  
I Thy perfect strength shall find,  
Thy faithful mercies own :  
Compassed round with songs of praise,  
My all to my Redeemer give,  
Spread Thy miracles of grace,  
And to Thy glory live.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

529 *As sorrowful, yet always  
rejoicing.*—2 Corinthians vi. 10. 7.6. 7.6 7.7. 7.6.

FATHER, in the name I pray  
Of Thy incarnate love ;  
Humbly ask, that as my day  
My suffering strength may prove :  
When my sorrows most increase,  
Let Thy strongest joys be given ;  
Jesus, come with my distress,  
And agony is heaven.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For good remember me ;  
Me, whom Thou hast caused to trust  
For more than life on Thee :  
With me in the fire remain,  
Till like burnished gold I shine,  
Meet, through consecrated pain,  
To see the Face Divine. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

530 *Take My yoke upon you,  
and learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly  
in heart.*—Matthew xi. 29. L.M.

ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,  
Fountain of unexhausted love,  
In whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath, and heaven  
above ;

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear,  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !  
So shall each murmuring thought be  
gone,  
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace !'  
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still !'  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

6 O death ! where is thy sting ? Where now  
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?  
Who shall contend with God ? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

Wesley. 1759.

531 *Trust in the Lord with  
all thine heart.*—Proverbs iii 5. 7.7. 7.7.

WHEN we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied,  
Fearless, let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light,  
Since the Lord Himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light;  
When He calls us, why delay?  
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear;  
Where He calls us, there to go;  
What He bids us, that to do.

*Thomas Kelly.* 1815.

532 *Fear not; for I am with thee.* C.M.  
Isaiah xliii. 5.

WE walk on earth, and to its ways  
Our time and thoughts are given,  
Yet, amid all its busiest days,  
Our hearts may be in heaven.

2 Nothing so lightens the dull load  
Life's urgent claims impose,  
As close communion with our God;  
It is our best repose.

3 When vexed with ills which we despair  
To baffle or control,  
The lifting of the heart in prayer  
Sheds sunshine on the soul.

4 When disappointed in the love  
We leaned on too secure,  
What joy it is to look above,  
And feel one Friend is sure.

5 When, wearied with life's ebb and flow,  
We for 'still waters' sigh;  
O how it sweetens change below  
To think of rest on high!

6 Thus we in peace our souls possess,  
Though all around be fear,  
Full of the blessed consciousness  
That heaven is sure and near.

7 Dark clouds may o'er us threatening  
stand,  
We can sing on, and smile;  
The sunshine of the cloudless land  
Lies round us all the while.

8 We can bear any cross, or grief,  
If, with their gloom, be given  
This one sweet secret of relief,  
To keep our thoughts in heaven.

*J. S. B. Monsell.* 1867.

533 *Be merciful unto me, O God.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
Psalm lvi. 1.

GOD! be merciful to me;  
For my spirit trusts in Thee,  
And to Thee, her refuge, springs;  
Be the shadow of Thy wings  
Round my trembling spirit cast,  
Till this storm is overpast.

2 From the waterfloods that roll  
Deep and deeper round my soul  
Take me, O my Saviour, take,  
For Thy loving-kindness' sake:  
If Thy truth from me depart,  
That rebuke will break my heart.

3 Foes increase, they close me round;  
Friend nor comforter is found;  
Sore temptations now assail;  
Hope and strength and courage fail:  
Turn not from Thy servant's grief,  
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

4 Poor and sorrowful am I;  
Set me, O my God, on high;  
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;  
Nigh to death my soul is brought:  
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,  
Lest I sink below the grave.

5 Hark! He hears me from on high,  
'Child of sorrow, it is I!  
Thou shalt strive and weep no more,  
'Come and see My happy shore,  
Rest and live and love with Me,  
I am thine eternity.'

*James Montgomery.* 1853.

534 *The will of the Lord be done.* C.M.  
Acts xxi. 14.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God!  
And all Thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love Thee more and more.

2 Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For man on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

3 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,  
All unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong  
If it be His sweet Will.



5 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.

6 I have no cares, O blessèd Will!  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

F. W. Faber. 1849.

535 O My Father, . . . not 8.8.8.4.  
as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough  
way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done!

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,  
Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done!

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
Thy will be done!

5 Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father! still I strive to say,  
Thy will be done!

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
Thy will be done!

7 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done!

8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done! Amen.

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

536 I will bring the blind 8.7.8.7.4.7.  
by a way that they knew not.—Isaiah xlii. 16.

MOUNTAINS, by the darkness hidden,  
Are as real as in the day;  
Be, then, unbelief forbidden  
In a dreary hour to say,  
'God hath left us;  
O why hath He gone away?'

150

2 When He folds the cloud about Him,  
Firm within it stands His throne;  
Wherefore should His children doubt Him,  
Those to whom His love is known?  
God is with us,  
We are never left alone.

3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,  
Cannot run into the day;  
God can lead the blind and seeing,  
On Him wait and for Him stay;  
Be not fearful,  
They who cannot sing can pray.

4 Calm and blest is our composure,  
When the secret is possess,  
That our God, in full disclosure,  
Hath to us His heart express:  
Thou, O Saviour,  
Hast been given to make us blest.

5 Time and space, O Lord, that show Thee  
Oft in power, veiling good,  
Are too vast for us to know Thee  
As our trembling spirits would:  
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,  
Father, Thou art understood.

T. T. Lynch. 1855.

537 My times are in Thy hand. S.M.  
Psalm xxxi. 15.

MY times are in Thy hand;  
My God, I wish them there;  
My life, my soul, my all I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified!  
The hand my many sins have pierced  
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,  
I'll always trust to Thee,  
Till I possess the promised land,  
And all Thy glory see.

W. F. Lloyd. 1833.

538 There the wicked cease 8.7.8.7.  
from troubling; and there the weary  
be at rest.—Job iii. 17.

WHEN the world my heart is rending  
With its heaviest storm of care,  
My glad thoughts, to God ascending,  
Find a refuge from despair.

- 2 There's a hand of mercy near me,  
 Though the waves of trouble roar ;  
 There's an hour of rest to cheer me,  
 When the toils of life are o'er.
- 3 Happy hour ! when saints are gaining  
 That bright crown they longed to wear,  
 Not one spot of sin remaining,  
 Not one pang of earthly care.
- 4 O to rest in peace for ever !  
 Joined with happy souls above,  
 Where no foe my heart can sever  
 From the Saviour whom I love.
- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me  
 Till life's pilgrimage be past ;  
 Fears may vex, and troubles pain me,  
 I shall reach my home at last.

*Sir John Bowring.* 1825.

539 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*Not my will, but Thine, be done.*  
 Luke xxii. 42.

**F**ATHER ! Thy will, not mine, be done ;  
 So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son ;  
 So, in His Name I pray :  
 The spirit faints, the flesh is weak,  
 Thy help in agony I seek,  
 O take this cup away !

- 2 If such be not Thy sovereign will,  
 Thy wiser purpose then fulfil ;  
 My wishes I resign ;  
 Into Thy hands my soul commend,  
 On Thee for life or death depend ;  
 Thy will be done, not mine. Amen.
- James Montgomery.* 1811.

540 S.M.  
*I saw that it was from  
 the hand of God.—Ecclesiastes ii. 24.*

**I**T is Thy hand, my God :  
 My sorrow comes from Thee ;  
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,  
 I know Thou lovest me.

- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,  
 Before Thee I am dumb :  
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,  
 To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My God, Thy name is Love,  
 A Father's hand is Thine ;  
 With tearful eyes I look above,  
 And cry, ' Thy will be mine !'
- 4 I know Thy will is right,  
 Though it may seem severe :  
 Thy path is still unsullied light,  
 Though dark it may appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died,  
 Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;  
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,  
 Thy love for me declare.

- 6 Here my poor heart can rest ;  
 My God, it cleaves to Thee ;  
 Thy will is love, Thine end is blest ;  
 All work for good to me.

*James G. Deck.* 1855.

541 C.M.  
*Thy will be done.*  
 Matthew xxvi. 42.

**F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,  
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
 Let this petition rise.

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
 From every murmur free ;  
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
 And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet sense that Thou art mine,  
 My life and death attend :  
 Thy presence through my journey shine,  
 And crown my journey's end. Amen.
- Anne Steele.* 1760.

542 L.M.  
*We must through much  
 tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*  
 Acts xiv. 22.

**O** DEEM not they are blest alone,  
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
 The Power who pities man has shown  
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
 The lids that overflow with tears,  
 And weary hours of woe and pain  
 Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,  
 For every dark and troubled night ;  
 And grief may bide an evening guest,  
 But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 For God has marked each sorrowing hour,  
 And numbered every secret tear ;  
 And Heaven's long age of love and power  
 Grows out of all we suffer here.
- W. Cullen Bryant.* 1836.

543 11.10. 11.10. Iambic.  
*Come down ere my child die.*  
 John iv. 49.

**O**NE touch from Thee, the Healer of  
 diseases,  
 One little touch would make our brother  
 whole ;  
 And yet Thou comest not ; O blessèd Jesus,  
 Send a swift arrow to our waiting soul !

- 2 Full many a message have we sent, and  
 pleaded  
 That Thou wouldst haste Thy coming,  
 gracious Lord :  
 Each message was received and heard and  
 heeded,  
 And yet we welcome no responsive word.

3 We know that Thou art blessing, whilst  
withholding;  
We know that Thou art near us, though  
apart;  
And though we list no answer, Thou art  
folding  
Our poor petitions to Thy smitten heart.

4 A bright and glorious answer is preparing,  
Hid in the heights of love, the depths of  
grace;  
We know that Thou, the Risen, still art  
bearing  
Our cause as Thine, within the Holy  
Place.

5 And so we trust our pleadings to Thy  
keeping;  
So at Thy feet we lay our burden down,  
Content to bear the earthly cross with  
weeping,  
Till at Thy feet we cast the heavenly  
crown.

Jane Crewdson. d. 1863.

544 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*Stand still, and see the  
salvation of God.—Exodus xiv. 13.*

PEACE! doubting heart; my God's I am:  
Who formed me man, forbids my fear;  
The Lord hath called me by my name;  
The Lord protects, fo ever near;  
His blood for me did once atone,  
And still He loves and guards His own.

2 When passing through the watery deep,  
I ask in faith His promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;  
Fearless their violence I dare;  
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,  
Show forth in me Thy saving power,  
Still be Thy arms my sure defence,  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

4 When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
When high the storms of passion rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
And hear a whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

5 Though in affliction's furnace tried,  
Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread:  
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,  
Pour all its flames upon my head,  
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

Wesley. 1739.

545 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
*Be in subjection unto the  
Father of spirits, and live.—Heb. xii. 9.*

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art;  
Make me as a weaned child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love. Amen.

John Newton. 1779.

546 6.5. 6.5. D.  
*Our light affliction, which is  
but for a moment, worketh for us a far more  
exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*  
2 Corinthians iv. 17.

LET him, whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.  
Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else be near.

2 God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.  
Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

3 When in grief we languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near,  
All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know.

4 Jesus, holy Saviour !  
In the realms above,  
Crown us with Thy favour,  
Fill us with Thy love.  
On Thy truth relying  
In the mortal strife,  
Lord, receive us dying  
To eternal life. Amen.

H. S. Oswald. d. 1834.  
Tr. Frances E. Cox. 1841.

547 *If we suffer, we shall also  
reign with Him.*—2 Timothy ii. 12. 6.5. 6.5. D.

SOMETIME o'er our pathway  
Passing clouds must fall ;  
Sometime pain and sorrow  
Come to each and all.  
God our Father sends us  
Ever what is best ;  
We in faith and patience  
Find our only rest.

2 If the cup be bitter,  
It is meant to heal,  
And our kind Redeemer  
Pities what we feel.  
What are all our troubles ?  
What our greatest loss ?  
When we think of Jesus  
Dying on the cross.

3 Then our great Example  
We must learn to find,  
When our Father calls us,  
Yielding heart and mind ;  
So, through joy and sorrow,  
By His Spirit led,  
We shall rise in glory.  
With our Royal Head.

L. Tuttiell. 1863.

548 *All things work together  
for good to them that love God.*—Rom. viii. 28. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

GOD sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;  
Alike they're needful for the flower ;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment ;  
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove,  
With murmurs, those they trust and love :  
Creator ! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to Thee ;  
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

3 O ne'er will I at life repine !  
Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing with parting breath,  
As comes to me, or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Amen.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. 1841.

549 *He that trusteth in the Lord,  
mercy shall compass him about.* 11.10. 11.6.  
Psalm xxxii. 10.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem  
dark and dreary,  
And the heart faint beneath His chasten-  
ing rod,  
Though rough and steep our pathway,  
worn and weary,  
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
And our blind choosing brings us grief  
and pain ;  
Through Him alone, who hath our way  
appointed,  
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak pre-  
ferring  
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast  
designed :  
Choose for us, God ; Thy wisdom is un-  
erring.  
And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky the night shall furl her  
shadows,  
And day pour gladness through her  
golden gates ;  
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled  
meadows,  
Where joy our coming waits.

5 Let us press on : in patient self-denial,  
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the  
loss ;  
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,  
Our crown beyond the cross.  
W. H. Burleigh. 1868.

550 *Return unto thy rest,  
O my soul.*—Psalm cxvi. 7. 10.10. 10.10. 10.10.

BE still, my soul : the Lord is on thy  
side ;  
Bear patiently thy cross of grief and  
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  
shall know  
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt  
below.

3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,  
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,  
Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,  
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.  
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay  
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is 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.  
*H. I. L. b. 1813.*

551 *I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.*—Genesis xv. 1. 8.7.8.7.

THOU art near, yes, Lord, I feel it,  
Thou art near where'er I move,  
And though sense would fain conceal it,  
Faith still whispers it to love.

2 Am I weak? Thine arm will lead me  
Safe through every danger, Lord;  
Am I hungry? Thou wilt feed me  
With the manna of Thy Word.

3 Am I thirsting? Thou wilt guide me  
Where refreshing waters flow;  
Faint or feeble? Thou'lt provide me  
Grace for every want I know.

4 Am I fearful? Thou wilt take me  
Underneath Thy wings, my God!  
Am I faithless? Thou wilt make me  
Bow beneath Thy chastening rod.

5 Am I drooping? Thou art near me,  
Near to bear me on my way;  
Am I pleading? Thou wilt hear me,  
Hear and answer when I pray.

6 Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,  
Faint not, droop not, do not fear;  
Though His heaven is high above thee,  
He himself is ever near.

*J. S. B. Monsell 1872.*

552 *Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*—Hebrews vi. 12. 10.10.10.10.6.

WE ask not that our path be always bright,  
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright;  
That Thou, O Lord! through all its devious way,  
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,  
For this, for this we pray:

2 Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,  
Not for exemption from its many woes;  
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,  
With child-like faith we trust Thy guidance still,  
And do Thy holy will.

3 Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good  
That sorrow yields when rightly understood;  
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,  
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise  
Of thankfulness and praise.

4 Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply;  
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye;  
Nor vainly from the depths on Thee we call;  
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,  
Folds and encircles all.

5 Through sorrow and through loss, by toll and prayer,  
Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,  
And by the bitter ministry of pain,  
Grievous and harsh, but oh! not felt in vain,  
Found their eternal gain.

6 If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,  
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,  
Till, victors over each besetting sin,  
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,  
And crowns of glory win.  
*W. H. Burleigh. 1863.*

553 *In the night His song shall be with me.*—Ps. xlii. 8. C.M.

WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,  
For days of quiet rest;  
But O! how seldom do we feel  
That pain and tears are best.

2 We praise Thee for the shining sun,  
For kind and gladsome ways:  
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing  
Through weary nights and days?

3 We praise Thee when our path is plain  
And smooth beneath our feet;  
But fain would learn to welcome pain,  
And call the bitter sweet.

4 Teach Thou our weak and wandering hearts  
Aright to read Thy way,  
That Thou with loving hand dost trace  
Our history every day.

AFFLICTION AND RESIGNATION.

5 Then every thorny crown of care  
Worn well in patience now,  
Shall grow a glorious diadem  
Upon the faithful brow;

6 And sorrow's face shall be unveiled,  
And we at last shall see  
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,  
Her speech but echoes Thee.

*J. Page Hopps.* 1873.

554 *In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.* S.M.  
Proverbs iii. 6.

**G**IVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
Bid every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet heaven and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well!

5 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
So shalt thou wondering own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear.

7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!

8 Let us in life and death  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.  
*Paul Gerhardt.* 1659.  
*Tr. J. Wesley.* 1739.

555 *It is I; be not afraid.* 7.7.7.7.  
John vi. 20.

**W**HEN the dark waves round us roll,  
And we look in vain for aid,  
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,  
'It is I; be not afraid.'

2 When we dimly trace Thy form  
In mysterious clouds arrayed,  
Be the echoes of the storm,  
'It is I; be not afraid.'

3 When our brightest hopes depart,  
When our fairest visions fade,  
Whisper to the fainting heart,  
'It is I; be not afraid.'

4 When we weep beside the bier  
Where some well-loved form is laid,  
O may then the mourner hear,  
'It is I; be not afraid.'

5 When with wearing, hopeless pain,  
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,  
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,  
'It is I; be not afraid.'

6 When we feel the end is near,  
Passing into death's dark shade,  
May the voice be strong and clear,  
'It is I; be not afraid.' Amen.  
*Bishop W. W. How.* 1854.

556 *Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.*—Hebrews xii. 6. L.M.

**W**HEN gladness gilds our prosperous  
day,  
And hope is by fruition crowned,  
'O Lord,' with thankful hearts we say,  
'How doth Thy love to us abound!'

2 But is that love less truly shown,  
When earthly joys lie cold and dead,  
And hopes have faded one by one,  
Leaving sad memories in their stead?

3 God knows the discipline we need,  
Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake;  
And though our stricken hearts may  
bleed,  
His mercy will not let them break.

4 O teach us to discern the good  
Thou sendest in the guise of ill:  
Since all Thou dost, if understood,  
Interpreteth Thy loving will.

5 For pain is not the end of pain,  
Not seldom trial comes to bless,  
And work for us abundant gain,  
The peaceful fruits of righteousness.

6 Then let us not, with anxious thought,  
Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes,  
But, by His word and Spirit taught,  
Accept as best what God bestows.  
*W. H. Burleigh.* 1868.

557 *In all points tempted like as we are.*—Hebrews iv. 15. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

**W**HEN gathering clouds around I  
view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.



2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do ;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O ! when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last ;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for Thou hast died :  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.

*Sir R. Grant.* 1812.

558 *He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass ; as showers that water the earth.—Psaln lxxii. 6.*

C.M.

(COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return ;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave :  
And though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;  
The dawn shall bring us light ;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice :  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round ;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground :

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light ;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

*J. Morrison.* 1781.

559 *Their works do follow them.—Revelation xiv. 13.* 11.4. 11.4.

WITH silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come,  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb.

2 Yet would we say what every heart approveth,  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought ;  
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;  
The good die not !

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He has given ;  
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

*J. G. Whittier.* 1847.

560 *The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*Isaiah xxxv. 10.*

(COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel ;  
A while forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode :  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before His face appear,  
And by His side sit down ;  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead :  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight  
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

CONFLICT AND COURAGE.

561

8.7.8.7. 6.6.6.6. 7.  
*God is our refuge and strength.*—Psalin xlvi. 1.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell:  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour;  
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-riden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore;  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why? his doom is writ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

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

*Martin Luther.* 1521.  
*Tr. Thomas Carlyle.* 1831.

562

7.6.7.6. D.  
*As a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*—2 Timothy ii. 3.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!  
O Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory,  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet-call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
Ye that are His, now serve Him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus:  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

*G. Duffield.* 1858.

563

S.M.D.  
*Put on the whole armour of God.*—Ephesians vi. 11.

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 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The paucity of God:  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts passed,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array;  
Legions of enemies oppose  
Throughout the evil day:  
But meet the sons of night,  
And mock their vain design,  
Clad in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul,  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole:  
In steadfast union joined,  
To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind  
That was in Christ, your Head.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

564

S.M.D.  
*Above all, taking the shield of faith.*—Ephesians vi. 16.

SAINTS, 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 Jesu's blood.

2 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care,  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer:  
Ready for all alarms,  
Steadfastly set your face,  
And always exorcise your arms,  
And use your every grace.

3 Pray, without ceasing pray,  
Your Captain gives the word;  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord:  
To God your every want  
In instant prayer display;  
Pray always; pray, and never faint;  
Pray, without ceasing pray!

4 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.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

565 *Fight the good fight of faith.* C.M.  
1 Timothy vi. 12.

**A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through troubled seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts. 1721.

566 *Looking unto Jesus.* L.M.  
Hebrews xii. 2.

**F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might  
Christ is thy strength, in Christ thy  
right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race, through God's good  
grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide  
Lean, and His mercy will provide;  
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arm is near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dead;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1863.

567 *He teacheth my hands to war.* S.M.D.  
Psalm xviii. 34.

**E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight,  
My simple upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright;  
Control my every thought,  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

2 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb! which was in Thee;  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity;  
With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce Thy call,  
And vindicate Thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust  
In any arm but Thine!  
Humble, O humble to the dust,  
This stubborn soul of mine!  
A feeble thing of nought,  
With lowly shame I own,  
The help which upon earth is wrought,  
Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like Thee!  
In all Thy footsteps tread;  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing Thou hast made,  
O may I learn the art  
With meekness to reprove!  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love. Amen.

Wesley. 1741.

568

*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*  
Revelation ii. 10.

6.5. 6.5. D.

**C**HRISTIAN! dost thou *see* them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around?  
Christian! up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Holy Cross.

2 Christian! dost thou *feel* them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?  
Christian! never tremble;  
Never yield to fear;  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of almighty prayer.

3 Christian! dost thou *hear* them,  
How they speak thee fair;  
'Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?'  
Christian! answer boldly:  
'While I breathe I pray,  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.'

4 'Well I know thy troubles,  
O My servant true!  
Thou art very weary;  
I was weary too.  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own;  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne.'

*Andrew of Crete. 8th Century.*  
*Tr. J. M. Neale. 1862.*

569

*Quit you like men, be strong.*  
1 Corinthians xvi. 13.

6.5. 6.5. D. *With Chorus.*

**O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before:  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go!

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

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

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

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

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

*S. Baring-Gould. 1865.*

570

*If any man walk in the day he stumbleth not.*—John xi. 9.

8.8.6. 8.8.6.

**A**RE there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours, in which he safely  
may  
His calling's work pursue?  
Though sin and Satan still are near,  
Nor sin nor Satan can I fear,  
With Jesus in my view.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright  
A soul that walks with Christ in light,  
He walks and cannot fall;  
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,  
Shining unto the perfect day,  
And more than conquers all.

3 Light of the world! Thy beams I bless;  
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,  
My faith hath fixed its eye;  
Guided by Thee, through all I go,  
Nor fear the ruin spread below,  
For Thou art always nigh.

4 Ten thousand snares my paths beset;  
Yet will I, Lord, the work complete,  
Which Thou to me hast given;  
Regardless of the pains I feel,  
Close by the gates of death and hell,  
I urge my way to heaven.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

571 *In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
Isaiah xlv. 25.

LORD, can it be that I should prove  
For ever faithful to Thy love,  
From sin for ever cease?  
I thank Thee for the blessed hope;  
It lifts my drooping spirits up,  
It gives me back my peace.

2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,  
Mighty, and merciful, and just;  
Thy sacred word is passed;  
And I, who dare Thy word receive,  
Without committing sin shall live,  
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in Thine almighty power;  
The name of Jesus is a tower  
That hides my life above;  
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Helper be,  
My confidence is all in Thee,  
The faithful God of Love.

4 While still to Thee for help I call,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,  
Thou canst not let me sin;  
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,  
Till all my sins are purged away,  
And all Thy mind brought in.

5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,  
My soul to Thy continual care  
I faithfully commend;  
Assured that Thou through life shalt save,  
And show Thyself beyond the grave  
My everlasting Friend.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

572 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.*—Revelation xix. 16. S.M.F.

JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.  
Ye sons of men, rejoice  
In Jesu's mighty love,  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol His kingly power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on His Father's throne;  
Our Advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads through all the earth abroad,  
The victory of His cross.

3 Urge on your rapid course,  
Ye blood-besprinkled bands:  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force,  
'Tis seized by violent hands;  
See there the starry crown  
That glitters through the skies!  
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
And take the glorious prize.

4 Through much distress and pain,  
Through many a conflict here,  
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;  
Yet, O disdain to fear!  
'Courage!' your Captain cries,  
Who all your toil foreknew;  
'Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,  
I have o'ercome for you.'

5 The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient Conqueror,  
The world must sink beneath the hand  
Which arms us for the war;  
This is our victory!  
Before our faith they fall;  
Jesus hath died for you and me;  
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

573 *Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*—Ex. xiv. 15. 6.5. 12 lines.

FORWARD! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind;  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight,  
Jordan flows before us,  
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind;  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's face.  
Forward, all the lifetime,  
Climb from height to height,  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eye be light!

3 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word;  
Forward, marching Eastward  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth,  
That fair home is ours;  
Flash the streets with Jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold;

Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold.  
Thither, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might;  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light!

H. Alford. 1869.

574 *Endure hardness as a  
good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Timothy ii. 3.* 7.7.7.7.

**M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Join the war, and face the foe;  
Faint not! much doth yet remain;  
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield,  
Will ye quit the painful field?  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long;  
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not woe your course impede;  
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. Kirke White. 1806.

Completed by Frances S. Colquhoun. 1827.

575 *I have fought a good  
fight.—2 Timothy iv. 7.* S.M.

'**I** THE good fight have fought,  
O when shall I declare!  
The victory by my Saviour got,  
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past;  
And, dying, find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessed word be mine,  
Just as the port is gained,  
'Kept by the power of grace divine,  
I have the faith maintained.'

4 The Apostles of my Lord,  
To whom it first was given,  
They could not speak a greater word,  
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

576 *The Captain of their salvation.* L.M.  
Hebrews ii. 10.

**J**ESUS, my King, to Thee I bow,  
Enlisted under Thy command;  
Captain of my salvation, Thou  
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,  
The staff from off my shoulder broke,  
Out of the house of bondage brought,  
And freed me from the Egyptian yoke.

3 O'er the vast barren wilderness,  
To Canaan's bounds Thou hast me led;  
Thou bidd'st me now the land possess,  
And on Thy milk and honey feed.

4 I see an open door of hope,  
Legions of sin in vain oppose;  
Bold I with Thee, my Head, march up,  
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

5 My Lord in my behalf appears;  
Captain, Thy strength-inspiring eye  
Scatters my doubts, dispels my tears,  
And makes the host of aliens fly.

6 Who can before my Captain stand?  
Who is so great a King as mine?  
High over all is Thy right hand,  
And might and majesty are Thine!

Wesley. 1742.

577 *They that wait upon the  
Lord shall renew their strength.* L.M.  
Isaiah xl. 31.

**A**WAKE, our souls! away, our fears!  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake! and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young;  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire, while on the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts. 1709.



578 *The faith which was  
once delivered unto the saints.*—Jude 3. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**F**AITH of our fathers, living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword :  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word,  
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free :  
How sweet would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them, could die for thee !  
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers ; God's great power  
Shall soon all nations win for thee ;  
And through the truth that comes from  
God,  
Mankind shall then indeed be free.  
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife :  
And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life :  
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !  
We will be true to thee till death.

*F. W. Faber. 1862.*

579 *There shall no evil befall thee.* S.M.  
Psalm xcl. 10.

**A**WAY, my needless fears,  
And doubts no longer mine ;  
A ray of heavenly light appears,  
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,  
That calms my stormy breast ;  
My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the will divine ;  
By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take  
To frustrate His decree ;  
They cannot keep a blessing back,  
By Heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,  
But in His pleasure rest,  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power  
Engage to make me blest.

6 To accomplish His design  
The creatures all agree ;  
And all the attributes divine  
Are now at work for me.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

580 *The Eternal God is thy  
Refuge.*—Deut. xxxiii. 27. 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.

**N**ONE is like Jeshurun's God,  
So great, so strong, so high,  
Lo ! He spreads His wings abroad,  
He rides upon the sky.  
Israel is His first-born son ;  
God, the Almighty God, is thine ;  
See Him to thy help come down,  
The excellence divine.

2 Thee, the great Jehovah deigns  
To succour and defend ;  
Thee, the Eternal God sustains,  
Thy Maker and thy Friend :  
Israel, what hast thou to dread ?  
Safe from all impending harms,  
Round thee and beneath are spread  
The Everlasting Arms.

3 God is thine ; disdain to fear  
The enemy within ;  
God shall in thy flesh appear,  
And make an end of sin ;  
God the man of sin shall slay,  
Fill thee with triumphant joy ;  
God shall thrust him out, and say,  
' Destroy them all, destroy !'

4 All the struggle then is o'er,  
And wars and fightings cease,  
Israel then shall sin no more,  
But dwell in perfect peace ;  
All his enemies are gone ;  
Sin shall have in him no part ;  
Israel now shall dwell alone,  
With Jesus in his heart.

5 Blest, O Israel, art thou ;  
What people is like thee ?  
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now  
Thou art, and still shalt be ;  
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,  
Jesus is thy flaming sword ;  
Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield  
To God's almighty word.

*Wesley. 1742.*

581 *He that believeth on Him  
is not condemned.*—John iii. 18. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**S**URROUNDED by a host of foes,  
Stormed by a host of foes within,  
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin,  
Single, yet undisnayed, I am ;  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

2 What though a thousand hosts engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake ?  
I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back ;  
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb ;  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,  
Me from this evil world to free,  
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
And save from all iniquity,  
My Lord and God from heaven He came ;  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

4 Salvation in His name there is,  
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,  
Salvation into glorious bliss,  
How great salvation, who can tell !  
But all He hath for mine I claim ;  
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

582 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.  
*By grace are ye saved  
through faith.—Ephesians ii. 8.*

SON of God, if Thy free grace  
Again hath raised me up,  
Called me still to seek Thy face,  
And given me back my hope ;  
Still Thy timely help afford,  
And all Thy loving-kindness show :  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go !

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,  
In sore temptation's hour,  
Save me with Thine outstretched hand,  
And show forth all Thy power ;  
O be mindful of Thy word,  
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow :  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go !

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,  
And fix it in my heart,  
That I may from evil near  
With timely care depart ;  
Sin be more than hell abhorred,  
Till Thou destroy the tyrant foe :  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go !

4 Never let me leave Thy breast,  
From Thee, my Saviour, stray ;  
Thou art my Support and Rest,  
My true and living Way :  
My exceeding great Reward,  
In heaven above, and earth below :  
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
And never let me go ! Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

583 S.M.  
*They that trust in the Lord  
shall be as Mount Zion.—Psalm cxxv. 1.*

WHO in the Lord confide,  
And feel His sprinkled blood,  
In storms and hurricanes abide,  
Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,  
His Zion cannot move ;  
His faithful people stand secure  
In Jesu's guardiaun love.

3 As round Jerusalem  
The hilly bulwarks rise,  
So God protects and covers them  
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,  
And for His Israel cares :  
And safe in His almighty hands  
Their souls for ever bears.

5 But let them still abide  
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,  
Till every soul is sanctified,  
And perfectly restored.

6 The men of heart sincere  
Continue to defend ;  
And do them good, and save them here,  
And love them to the end. Amen.

Wesley. 1743.

584 6.4. 6.4.  
*Destitute, afflicted, tormented :  
of whom the world was not worthy.*  
Hebrews xi. 37, 38.

THEIR names are names of kings  
(Of heavenly line ;  
The bliss of earthly things  
They did resign.

2 Chieftains they were, who warred  
With sword and shield ;  
Victors for God the Lord  
On foughten field.

3 Sad were their days on earth,  
'Mid hate and scorn,  
A life of pleasure's dearth,  
A death forlorn ;

4 Yet blest that end in woe,  
And those sad days ;  
Only man's blame below ;  
Above—God's praise.

5 A city of great name  
Is built for them,  
Of glorious golden fame—  
Jerusalem !

6 Redeemed with precious blood  
From death and sin,  
Sons of the Triune God,  
They enter in.

7 So doth the life of pain  
In glory close ;  
Lord God, may we attain  
Their grand repose ! Amen.

Samuel J. Stone. 1865.

585 *Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.*  
Psalm xcvi. 2.

C.M.

- IT is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.
- 4 It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.
- 5 Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.
- 6 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.
- 7 For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber. 1862.

586 *Without Me ye can do nothing.*  
John xv. 5.

C.M.

- THE Galilean fishers toil  
All night, and nothing take;  
But Jesus comes—a wondrous spoil  
Is lifted from the lake;
- 2 Lord, when our labours are in vain,  
And vain the help of men,  
When fruitless is our care and pain,  
Come, blessed Jesus, then!
- 3 The night is dark, the surges fill  
The bark, the wild winds roar;  
But Jesus comes; and all is still—  
The ship is at the shore;
- 4 O Lord, when storms around us howl,  
And all is dark and drear,  
In all the tempests of the soul,  
O blessed Jesus, hear!
- 5 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,  
Saw mercy in Thine eyes;  
The penitent upon the tree  
Was borne to Paradise;

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- 6 In hours of sin and deep distress,  
O show us, Lord, Thy face!  
In penitential loneliness,  
O give us, Jesus, grace!
- 7 The faithful few retire in fear,  
To their closed upper room;  
But suddenly, with joyful cheer,  
They see their Master come;
- 8 Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,  
And bid our terrors cease;  
Lift over us Thy blessed hands,  
Speak, holy Jesus, peace!
- 9 In days when faith will scarce be found,  
And wolves be in the fold,  
When sin and sorrow will abound,  
And charity wax cold;
- 10 Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray  
To bring them to their home;  
Hear, when the Bride and Spirit say,  
'Come, blessed Jesus, come!' Amen.  
Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.

WATCHFULNESS AND  
STEADFASTNESS.

587 *Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.*  
Colossians iv. 2.

G.4. G.4. 6.7. G.4.

- HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,  
Wake, brethren, wake!  
Jesus our Lord is nigh;  
Wake, brethren, wake!  
Sleep is for sons of night;  
Ye are children of the light;  
Yours is the glory bright;  
Wake, brethren, wake!
- 2 Call to each waking band,  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Be ye as men that wait  
Always at the Master's gate,  
E'en though He tarry late:  
Watch, brethren, watch!
- 3 Heed we the Master's call,  
Work, brethren, work!  
There's room enough for all;  
Work, brethren, work!  
This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labour will afford;  
Yours is a sure reward:  
Work, brethren, work!
- 4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Would ye His heart rejoice?  
Pray, brethren, pray!

WATCHFULNESS AND STEADFASTNESS.

Sin calls for constant fear ;  
Weakness needs the strong One near ;  
Long as ye struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray !

5 Sound now the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
Thrice holy is our Lord,  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
What more befits the tongues,  
Soon to join the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs ?  
Praise, brethren, praise !

Anon. 1859.

588 *Keep the charge of the Lord,* S.M.  
*that ye die not.—Leviticus viii. 35.*

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil ;

O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will !

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live ;  
And O ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

589 *Ye are the salt of the earth.* L.M.  
*Matthew v. 13.*

AH, Lord ! with trembling I confess,  
A gracious soul may fall from grace ;  
The salt may lose its seasoning power,  
And never, never find it more.

2 Lest this my fearful case should be,  
Each moment knit my soul to Thee ;  
And lead me to the mount above,  
Through the low vale of humble love.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

590 *Walk in the fear of our* S.S. 8.8. 8.8.  
*God, because of the reproach of the heathen.*  
*Nehemiah v. 9.*

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame,  
As servants of the Lord Most High,  
As zealous for His glorious name,  
We ought in all His paths to move,  
With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,  
From every evil to depart ;  
To stop the mouth of every foe,  
While, upright both in life and heart,  
The proofs of godly fear we give,  
And show them how the Christians live.  
Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1762.

591 *The fear of the Lord,* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*that is wisdom.—Job xxviii. 28.*

BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude ;  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart !  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given ;  
And let me through Thy Spirit know,  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven. Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1762.

592 *Watch and pray.* 7.7.7. 3.  
*Mark xiii. 33.*

CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away,  
Thou art in the midst of foes ;  
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;  
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day,  
Ambushed lies the evil one ;  
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;  
Still they mark each warrior's way ;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey ;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
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.

Charlotte Elliott. 1809.

593 *Awake, thou that sleepest* S.M.  
*... and Christ shall give thee light.*  
*Ephesians v. 14.*

GRACIOUS Redeemer ! shake  
This slumber from my soul ;  
Say to me now, 'Awake, awake !'  
And Christ shall make thee whole.

2 Lay to Thy mighty hand ;  
Alarm me in this hour,  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of Thy power.

3 Give me on Thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be,  
For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to Thee.

5 O do Thou always warn  
My soul of evil near !  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear :

6 ' Come back ! this is the way,  
Come back ! and walk herein :  
O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin !

7 Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep,  
But strength in Thee I surely have,  
Whose eyelids never sleep :

8 My soul to Thee alone  
Now therefore I commend ;  
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thy own,  
And love me to the end. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

594 *Keep me as the apple of the eye.* L.M.  
Psalm xvii. 8.

PIERCE, fill me with a humble fear ;  
My utter helplessness reveal !  
Satan and sin are always near,  
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to Thee my constant mind  
Might with an even flame aspire,  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire !

3 O that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorred approach of ill ;  
Quick, as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel !

4 Till Thou anew my soul create,  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day. Amen.  
Wesley. 1742.

595 *God whom I serve . . .* C.M.  
*with pure conscience.*—2 Timothy 1. 3.

I WANT a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

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2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire ;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make !  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved Thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole !  
Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

596 *The Lord hear thee in* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*the day of trouble.*—Psalm xx. 1.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,  
Throughout the evil day ;  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with Thy whole armour arm ;  
In each approach of sin alarm,  
And show the danger near ;  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
O let me see Thy gathering frown,  
And feel Thy warning eye ;  
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
O save me, or I die !

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
Before I wholly fall away,  
The keen conviction dart ;  
Recall me by that pitying look,  
That kind, unbraiding glance, which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like Thyself below,  
Unblamable in grace ;  
Ready prepared, and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness to appear  
Before Thy glorious face. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1743.

597 *Let this mind be in you,  
which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.*

S.M. D.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the Tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay.  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want,  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

5 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.  
Wesley. 1742.

598 *Neither shall any pluck  
them out of My hand.—John x. 28.*

8.7. 8.7. 7.7.

(CLOUDS and darkness round about  
Thee  
For a season veil Thy face,  
Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee,  
Jesus, full of truth and grace;  
Resting on Thy words I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 O, rebuke me not in anger!  
Suffer not my faith to fail;  
Let not pain, temptation, languor,  
O'er my struggling heart prevail:  
Holding fast Thy word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy words I cherish,  
Though unseen Thou still art near  
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,  
What have I to do with fear?  
Trusting in Thy word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

599 *He restoreth my soul: He  
leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for  
His name's sake.—Psalm xxiii. 3.*

7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

JESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Pity my unsettled soul!  
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,  
Till Thy love shall make me whole;  
Give me perfect soundness, give,  
Make me steadfastly believe.

2 I am never at one stay,  
Changing every hour I am;  
But Thou art as yesterday,  
Now and evermore the same;  
Constancy to me impart,  
Stablish with Thy grace my heart.

3 Lay Thy weighty cross on me,  
All my unbelief control;  
Till the rebel cease to be,  
Keep him down within my soul;  
That I never more may move,  
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,  
Walking over life's rough sea,  
Holy, purifying hope,  
Still my soul's sure anchor be:  
That I may be always Thine,  
Perfect me in love divine. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

600 *This is the way, walk  
ye in it.—Isaiah xxx. 21.*

L.M.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings,  
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in His wings;

3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear,  
'Return, and walk, in Christ thy way;  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.'

5 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,  
And set upon the rock my feet.



6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;  
 O reach me out Thy gracious hand !  
 Only on Thee for help I call ;  
 Only by faith in Thee I stand. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

601 *Blessed shalt thou be when  
 thou comest in, and . . . when thou goest out.*  
*Deuteronomy xxviii. 6.* C.M.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out ;  
 O bless my coming in !  
 Compass my weakness round about,  
 And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,  
 Thy tabernacle spread ;  
 Shelter me with preserving grace,  
 And screen my naked head.

3 To Thee for refuge may I run  
 From sin's alluring snare :  
 Ready its first approach to shun,  
 And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more  
 Might from Thy ways depart !  
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er,  
 By giving Thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
 And then from earth release :  
 I ask not life, but let me love,  
 And lay me down in peace. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1740.*

602 *Let us run with patience the  
 race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.*  
*Hebrews xii. 1, 2.* C.M.

BEHOLD what witnesses unseen  
 Encompass us around !  
 Men once, like us, with suffering tried,  
 But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
 Pursue the Christian race,  
 And, freed from each encumbering weight,  
 Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,  
 Who trod affliction's path !  
 Jesus, at once the Finisher  
 And Author of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before Him set,  
 So generous was His love,  
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
 And now He reigns above.

5 If He the scorn of wicked men  
 With patience did sustain,  
 Becomes it those for whom He died  
 To murmur or complain ?

6 Then let our hearts no more despond,  
 Our hands be weak no more ;  
 Still let us trust our Father's love,  
 His wisdom still adore.  
*Anon. 1745. and W. Cameron. 1781.*  
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DECLENSION AND RECOVERY.

603 *Enoch walked with God.*  
*Genesis v. 22.* C.M.

FOR a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame ;  
 A light, to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and His word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest !  
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
 That drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
 And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God ;  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

*William Cowper. 1772.*

604 *Return unto Me, and I  
 will return unto you.—Malachi iii. 7.* C.M.

WILT Thou return to me, O Lord,  
 If I return to Thee ?  
 O heavenly truth ! O gracious word !  
 My hope and refuge be.

2 Since from Thy side I dared to roam,  
 My soul has found no rest ;  
 Chastised and contrite, back I come,  
 'To seek it in Thy breast.

3 And dost Thou say Thou wilt receive,  
 And call me still Thy own ?  
 My spirit, hear, accept, believe,  
 And melt, my heart of stone.

4 Again that gracious word to me,  
 O speak that word again !  
 My guilt is pardoned—can it be ?  
 And loosed my every chain ?

5 No, blessed Lord ! not every chain,  
 Not every bond, remove :  
 Let one, at least, unloosed remain,  
 The bond of grateful love ! Amen.

*Anon.*

605 *Behold, God is my salvation.*  
Isaiah xii. 2. 7.7.7.7.

**D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,  
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold;  
Tarry till the Lord appears,  
Never, never quit thy hold!

2 Murmur not at His delay,  
Dare not set thy God a time,  
Calmly for His coming stay,  
Leave it, leave it all to Him.

3 Every one that seeks shall find,  
Every one that asks shall have  
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,  
Willing, able, all to save.

4 I shall His salvation see,  
I in faith on Jesus call;  
I from sin shall be set free,  
Perfectly set free from all.

5 Lord, my time is in Thine hand,  
Weak and helpless as I am,  
Surely Thou canst make me stand;  
I believe in Jesu's name:

6 Saviour in temptation Thou,  
Thou hast saved me heretofore,  
Thou from sin dost save me now,  
Thou shalt save me evermore.

Wesley. 1742.

606 *There is forgiveness with Thee.*  
Psalm cxxx. 4. 8.8.8.8.8.

**O**'TIS enough, my God, my God!  
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,  
No longer trample on Thy blood,  
And grieve Thy gentleness no more;  
No more Thy lingering anger move,  
Or sin against Thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with Thee,  
Now let it all on me be shown;  
On me, the chief of sinners, me,  
Who humbly for Thy mercy groan;  
Me to Thy Father's grace restore,  
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
Of infinite compassions, hear!  
My Saviour and my Prince above,  
Once more in my behalf appear;  
Repentance, faith, and pardon give,  
O let me turn again and live! Amen.

Wesley. 1741.

607 *I will heal their backsliding;*  
*I will love them freely.*—Hosea xiv. 4. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

**J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,  
Yet once again I pray;  
From my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have nought to pay:

Speak, O speak the kind release,  
A poor backsliding soul restore;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

2 Though my sins as mountains rise,  
And swell and reach to heaven,  
Mercy is above the skies,  
I may be still forgiven;  
Infinite my sins' increase,  
But greater is Thy mercy's store;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

3 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
A hardness o'er my heart;  
But if Thou Thy Spirit shed,  
This hardness shall depart;  
Shed Thy love, Thy tenderness,  
And let me feel Thy softening power;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more.

4 For this only thing I pray,  
And this will I require,  
Take the power of sin away,  
Fill me with chaste desire;  
Perfect me in holiness,  
Thine image to my soul restore;  
Love me freely, seal my peace,  
And bid me sin no more. Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

608 *As the hart panteth after*  
*the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after*  
*Thee, O God.*—Psalm xlii. 1. C.M.

**A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts  
Those happy days present,  
When I, with troops of pious friends,  
Thy temple did frequent:

4 When I advanced, with songs of praise,  
My solemn vows to pay;  
And led the joyful, sacred throng  
That kept the festal day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Tate and Brady. 1696.

609 *Lord, save us : we perish.*  
Matthew viii. 25. 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.

SAVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race !  
See me from Thy lofty throne ;  
Give the sweet relenting grace,  
Soften now this heart of stone,  
Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;  
Cast a look, and break my heart.

- 2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,  
All my inmost sins reveal ;  
Sins against Thy light and love,  
Let me see, and let me feel ;  
Sins that crucified my God,  
Spilt again Thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
Make me restless to return ;  
Bid me look on Thee, and weep,  
Bitterly as Peter mourn  
Till I say, by grace restored,  
'Now, Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord !'
- 4 Might I in Thy sight appear,  
As the Publican distrest ;  
Stand, not daring to draw near,  
Smite on my unworthy breast ;  
Groan the sinner's only plea,  
'God, be merciful to me !'
- 5 O remember me for good,  
Passing through the mortal vale ;  
Show me the atoning blood,  
When my strength and spirit fail ;  
Give my gasping soul to see  
Jesus crucified for me. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1719.

610 *Where sin abounded, grace  
did much more abound.*—Romans v. 20. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;  
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn ;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin ;  
Yet once again I seek Thy face ;  
Open Thine arms and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore ;  
O ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;  
The ruler of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
And kindle my relents now ;  
Fill my whole soul with lillal fears,  
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;  
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break,  
The iron shew in my neck.

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5 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the approach of sin :  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.  
Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

611 *Verily Thou art a God  
that hidest Thyself.*—Isaiah xlv. 15. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8

THOU GOD unsearchable, unknown,  
Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,  
Hear an apostate spirit groan,  
Broke off, and banished far from Thee ;  
But conscious of my fall I mourn,  
And fain I would to Thee return.

- 2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,  
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,  
To guide me through the gulf of night,  
My poor desponding soul to cheer,  
Till Thou my unbelief remove,  
And show me all Thy glorious love.
- 3 A hidden God indeed Thou art ;  
Thy absence I this moment feel ;  
Yet must I own it from my heart,  
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still ;  
And though Thy face I cannot see,  
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.
- 4 My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed,  
Yet wilt I Thee my Saviour call,  
Adore Thy hand, from sin withheld ;  
Thy hand shall save me from my fall :  
Now, Lord, throughout my darkness shine,  
And show Thyself for ever mine. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

612 *Lord, that I may receive  
my sight.*—Luke xviii. 41. L.M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in Thee ?  
The fulness of Thy promise prove ;  
The seal of Thine eternal Love ?

- 2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind ;  
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,  
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 3 Whom man forsakes Thou wilt not leave,  
Ready the outcast to receive ;  
Though all my sinfulness I own,  
And all my faults to Thee are known.
- 4 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt !  
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,  
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 5 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure ;  
I want,—do Thou enrich the poor ;  
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up !

HUMILITY.

6 Lord, I am blind,—be Thou my sight ;  
 Lord, I am weak,—be Thou my might ;  
 A helper to the helpless be,  
 And let me find my all in Thee. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1712.*

613 *They rebelled, and vexed* L.M.  
*His Holy Spirit.—Isaiah lxiii. 10.*

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done Thee such despite,  
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,  
 And still shook off my guilty fears,  
 And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,  
 For many long rebellious years :

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all whoe'er Thy grace received ;  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
 grieved :

4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High Priest ;  
 Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
 To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
 Upraise me with Thy gracious hand,  
 And guide into Thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promised land.  
 Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

HUMILITY.

614 *I dwell in the high and* C.M.  
*holy place, with him also that is of a contrite*  
*and humble spirit.—Isaiah lvii. 15.*

THY home is with the humble, Lord !  
 The simplest are the best :  
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
 Thou makest there Thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
 If Thou wilt stay with me,  
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
 I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !  
 Great Spirit ! It is Thou !  
 Deeper and deeper in my heart  
 I feel Thee resting now.

4 Who made this beating heart of mine  
 But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?  
 Let no one have it then, but Thee,  
 And let it be Thy rest. Amen.

*F. W. Faber. 1862.*

615 *I flee unto Thee to hide me.* 8.6.8.1.  
*Psalm cxliii. 9.*

SHOW me myself, O holy Lord ;  
 Help me to look within ;  
 I will not turn me from the sight  
 Of all my sin.

2 Just as it is in Thy pure eyes  
 Would I behold my heart,  
 Bring every hidden spot to light,  
 Nor shrink tho' smart.

3 Not mine, the purity of heart  
 That shall at last see God ;  
 Not mine, the following in the steps  
 The Saviour trod :

4 Not mine, the life I thought to live  
 When first I took His name ;  
 Mine, but the right to weep and grieve  
 Over my shame.

5 Yet, Lord ; I thank Thee for the sight  
 Thou hast vouchsafed to me ;  
 And humbled to the dust, I shrink  
 Closer to Thee.

6 Unworthy, faithless as it is,  
 O let my spirit hide  
 Its weakness and its penitence  
 In Thy dear side !

7 And if Thy love will not disown  
 So frail a heart as mine,  
 Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,  
 But keep it Thine. Amen.

*Anon.*

616 *He will be very gracious* 7.7.7.7.  
*unto thee at the voice of thy cry.*  
*Isaiah xxx. 19.*

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,  
 Give me true simplicity ;  
 Wean my soul, and keep it low,  
 Willing Thee alone to know.

2 Let me cast my reeds aside,  
 All that feeds my knowing pride ;  
 Not to man, but God submit,  
 Lay my reasonings at Thy feet.

3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,  
 Docile, helpless as a child ;  
 Only seeing in Thy light,  
 Only walking in Thy might.

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,  
 Spirit of truth and righteousness ;  
 Knowledge, love divine, impart,  
 Life eternal, to my heart. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1762.*

617 *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* C.M.  
Matthew v. 3.

- (O)UR Father, hear our longing prayer,  
And help this prayer to flow,  
That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,  
May live in us and grow.
- 2 For lowly hearts shall understand  
The peace, the calm delight  
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,  
A pleasure in Thy sight.
- 3 Give us humility, that so  
Thy reign may come within,  
And when Thy children homeward go,  
We too may enter in.
- 4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours Thou art,  
Though we are not like Thee;  
Give us Thy Spirit in a heart  
Large, lowly, trusting, free. Amen.  
*George Macdonald. 1857.*

618 *Christ is all, and in all.* 5.4. 5.4. D.  
Colossians iii. 11.

- DEST of the weary,  
Joy of the sad,  
Hope of the dreary,  
Light of the glad,  
Home of the stranger,  
Strength to the end,  
Refuge from danger,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 2 Bosom where lying,  
Love rests its head;  
Peace of the dying,  
Life of the dead,  
Path of the lowly,  
Prize at the end,  
Breath of the holy,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 3 When my feet stumble,  
I to Thee cry;  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high;  
When my steps wander  
Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and Friend!
- 4 Ever confessing  
Thee, I will raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory, and praise;  
All my endeavour,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever,  
Saviour and Friend! Amen.  
*J. S. B. Monsell. 1837.*

619 *Be clothed with humility.* 7.7. 7.7.  
1 Peter v. 5.

- L)ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be  
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Humble as a little child,  
Pleased with what the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix our souls on Thee,  
Every evil let us flee,  
Always happy in Thy love,  
Looking for our rest above.
- 4 O that all might seek and find  
Every good in Christ combined!  
O that all might Him adore,  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!  
Amen.  
*Wesley. 1741.*

620 *One thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.—Luke x. 42.* C.M.

- A)S Jesus sought His wandering sheep,  
With weary toll opprest,  
He came to Martha's lowly roof,  
A loved and honoured guest.
- 2 Blessed art thou, whose threshold poor  
Those holy feet have trod,  
To wait on so divine a Guest,  
And to receive thy God!
- 3 While Martha serves with busy feet,  
In reverential mood,  
Meek Mary sits beside the Judge,  
And feeds on heavenly food.
- 4 Yea, Martha soon herself shall sit,  
The eternal word to hear,  
And shall forget the festal board,  
To feast on holier cheer.
- 5 Sole rest of all who come to Thee,  
O'er all our works preside,  
That we may have in Thee at last  
The part that shall abide. Amen.  
*From the Latin. 1686.  
Tr. Isaac Williams. 1339.*

PRAYER.

(See also Prayer-Meetings.)

621 *I will therefore that men pray everywhere.—1 Timothy ii. 8.* 7.7. 7.7.

- (C)OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee, nay.

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

3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.  
*John Newton. 1779.*

622 *If we confess our sins,  
He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.*  
I John i. 9. C.M.

L ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
Let not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies. Amen.  
*Joseph D. Carlyle. 1802.*

623 *Thou desirest truth in  
the inward parts.—Psalm li. 6.* S.M.

H ELP me, my God, to speak  
True words to Thee each day ;  
True let my voice be when I praise,  
And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me ;  
Let mine to Thee be true,  
The speech of my whole heart and soul,  
However low and few :

3 True words of grief for sin,  
Of longing to be free,  
Of groaning for deliverance,  
And likeness, Lord, to Thee :

4 True words of faith and hope,  
Of godly joy and grief ;  
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,  
Help Thou my unbelief. Amen.

*Horatius Bonar. 1857.*

624 *Unto Thee lift I up mine  
eyes.—Psalm cxxiii. 1.* C.M.

I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,  
E'en to Thy seat I come ;  
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand upon the mount of God,  
With sunlight in my soul ;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunders roll ;

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies ;  
And to the height on which I stand  
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4 O this is life ! O this is joy !  
My God, to find Thee so !  
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know ?  
*G. B. Bubier. 1854.*

625 *The Spirit also helpeth  
our infirmities.—Romans viii. 26.* 8.8.8.8.8.8.

J ESUS, Thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same through one eternal day,  
Attend Thy feeblest followers call,  
And O instruct us how to pray !  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek Thy face.

2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire ;  
And then we in Thy Spirit groan,  
And then we give Thee back Thine own.

3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint  
Of all Thy tempted followers here ;  
And now supply the common want,  
And send us down the Comforter ;  
The spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,  
And fix Thy Agent in our heart.

4 To help our soul's infirmity,  
To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,  
To urge our God-commanding plea,  
And make our hearts a house of prayer,  
The promised Intercessor give,  
And let us now Thyself receive.

5 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down,  
To us who for Thy coming stay ;  
Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,  
We ask the constant power to pray :  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request,  
Thou canst not then deny the rest. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*



626

*The hour of prayer.*  
Acts iii. 1.

8.8.8.4.

- MY God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to Thy feet,  
The hour of prayer?
- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.
- 3 For then a Day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
And richer dews descend from Thee  
Than earth can know.
- 4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hope of heaven.
- 5 No words can tell what sweet relief  
Here for my every want I find,  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief!  
What peace of mind!
- 6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.
- 7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

*Charlotte Elliott.* 1839.

627

*Praying always with all  
prayer.*—Eph. vi. 18.

C.M.

- PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays!

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6 The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus on the eternal throne  
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray! Amen.

*James Montgomery.* 1819.

628

*Let us . . . come boldly  
unto the throne of grace.*—1Ileb. iv. 16.

C.M.

- APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By sorrow sore oppress'd,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O, wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name.
- 6 ' Poor tempest-toss'd soul, be still,  
My promised grace receive:  
Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

*John Newton.* 1779.

629

*I will never leave thee,  
nor forsake thee.*—1Ilebrs xlii. 5.

8.7.8.7.

- LORD, we know that Thou art near us,  
Though Thou seem'st to hide Thy  
face;  
And are sure that Thou dost hear us,  
Though no answer we embrace.
- 2 Not one promise shall miscarry;  
Not one blessing come too late;  
Though the vision long may tarry,  
Give us patience, Lord, to wait.
- 3 While withholding, Thou art giving  
In Thine own appointed way;  
And while waiting we're receiving  
Blessings suited to our day.

4 O the wondrous loving-kindness,  
Planning, working out of sight!  
Bearing with us in our blindness,  
Out of darkness bringing light;

5 Weaving blessings out of trials,  
Out of grief evolving bliss:  
Answering prayer by wise denials  
When Thy children ask amiss.

6 And when faith shall end in vision,  
And when prayer is lost in praise;  
Then shall love, in full fruition,  
Justify Thy secret ways.

*Jane Crewdson. d. 1863.*

630 *The cares of this world . . .* L.M.  
*choke the word.—Mark iv. 19.*

O GOD! who know'st how frail we are,  
How soon the thought of good departs;  
We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount  
Of holy yearning in our hearts.

2 Let not the choking cares of earth  
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow;  
But, ever guarded by Thy love,  
Still purer may their waters flow.

3 To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,  
Be every day our spirits given;  
And may we, while we walk on earth,  
Walk more as citizens of heaven. Amen.

*W. Gaskell. d. 1884.*

631 *Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.* C.M.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succour give;  
Help us in thought and word and deed,  
Each hour, on earth, we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe;  
For still the more Thy servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,  
We know no help but Thee;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in Heaven to be. Amen.

*H. H. Milman. 1827.*

632 *The mercy of the Lord is* C.M.  
*from everlasting to everlasting.—Ps. ciii. 17.*

O LORD, turn not Thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life,  
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin;  
O shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely Thou canst tell;  
What we have done, and what we are  
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to Thee,  
As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;  
O let Thy mercy come! Amen.

*John Markant. 1560.*  
*All. by Bishop Heber. 1821.*

633 *We ought also to love* L.M.  
*one another.—1 John iv. 11.*

O THOU, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise!  
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,  
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace,  
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase;  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,  
And guide into Thy perfect will;  
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know,  
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;  
O let us all be saints indeed,  
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,  
Conformed in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood;  
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;  
Present us sanctified to God,  
And perfected in love below.

6 From all iniquity redeem,  
Cleanse by the water and the word,  
And free from every spot of blame,  
And make the servant as his Lord. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

634 *The Lord said unto Moses* 8 8. 8. 8. 8.  
*. . . Let Me alone.—Exodus xxxii. 9, 10.*

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer,  
What tongue can tell the almighty  
grace?

God's hands or bound or open are,  
As Moses or Elijah prays.  
Let Moses in the spirit groan,  
And God cries out, 'Let Me alone!

2 ' Let Me alone, that all My wrath  
May rise the wicked to consume !  
While justice hears thy praying faith,  
It cannot seal the sinner's doom ;  
My Son is in My servant's prayer,  
And Jesus forces Me to spare.

3 O blessèd word of gospel grace !  
Which now we for our Israel plead,  
A faithless and backsliding race,  
Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed :  
O do not then in wrath chastise,  
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise !

4 Father ! we ask in Jesu's name ;  
In Jesu's power and spirit pray ;  
Divert Thy vengeful thunder's arm,  
O turn Thy threatening wrath away !  
Our guilt and punishment remove,  
And magnify Thy pardoning love.

5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son !  
Accept His all-availing prayer,  
And send a peaceful answer down,  
In honour of our Spokesman there ;  
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

Amen.

Wesley. 1747.

635 *We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*—Hebrews iv. 15. C.M.

WHERE is no sorrow, Lord, too slight  
To bring in prayer to Thee ;  
There is no burdening care too light  
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,  
Wilt share each sinell distress ;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets Thine ear divine ;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson. d. 1863.

636 *Lord, teach us to pray.* Luke xl. 1. C.M.

WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee  
Our wandering spirits stray,  
And thoughts and lips move heavily,  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,  
Too poor to turn away ;  
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

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3 We know not how to seek Thy face,  
Unless Thou lead the way ;  
We have no words, unless Thy grace  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire  
We on Thy altar lay ;  
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,  
Lord, teach us how to pray ! Amen.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1837.

637 *Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.*—Matthew xviii. 20. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

FATHER of omnipresent grace !  
We seem agreed to seek Thy face ;  
But every soul assembled here  
Doth naked in Thy sight appear ;  
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,  
And who in heart approaches Thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made  
Betwixt the living and the dead ;  
Thou now dost into some inspire  
The pure, benevolent desire ;  
O that even now Thy powerful call  
May quicken and convert us all !

3 The sinners suddenly convince,  
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins ;  
To-day, while it is called to-day,  
Awake, and stir them up to pray,  
Their dire captivity to own,  
And from their burdened conscience groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge and set free  
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee,  
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,  
For whom we in Thy Spirit plead ;  
Let all in Thee redemption find,  
And not a soul be left behind. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

SERVICE AND GIVING.

638 *All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.* 1 Chronicles xxix. 14. S.M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be,  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive ;  
And gladly, as Thou blessost us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O ! hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold ;  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

SERVICE AND GIVING.

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angel's work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be ;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

*Bishop W. W. How. 1854.*

639 *The Son of man came not  
to be ministered unto, but to minister.* C.M.  
Mark x. 45.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man  
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employed for us.

2 Thy bright example I pursue,  
To Thee in all things rise ;  
May all I think, or speak, or do,  
Be one great sacrifice.

3 Careless through outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free ;  
My hands are but engaged below,  
My heart is still with Thee.

4 As done for Thee, do Thou receive  
Each humble work of mine ;  
Worth to my meanest labour give,  
By joining it to Thine. Amen.

*Wesley. 1739.*

640 *God hath . . . called us  
. . . unto holiness.—1 Thess. iv. 7.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

O GOD, what offerings shall I give  
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?  
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice ;  
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;  
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul,  
No longer mine, but Thine I am ;  
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole,  
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame ;  
Thou hast my spirit, there display  
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,  
Devoted solely to Thy will ;  
Here let Thy light for ever shine,  
This house still let Thy presence fill ;  
O Source of Life, live, dwell, and move  
In me, till all my life be love !

4 O never in these veils of shame,  
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be !  
Clothe with salvation, through Thy name,  
My soul, and let me put on Thee ;  
Be living faith my costly dress,  
And my best robe Thy righteousness.

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5 Send down Thy likeness from above,  
And let this my adorning be ;  
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With lowliness and purity,  
Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
And brighter than the morning star.

6 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,  
Since I am called by Thy great name ;  
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be Thou the aim ;  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be Thy praise.

Amen.

*Joachim Lange. abt. 1700.  
Tr. J. Wesley. 1739.*

641 *Whatsoever ye do, do it  
heartily, as to the Lord.—Col. iii. 23.* S.M.

GOD of almighty love !  
By whose sufficient grace  
I lift my heart to things above,  
And humbly seek Thy face.

2 Through Jesus Christ the Just,  
My faint desires receive ;  
And let me in Thy goodness trust,  
And to Thy glory live.

3 Whate'er I say or do,  
Thy glory be my aim ;  
My offerings all be offered through  
The ever-blessed Name.

4 Jesus, my single eye  
Be fixed on Thee alone ;  
Thy name be praised on earth, on high ;  
Thy will by all be done.

5 Spirit of Faith, inspire  
My consecrated heart ;  
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,  
With all Thou hast and art. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

642 *Glorify God in your body,  
and in your spirit, which are God's.* 7.7. 7.7. 7.7.  
1 Corinthians vi. 20.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy will on earth be done ;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 Vilest of the sinful race,  
Lo ! I answer to Thy call ;  
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,  
Grace divinely free for all,  
Lo ! I come to do Thy will,  
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If a sinner such as I  
May to Thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive ;  
Claim me for Thy service, claim  
All I have and all I am.

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- 4 Take my soul and body's powers ;  
Take my memory, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, or speak, or do ;  
Take my heart ;—but make it new.
- 5 Now, O God, Thine own I am,  
Now I give Thee back Thine own ;  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to Thee alone ;  
Thine I live, thrice happy I !  
Happier still if Thine I die.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy will on earth be done ;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !  
Amen.  
Wesley. 1745.

643 *Trust in the Lord and do good.* C.M.  
Psalm xxxvii. 3.

- FATHER, into Thy hands alone  
I have my all restored ;  
My all, Thy property I own,  
The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Hereafter, none can take away  
My life, or goods, or fame ;  
Ready at Thy demand to lay  
Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in Thy only love,  
Through Jesus strengthening me,  
I wait Thy faithfulness to prove,  
And give back all to Thee.
- 4 Determined all Thy will to obey,  
Thy blessings I restore ;  
Give, Lord, or take Thy gifts away,  
I praise Thee evermore.  
Wesley. 1745.

644 *Be strong . . . and work :* C.M.  
*for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts.*  
Haggai ii. 4.

- THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,  
High work have we to do ;  
In faith and trust to follow Him  
Whose lot was lowly too.
- 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,  
Strong in a Father's love,  
Leaning on His almighty arm,  
And fixed our hopes above.
- 3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds may be,  
A stream that still the nobler grows  
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we do,  
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright :  
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.  
W. Gaskell. d. 1884.

645 *The barrel of meal wasted* 8.7. 8.7.  
*not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.*  
1 Kings xvii. 16.

IS thy cruse of comfort wasting ?  
Haste its scanty drops to share,  
And through all the years of famine  
Thou shalt still have drops to spare.

- 2 Love divine will fill thy storehouse,  
Or thy handful still renew ;  
Scanty fare for one will often  
Make a royal feast for two :
- 3 For the heart grows rich in giving ;  
All its wealth is living grain ;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner,  
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
- 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy ?  
Do thy steps drag wearily ?  
Help to bear thy brother's burden ;  
God will bear both it and thee.
- 5 Numb and weary on the mountains,  
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?  
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
And together both shall glow.
- 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle ?  
Many wounded round thee moan ;  
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,  
And that balm shall heal thine own.
- 7 Is thy heart a well left empty ?  
None but God its void can fill ;  
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain  
Can its ceaseless longings still.

8 Is thy heart a living power ?  
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;  
It can only live in loving.  
And by serving love will grow.  
Elisabeth Rundle Charles. 1858.

646 *Go work to-day in My vineyard.* L.M.  
Matthew xxi. 23.

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 : whate'er thy lot ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain :  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,  
The Master praises : what are men ?

- 3 Go, labour on : enough while here  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer ;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 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 !
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to witi ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For work comes rest, for exile home ;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, ' Behold I come !'  
*Horatius Bonar.* 1857.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,  
O let me cheerfully fulfil !  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray,  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.  
Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

647 *One is your Master,  
even Christ ; and all ye are brethren.*  
Matthew xxiii. 8. C.M.

OUR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be ?  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

- 2 Thou judgest us ; Thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
The love that draws us nearer Thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.
- 3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;  
And, naked to Thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of Thy pure countenance.
- 4 Yet weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own ;  
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,  
And Thou rejectest none.
- 5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun,
- 6 Alone, O Love ineffable !  
Thy saving name is given ;  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
To walk with Thee is heaven.
- 7 We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray ;  
But dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way !  
*J. G. Whittier.* 1847.

648 *Ye are not your own,  
for ye are bought with a price.*  
1 Corinthians vi. 19, 20. L.M.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

649 *The meek will He guide  
in judgment.*—Psalm xxv. 9. 8.8.8.8.8.

BEHOLD the servant of the Lord !  
I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,  
To hear and keep Thy every word,  
To prove and do Thy perfect will,  
Joyful from my own works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,  
Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,  
The deed, the time, the manner choose,  
Let all my fruit be found of Thee ;  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
By Thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,  
O'ertrule, or change, as seems Thee meet ;  
Jesus, let all my work be Thine !  
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,  
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight ;  
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then, to Thee Thy own I leave ;  
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay,  
But let me all Thy stumps receive,  
But let me all Thy words obey,  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to Thy glory live and die. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

650 *By love serve one another.*  
Galatians v. 13. 5.5.5.11.

COME, let us arise,  
And press to the skies ;  
The summons obey,  
My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.

2 The Master of all  
For our service doth call,  
And deigns to approve,  
With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love



3 His burden who bear,  
We alone can declare,  
How easy His yoke,

While to love and good works we each other  
provoke;

4 By word and by deed,  
The bodies in need,  
The souls to relieve,

And freely as Jesus hath given to give.

5 Then let us attend  
Our heavenly Friend,  
In His members distrest,

By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest;

6 The prisoner relieve,  
The stranger receive,  
Supply all their wants,

And spend and be spent in assisting His  
saints.

7 Thus while we bestow  
Our moments below,  
Ourselves we forsake,

And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take.

8 His passion alone  
The foundation we own;  
And pardon we claim,

And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

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*I have given you an  
example, that ye should do as I have done  
to you.—John xiii. 15.*

8.8.8.6.

O GOD of mercy, God of might,  
In love and pity infinite,  
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,  
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,  
That every word, and deed, and thought  
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all our brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:  
Then teach us, whatso'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

*Godfrey Thring.* 1879.

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*If any man serve Me, him  
will My Father honour.—John xii. 26.*

8.6. 8.6. 8.6.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,  
But train me for Thy will,  
For even I, in fields so broad,  
Some duties may fulfil;  
And I will ask for no reward,  
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more  
May to the service come!  
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,  
Thou dost appoint for some:  
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,  
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best  
As most it pleases Thee,  
Each worker pleases when the rest  
He serves in charity;  
And neither man nor work unblest,  
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done  
He asks of us to-day,  
Sharing His service, every one  
Share too His Sonship may;  
Lord, I would serve and be a son:  
Dismiss me not, I pray. Amen.

*T. T. Lynch.* 1855.

653

*Your Father knoweth  
what things ye have need of.—Matt. vi. 8.*

8.6. 8.6. 8.6.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
The changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
That seeks for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

5 In service which Thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me;  
My secret heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
A life of self-renouncing love  
Is one of liberty.

*Anna L. Waring.* 1850.

654 *I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.*  
Romans xii. 1. 7.7.7.7.

GOD of all-redeeming grace,  
By Thy pardoning love compelled,  
Up to Thee our souls we raise,  
Up to Thee our bodies yield :

- 2 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
Acceptable through Thy Son,  
While to Thee alone we live,  
While we die to Thee alone.
- 3 Meet it is, and just, and right,  
That we should be wholly Thine,  
In Thy only will delight,  
In Thy blessed service join.
- 4 O that every work and word  
Might proclaim how good Thou art !  
Holiness unto the Lord  
Still be written on our heart. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1745.*

655 *This is the will of God, even your sanctification.*—1 Thess. iv. 3. 7.7.7.7. D.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee confess,  
Followers of Thy holiness,  
Thee they ever keep in view,  
Ever ask, 'What shall we do ?'  
Governed by Thy only will,  
All Thy words we would fulfil,  
Would in all Thy footsteps go,  
Walk as Jesus walked below.

- 2 While Thou didst on earth appear,  
Servant to Thy servants here,  
Mindful of Thy place above,  
All Thy life was prayer and love ;  
Such our whole employment be,  
Works of faith and charity ;  
Works of love on man bestowed,  
Secret intercourse with God.
- 3 Early in the temple met,  
Let us still our Saviour greet ;  
Nightly to the mount repair,  
Join our praying Pattern there ;  
There by wrestling faith obtain  
Power to work for God again,  
Power His image to retrieve,  
Power, like Thee, our Lord, to live.
- 4 Vessels, instruments of grace,  
Pass we thus our happy days,  
'Twixt the mount and multitude,  
Doing or receiving good ;  
Glad to pray and labour on,  
Till our earthly course is run,  
Till we, on the sacred tree,  
Bow the head and die like Thee.

Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1767.*

656 *Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.*—Matthew vi. 10. C.M.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
In whom I now believe,  
As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,  
Expecting to receive.

- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,  
As by the choirs above,  
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,  
And glory in Thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,  
That I may do Thy will,  
As angels, who behold Thy face,  
And all Thy words fulfil.
- 4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
I shall be pure within,  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;  
For angels never sin.
- 5 From Thee no more shall I depart,  
No more unfaithful prove,  
But love Thee with a constant heart ;  
For angels always love.
- 6 The graces of my second birth  
To me shall all be given ;  
And I shall do Thy will on earth,  
As angels do in heaven.

*Wesley. 1742.*

657 *Ye are Christ's.*—1 Cor. xii. 23. C.M.

LET Him to whom we now belong  
His sovereign right assert,  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for His own,  
Who bought us with a price ;  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our heart's desire,  
And let us to Thy glory live,  
And in Thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;  
With joy we render Thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine  
To all eternity. Amen.

*Wesley. 1745.*

658 *There are six days in which men ought to work.*—Luke xiii. 14. 7.7.7.7.7.

WORK is sweet, for God has blest  
Honest work with quiet rest,  
Rest below, and rest above,  
In the mansions of His love,  
When the work of life is done,  
When the battle's fought and won,  
When the battle's fought and won,

2 Work ye then while yet 'tis day,  
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,  
Work for all that's great and good,  
Working for your daily food,  
Working whilst the golden hours,  
Health, and strength, and youth are yours :

3 Working not alone for gold,  
Nor for work that's bought and sold,  
Not the work that worketh strife,  
But the working of a life,  
Careless both of good or ill,  
If ye can but do His will :

4 Working ere the day is gone,  
Working till your work is done,  
Not as traffickers at marts,  
But as fitteth honest hearts,  
Working till your spirits rest  
With the spirits of the blest.

5 Praise to God, the Father, Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Who to man beneath the heaven  
Happiness in work has given ;  
And, when work on earth is o'er,  
Rest with Him for evermore. Amen.

*Godfrey Thring. 1879.*

659 *Not slothful in business.* C.M.  
Romans xii. 11.

SUMMONED my labour to renew,  
And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,  
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action Thou,  
In all things Thee I see ;  
Accept my hallowed labour now,  
I do it unto Thee.

3 What'er the Father views as Thine,  
He views with gracious eyes ;  
Jesus, this mean oblation join  
To Thy great sacrifice.

4 Stamped with an insult desert,  
My work He then shall own ;  
Well pleased with me, when mine Thou art,  
And I His favoured son.

*Wesley. 1739.*

660 10.10. 10.10.  
*Let us not be weary in well-  
doing : for in due season we shall reap, if  
we faint not.—Galatians vi. 9.*

TEACH me to live ! 'Tis easier far to die,  
Gently and silently to pass away,  
On earth's long night to close the heavy  
eye,  
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson how to live  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of  
life ;

Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,  
And make me more than conqueror in  
the strife.

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3 Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil ;  
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine ;  
Each day renew, remould the stubborn  
will ;  
Closer round Thee my heart's affections  
twine.

4 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,  
But use the time remaining to me yet ;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,  
Wasting no precious hours in vain  
regret.

5 Teach me to live ! No idler let me be,  
But in Thy service hand and heart  
employ,  
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully,  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

6 Teach me to live, my dally cross to bear,  
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its  
load ;  
Only be with me, let me feel Thee near ;  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the dark-  
ened road.

7 Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,  
Looking from earth and earthly things  
away ;  
Let me not falter, but untiringly  
Press on, and gain new strength and  
power each day.

8 Teach me to live ! with kindly words for  
all,  
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of  
gloom,  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call  
Summons my spirit to its heavenly  
home. Amen.

*Ellen Elizabeth Burman. 1860.*

661 *In Thy light shall we see light.* S.M.  
Psalm xxxvi. 9.

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see ;  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

2 A man that looks on glass,  
On it may stay his eye ;  
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the heaven espy.

3 All may of Thee partake :  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with this tincture, for Thy sake,  
Will not grow bright and clean.

4 A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine ;  
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

5 This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold ;  
For that which God doth touch and own,  
Cannot for less be told.

*George Herbert. 1632. alt.*

662 *In the morning sow thy seed.* S.M.  
Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

SOW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock ;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here or there ;  
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found,—  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown ;  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
When and wherever strewn.

5 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain—  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garner in the sky.

7 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry, ' Harvest home.

James Montgomery. 1832.

663 *I am come to send fire* L.M.  
*on the earth.*—Luke xii. 49.

THOU who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze ;  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

664 *We may boldly say, The* S.M.  
*Lord is my helper.*—Hebrews xiii. 6.

SAY not, my soul, ' From whence  
Can God relieve my care ?'  
Remember that Omnipotence  
Has servants everywhere.

2 God's help is always sure,  
His methods seldom guessed ;  
Delay will make our pleasure pure,  
Surprise will give it zest.

3 His wisdom is sublime,  
His heart profoundly kind ;  
God never is before His time,  
And never is behind.

4 Hast thou assumed a load,  
Which few will share with thee,  
And art thou carrying it for God,  
And shall He fail to see ?

5 Be comforted at heart,  
Thou art not left alone ;  
Now, thou the Lord's companion art ;  
Soon, thou wilt share His throne.

T. T. Lynch. 1855.

665 *Take therefore no thought* 8.7.8.7.  
*for the morrow.*—Matthew vi. 34.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall ;  
Some are coming, some are going ;  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

2 One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one, bright gifts from heaven,  
Joys are sent thee here below ;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready, too, to let them go.

4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band ;  
One will fade as others greet thee ;  
Shadows passing through the land.

5 Do not look on life's long sorrow ;  
See how small each moment's pain ;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.

6 Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
When each gem is set with care.

7 Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond ;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

8 Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven ; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken,  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter. d. 1864.

666 *Thou shalt love thy neighbour* 7.6.7.6.  
*as thyself.*—Lev. xix. 18.

LORD, Thou art not fickle ;  
Our hope is not in vain ;  
The harvest for the sickle  
Will ripen yet again.

2 But though enough be given  
For all the world to eat,  
Sin with Thy love has striven  
Its bounty to defeat.

3 Were men to one another  
As kind as God to all,  
Then no man on his brother  
For help would vainly call.

4 On none for idle wasting  
Would honest labour frown;  
And none, to riches hasting,  
Would tread his neighbour down.

5 No man enough possesses  
Until he has to spare;  
Possession no man blesses  
While self is all his care.

6 For blessings on our labour,  
O then, in hope we pray,  
When love unto our neighbour  
Is ripening every day.

T. T. Lynch. 1855.

667 *They that are Christ's  
have crucified the flesh.*—Gal. v. 24. 7.7. 7.7.

NEVER further than Thy cross;  
Never higher than Thy feet;  
Here earth's precious things seem dross;  
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,  
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;  
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,  
Love which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,  
And, rejoicing, self deny;  
Here we gather love to live,  
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty  
And our service here unite;  
Captives by Thy cross set free,  
Soldiers of Thy cross we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,  
Still to this our hearts must tend;  
Where our earliest hopes began,  
There our last aspirings end:

6 Till amid the hosts of light,  
We in Thee redeemed complete,  
Through Thy cross made pure and white,  
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Elisabeth Rundle Charles. 1859.

668 *Who then is willing to  
recreate his service this day unto the Lord?*  
1 Chronicles xxix. 5. S.M.

I ORI, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I do recreate to Thee.

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2 Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to Thee Thy own;  
And, from this moment, live or die  
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

669 *Lo, I come to do Thy will,  
O God.*—Heb. x. 9. 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.

LO! I come with joy to do  
The Master's blessed will;  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve His pleasure still:  
Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
I still would choose the better part,  
Serve with careful Martha's hands  
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil,  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by His smile:  
Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find His service my reward;  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,  
Dost all my burdens bear!  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there:  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
Midst busy multitudes alone,  
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,  
Till all Thy will be done.

4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,  
Before I hence remove!  
Now my treasure and my heart  
Are all laid up above:  
Far above all earthly things,  
While yet my hands are here employed,  
Sees my soul the King of kings,  
And freely talks with God.

5 O that all the art might know  
Of living thus to Thee!  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here Thy glory see:  
Walk in all the works prepared  
By Thee to exercise their grace,  
Till they gain their full reward,  
And see Thy glorious face. Amen.

Wesley. 1747.

670 *He purgeth it, that it may  
bring forth more fruit.*—John xv. 2. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

OF when of God we ask  
For fuller, happier life,  
He sets us some new task,  
Involving care and strife:  
Is this the boon for which we sought?  
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

2 This is indeed the boon,  
Though strange to us it seems ;  
We pierce the rock, and soon  
The blessing on us streams :  
For when we are the most athirst,  
Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field  
Wherein, to us unknown,  
A treasure lies concealed,  
Which may be all our own :  
And shall we of the toil complain,  
That speedily will bring such gain ?

4 We dig the wells of life,  
And God the water gives ;  
We win our way by strife,  
Then He within us lives :  
And only war could make us meet  
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch. 1855.

671 10.10.10.10. 10.10.  
*It is good for us to be here.*  
Mark ix. 5.

STAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly  
hill ;  
A little longer let us linger still ;  
With all the mighty ones of old beside,  
Near to the awful Presence still abide ;  
Before the throne of light we trembling  
stand,  
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

2 Stay, Master, stay ; we breathe a purer  
air ;  
This life is not the life that waits us there :  
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come  
and go ;  
We cannot speak them, nay, we do not  
know ;  
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be  
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

3 No ! saith the Lord, the hour is past, we  
go ;  
Our home, our life, our duties lie below,  
While here we kneel upon the mount of  
prayer,  
The plough lies waiting in the furrow  
there !  
Here we sought God that we might know  
His will ;  
There we must do it, serve Him, seek Him  
still.

4 If man aspires to reach the throne of God,  
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the  
road :  
He who best does his lowly duty here,  
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere :  
At God's own feet our spirits seek their  
rest,  
And he is nearest Him who serves Him  
best.

S. Greg. 1367.

HOPE AND JOY.

672 7.7. 4.4. 7. D.  
*In the time of trouble He*  
*shall hide me in His pavilion.—Ps. xxvii. 5.*

HEAD of Thy Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee ;  
Till Thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory :  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With 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,  
Thy love we praise,  
Which knows our days,  
And ever brings us nigher :  
We clap our hands exulting  
In Thine almighty favour ;  
The love divine  
Which made us Thine  
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people  
Through torrents of temptation,  
Nor will we fear,  
While Thou art near,  
The fire of tribulation ;  
The world with sin and Satan  
In vain our march opposes,  
Through Thee we shall  
Break through them all,  
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory  
To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The cross despise  
For that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us :  
And if Thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see Thee stand  
At God's right hand,  
To take us up to heaven.

Wesley. 1749.

673 C. M.  
*Of whom the whole family*  
*in heaven and earth is named.—Eph. iii. 15.*

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone,  
Walking in all His ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know ;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne,  
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace ;  
The kingdoms are but one.



4 The holy to the holiest leads,  
From thence our spirits rise,  
And he that in Thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Wesley. 1747.

674 *Happy is he that hath the* L.M.  
*God of Jacob for his help.—Psalm cxlvi. 5.*

GOD of my life, through all my days,  
My grateful powers shall sound Thy  
praise ;  
My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my  
rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing  
breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall  
break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies !

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul shall live :  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

675 *The mercy of the Lord.* 5.5. 5.11. D.  
*Psalm cxli. 17.*

ALL thanks be to God,  
Who scatters abroad,  
Throughout every place,  
By the least of His servants, His savour of  
grace :

Who the victory gave,  
The praise let Him have,  
For the work He hath done ;  
All honour and glory to Jesus alone !

2 Our conquering Lord  
Hath prospered His word,  
Hath made it prevail,  
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell :  
His arm He hath bared,  
And a people prepared  
His glory to show,  
And witness the power of His passion  
below.

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3 He hath opened a door  
To the penitent poor,  
And rescued from sin,  
Hath admitted the sinners and publicans in :  
They have heard the glad sound,  
They have liberty found,  
Through the blood of the Lamb,  
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

4 And shall we not sing  
Our Saviour's King ?  
Thy witnesses, we  
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee :  
Thou, Jesus, hast blessed  
And believers increased,  
Who thankfully own,  
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

5 His Spirit revives  
His work in our lives,  
His wonders of grace,  
So mightily wrought in the primitive days :  
O that all men might know  
His tokens below,  
Our Saviour confess,  
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and  
peace. Amen.

Wesley. 1749.

676 *8.8.8.8. D. Anapæstic.*  
*Glory to God in the highest.*  
Luke ii. 14.

ALL glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored :  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord !  
Who, mealy in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to Thy creatures return,  
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace !

2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,  
All nature acknowledged Thy birth ;  
Arose the acceptable year,  
And heaven was opened on earth :  
Receiving its Lord from above,  
The world was united to bless  
The Giver of concord and love,  
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldst Thou again be made known,  
Again in Thy Spirit descend,  
And set up, in each of Thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end :  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey,  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.

4 Come then to Thy servants again,  
Who long Thy appearing to know,  
Thy quiet and peaceable reign  
In mercy establish below :  
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,  
And anger and hatred be o'er ;  
And envy and malice shall die,  
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war  
 Shall break our eternal repose,  
 No sound of the trumpet is there,  
 Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :  
 Appeas'd by the charms of Thy grace,  
 We all shall in amity join,  
 And kindly each other embrace,  
 And love with a passion like Thine.

*Charles Wesley.* 1716.

677 *I will come again, and  
 receive you unto Myself.*—John xiv. 3. 6.6.9. 6.6.9.

HOW happy are we  
 Who in Jesus agree  
 To expect His return from above !  
 We sit under our Vine,  
 And delightfully join  
 In the praise of His excellent love.

2 How pleasant and sweet,  
 In His name when we meet.  
 Is His fruit to our spiritual taste !  
 We are banqueting here,  
 On angelical cheer,  
 And the joys that eternally last.

3 Invited by Him,  
 We drink of the stream  
 Ever flowing in bliss from the throne ;  
 Who in Jesus believe,  
 We the Spirit receive  
 That proceeds from the Father and Son.

4 The unspeakable grace  
 He obtained for our race,  
 And the spirit of faith He imparts ;  
 Then, then we conceive  
 How in heaven they live,  
 By the kingdom of God in our hearts.

5 We remember the word  
 Of our crucified Lord,  
 When He went to prepare us a place :  
 ' I will come in that day,  
 And transport you away,  
 And admit to a sight of My face.'

6 With earnest desire  
 After Thee we aspire,  
 And long Thy appearing to see ;  
 Till our souls Thou receive  
 In Thy presence to live,  
 And be perfectly happy in Thee.

*Charles Wesley.* 1767.

678 *Happy art thou, O Israel.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
 Deut. xxxiii. 29.

HOW happy, gracious Lord ! are we,  
 Divinely drawn to follow Thee,  
 Whose hours divided are  
 Betwixt the mount and multitude ;  
 Our day is spent in doing good,  
 Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,  
 No period lingers unemployed,  
 Or unimproved, below ;  
 Our weariness of life is gone,  
 Who live to serve our God alone,  
 And only Thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,  
 Glide imperceptibly away,  
 Too short to sing Thy praise :  
 Too few we find the happy hours,  
 And haste to join those heavenly powers  
 In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant Thy name on high,  
 And ' Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,  
 A bright harmonious throng ;  
 We long Thy praises to repeat,  
 And restless sing, around Thy seat,  
 The new, eternal song.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

679 *Rejoice evermore.* 5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.  
 1 Thessalonians v. 16.

LET all men rejoice,  
 By Jesus restored ;  
 We lift up our voice,  
 And call Him our Lord ;  
 His joy is to bless us,  
 And free us from thrall,  
 From all that oppress us,  
 He rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King,  
 And Priest we proclaim,  
 We triumph and sing  
 Of Jesus's name ;  
 Poor sinners He teaches  
 To show forth His praise,  
 And tell of the riches  
 Of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull  
 The scholar whom He  
 Takes into His school,  
 And gives him to see ;  
 A wonderful fashion  
 Of teaching He hath,  
 And wise to salvation  
 He makes us through faith.

4 The wayfaring men,  
 Though fools, shall not stray,  
 His method so plain,  
 So easy the way ;  
 The simplest believer  
 His promise may prove,  
 And drink of the river  
 Of Jesus's love.

5 Poor outcasts of men,  
 Whose souls were despised,  
 And left with disdain,  
 By Jesus are prized :  
 His gracious creation  
 In us He makes known,  
 And brings us salvation,  
 And calls us His own.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

680 *He is faithful and just  
to forgive us our sins.*—1 John i. 9. G.G. G.G. 8.8.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,  
The prisoners of the Lord,  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to His word :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust ;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful He is, and just,  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you and me ;  
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear ;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see redemption near :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesu's sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
Ye soon the crown shall wear  
On your triumphant brow :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,  
And never can remove,  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise,  
Let us give thanks, and sing,  
And glory in His grace :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

Wesley. 1742.

681 *In all these things we are  
more than conquerors, through Him that  
loved us.*—Romans viii. 37. C.M.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

682 *I will praise Thee . . . .  
with my whole heart.*—Psalm ix. 1. 5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.

O WHAT shall I do  
My Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true,  
So plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver,  
So good to redeem  
The weakest believer  
That hangs upon 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 still they are talking  
Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight  
Shall be in Thy name ;  
They shall as their right  
Thy righteousness claim :  
Thy righteousness wearing,  
And cleansed by Thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in  
The presence of God.

4 For Thou art their boast,  
Their glory and power ;  
And I also trust  
To see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation,  
A life from the dead,  
The day of salvation,  
That lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord,  
Is now my Defence ;  
I trust in His word,  
None plucks me from thence ;  
Since I have found favour,  
He all things will do ;  
My King and my Saviour  
Shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see  
The bliss of Thine own,  
Thy secret to me  
Shall soon be made known ;  
For sorrow and sadness  
I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness  
Of all that believe.

Wesley. 1742.

683 *Singing with grace in  
your hearts to the Lord.*—Col. iii. 16. 5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.

O HEAVENLY King,  
Look down from above ;  
Assist us to sing  
Thy mercy and love ;  
So sweetly overflowing,  
So plenteous the store,  
Thou still art bestowing,  
And giving us more.

2 O God of our life,  
We hallow Thy name ;  
Our business and strife  
Is Thee to proclaim ;  
Accept our thanksgiving  
For creating grace ;  
The living, the living,  
Shall show forth Thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord,  
Almighty art Thou ;  
Preserved by Thy word,  
We worship Thee now ;  
The bountiful Donor  
Of all we enjoy ;  
Our tongues to Thine honour,  
And lives we employ.

4 But O ! above all,  
Thy kindness we praise,  
From sin and from thrall  
Which saves the lost race ;  
Thy Son Thou hast given  
The world to redeem,  
And bring us to heaven,  
Whose trust is in Him.

5 Wherefore of Thy love  
We sing and rejoice,  
With angels above  
We lift up our voice ;  
Thy love each believer  
Shall gladly adore,  
For ever and ever,  
When time is no more.

Wesley. 1742.

684 *I will sing of mercy and judgment.*—Psaln ci. 1. 7.6. 7.6. D.

MY song shall be of mercy ;  
Come, ye who love the Lord,  
Who know that He is gracious,  
Who trust His faithful word ;  
Tell out His words with gladness,  
With me exalt His name,  
Whose love endures for ever,  
To endless years the same.

2 My song shall be of judgment ;  
Ye who His chastenings feel,  
O faint not, nor be weary,  
He wounds that He may heal ;  
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,  
And in your grief confess  
That all His ways are wisdom,  
And truth, and righteousness.

3 Of mercy and of judgment  
To Thee, O Lord, we sing ;  
O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
O great eternal King !  
For only Thou art holy,  
For Thou art Lord alone ;  
And mercy still and judgment  
Are pillars of Thy throne.  
Henry Downton. 1851.

685 *We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Romans v. 11. C.M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word ;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror though.  
Isaac Watts. 1709.

686 *In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*—Isaiah xxx. 15. C.M.

MY Father, it is good for me  
To trust and not to trace,  
And wait with deep humility  
For Thy revealing grace.

2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,  
And strange to mortal sense,  
I love Thee in the mystery,  
I trust Thy providence.

3 I cannot see the secret things  
In th's my dark abode ;  
I may not reach with earthly wings  
The heights and depths of God.

4 So, faith and patience, wait awhile !  
Not doubting, not in fear ;  
For soon in heaven my Father's smile  
Shall render all things clear.

5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,  
Its dim uncertain night ;  
Bring in the grand apocalypse,  
Reveal the perfect light.

George Rawson. 1876.

687 *The peace of God which passeth all understanding.*—1 Ph lippians iv. 7. C.M.

WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
Deep as the unfathomed sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast ;

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial-way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee ;

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul  
Whose banks a living verdure keep,  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee. Amen.

Anon.

688 *Enoch walked with God :  
and he was not ; for God took him.*  
Genesis v. 24. 6.4. 6.4. 6.6.4.

WALKING with Thee, my God,  
Saviour benign,  
Daily confer on me  
Converse divine ;  
Jesus ! in Thee restored,  
Brother and holy Lord,  
Let it be mine.

2 Walking with Thee, my God,  
Like as a child  
Leans on his father's strength,  
Crossing the wild,  
And by the way is taught  
Lessons of holy thought,  
Faith undefiled.

3 Darkness and earthly mists  
How do they flee  
Far underneath my feet,  
Walking with Thee !  
Pure is that upper air,  
Cloudless the prospect there,  
Walking with Thee !

4 Walking in reverence,  
Humbly with Thee,  
Yet from all abject fear  
Lovingly free ;  
E'en as a friend with friend,  
Cheered to the journey's end,  
Walking with Thee !

5 Then Thy companions here  
Walking with Thee  
Rise to a higher life—  
Soul liberty ;  
*They are not here to love,*  
But to the home above  
*Taken by Thee.*

6 Gently translated, they  
Pass out of sight ;  
Gone ! as the morning stars  
Flee with the night ;  
*Taken to endless day !*  
So may I fade away  
Into Thy light. Amen.

George Rawson. 1876.

689 *Turn you to the stronghold,  
ye prisoners of hope.—Zech. ix. 12.*

PRISONERS of hope, arise,  
And see your Lord appear ;  
Lo ! on the wings of love He flies,  
And brings redemption near.

2 Redemption in His blood  
He calls you to receive ;  
' Look unto Me, the pardoning God ;  
Believe,' He cries, ' believe !'

3 The reconciling word  
We thankfully embrace ;  
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,  
A blood-besprinkled race.

4 We yield to be set free ;  
Thy counsel we approve ;  
Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee,  
And glory in Thy love.

5 Jesus, to Thee we look,  
Till saved from sin's remains ;  
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,  
And cast away his chains.

6 Our nature shall no more  
O'er us dominion have ;  
By faith we apprehend the power  
Which shall for ever save.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

690 *The Lord is my portion,  
saith my soul.—Lamentations iii. 24.*  
10.10. 10.10. 10.10.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly  
rest ;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain  
home ;  
At last I sought them in His sheltering  
breast,  
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary  
come ;  
With Him I found a home, a rest divine ;  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores sup-  
plied ;  
The ill is only what He deems the best ;  
With Him as Friend I'm rich, with nought  
beside,  
And poor without Him, though of all  
possessed.  
Changes may come ; I take, or I resign ;  
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change  
is seen ;  
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor de-  
clines ;  
Above the clouds and storms He walks  
serene,  
And sweetly on His people's darkness  
shines.  
All may depart ; I fret not nor repine,  
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

4 While here, alas! I know but half His love,  
But half discern Him, and but half  
adore;  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
I hope to love Him better, praise Him  
more,  
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.  
*H. F. Lyte. 1833.*

691 *I am continually with Thee.* L.M.  
Psalm lxxiii. 23.

(O THOU by long experience tried,  
Near whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord! how full of sweet content  
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with  
Thee,  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

6 Then let me to His throne repair,  
And never be a stranger there;  
Then love divine shall be my guard,  
And peace and safety my reward.

*Madame Guion. d. 1717.  
Tr. William Couper. 1780.*

692 *I am come a light into the world.* 10.4 10.4. 10.10  
John xii. 46.

LIGHT of the world! whose kind and  
gentle care  
Is joy and rest;  
Whose counsels and commands so gracious  
are,  
Wisest and best:  
Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard  
the way,  
Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure  
desire,  
Its hope and peace;  
I let not the faith Thy loving words inspire  
Falter, or cease;  
But be to me, true Friend, my chief de-  
light,  
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel Thee  
near,  
Faithful and true;  
To trust in Thee, without one doubt or  
fear,  
Thy will to do;  
And all the while to know that Thou,  
our Friend,  
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, O, then! when sorrow's night  
is o'er,  
Life's daylight come,  
And we are safe within heaven's golden  
door,  
At home! at home!  
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,  
Saviour, to Thee, our everlasting praise.

*Allen.  
Henry Bateman. 1862.*

## The Church of Christ.

### CHARACTER, UNITY AND FELLOWSHIP.

693 *Who redeemeth thy life* S.M.  
*from destruction.—Psalm ciii. 4.*

AND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For His redeeming grace!

2 Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast  
Of His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more.



6 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

694 *Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another.*  
1 Thessalonians v. 11.

C.M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by His grace,  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up,  
And, gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope  
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove;  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.

4 Even now we think and speak the same,  
And cordially agree;  
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,  
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel;  
A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know  
When round His throne we meet!

Wesley. 1747.

695 *Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.*—Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

BEHOLD, how good a thing  
It is to dwell in peace;  
How pleasing to our King,  
This fruit of righteousness;  
When brethren all in one agree,  
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined,  
True followers of the Lamb,  
The same in heart and mind,  
And think and speak the same;  
And all in love together dwell;  
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,  
The joys of heaven we prove;  
This is the gospel grace,  
The unction from above,  
The Spirit on all believers shed,  
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

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4 Where unity is found,  
The sweet anointing grace  
Extends to all around,  
And consecrates the place;  
To every waiting soul it comes,  
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Grace every morning new,  
And every night, we feel;  
The soft, refreshing dew  
That falls on Hermon's hill;  
On Zion it doth sweetly fall;  
The grace of one descends on all.

6 Even now our Lord doth pour  
The blessing from above,  
A kindly gracious shower  
Of heart-reviving love,  
The former and the latter rain,  
The love of God and love of man.

7 The riches of His grace  
In fellowship are given  
To Zion's chosen race,  
The citizens of heaven:  
He fills them with the choicest store,  
He gives them life for evermore.

Wesley. 1742.

696 *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit.*—Gal. vi. 18.

S.M.

AND let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still He keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with Him in white.

3 O let us still proceed  
In Jesu's work below;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go!

4 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before His labourers lies;  
And, lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end!

6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our sufferings and our pain;  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

8 The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

697 *I am the Good Shepherd,  
and know My sheep.*—John x. 14. C.M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To Thee for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep,  
For, O! the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of deadly malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay;  
He seizes every straggling soul  
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into Thy protection take,  
And gather with Thy arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side:  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree!  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in Thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

699 *By one Spirit are we all  
baptized into one body.*—1 Cor. xii. 13. C.M.

JESUS, united by Thy grace,  
And each to each endeared,  
With confidence we seek Thy face,  
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear Thine easy yoke;  
A band of love, a threefold cord,  
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;  
Baptize into Thy name;  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree;  
And ever towards each other move,  
And ever move towards Thee.

5 To Thee inseparably joined,  
Let all our spirits cleave;  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in Thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,  
Thy spotless charity;  
O let us, still we pray, possess  
The mind that was in Thee! Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1742.*

698 *Be ye all of one mind, . . .  
be pitiful, be courteous.*—1 Peter iii. 8. 7.7.7.7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in Thy name agree;  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace,  
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear,  
Come, and spread Thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear,  
To Thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above;  
On the wings of angels fly,  
Show how true believers die. Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

700 *Where two or three are  
gathered together in My name, there am I in  
the midst of them.*—Matt. xviii. 20. S.M.

JESUS, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy name:

2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove:  
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we meet;  
From nature's paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet, the grace to take  
Which Thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake  
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know Thou art;  
But, O, Thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove,  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love! Amen.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

701 *We . . . are one body in Christ.* 7.7.7.7.  
Romans xii. 5.

**P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts and voices up ;  
Jointly let us rise, and sing  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 2 Monuments of Jesu's grace,  
Speak we by our lives His praise ;  
Walk in Him we have received ;  
Show we not in vain believed.
- 3 While we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite ;  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship in Jesu's love.
- 4 Sweetly each, with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 5 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;  
Thee the unholy cannot see ;  
Make, O make us meet for Thee !
- 6 Every vile affection kill ;  
Root out every seed of ill ;  
Utterly abolish sin ;  
Write Thy law of love within.
- 7 Hence may all our actions flow ;  
Love the proof that Christ we know ;  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to Thee.
- 8 Love, Thine image, love impart !  
Stamp it on our face and heart !  
Only love to us be given !  
Lord, we ask no other heaven. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1746.*

702 *One Lord, one faith,  
one baptism.—Ephesians iv. 5.* 7.7.7.7.

**B**UILD us in one body up,  
Called in one high calling's hope ;  
One the Spirit whom we claim,  
One the pure baptismal flame :

- 2 One the faith, the common Lord,  
One the Father lives adored,  
Over, through, and in us all,  
God incomprehensible.
- 3 Steadfast let us cleave to Thee ;  
Love the mystic union be,  
Union to the world unknown,  
Joined to God in spirit one :
- 4 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,  
Till the Lamb shall take us home,  
For His heaven the Bride prepare,  
Solemnize our nuptials there.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

703 *I will put My Spirit  
within you.—Ezekiel xxxvi. 27.* L.M.

**U**NCHANGEABLE, almighty Lord,  
Our souls upon Thy truth we stay ;  
Accomplish now Thy faithful word,  
And give, O give us all one way !

- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,  
Who seek redemption in Thy blood,  
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,  
And build the temple of our God !
- 3 Thou only canst our wills control,  
Our wild, unruly passions bind,  
Tame the old Adam in our soul,  
And make us of one heart and mind.
- 4 Speak but the reconciling word,  
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,  
We all shall praise our common Lord,  
Our Jesus, and Him crucified.
- 5 Giver of peace and unity,  
Send down Thy mild, pacific Dove ;  
We all shall then in one agree,  
And breathe the spirit of Thy love.
- 6 O let us take a softer mould,  
Blended and gathered unto Thee ;  
Under one Shepherd make one fold,  
Where all is love and harmony !
- 7 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,  
And send a peaceful answer down ;  
To us Thy Father's name declare ;  
Unite and perfect us in one !
- 8 So shall the world believe and know  
That God hath sent Thee from above,  
When Thou art seen in us below,  
And every soul displays Thy love.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

704 *Come in, thou blessed of  
the Lord.—Genesis xxiv. 31.* C.M.

**C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
Stranger nor foe art thou ;  
We welcome thee with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother now.

- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart  
Of love, we offer thee ;  
Leaving the world, thou dost but part  
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The heavenly bread we break,  
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,  
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours ;  
Christians their mutual burdens bear,  
They lend their mutual powers.

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

5 Come with us ; we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done ;  
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,  
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,  
As star by star grows dim,  
May each, translated into day,  
Be lost and found in Him. Amen.

*James Montgomery.* 1834.

705 *Christ the power of God,  
and the wisdom of God.—1 Corinthians i. 24.*

5.5. 5.5. 6.5. 6.5.

ALL thanks to the Lamb,  
Who gives us to meet ;  
His love we proclaim,  
His praises repeat ;  
We own Him our Jesus,  
Continually near  
To pardon and bless us,  
And perfect us here.

2 In Him we have peace,  
In Him we have power,  
Preserved by His grace  
Throughout the dark hour,  
In all our temptations  
He keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation,  
His fulness of love.

3 O what shall we do  
Our Saviour to love ?  
To make us anew,  
Come, Lord, from above.  
The fruit of Thy passion,  
Thy holiness, give,  
Give us the salvation  
Of all that believe.

4 Come, Jesus, and loose  
The stammerer's tongue,  
And teach even us  
The spiritual song ;  
Let us without ceasing  
Give thanks for Thy grace,  
And glory, and blessing,  
And honour, and praise.

5 Pronounce the glad word,  
And bid us be free ;  
Ah ! hast Thou not, Lord,  
A blessing for me ?  
The peace Thou hast given  
This moment impart,  
And open Thy heaven,  
O Love, in my heart. Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

706 *Search me, O God, and know  
my heart : try me, and know my thoughts.*

C.M.

Psalm cxxxix. 23.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart,  
Whatever of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart !

2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear,  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into Thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive Thy ready bride ;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified. Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1742.

RECOGNITION OF  
MINISTERS.

707 *The greatest of these is charity.*

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

1 Corinthians xiii. 13.

GIVE me the faith which can remove  
And sink the mountain to a plain ;  
Give me the child-like praying love,  
Which longs to build Thy house again ;  
Thy love let it my heart o'erpower,  
And all my simple soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,  
I want a calmly fervent zeal,  
To save poor souls out of the fire,  
To snatch them from the verge of hell,  
And turn them to a pardoning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.

3 I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone,  
To spend, and to be spent, for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;  
Fully on these my mission prove,  
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

4 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,  
Into Thy blessed hands receive ;  
And let me live to preach Thy word,  
And let me to Thy glory live ;  
My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine ;  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a zeal like Thine ;  
And lead them to Thy open side,  
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.  
Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

708 *The Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.*—1 Peter ii. 25. C.M.

**L**ORD and Bishop of our souls,  
We bow the lowly knee,  
And pray that strength be sent to those  
Who minister for Thee.

O! give them solemn, fearless words  
Which may arouse the old;  
Give glowing love, that they may draw  
The lambs within Thy fold.

3 Give lips that burn with heavenly fire,  
From pride and error free;  
And earnest hearts to plead with those  
Who never plead with Thee.

4 And grant them, too, a patient zeal,  
A zeal that will not slack;  
Nor shun to bear with wayward sheep,  
And bring the wanderer back.

That when at length their work is o'er,  
And rest in heaven is won;  
Each faithful servant may receive  
Thy welcome word—' Well done.'

Amen.  
John P. Hobson. 1881.

709 *I will also clothe her priests with salvation.*—Psalm cxxxii. 16. L.M.

**L**ORD, pour Thy Spirit from on high,  
And Thine ordained servants bless,  
And grace and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe them all with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Like shining stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

3 True wisdom, firmness, love impart,  
And zeal and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, form the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Amen.  
James Montgomery. 1833.

710 *Prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him.* Acts xii. 5. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

**L**ORD of the Church, we humbly pray  
For those who guide us in Thy way,  
And speak Thy holy word;  
With love divine their hearts inspire,  
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,  
And needful strength afford.

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2 Help them to preach the truth of God,  
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
Nor let the Spirit cease  
On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
To them a messenger of power,  
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone;  
Then hear the welcome word, 'Well done!'  
And take their crown above;  
Enter into their Master's joy,  
And all eternity employ  
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.  
Edward Osler. 1836.

711 *Receive him . . . with all gladness.*—Philippians ii. 29. L.M.

**W**E bid thee welcome in the name  
Of Jesus our exalted Head,  
Come as a servant: so He came;  
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep  
This fold from hell and earth and sin,  
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand  
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,  
And when the sword comes on the land,  
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel: hence to guide  
A band of pilgrims on their way,  
That, safely walking at thy side,  
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher: sent from God,  
Charged His whole counsel to declare,  
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a messenger of peace,  
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;  
Live to behold our large increase,  
And die to meet us all above.

James Montgomery. 1853.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

(See also Prayer.)

712 *It is good for me to draw near to God.*—Psalm lxxiii. 28. L.M.

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
draw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

3 Restraint prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour  
bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they falld,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? ah! think again;  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care:

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

William Cowper. 1779.

713 *He breathed on them,  
and saith un'o them, Receive ye the Holy  
Ghost.—John xx. 22.* C.M.

SEE, Jesus, Thy disciples see!  
The promised blessing give;  
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,  
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in Thy name are joined;  
We wait, according to Thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here;  
But, O, Thyself reveal!  
Son of the living God, appear!  
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live;  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
'The Holy Ghost receive!'

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!  
Jesus, the Crucified,  
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive,  
Speak, and the tokens show;  
'O be not faithless, but believe  
In Me, who died for you!'

Charles Wesley. 1749.

714 *The Spirit itself maketh  
intercession for us.—Romans viii. 26.* S.M.

THE praying Spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart,  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my anxious heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppress;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thy own this moment seize;  
Gather my wandering spirit home  
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,  
And shut me up in God. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

715 *The Lord talked with you  
face to face.—Deuteronomy v. 4.* C.M.

TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway  
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;  
'Tis all I wish to seek:  
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee truly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I Thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in Thee. Amen.  
Wesley. 1740.

716 *Pray without ceasing.  
1 Thessalonians v. 17.* C.M.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day,  
To all Thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O let our souls on Thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim,  
To wrestle till we see Thy face,  
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,  
Till Thou Thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
'I will not let Thee go;

5 'I will not let Thee go, unless  
Thou tell Thy name to me,  
With all Thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like Thee.



6 Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold Thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

717 *Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Colossians iii. 17.* C.M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place,  
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil, and care;  
And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done;  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.  
*John Ellerton.* 1870.

718 *7.7. 7.7. 7.7.*  
*Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.—Hebrews x. 25.*

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer,  
If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,  
Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above;  
While we worship in this place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Meet for endless glory be. Amen.  
*Ingram Cobbin.* 1828.

719 *L.M.*  
*There I will meet with thee,  
and I will commune with thee from above  
the mercy-seat.—Exodus xxv. 22.*

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

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

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

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or bow the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.  
*Hugh Stowell.* 1832.

720 *L.M.*  
*Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.—Psalm cxxii. 6.*

NOT for a favourite form or name,  
But for immortal souls we care;  
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,  
That millions may her blessings share.

2 Prosper our Church; our souls renew;  
Our languid, fainting spirits raise;  
Revive surrounding Churches too,  
And spread throughout the earth Thy  
praise. Amen.  
*Anon.*

721 *8.8.6. 8.8.6.*  
*The Lord is my strength  
and song.—Psalm cxviii. 14.*

NOW have we met that we may ask  
Recruited vigour for the task  
Of living as we would;  
For we would live by that same word  
Which all the honoured men have heard  
Who by their faith have stood.

2 Through God alone can man be strong;  
To comfort us He gave this song,  
In Jesus Christ we stand;  
Death held Him in His gloomy prison,  
He broke the chains and has arisen,  
To rule the deathless land.

3 An inner light, an inner calm,  
Have they who trust His champion arm,  
And hearing do His will;  
For things are not as they appear,  
In death is life, in trouble cheer,  
So faith is conqueror still.

4 Thus would we live; and therefore pray  
For strength renewed, that we may say,  
Our life, it upward tends;  
If we who sing must sometimes sigh—  
Yet life, beginning with a cry,  
In Hallelujah ends.

*T. T. Lynch.* 1855.

BAPTISM.

722 *I will establish My covenant  
between Me and thee and thy seed after thee.*  
Genesis xvii. 7. C.M.

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer  
We now devote to Thee;  
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,  
And Thy salvation see.

2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace  
While dwelling here below;  
To us and ours, O God of grace,  
The same compassion show.

3 In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray,  
And let them to the end endure  
In every righteous way. Amen.

Anon.

723 *Suffer the little children  
to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.* C.M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in His arms!

2 'Permit them to approach,' He cries,  
'Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to Thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be. Amen.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

724 *Of such is the kingdom  
of God.—Mark x. 14.* S.M.

TO Thee, O God, in heaven,  
These little ones we bring,  
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,  
Our dearest offering.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face  
Their angels do behold,  
We bring them, praying that Thy grace  
May keep; Thine arms enfold.

3 To Thee, who children blest  
And suffered them to come,  
To Thee, who took them to Thy breast,  
We bring these infants home.

J. Freeman Clarke. 1814.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

725 *This do in remembrance  
of Me.—Luke xxii. 19.* C.M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body broken for my sake  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn my eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee:

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains  
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these falling lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me. Amen.

James Montgomery. 1825.

726 *Take, eat: this is My body,  
which is broken for you.—1 Cor. xi. 24.* S.M.

JESUS, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word;  
And, in Thine own appointed way,  
We come to meet Thee, Lord.

2 Thus we remember Thee;  
And take this bread and wine  
As Thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption-sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be expressed,  
The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirits cheer;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us Thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1745.

727 *This cup is the New Testament in My blood.—1 Cor. xi. 25.* S.M.

COME, all who truly bear  
The name of Christ your Lord,  
His last mysterious supper share,  
And keep His kindest word.

2 Hereby your faith approve  
In Jesus crucified ;

1 In memory of My dying love,  
Do this, He said,—and died.

3 The badge and token this,  
The sure confirming seal,  
That He is ours, and we are His,  
The servants of His will ;

4 His dear, peculiar ones,  
The purchase of His blood ;  
His blood which once for all atones,  
And brings us now to God.

5 Then let us still profess  
Our Master's honoured name ;  
Stand forth His faithful witnesses,  
True followers of the Lamb.

6 In proof that such we are,  
His sayings we receive,  
And thus to all mankind declare  
We do in Christ believe.

Wesley. 1745.

728 *His great love wherewith He loved us.—Ephesians ii. 4.* C.M.

IN memory of the Saviour's love,  
We keep the sacred feast,  
Where every humble, contrite heart  
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the Bread of Life  
With which our souls are fed,  
The cup in token of His blood  
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing  
The wonders of His love ;  
And thus anticipate by faith  
The heavenly feast above.

Thomas Cotterill. 1810. *all.*

729 *Drink the cup of the Lord, 1 Corinthians x. 21.* C.M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command  
We now approach to God,  
Before us in Thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipped in blood ;

2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed bread,  
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on Thee to feed.

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3 The tokens of Thy dying love  
O let us all receive !  
And feel the quickening Spirit move,  
And sensibly believe.

4 The cup of blessing, blessed by Thee,  
Let it Thy blood impart ;  
The bread Thy mystic body be,  
And cheer each languid heart.

5 The Living Bread, sent down from heaven,  
In us vouchsafe to be ;  
Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by Thee.

6 Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,  
And let us drink Thy blood,  
Till all our souls are filled below  
With all the life of God. Amen.

Wesley. 1742.

730 *Christ our Passover. 1 Corinthians v. 7.* S.M.

LET all who truly bear  
The bleeding Saviour's name,  
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,  
And eat the Paschal Lamb.

2 This Eucharistic feast  
Our every want supplies ;  
And still we by His death are blessed,  
And share His sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ,  
His sufferings to record,  
Even now we mournfully enjoy  
Communion with our Lord.

4 We too with Him are dead,  
And shall with Him arise ;  
The cross on which He bows His head  
Shall lift us to the skies.

Wesley. 1745.

731 *The table of the Lord. Malachi i. 12.* L.M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,  
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood ;  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are these emblems still in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?  
Was not for you the victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

4 O let Thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Amen.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. *all.*

732 *Rejoice in the Lord alway.* L.M.  
Philippians iv. 4.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !  
Thou Fount of life ! Thou Light of men !  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, All in all !

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still,  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !  
Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.  
Amen.

*Bernard of Clairvaux. 12th Century.*  
*Tr. Kay Palmer. 1833.*

733 8.10. 10.10. 8.6.  
*Is it not the communion of  
the blood of Christ? . . . Is it not the com-  
munion of the body of Christ?—1 Cor. x. 16.*

O HOLY Jesus, Prince of Peace !  
Thy peace be with us gathering  
round Thy board,

Here where the presence of an unseen Lord  
Waits to be gracious, charged with full  
release

To every heavy-laden soul,  
Which here remembers Thee.

2 Once more as in that upper room,  
Thou who didst love Thine own unto the  
end,

Thou whose dear voice to every sorrowing  
friend,

Spoke the great promise through the deep-  
ening gloom,

Thou bidst us, Master of the feast,  
To-day remember Thee.

3 And e'en as in our hands we take  
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,  
Thy dying testament, which from above  
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,

A fount of grace and life to all ;  
We do remember Thee.

4 When stung by thoughts of sin and  
shame

We scarce can dare to meet our Father's  
look,

Through these Thy signs we know that not  
rebuke

But pardoning love is ours, as in Thy name  
We now present ourselves, and here,  
O Christ, remember Thee.

5 Ours is the bond of love divine,  
Which knits us each to all and all to each,  
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can  
reach

From the white choir around Thy heaven-y  
shrine

To those who come in faith to-day  
Here to remember Thee.

6 Thy banquet over, as we go  
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,  
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,  
To work the works which Thou hast bid us  
do,

Abide with us, O Lord, that still  
We may remember Thee ! Amen.

*R. Brown-Borthwick. 1870.*

734 *My flesh is meat indeed,* C.M.  
*and My blood is drink indeed.*  
John vi. 53.

O JESUS Christ, the holy One !  
I long to be with Thee ;  
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One !  
Come and abide with me.

2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love  
Before Thy saints are set,  
And Thou, descending from above,  
Their yearning hearts hast met ;

3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power  
This lonely heart of mine ;  
And feed me in this solemn hour  
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 My 'meat indeed,' my 'drink indeed'  
Art Thou, my gracious Lord ;  
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed  
On this Thy precious word ;

5 Till, nourished, strengthened, satisfied,  
My glad and thankful heart  
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,  
In those Thou dost impart. Amen.

*Jane E. Suxby. b. 1811.*

735 7.7 7.7.7.7  
*Ye do shew the Lord's death*  
*till He come.—1 Corinthians xi. 26.*

'TILL He come ! O, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords ;  
Let the 'little while' between  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how heaven and hours  
Lie beyond that 'till He come.'

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast ?  
Hush ! be every murmur dumb :  
It is only 'till He come.'

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press :  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb  
Only whisper, 'till He come.'

4 See, the feast of love is spread !  
Drink the wine and break the bread :  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board ;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only 'till He come.'

*Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1858.*

736 *But when the Comforter* C.M.  
*is come, . . . He shall testify of Me.*  
John xv. 26.

COME, Holy Ghost, Thine influence  
shed,  
And realize the sign ;  
Thy life infuse into the bread,  
Thy power into the wine.

Effectual let the tokens prove,  
And made, by heavenly art,  
Fit channels to convey Thy love  
To every faithful heart. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley. 1745.*

737 *Our own God shall bless us.* 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
Psaln lxxvii. 6.

NOW in parting, Father, bless us ;  
Saviour, still Thy peace bestow ;  
Gracious Comforter ! be with us,  
As we from this table go :  
Bless us, bless us,  
Father, Son, and Spirit, now.

2 Bless us here, while still as strangers  
Onward to our home we move ;  
Bless us with eternal blessings  
In our Father's house above :  
Ever, ever,  
Dwelling in the light of love. Amen.  
*Horatius Bonar. 1882.*

LOVEFEAST.

738 *Be ye all of one mind . . .* S.M.  
*love as brethren.—1 Peter iii. 8.*

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love !  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

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3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

*John Fawcett. 1782.*

739 *Then shall ye also appear* 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.  
*with Him in glory.—Colossians iii. 4.*

COME, all who'er have set  
Your faces Sion-ward,  
In Jesus let us meet,  
And praise our common Lord ;  
In Jesus let us still go on,  
Till all appear before His throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,  
We to our country come,  
To that celestial hill,  
The weary pilgrim's home,  
The new Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.

3 The ransomed sons of God,  
All earthly things we scorn,  
And to our high abode  
With songs of praise return ;  
From strength to strength we still proceed,  
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith  
Each moment may we feel ;  
Redeemed from sin and wrath,  
From earth, and death, and hell,  
We to our Father's house repair,  
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,  
Our all in all, is He ;  
And in His steps who tread,  
We soon His face shall see ;  
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,  
And then in heaven our journey end.

*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

740 *Your love-feasts.—Jude 12.* 7.7. 7.7.  
K.V.

COME, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine ;  
Give we all, with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord ;

LOVEFEAST—WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

2 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;  
Sing as in the ancient days ;  
Antedate the joys above :  
Celebrate the feast of love.

3 Strive we, in affection strive,  
Let the purer flame revive,  
Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
Dying champions for their God.

4 We, like them, may live and love ;  
Called we are their joys to prove,  
Saved with them from future wrath,  
Partners of like precious faith.

5 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
Now as yesterday the same,  
One in every time and place,  
Full, for all, of truth and grace.

6 We for Christ, our Master, stand  
Lights in a benighted land ;  
We our dying Lord confess,  
We are Jesu's witnesses.

7 Witnesses that Christ hath died,  
We with Him are crucified :  
Christ hath burst the bands of death,  
We His quickening Spirit breathe.

8 Christ is now gone up on high,  
Thither all our wishes fly :  
Sits at God's right hand above ;  
There with Him we reign in love !  
Wesley. 1740.

741 *Made us sit together in  
heavenly places.—Ephesians ii. 6.* 6.6.9. 6.6.9.

COME, let us ascend,  
My companion and friend,  
To a taste of the banquet above ;  
If thy heart be as mine,  
If for Jesus it pine,  
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,  
We are bold to outride  
The storms of affliction beneath ;  
With the prophet we soar  
To the heavenly shore,  
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come  
To our permanent home ;  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive  
How happy we live,  
In the palace of God, the great King ?  
What a concert of praise,  
When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing !

5 What a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join ;  
Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
And the burden is, ' Mercy divine !

6 ' Hallelujah,' they cry,  
' To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM ;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

7 ' Our foreheads proclaim  
His ineffable name ;  
Our bodies His glory display :  
A day without night  
We feast in His sight,  
And eternity seems as a day.'  
Wesley. 1749.

WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE.

742 *Call to remembrance the  
former days.—Hebrews x. 32.* 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.

A CROSS the sky the shades of night  
This winter's eve are fleeting ;  
We come to Thee the Life and Light,  
In solemn worship meeting ;  
And as the year's last hours go by  
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,  
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,  
To Thee our prayers addressing ;  
Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
And all our sins confessing ;  
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
To dear ones gone before us,  
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,  
Their spirits hovering o'er us ;  
And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
To re-unite us all, at last,  
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
The memory of Thy mercies ;  
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,  
Our grateful song rehearses ;  
For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay  
In many a dark and dreary day  
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread  
Like evil spells have bound us,  
And clouds were gathering overhead,  
Thy Providence hath found us ;  
In many a night when waves ran high,  
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh  
Hath made all calm around us.



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

6 Then, O great God, in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us,  
 Right onward through our journey home  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us;  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

Amen.

James Hamilton. b. 1819.

743 *In the night His song  
 shall be with me.—Psalm xlii. 8.*

C.M.

JOIN all ye ransomed sons of grace,  
 The holy joy prolong,  
 And shout to the Redeemer's praise  
 A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might  
 Be to our Jesus given,  
 Who turns our darkness into light,  
 Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls He leads,  
 Thither He bids us rise,  
 With crowns of joy upon our heads,  
 To meet Him in the skies.

Wesley. 1749.

744 *I press toward the mark  
 for the prize of the high calling of God in  
 Christ Jesus.—Philippians iii. 14.*

5.5. 5.11.

COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,  
 With vigour arise,

And press to our permanent place in the  
 skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,  
 Though wandering on earth  
 This is not our place;

But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we  
 confess.

3 At Jesus's call,  
 We gave up our all;  
 And still we forego

For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find  
 For the country behind;  
 But onward we move,

And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy,  
 Without any alloy,  
 We thither repair;

Our hearts and our treasure already are  
 there.

6 We march hand in hand  
 To Immanuel's land;  
 No matter what cheer

We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

7 The rougher our way,  
 The shorter our stay;  
 The tempests that rise

Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

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8 The fiercer the blast,  
 The sooner 'tis past;  
 The troubles that come,  
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us  
 home.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

745 *Ye know neither the day  
 nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.*  
 Matthew xxv. 13.

5.5. 5.11.

COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,

Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our talents improve,  
 By the patience of hope and the labour of  
 love.

3 Our life is a dream;  
 Our time, as a stream  
 Glides swiftly away;  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,

4 The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone;  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day  
 Of His coming may say,  
 'I have fought my way through;  
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me  
 to do.'

6 O that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 Well and faithfully done;  
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on My  
 throne.

Charles Wesley. 1750.

COVENANT SERVICE.

746 *Come and let us join  
 ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant.*  
 Jeremiah i. 5.

C.M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,  
 And all, with one accord,  
 In a perpetual covenant join  
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,  
 His name to glorify;  
 And promise, in this sacred hour,  
 For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make,  
 Be ever kept in mind;  
 We will no more our God forsake,  
 Or cast His words behind.

4 We never will throw off His fear,  
 Who hears our solemn vow;  
 And if Thou art well pleased to hear,  
 Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive ;  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away ;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

747 *Their sins and iniquities  
will I remember no more.*—Hebrews x. 17.

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**F**ORGIVE us, for Thy mercy's sake,  
Our multitude of sins forgive,  
And for Thine own possession take,  
And bid us to Thy glory live ;  
Live in Thy sight, and gladly prove  
Our faith by our obedient love.

2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,  
And all Thy mighty wonders show :  
Our inbred enemies expel,  
And conquering them to conquer go,  
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,  
And not one evil thought remain.

3 O put it in our inward parts,  
The living law of perfect love !  
Write the new precept in our hearts,  
We shall not then from Thee remove,  
Who in Thy glorious image shine,  
Thy people, and for ever Thine. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

748 *The Lord is very pitiful,  
and of tender mercy.*—James v. 11.

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

**O** GOD ! how often hath Thine ear  
To me in willing mercy bowed ;  
While worshipping Thine altar near,  
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed ;  
But ah ! the feebleness of man,  
Have I not vowed and wept in vain ?

2 Return, O Lord of hosts ! return,  
Behold Thy servant in distress ;  
My faithlessness again I mourn ;  
Again forgive my faithlessness ;  
And to Thine arms my spirit take,  
And bless me for the Saviour's sake.

3 In pity for the soul Thou lov'st,  
Now bid my hateful sin expire ;  
Let me desire what Thou approv'st,  
Thou dost approve what I desire ;  
And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,  
And I will dare to call Thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,  
The bond of sure and promised peace ;  
Nor can I doubt its power divine,  
Since sealed with Jesu's blood it is ;  
That blood I trust, that blood alone,  
And make the covenant peace mine own.

5 But, that my faith no more may know  
Or change, or interval, or end,  
Help me in all Thy paths to go,  
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,  
And gladden me with answers mild,  
And commune, Father, with Thy child.  
Amen.

W. M. Bunting. 1824.

749 *My heart is fixed, O God  
... I will sing and give praise.*—Ps. lvi. 7.

L.M.

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

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love !  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever once from Christ depart,  
In him of every good possess.

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

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

## Death, Resurrection and Judgment.

750 *A thousand years in Thy  
sight are but as yesterday when it is past.*  
Psalm xc. 4.

C.M.

**O** GOD ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home ;

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God ! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

*Isaac Watts.* 1719.

751 *We spend our years as a  
tale that is told.*—Psalm xc. 9. S.M.D.

A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath-day :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that sweet day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

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6 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign :  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day ;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away. Amen.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1856.

752 *The grass withereth,  
the flower fadeth.*—Isaiah xl. 7. L.M.

THE morning flowers display their  
sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty  
shows ;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains :  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains.

*Samuel Wesley, Jun.* 1729.

753 *Thou turnest man to  
destruction.*—Psalm xc. 3. C.M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name !  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We are travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the  
ground,  
To push us to the tomb ;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

- 5 Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things ;  
The eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God. Amen.  
*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

754 *So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psalm xc. 12.* L.M.

- A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
Teach me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;  
A little point my life appears ;  
How frail, at best, is dying man !  
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show ;  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;  
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !  
My God, I bow before Thy throne ;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign  
And fix my hopes on Thee alone.  
*Anne Steele. 1700.*

755 *Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Job. xiii. 14.* 7.6. 7.6. D.

- B**RIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !
- 2 And now we fight the battle,  
And then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown ;  
But He, whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known ;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.
- 3 The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as does the day.

There God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

- 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.  
*Bernard of Cluny. 12th Century.*  
*Tr. J. M. Neale. 1851.*

756 *O death, where is thy sting ?* S.M.  
1 Corinthians xv. 55.

- I**T is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this mortal dust,  
And rise on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die :  
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.  
*C. H. A. Malan. 1826.*  
*Tr. G. W. Bethune. 1877.*

757 *Why weepest thou ?* C.M.  
John xx. 13.

- W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,  
When God recalls His own,  
And bids them leave a world of woe  
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Say, is not death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given ?  
Gladly on earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,  
And they are fully blest ;  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,  
God has recalled His own ;  
But let our hearts, in every woe,  
Still say, ' Thy will be done.'  
*O. P. 1826.*  
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758 *I will come again, and receive you unto Myself—John xiv. 3.* 6.6. 8.6. 8.8.

FRIEND after friend departs:  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end;  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery. 1824.

759 *It is appointed unto men once to die.—Hebrews ix. 27.* 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

AND am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joy, or dreadful pains,  
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay!  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,  
Against the fatal day.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
The inexorable throne.

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies;  
How make mine own election sure,  
And, when I fall on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;  
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way  
To glorious happiness:  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1763.

760 *I am going the way of all the earth.—Joshua xxiii. 14.* L.M.

PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,  
And all that now in bodies live  
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,  
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,  
May mansions for themselves prepare  
In that eternal house above;  
And, O my God, shall I be there?

Charles Wesley. 1762.

761 *I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner.—Psalm xxxix. 12.* L.M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,  
I too shall gather up my feet,  
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
And die, my father's God to meet.

2 Numbered among Thy people, I  
Expect with joy Thy face to see:  
Because Thou didst for sinners die,  
Jesus, in death remember me.

3 O that without a lingering groan  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live!

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

762 *The time of the dead, that they should be judged.—Rev. xi. 18.* 8.7. 8.7. 8.8.7.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead, which they contained before;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone,  
Trembling they stand before His throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created!  
Behold the Judge of man appear,  
On clouds of glory seated!  
Low at His cross, I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt. 1585. Tr. Anon. 1802.  
Last three verses by W. B. Collyer. 1812.

763 *The earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.* 7.6. 7.6. 7.8. 7.6.  
2 Peter iii. 10.

STAND the omnipotent decree!  
Jehovah's will be done!  
Nature's end we wait to see,  
And hear her final groan:  
Let this earth dissolve, and blend  
In death the wicked and the just,  
Let those ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust:

2 Rests secure the righteous man:  
At his Redeemer's beck  
Sure to emerge, and rise again,  
And mount above the wreck:  
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,  
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,  
Triumphs in immortal powers,  
And claps his wings of fire.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,  
By worlds on worlds destroyed;  
Far beneath his feet he views,  
With smiles, the flaming void;  
Sees the universe renewed,  
The grand millennial reign begun;  
Shouts, with all the sons of God,  
Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope  
To be at last restored,  
Yield we now our bodies up  
To earthquake, plague, or sword;  
Listening for the call divine,  
The latest trumpet of the seven,  
Soon our soul and dust shall join,  
And both fly up to heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1756.

764 *Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.*—Revelation xix. 9. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

YE virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake!  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take;  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
'Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!'

2 He comes, He comes, to call  
The nations to His bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are;  
Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend;  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all His saints ascend;  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil, His face!

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4 Ye that have here received  
The unction from above,  
And in His Spirit lived,  
Obedient to His love,  
Jesus shall claim you for His bride;  
Rejoice with all the sanctified!

5 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above you angel powers,  
In glorious joy to live;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound;  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching let us be found;  
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
Be found—as, Lord, Thou find'st us now.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

765 *The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorrupt ble.* 1 Corinthians xv. 52. L. M.

THE great Archangel's trump shall sound,  
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,  
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,  
The earth no more her slain conceal;  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,  
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains  
hurled,  
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,  
And calmly see a burning world.

5 The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruined world look down;  
By love above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

766 *Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him.* Revelation i. 7. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train.  
Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.

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DEATH, RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
 Robed in dreadful majesty;  
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His passion  
 Still His dazzling body bears;  
 Cause of endless exultation  
 To His ransomed worshippers:  
 With what rapture  
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thy eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own!  
 Jah! Jehovah!  
 Everlasting God! come down. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1758.

767 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*All live unto Him.*—Luke xx. 38.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes  
 Unveiled Thy whole creation lies!  
 All souls are Thine: we must not say  
 That those are dead who pass away;  
 From this our world of sense set free,  
 Our dead are living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,  
 With Thee is hidden still their life;  
 Thine are their thoughts, their works,  
 their powers,  
 All Thine, and yet most truly ours;  
 For well we know, where'er they be,  
 Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,  
 Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
 Not wandering in unknown despair,  
 Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;  
 Not left to lie like fallen tree;  
 Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
 To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
 And bless Thee for the love which gave  
 Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
 That none might fear that world to see  
 Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,  
 O Holder of the keys of death,  
 O Quickener of the life within,  
 Save us from death, the death of sin;  
 That body, soul, and spirit be  
 For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

John Ellerton. 1867.

768 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*Prepare to meet thy God.*  
 Amos iv. 12.

THOU God of glorious majesty!  
 To Thee, against myself, to Thee,  
 A son of earth, I cry;  
 A half-awakened child of man;  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain;  
 A sinner born to die.

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2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible;  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God! mine inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at Thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss to ensure;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive  
 Transported from this vale to live  
 And reign with Thee above;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1719.

769 S.M.  
*We must all appear before  
 the judgment seat of Christ.*—2 Cor. v. 10.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear!

2 Our cautioned souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day;  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray, and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown,  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 The immortal Son of man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.

5 To damp our earthly joys,  
 To increase our gracious fears,  
 For ever let the Archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears;

6 The solemn midnight cry,  
'Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
And meet your instant doom!

7 O may we thus be found  
Obedient to His word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord!

8 O may we thus ensure  
A lot among the blest;  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley. 1749.

770 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.  
*The harvest is the end of  
the world.*—Matthew xiii. 39.

THIS is the field, the world below,  
In which the sowers came to sow,  
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,  
For so the word of truth declares;  
And soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth! and is it so,  
Must all the world that harvest know,  
Is every man or wheat or tare?  
Then for that harvest O prepare!  
For soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

3 To love my sins, a saint to appear,  
To grow with wheat, yet be a tare,  
May serve me while I live below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow;  
But soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

But all who truly righteous be  
Their Father's kingdom then shall see,  
And shine like suns for ever there;  
He that hath ears, now let him hear;  
For soon the reaping time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

Joseph Hinchstiffe. 1787.

771 7.6. 7.6. 7.7. 7.6.  
*At midnight there was a cry  
made, Behold the bridegroom cometh.*  
Matthew xxv. 6.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,  
The awful midnight cry!  
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,  
And see the Bridegroom nigh:  
Lo! He comes to keep His word,  
Light and joy His looks impart;  
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,  
And meet Him in your heart.

2 Ye who faint beneath the load  
Of sin, your heads lift up:  
See your great Redeeming God,  
He comes, and bids you hope:  
In the midnight of your grief,  
Jesus doth His mourners cheer;  
Lo! He brings you sure relief;  
Believe, and feel Him here.

3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,  
Whose lamps are burning bright,  
Worthy in your Saviour's worth,  
To walk with Him in white;  
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,  
Bids you all His promise prove;  
Jesus comes to cast out sin,  
And perfect you in love.

4 Wait we all in patient hope,  
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;  
We shall soon be all caught up  
To meet the general doom:  
In an hour to us unknown,  
As a thief in deepest night,  
Christ shall suddenly come down,  
With all His saints in light.

5 Happy he whom Christ shall find  
Watching to see Him come;  
Him the Judge of all mankind  
Shall bear triumphant home:  
Who can answer to His word?  
Which of you dares meet His day?  
'Rise, and come to judgment!'—Lord,  
We rise, and come away.

Wesley. 1742.

772 7.7. 7.7.  
*Where shall the ungodly  
and the sinner appear?*—1 Peter iv. 18.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death-shades o'er thee  
spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, O where, wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly;  
Thou shalt peace thy spirit cheer,  
Thou in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. Smith. 1840.

Heaven and the Life Hereafter.

773 *Run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.*  
Hebrews xii. 1, 2.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, even us, abide,  
Who would on Thee alone rely ;  
On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place ;  
But hasten through the vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold Thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

3 We have no bidding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight ;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind ;  
From strength to strength we travel on,  
The New Jerusalem to find ;  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast  
borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven ;  
That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love Divine,  
We urge our way with strength re-  
newed,  
The Church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God,  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Wesley. 1747.

774 *Where I am, there shall ye be also.*—John xiv. 3.

L.M.

AS when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
His heart revives, if, cross the plains,  
He sees his home, though distant still,

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
He sights the space that lies between ;  
His past fatigues are now forgot,  
Because his journey's end is seen.

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3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
No more he grieves for troubles past,  
Nor any future trials fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell  
With Jesus, in the realms of day ;  
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
And He will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to Thine abode ;  
Assured our home will make amends  
For all our toil while on the road.

John Newton. 1779.

775 *I saw a new heaven and a new earth.*—Revelation xxi. 1.

8.8. 8.8. D. Anapastic.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall recover our home,  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come ;  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :  
The city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air,  
No gloom of affliction or sin,  
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here ;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear ;  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,  
Which never is followed by night,  
Where Jesus's beauties display  
A pure and a permanent light :  
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun,  
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,  
With Jesus ineffably one,  
And bright in effulgence divine !

Charles Wesley. 1744.

776 *So shall we ever be with the Lord.*—1 Thessalonians iv. 17. S.M. D.

'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 I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

3 'For ever with the Lord!'  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
Even here to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail,  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,  
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
'For ever with the Lord!'

*James Montgomery.* 1835.

777 *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.* Revelation ii. 10. S.S. S.S. S.S.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,  
I shall keep me faithful to the end:  
I trust Thy truth, and love, and power,  
Shall save me to the latest hour;  
And, when I lay this body down,  
Reward with an immortal crown.

2 Jesus, in Thy great Name I go  
To conquer death, my final foe;  
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,  
And soar on angels' wings away,  
My soul the second death defies,  
And reigns eternal in the skies.

3 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
What Christ hath for His saints prepared,  
Who conquer through their Saviour's  
might,  
Who sink into perfection's height,  
And trample death beneath their feet,  
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

4 Dost thou desire to know and see  
What thy mysterious name shall be?  
Contending for thy heavenly home,  
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;  
Till thou searchest out in vain,  
What only conquest can explain.

*Charles Wesley.* 1762.

778 *We which have believed do enter into rest.*—Hebrews iv. 3. S.M.

O! WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul!  
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound  
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

4 Here would we end our quest;  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

*James Montgomery.* 1819.

779 *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*—Revelation xiv. 13. C.M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven  
proclaims  
For all the pious dead!  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And so it their dying bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest:  
How calm their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from tears re-  
leased,  
And freed from every snare;

3 Till that illustrious morning come,  
When all Thy saints shall rise,  
And, decked in full immortal bloom,  
Attend Thee to the skies.

4 Their tongues, great Prince of Life,  
shall join  
With their recovered breath,  
And all the immortal host ascribe  
Their victory to Thy death.

*Isaac Watts.* 1709.

780 *Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.*—John xvii. 24. Irregular.

SOON and for ever,  
Such promise our trust,  
Though ashes to ashes,  
And dust be to dust,

Soon and for ever  
Our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious  
Redeemer, in Thee ;  
When the sins and the sorrows  
Of time shall be o'er,  
Its pangs and its partings  
Remembered no more ;  
Where life cannot fail and where  
Death cannot sever,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and for ever.

2 Soon and for ever  
The breaking of day  
Shall chase all the night-clouds  
Of sorrow away ;  
Soon and for ever  
We'll see as we're seen,  
And know the deep meaning  
Of things that have been,  
Where fightings without us  
And conflicts within  
Shall weary no more in  
The warfare with sin,  
Where tears, and where fears, and  
where  
Death shall be never,  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and for ever.

3 Soon and for ever  
The work shall be done,  
The warfare accomplished,  
The victory won ;  
Soon and for ever  
The soldier lay down  
The sword for a harp, and  
His cross for a crown ;  
Then droop not in sorrow,  
Despond not in fear,  
A glorious to-morrow  
Is brightening and near,  
When—blessed reward for each  
Faithful endeavour—  
Christians with Christ shall be  
Soon and for ever.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1837.

781 11.10. 11.10. Iambic.  
We would see Jesus.  
John xii. 21.

' WE would see Jesus : ' for the shadows  
lengthen  
Across the little landscape of our life ;  
' We would see Jesus, ' our weak faith to  
strengthen  
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 ' We would see Jesus : ' for life's hand hath  
rested,  
With its dark touch, upon both heart  
and brow ;  
And though our souls have many a billow  
breasted,  
Others are rising in the distance now.

3 ' We would see Jesus : ' the great rock  
foundation,  
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign  
grace ;  
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us if we see His face.

4 ' We would see Jesus : ' other lights are  
paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to  
see ;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing.  
We would not mourn them, for we go to  
Thee.

5 ' We would see Jesus : ' yet the spirit  
lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so  
long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp  
its fingers,  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less  
strong.

6 ' We would see Jesus : ' sense is all too  
blinding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far  
away ;  
We would see Thee, to gain a sweet re-  
minding  
That Thou hast promised our great debt  
to pay.

7 ' We would see Jesus : ' this is all we're  
needing ;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight :  
' We would see Jesus, ' dying, risen, plead-  
ing ;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal  
night !

Anon. *Christian Treasury*. 1854.

782 *Thine eyes . . . shall* C.M.  
*behold the land that is very far off.*  
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unbecclouded eyes !

HEAVEN AND THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

783

*The Lord said, I will  
give it you.*—Numbers x. 29.

C.M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessious lie.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks, and  
vales  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and leared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?

Samuel Stennett. 1787.

784

*That great city, the holy  
Jerusalem.*—Revelation xxi. 10.

C.M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
walls  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy  
scenes,  
I onward press to you.
- 4 O, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

B. 1801.

785

*I saw the holy city, new  
Jerusalem . . . prepared as a bride adorned  
for her husband.*—Revelation xxi. 2.

7.6.7.6. D.

JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blessed;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed:  
The home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that have no thorn;  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn.

- 2 Jerusalem, the only,  
That look'st from heaven below;  
In thee is all my glory;  
In me is all my woe:  
I strive to win that glory,  
I toil to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope is lost in sight.
- 3 Jerusalem! exulting,  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!  
O happy, holy city,  
The portion of the blest;  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet balm of all distressed!
- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.
- 5 The Lamb is all thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.  
And He whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.
- 6 O sweet and blessed country,  
When shall I see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
When shall I win thy grace?  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

*Bernard of Cluny, 12th Century.  
Tr. J. M. Neale. 1851.*



786 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.  
*He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem . . . having the glory of God.—Revelation xxi. 10, 11.*

**J**ERUSALEM on high  
 My song and city is,  
 My home when'er I die,  
 The centre of my bliss.

O happy place !  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face ?

- 2 Thy walls, sweet city ! thine,  
 With pearls are garnish'd ;  
 Thy gates with praises shine,  
 Thy streets with gold are spread.
- 3 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
 Judged here unfit to live ;  
 There angels to Him sing,  
 And lowly homage give.
- 4 The patriarchs of old  
 There from their travels cease ;  
 The prophets there behold  
 Their longed-for Prince of peace.
- 5 The Lamb's apostles there  
 I might with joy behold ;  
 The harpers I might hear  
 Harping on harps of gold.
- 6 No tears from any eyes  
 Drop in that holy choir ;  
 But death itself there dies,  
 And sighs themselves expire.
- 7 Sweet place ; sweet place alone !  
 The court of God most high,  
 The heaven of heavens, the throne  
 Of spotless majesty !

*Samuel Crossman. 1664.*

787 *Irregular.*  
*We shall all be changed.*  
 1 Corinthians xv. 51.

**N**O sorrow, and no sighing,  
 O world of peace undying !  
 There shall true life begin,  
 No curse, no pain, no sin,  
 Above, around, within ;  
 We shall be changed.

- 2 Transformed, from light to light,  
 From grace to glory's height ;  
 To more than angels knew  
 Of perfect, pure, and true,  
 For all things shall be new ;  
 We shall be changed.
- 3 Eternal life, with God,  
 ' Christ's joy ' in spheres untrod ;  
 When shall time's shadows fly,  
 And morning fill the sky,  
 When shall the Lord draw nigh,  
 And we be changed ?

4 We shall be like our Lord,  
 Our nature all restored,  
 In Him who is our Head,  
 The first-born from the dead,  
 By Him to glory led ;  
 The same, yet changed.  
*W. J. Irons. 1873.*

788 8.8.8.8. D. *Anapestic.*  
*I would not live alway.*  
 Job vii. 16.

**O** WHEN shall we sweetly remove ?  
 O when shall we enter our rest ?  
 Return to the Sion above,  
 The mother of spirits distressed ;  
 That city of God the great King,  
 Where sorrow and death are no more ;  
 But saints our Immanuel sing,  
 And cherub and seraph adore ?

- 2 Not all the archangels can tell  
 The joys of that holiest place,  
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal  
 The light of His heavenly face ;  
 When caught in the rapturous flame,  
 The sight beatific they prove,  
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,  
 Enjoying the beams of His love.
- 3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,  
 We hope Thy appearing to see,  
 Resigned to the burden we bear,  
 But longing to triumph with Thee ;  
 'Tis good at Thy word to be here,  
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone,  
 And see Thee in glory appear,  
 And rise to a share in Thy throne.
- 4 To mourn for Thy coming is sweet,  
 To weep at Thy longer delay ;  
 But Thou, whom we hasten to meet,  
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away.  
 The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,  
 When Thee we behold in the cloud,  
 And echo the joys of the skies,  
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

*Charles Wesley. 1744.*

789 C.M. *With Chorus.*  
*The Paradise of God.*  
 Revelation ii. 7.

**O** PARADISE ! O Paradise !  
 Who doth not crave for rest ?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest ;  
 Where loyal hearts, and true,  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight ?

- 2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 The world is growing old ;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold ?
- 3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
 'Tis weary waiting here ;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near.

HEAVEN AND THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

4 O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
I want to sin no more ;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on Thy spotless shore.

5 O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me.

F. W. Faber. 1861.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Hallelujah !

5 And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare  
long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are  
strong.

Hallelujah !

6 The golden evening brightens in the west,  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh  
rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Hallelujah !

7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious  
day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of glory passes on His way.

Hallelujah !

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's  
farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the  
countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Bishop W. W. How. 1867.

790 *There shall in no wise  
enter into it anything that defileth.*  
Revelation xxi. 27.

S.M.

THERE is no night in heaven ;  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven ;  
For life is one glad day,  
And tears are of those former things  
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven ;  
Behold that blessed throng,  
All holy is their spotless robe !  
All holy is their song !

4 There is no death in heaven ;  
For they who gain that shore  
Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide ;  
O lead us safely on,  
Till night, and grief, and sin, and death  
Are past, and heaven is won !

Amen.

F. Minden Knollis. d. 1863.  
Last verse John Ellerton.

792 *What are these which are  
arrayed in white robes ? and whence came  
they ?—Revelation vii. 13.*

7.7.7.7. D.

WHAT are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-day sun ?  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne ?  
These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood ;  
Sufferers in His righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow ;  
Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night ;  
God resides among His own,  
God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er ;  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more ;  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray ;  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead ;  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

Wesley. 1745.

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791 *We . . . are compassed about  
with so great a cloud of witnesses.*  
Hebrews xii. 1.

10.10.10. 4.

FOR all the saints, who from their  
labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world con-  
fessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.  
Hallelujah !

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and  
their might ;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-  
fought fight ;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true  
light.  
Hallelujah !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and  
bold !  
Fight as the saints, who nobly fought of  
old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of  
gold.

Hallelujah !

793 11.10. 11.10. *With Chorus.*  
*The voice of many angels*  
*round about the throne.—Revelation v. 11.*

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs  
 are swelling,  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's  
 wave-beat shore;  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains  
 are telling,  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no  
 more.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of  
 the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them  
 singing,  
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
 come!  
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly  
 ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

3 Rest comes at length; though life be long  
 and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, the darksome night  
 be past;  
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
 And Heaven, the heart's true home, will  
 come at last.

4 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams  
 softly glisten  
 Upon the breast of life's most troubled  
 sea;  
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to  
 listen  
 To those brave songs which angels mean  
 for thee.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
 keeping,  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs  
 above;  
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves  
 with weeping,  
 Till life's long night shall break in end-  
 less love.

F. W. Faber. 1861.

794 *Of whom the whole family*  
*in heaven and earth is named.*  
 Ephesians iii. 15. C.M.

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtained the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love  
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
 With those to glory gone;  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,  
 One Church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

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4 One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow;  
 Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,  
 With wishful looks we stand,  
 And long to see that happy coast,  
 And reach the heavenly land.

7 Our old companions in distress  
 We haste again to see,  
 And eager long for our release  
 And full felicity.

8 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
 With those who went before;  
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
 On the eternal shore.

9 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs with glory crowned;  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 To hear His trumpet sound.

10 O that we now might grasp our Guide!  
 O that the word were given!  
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
 And land us all in heaven! Amen.

Wesley. 1759.

795 6.6. 7.7. 7.7.  
*I will give thee a crown*  
*of life.—Revelation ii. 10.*

A GAIN we lift our voice,  
 And shout our solemn joys;  
 Cause of highest raptures this,  
 Raptures that shall never fail,  
 See a soul escaped to bliss,  
 Keep the Christian Festival.

2 Our friend is gone before  
 To that celestial shore;  
 He hath left his mates behind,  
 He hath all the storms outrode,  
 Found the rest we toil to find,  
 Landed in the arms of God.

3 And shall we mourn to see  
 Our fellow-prisoner free,  
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,  
 In the haven of the skies?  
 Can we weep to see the tears  
 Wiped for ever from his eyes?

4 No, dear companion, no;  
 We gladly let thee go,  
 From a suffering Church beneath  
 To a reigning Church above;  
 Thou hast more than conquered death,  
 Thou art crowned with life and love.

Wesley. 1749.

796 *Awake, awake, put on Thy strength, O arm of the Lord.—Isaiah li. 9.* L.M.

- A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Thine own immortal strength put on;  
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,  
And cast Thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear;  
The sacred annals speak Thy fame;  
Be now omnipotently near,  
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,  
It wants not now the power to save;  
Still present with Thy people, Thou  
Shalt bear them through life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,  
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come;  
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care,  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crowned,  
And filled with love, and lost in praise.  
*Charles Wesley. 1739.*

797 *They shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy.—Rev. iii. 4.* S.M.

- W**HAT a mighty change  
Shall Jesu's sufferers know!  
While o'er the happy plains they range,  
Incappable of woe.
- 2 No ill-requited love  
Shall there our spirits wound,  
No base ingratitude above,  
No sin in heaven is found.
- 3 No slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.
- 4 In that eternal day  
No clouds nor tempests rise;  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
For ever from our eyes.  
*Charles Wesley. 1749.*

798 *A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 Cor. v. 1.* 6.6.7.7.7.

**H**OW weak the thoughts, and vain,  
Of self-deluding men;  
Men, who, fixed to earth alone,  
Think their houses shall endure,  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure.

- 2 How happy then are we  
Who build, O Lord, on Thee!  
What can our foundation shock?  
Though the shattered earth remove,  
Stands our city on a rock,  
On the Rock of heavenly Love.
- 3 A house we call our own,  
Which cannot be o'erthrown;  
In the general ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies;  
Built immovably secure,  
Built eternal in the skies.
- 4 High on Immanuel's land  
We see the fabric stand;  
From a tottering world remove,  
To our steadfast mansion there;  
Our inheritance above  
Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 5 High on Thy great white throne,  
O King of saints! come down;  
In the New Jerusalem  
Now triumphantly descend;  
Let the final trump proclaim  
Joys begun, which ne'er shall end.

*Amen.*  
*Charles Wesley. 1750.*

799 *There the weary be at rest.* 11.11.11.11. *Anapestic.*  
Job iii. 17.

- M**Y rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;  
Then why should I murmur when  
trials are near?  
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that  
can come,  
But shortens my journey, and hastens my  
home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my home in a region like  
this;  
I look for a city which hands have not  
piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may  
grow,  
I would not lie down upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast.
- 4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot  
destroy,  
One glimpse of His love turns them all  
into joy;  
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on  
them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond  
and gem.
- 5 Let doubt then, or danger my progress  
oppose,  
They only make heaven more sweet at the  
close;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may  
befall,  
One hour with my God will make up for  
it all.

HEAVEN AND THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's  
land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot be  
long,  
And I'll smoothe it with hope, and cheer it  
with song.

H. F. Lyte. 1833.

800 *Clothed with white robes,*  
*and palms in their hands.*—Rev. vii. 9. C.M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast,  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

801 *Happy art thou, O Israel*  
*. . . O people saved by the Lord.*  
Deuteronomy xxxiii. 29. 8.8.6. 8.8.6

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature-love;  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own;  
A stranger, to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

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5 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest.  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend!  
Receive me to Thy breast. Amen.

Wesley. 1747.

802 *Blessed is he whose trans-*  
*gression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.*  
Psalm xxxii. 1. C.M.D.

HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven,  
A country far from mortal sight;  
Yet, O! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.

- 2 To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair;  
While in the flesh my hope and love,  
My heart and soul are there:  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends His wounded hands  
To take me to His breast.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours!  
While here on earth we stay,  
We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
And antedate that day:  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ concealed,  
And with His glorious presence here  
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 4 O would He more of heaven bestow,  
And let the vessel break,  
And let our ransomed spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek!  
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,  
Who bought the sight for me;  
And shout, and wonder at His grace,  
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1759.

803 *Ye are come unto . . .*  
*the heavenly Jerusalem.*—Hebrews xii. 22. 6.6.8. 6.6.8.

JERUSALEM divine,  
When shall I call thee mine?  
And to thy holy hill attain,  
Where weary pilgrims rest;  
And in thy glories blest,  
With God Messiah ever reign?

- 2 There saints and angels join  
In fellowship divine,  
And rapture swells the solemn lay;  
While all with one accord  
Adore their glorious Lord,  
And shout His praise in endless day.

3 May I but find the grace  
To fill an humble place  
In that inheritance above;  
My tuneful voice I'll raise  
In songs of loudest praise,  
To spread Thy fame, redeeming Love.

4 Mysterious Deity,  
Who ne'er began to be,  
To sound Thy endless praise be mine!  
Reign, true Messiah, reign!  
Thy kingdom shall remain,  
When stars and sun no more shall shine.

Amen.  
*Benjamin Rhodes.* 1806.

## Christian Missions.

804 *He shall have dominion* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*also from sea to sea.*—Psalm lxxii. 8.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!  
Great David's greater Son;  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun.  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:  
With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing:  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
His great, best name of Love.

*James Montgomery.* 1822.

805 *All nations shall serve Him.* 7.6. 7.6. D.  
Psalm lxxii. 11.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator!  
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

*Bishop R. H. C. r.* 1819.



806 *Hallelujah ! for the Lord* 7.7.7.7. D.  
*God omnipotent reigneth.—Rev. xix. 6.*

**H**ARK ! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,  
 Or the fullness of the sea  
 When it breaks upon the shore :  
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah ! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! Hark ! the sound  
 From the depths unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies :  
 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed His sword ; He speaks—  
 'tis done,  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway ;  
 He shall reign when like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away :  
 Then the end ; beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ is All in all ! Amen.  
*James Montgomery. 1819.*

807 *Then shalt thou cause the* 6.6.6.6. 8.8.  
*trumpet of the jubilee to sound.*  
*Leviticus xxv. 9.*

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound ;  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Hath full atonement made ;  
 Ye weary spirits rest,  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb,  
 Redemption in His blood  
 Throughout the world proclaim.  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live.  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought  
 Your heritage above,  
 Shall have it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus's love.  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace,  
 And, saved from earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's face.  
 The year of jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.  
*Charles Wesley. 1750.*

808 *He shall come down like* L.M.  
*rain upon the mown grass.—Psalm lxxii. 6.*

**G**REAT God, whose universal sway  
 The known and unknown worlds obey,  
 Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
 Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes His hands ;  
 All heaven submits to His commands ;  
 His justice shall avenge the poor,  
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power He vindicates the just,  
 And treads the oppressor in the dust ;  
 His worship and His fear shall last  
 Till the full round of time is past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
 So shall He send His influence down ;  
 His grace on fainting souls distils,  
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath  
 The shades of overspreading death,  
 Revive at His first dawning light,  
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in His days,  
 Arrayed in robes of joy and praise ;  
 Peace, like a river, from His throne  
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.  
*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

809 *He shall reign for ever and ever.* L.M.  
*Revelation xi. 15.*

**J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Doth his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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

3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant-voices shall proclaim  
 Hosannas to His sacred name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,  
 Death and the curse are known no more ;  
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Its grate-ful honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat its loud Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

6 Come, then ! O, come from every land,  
To worship at His shrine ;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine

Michael Bruce. 1768.

810 *In every place incense shall  
be offered unto My name, and a pure  
offering.*—Malachi i. 11. L.M.

OTHOU, to whom in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing  
tongue ;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone,  
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,  
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well ;

3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty bend the knee ;  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To Thee at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.  
John Pierpont. 1840.

811 *The mountain of the  
Lord's house.*—Isaiah ii. 2. C.M.

BEHOLD ! The mountain of the Lord,  
D In latter days, shall rise  
On mountain tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,  
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their  
swords,  
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their crowds of slain deplore ;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

812 *That Thy way may be  
known upon earth, Thy saving health among  
all nations.*—Psalm lxxvii. 2. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

ARISE, O Lord, and shine  
In all Thy saving might,  
And prosper each design  
To spread Thy glorious light ;  
Let healing streams of mercy flow,  
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 O bring the nations near,  
That they may sing Thy praise ;  
Let all the people hear  
And learn Thy holy ways ;  
Reign, Mighty God, assert Thy cause,  
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power ;  
The nations then shall see,  
And earth present her store,  
In converts born to Thee ;  
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,  
And earth be filled with righteousness.

4 To God, the Father, Son,  
And Spirit ever Blest,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be addressed ;  
Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
All glory give to God our King. Amen.  
W. Hurn. 1813. alt.

813 *O praise the Lord,  
all ye nations.*—Psalm cxvii. 1. L.M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
Isaac Watts. 1719. Amen.  
Doxology by Bishop Ken. 1633.

814 *Pray ye . . . the Lord of the  
harvest, that He will send forth labourers  
into His harvest.*—Matthew ix. 38. S.M.

L ORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry ;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.

- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view;  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more  
Into Thy Church abroad;  
And let them speak Thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure Gospel word,  
The word of general grace;  
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
The Saviour of our race.
- 5 O let them spread Thy name,  
Their mission fully prove,  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thy all-redeeming love!
- 6 On all mankind, forgiven,  
Empower them still to call;  
And tell each creature under heaven,  
That Thou hast died for all. Amen.  
*Wesley. 1742.*

815 *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.*—Isaiah lii. 7. S.M.

HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation in their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal:

2 How rapturous is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
'Sion, behold thy Saviour King;  
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How favoured are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let all the nations now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

*Isaac Watts. 1709.*

816 *To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*—Luke iv. 19. 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace;  
Blessed jubilee!  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

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- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary;  
Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,  
And from eastern coast to western  
Let the morning chase the night,  
And Redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
So Immanuel's fair dominions  
Shall extend and still increase,  
Till the kingdoms  
Of the world are all His own.  
*W. Williams. 1759.*

817 *So shall He sprinkle many nations.*—Isaiah lii. 15. 8.7. 8.7. D.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;  
By Thy pains and consolations  
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:  
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story  
Be to all the nations told;  
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,  
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest:  
Thirsting as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,  
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,  
For Thy Spirit, now-creating,  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.  
Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.  
*Bishop A. C. Coxe. 1851.*

818 *I am come to send fire on the earth.*—Luke xii. 49. 7.7. 7.7. D.

SEE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesus's love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;  
To bring fire on earth He came,  
Kindled in some hearts it is,  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,  
 Small and feeble was His day ;  
 Now the word doth swiftly run,  
 Now it wins its widening way :  
 More and more it spreads and grows,  
 Ever mighty to prevail,  
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !  
 He the door hath opened wide ;  
 He hath given the word of grace,  
 Jesu's word is glorified :  
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
 He alone the work hath wrought ;  
 Worthy is the work of Him,  
 Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
 Little as a human hand ?  
 Now it spreads along the skies,  
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :  
 Lo ! the promise of a shower  
 Drops already from above ;  
 But the Lord will shortly pour  
 All the Spirit of His Love.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

819 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
*All the ends of the earth  
 shall see the salvation of our God.*  
 Isaiah lii. 10.

**Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking :  
 Joyful times are near at hand ;  
 God, the mighty God, is speaking  
 By His word in every land :  
 When He chooses,  
 Darkness flees at His command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season ;  
 Let us hail the rising ray ;  
 When the Lord appears, there's reason  
 To expect a glorious day :  
 At His presence  
 Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
 While he enters like a flood,  
 God the Saviour is preparing  
 Means to spread His truth abroad :  
 Every language  
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
 To our hearts, to hear each day  
 Joyful news from far arriving,  
 How the Gospel wins its way ;  
 Those enlightening,  
 Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious !  
 Let Thy people see Thy hand ;  
 Let the Gospel be victorious  
 Through the world, in every land :  
 And the idols  
 Perish, Lord, at Thy command. Amen.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

820 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.  
*Let there be light.—Gen. 1. 3.*

**T**HOU, whose almighty word,  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
 And where the gospel's day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and sight,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Sight to the inly blind,  
 O now, to all mankind,  
 Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight ;  
 Move on the water's face,  
 Bearing the lamp of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light.

4 Blessed and holy Three !  
 Glorious Trinity !  
 Wisdom ! Love ! Might !  
 Poundless as ocean's tide  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the world far and wide,  
 Let there be light. Amen.

John Marriott. 1813.

821 7.7. 7.7.  
*This gospel of the kingdom  
 shall be preached in all the world.*  
 Matthew xxiv. 14.

**S**PREAD, O spread, thou mighty  
 word,  
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord ;  
 Wheresoe'er His breath has given  
 Life to beings meant for heaven.

2 Tell them how the Father's will  
 Made the world and keeps it still ;  
 How He sent His Son to save  
 All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,  
 Who for ever doth remove,  
 By His holy sacrifice,  
 All the guilt that on us lies.

4 Tell them of the Spirit given  
 Now to guide us up to heaven ;  
 Strong and holy, just and true,  
 Working both to will and do.

5 Word of life most pure and strong,  
 Lo ! for thee the nations long ;  
 Spread till, from its dreary night,  
 All the world awakes to light.

6 Up ! the ripening fields ye see,  
 Mighty shall the harvest be ;  
 But the reapers still are few,  
 Great the work they have to do.

NEW YEAR.

7 Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee ;  
Let the nations far and near  
See Thy light and learn Thy fear.

Amen.

J. F. Bahnmaier. d. 1841.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

Departure of Missionaries.

822 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
Recommended to the grace  
of God for the work which they fulfilled.  
Acts xiv. 26.

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed  
Them,  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;  
They were bound, but Thou hast freed  
them,

Now they go to free the slaves ;  
Be Thou with them :  
Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command,  
As they stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land :  
O be with them !  
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,  
And the prospect dark appears,  
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
Be Thou with them ;  
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears 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 humbler 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. Amen.

Thomas Kelly. 1820.

823 L.M.  
Go ye therefore, and teach  
all nations.—Matthew xxviii. 19.

GO, messenger of peace and love,  
To nations plunged in shades of  
night ;  
Like angels sent from fields above,  
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go, to the hungry food impart,  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart  
Where streams of living water glide.

3 On barren rock and desert isle,  
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom ;  
Till arid wastes around thee smile,  
Bright with the dews of morning's  
womb.

4 From north to south, from east to west,  
Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;  
His name, by every tongue confessed ;  
His praise, the universal theme.

5 Then faint not in the day of toil,  
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;  
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,  
And joyous in His presence stand.

6 Thy love a rich reward shall find  
From Him who sits enthroned on high ;  
For they who turn the erring mind  
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

Balfour. 1828.

New Year.

824 C.M.  
O give thanks unto the Lord,  
for He is good.—Psalm cvii. 1.

COMING to the Great Jehovah's praise  
All praise to Him belongs :  
Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence has brought us through  
Another varied year :  
We all with vows and anthems new,  
Before our God appear,

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3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,  
Thy still continued care ;  
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,  
Whatever we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of Thy love,  
While on in Jesu's steps we go  
To see Thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours  
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be ;  
And all our consecrated powers  
A sacrifice to Thee ;

6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear  
To saults on earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand sabbatic year,  
The Jubilee of heaven.

*Charles Wesley. 1750.*

825 6.5. 6.5. D. *With Chorus.*  
*Fear not ; for I am with thee.*  
Isaiah xli. 10.

STANDING at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear,  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.

Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day !  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away !

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid !  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed !  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand ;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand.'

3 For the year before us,  
O, what rich supplies !  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise ;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound,  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake ;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break !  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear ?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

*Frances R. Havergal. 1873.*

826 *L. M.*  
*Thou crownest the year*  
*with Thy goodness.—Psalm lxxv. 11.*

ETERNAL Source of every joy,  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,  
While in Thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at Thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise :  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
Still will we make Thy mercies known  
Around Thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.  
*Amen.*  
*Philip Doddridge. 1755.*

827 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.  
*Lord, let it alone this year also.*  
Luke xliii. 8.

THE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages, praise ;  
Who reigns enthroned on high,  
Ancient of endless days ;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,  
We cumbered long the ground ;  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found ;  
Yet doth He us in mercy spare  
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord  
Cried, ' Let it still alone ;  
Our gracious God inclines His ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood  
From God obtained the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestowed  
On us a longer space ;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And, lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up the fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To Thy great praise abound ;  
O let us all Thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear ! *Amen.*  
*Wesley. 1749.*

828 *C. M. D.*  
*But let us, who are of the*  
*day, be sober, putting on the breast-plate of*  
*faith and love ; and for an helmet, the hope*  
*of salvation.—1 Thess. v. 8.*

THE old year's long campaign is o'er :  
Behold a new began ;  
Not yet is closed the holy war,  
Not yet the triumph won.  
Not yet the end, not yet repose ;  
We hear our Captain say,  
' Go forth again to meet your foes,  
Ye children of the day !



2 'Go forth, firm faith in every heart,  
Bright hope on every helm ;  
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,  
And this no fear o'erwhelm.  
Go in the spirit and the might  
Of Him who led the way ;  
Close with the legions of the night,  
Ye children of the day.'

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,  
We will not fear nor fly :  
We love the holy warrior's life,  
His death we hope to die.  
We slumber not, that charge in view,  
Toil on white toil ye may,  
Then night shall be no night to you,  
Ye children of the day.

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,  
Thine own sustain, defend ;  
And give, though dim this earthly sun,  
Thy true light to the end ;  
Till morning tread the darkness down,  
And night be swept away,  
And infinite sweet triumph crown  
The children of the day. Amen.

*Samuel J. Stone. 1872.*

829 *And now, Lord, what wait* C.M.  
*I for? My hope is in Thee.—Psalm xxxix. 7.*

THE year is gone beyond recall,  
With all its hopes and fears,  
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,  
With all its mournful tears.

2 Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,  
For countless gifts received ;  
And pray for grace to keep the Faith  
Which saints of old believed.

3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,  
The new-born year to bless ;  
Defend our land from pestilence ;  
Give peace and plenteousness.

4 Forgive this nation's many sins ;  
The growth of vice restrain ;  
And help us all with sin to strive,  
And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past  
We now desire to flee ;  
And pray that future years may all  
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

6 O Father, let Thy watchful eye  
Still look on us in love,  
That we may praise Thee, year by year,  
With angel-hosts above. Amen.

*Meaux Breviary.  
Tr. Francis Pott. 1861. Alt.*

830 *For Thy name's sake lead* 7.7.7.  
*me and guide me.—Psalm xxxi. 3.*

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Constant through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear !

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2 Lo ! our sins on Thee we cast,  
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,  
And, forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future ; let Thy light  
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star ;  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay !  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

5 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread ?  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own :  
Help, O help us to endure ;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

7 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings !  
Amen.

*Henry Downton. 1843.*

831 *I am still with Thee.* 7.6.7.6.  
*Psalm cxxxix. 18.*

ANOTHER year is dawning,  
Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee :

2 Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
Of quiet, happy rest :

3 Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace ;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face :

4 Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise,  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence all the days :

5 Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love ;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning,  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven  
Another year for Thee ! Amen.

*Frances R. Hawcrqal. a. 1879.*

832 *God is my defence, and  
the God of my mercy.*—Psalm lix. 17.

L.M.

- A**NOTHER year has now begun  
With silent pace its course to run ;  
Our hearts and voices let us raise  
To God, in prayer and songs of praise.
- 2 Father, Thy bounteous love we bless,  
For gifts and mercies numberless ;  
For life and health, for grace and peace,  
For hope of joys that never cease.
- 3 O Son of God, in faith and fear  
Teach us to walk as strangers here,  
With hearts in heaven, that we may come  
To where Thou art, our Father's home.
- 4 Grant us, O Comforter, Thy grace,  
And speed us on our earthly race,  
In body, spirit, and in soul,  
Right onward to the heavenly goal.
- 5 Thou, Lord, who makest all things new,  
O give us hearts both pure and true ;  
That we, as jewels, ever Thine,  
In New Jerusalem may shine.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to Thee we pray,  
Defend and guide us on our way ;  
That we at last with joy may see  
The new year of eternity. Amen.

*Bishop C. Wordsworth. 1862.*

833 *Thou shalt guide me with  
Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to  
glory.*—Psalm lxxiii. 24.

8.7.8.7. D.

- A**T Thy feet, our God and Father,  
Who hast blessed us all our days,  
We with grateful hearts would gather,  
To begin the year with praise ;  
Praise for light so brightly shining  
On our steps from heaven above ;  
Praise for mercies daily twining  
Round us golden cords of love.
- 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,  
On the cross for sinners shown,  
We would praise Thee, and surrender  
All our hearts to be Thine own.  
With so blest a Friend provided,  
We upon our way would go,  
Sure of being safely guided,  
Guarded well from every foe.
- 3 Every day will be the brighter.  
When Thy gracious face we see ;  
Every burden will be lighter,  
When we know it comes from Thee.  
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,  
Give us strength to serve and wait,  
Till Thy glory break before us,  
Through the city's open gate. Amen.

*James D. Burns. 1857.*

## Seasons of the Year.

### Spring.

834 *Thou visitest the earth,  
and waterest it.*—Psalm lxxv. 9.

C.M.

- T**HE springtide hour brings leaf and  
flower,  
With songs of life and love ;  
And many a lay wears out the day  
In many a leafy grove :
- 2 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree  
Their choicest gifts to bring ;  
But this poor heart bears not its part,  
In it there is no spring.
- 3 Dew falls apace, the dews of grace,  
Upon this soul of sin ;  
And love divine delights to shine  
Upon the waste within :
- 4 Yet year by year fruits, flowers, appear,  
And birds their praises sing ;  
But this poor heart bears not its part,  
Its winter has no spring.

- 5 Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,  
Soft as the south wind blow ;  
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,  
And bid its spices flow :
- 6 And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,  
And the hills laugh and sing,  
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,  
And join the praise of spring. Amen.

*J. S. B. Monsell. 187.*

835 *The earth is full of the  
goodness of the Lord.*—Psalm xxxiii. 5.

8.8.8.8. 8.8.

- T**HOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught, from Thee ;  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night with wings of starry gloom  
Oershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird whose  
plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye,  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. Moore. 1817.

836 *Irregular.*  
*The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.*  
Song of Solomon ii. 12.

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bounti-  
ful and free,

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

On the wings of joyous praise our hearts  
soar up to Thee;

Glory to the Lord!

2 The springtime breaks all round about,  
waking from winter's night;

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

The sunshine, like God's love, pours down  
in floods of golden light;

Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is  
in all the air;

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

All nature singeth aloud to God; there is  
gladness everywhere;

Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse,  
on the hill and on the plain;

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

The soft air stirs in the tender leaves, that  
clothe the trees again;

Glory to the Lord!

5 The works of Thy hands are very fair; and  
for all Thy bounteous love,

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

But what, if this world is so fair, is the  
Better Land above?

Glory to the Lord!

6 O, to awake from death's short sleep, like  
the flowers from their wintry grave!

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

And to rise all glorious in the day when  
Christ shall come to save;

Glory to the Lord!

7 O, to dwell in that happy land, where the  
heart cannot choose but sing!

Thy name, Lord, be adored!

And when the life of the blessed ones is a  
beautiful endless spring;

Glory to the Lord! Amen.

Mrs. Frances J. Douglas. b. 1829,

And Bishop W. W. How. 1871.

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837 *C.M.*  
*Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blesses the springing thereof.*  
Psalm lxx. 10.

THE voices of the spring, O Lord,  
Are wakened by Thy breath;  
The winter's cold is past and gone,  
Life triumphs over death.

2 Thy life, through nature throbbing, stirs  
The pulses of the earth;  
The meadows laugh beneath Thy smile,  
Thou givest beauty birth.

3 The birds, those feathered minstrels, learn  
Their music, Lord, from Thee;  
All nature's chords, touched by Thy hand,  
Resound with melody.

4 The odours of the flowers arise  
Like incense to Thy throne;  
Thy goodness makes Thy creatures glad,  
Thy light for them is sown.

5 Thrice holy Lord of earth and sky,  
How beautiful art Thou!  
What grace must on Thy servants rest,  
Who in Thy presence bow!

6 O, let Thy love fill all my soul!  
Put in my heart Thy peace;  
My footsteps guide to Thy loved home,  
Where praises never cease. Amen.

Alfred Jones. 1887.

838 *5.5.5.5. D.*  
*I will . . . pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Malachi iii. 10.*

O SING to the Lord,  
Whose bountiful hand  
Again doth accord  
His gifts to the land.  
His clouds have shed down  
Their plenteousness here;  
His goodness shall crown  
The hopes of the year;

2 In the clefts of the hills  
The founts He hath burst,  
And poureth their rills  
Through valleys athirst;  
The river of God  
The pastures hath blest,  
The dry, withered sod  
In greenness is dressed.

3 And every fold  
Shall teem with its sheep,  
With harvests of gold  
The fields shall be deep;  
The vales shall rejoice  
With laughter and song,  
And man's grateful voice  
The music prolong.

4 So, too, may He pour,  
The Last and the First,  
His graces in store  
On spirits athirst,  
Till when the great day  
Of harvest hath come,  
He takes us away  
To garner at home. Amen.

*R. F. Littledale.* 1807.

*Summer.*

839 *Truly the light is sweet,  
and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to  
behold the sun.—Eccles. xi. 7.* 6.5. 6.5. D.

SUMMER suns are glowing  
Over land and sea,  
Happy light is flowing  
Bountiful and free.  
Everything rejoices  
In the mellow rays,  
All earth's thousand voices  
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled.  
Broad and deep and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in night victorious,  
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Makes us love Thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light:  
Life is dark without Thee;  
Death with Thee is bright.  
Light of Light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day. Amen.

*Bishop W. W. How.* 1871.

840 *The mercy of the Lord is  
from everlasting to everlasting.—Ps. ciii. 17.* 6.6.10. 6.6.10.

O LORD of heaven and earth,  
Who givest joy and mirth,  
Open our lips to show Thy wondrous praise:  
Our hearts are dull and cold,  
We leave Thy love untold;  
O give us strength our anthems glad to raise!

2 Each month we sow or reap,  
Each hour we toil or sleep,  
Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone:  
O grant to each and all  
When death's dark shadows fall,  
To stand true workers round our Master's  
throne!

3 So, life's long task-work o'er,  
Set free for evermore,  
We shall sit down at Thy great harvest-feast;  
Reaper and sower met,  
The burning heat forget,  
And taste God's love, the greatest as the  
least.

4 Yea, Lord, Thou too dost claim  
The Sower's mystic name:  
Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their  
held;  
O be it theirs to bear  
The full corn in the ear,  
When Thy true seed its hundred-fold shall  
yield!

5 Root out the evil tares,  
Earth's vexing griefs and cares,  
Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy;  
And when the hour is come  
To bring the full sheaves home,  
Bid men and angels share Thy harvest joy.  
Amen.

*E. H. Plumptre.* 1868.

*Autumn.*

841 *Seed-time and harvest . . .  
shall not cease.—Genesis viii. 22.* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The changing seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness wrought its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was  
Thine,  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gav'st refugent suns to shine,  
And soft refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow;  
Let us not then forget to own  
From whom our blessings flow.

6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet, harmonious praise.

*Alice Flowerdew.* 1811.  
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842 He . . . gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons.—Acts xiv. 17. 7.6. 7.6.

THE year is swiftly waning,  
The summer days are past ;  
And life, brief life, is speeding,  
The end is nearing fast.

- 2 The ever-changing seasons  
In silence come and go ;  
But Thou, Eternal Father,  
No time or change canst know.
- 3 O pour Thy grace upon us,  
That we may worthier be,  
Each year that passes o'er us,  
To dwell in heaven with Thee.
- 4 Behold the bending orchards  
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;  
Lord, in our hearts more richly  
Let heavenly fruit abound.
- 5 O, by each mercy sent us,  
And by each grief and pain,  
By blessings like the sunshine,  
And sorrows like the rain,—
- 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful  
With every goodly grace,  
That we Thy name may hallow,  
And see at last Thy face. Amen.

Bishop W. W. How. 1871.

Winter.

843 Thou hast made . . . winter. 7.7. 7.7.  
Psalm lxxiv. 17.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,  
Freezing with its icy breath ;  
Dead and bare the tall trees stand,  
All is chill and drear as death.

- 2 Yet it seemeth but a day  
Since the summer flowers were here,  
Since they stacked the balmy hay,  
Since they reaped the golden ear.
- 3 Sunny days are past and gone :  
So the years go, speeding fast,  
Onward ever, each new one,  
Swifter speeding than the last.
- 4 Life is waning ; life is brief ;  
Death, like winter, standeth nigh :  
Each one, like the falling leaf,  
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,  
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,  
And all nature rising break  
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 6 So, the saints from slumber blest,  
Rising shall awake and sing,  
And our flesh in hope shall rest,  
Till there breaks the endless spring.

Bishop W. W. How. 1871.

844 The end of all things is at hand : be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.—1 Peter iv. 7. L.M.

THE tide of time is rolling on,  
And now another year has gone ;  
The end of all things soon will come,  
O may it bring us to our home.

- 2 All things around us fade and die ;  
All earthly hopes are vanity ;  
O let our restless hearts be stayed  
On Him whose glories never fade !
- 3 O Lord of love ! let not the past  
Rise up against us at the last ;  
O Shepherd of our souls ! be near  
To guide us through the coming year.
- 4 Keep us from every evil way,  
Guard and protect us day by day,  
Preserve us from the sinner's doom,  
And save us from the wrath to come.
- 5 And when our spirits take their flight,  
Grant they may live 'mid saints in light ;  
O guide them to the realms above,  
Where all is joy, and peace, and love !
- 6 To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,  
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be ;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be still while ages last.

Amen.  
Anon.

845 He giveth snow like wool : He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. 7.7. 7.7.  
Psalm cxlvii. 16.

COLD and cheerless, dark and drear,  
Wintry days and nights appear ;  
But they all in order stand,  
This is still God's goodly land.

- 2 Wind, and ice, and shrouding snow,  
At Thy bidding come and go ;  
Clouds obscure, or planets shine,  
But they serve Thee, and are Thine.
- 3 Flowers have faded from the plain,  
But their mother-roots remain ;  
In the chilly earth they lie,  
Waiting for the warmer sky.
- 4 Leaves, and flowers, and golden grain,  
God will bring all back again ;  
They shall come in beauty drest,  
This is but their time of rest.
- 5 Thee we praise, then, Father dear,  
Een for winter, dark and drear ;  
All things lie within Thy mind,  
Ever loving, ever kind.

J. Page Hopps. 1860.

Flower Service.

846 11.10. 11.10. *Special.*  
Bring an offering, and come  
into His courts.—Psalm xevi. 8.

HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is  
fairest,  
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from  
the field ;  
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou  
carest  
More for the love than the wealth that  
we yield.

2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the  
dying,  
Speak to their hearts with a message of  
peace ;  
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,  
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who  
have sickened,  
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom ;  
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast  
quickened,  
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for  
gloom.

4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and  
must wither,  
We, like these blossoms, must fade and  
must die ;  
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,  
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.  
Amen.

A. G. W. Blunt. b. 1827.

847 C.M.  
He hath made everything  
beautiful in its time.—Eccles. iii. 11.

GOD might have made the earth bring  
forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.

2 He might have made enough—enough  
For every want of ours,  
For food and medicine and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.

3 Then wherefore, wherefore had they  
birth,  
All dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night ?

4 Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by ?

5 Our outward life requires them not,  
Then wherefore had they birth ?  
To minister delight to man,  
And beautify the earth.

6 To whisper hope, to comfort man,  
Whene'er his faith is dim ;  
For He who careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for him.

Mrs. Mary Howitt. d. 1888.

848 S.M.  
Mountains and all hills ;  
fruitful trees, and all cedars : . . . young  
men, and maidens ; old men, and children :  
let them praise the Name of the Lord.  
Psalm cxlviii. 9, 12, 13.

GR EAT Giver of all good,  
To Thee our thanks we yield,  
For all the beauties of the wood,  
Of hill, and dale, and field.

2 Ten thousand various flowers  
To Thee sweet offerings bear,  
And joyous birds in woodland bowers  
Sing forth Thy tender care.

3 The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill,  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide  
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

4 But trees, and fields, and skies  
Still praise a God unknown ;  
For gratitude and love can rise  
From living hearts alone.

5 These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy Name would bless :  
The blossoms of a thousand flowers  
Would please the Saviour less.

6 While earth itself decays,  
Our souls can never die ;  
O, tune them all to sing Thy praise  
In better songs on high. Amen.

Asa Fitz. 1874.

All. by Godfrey Thring. 1879.

849 11.11. 11.11. *Anapæstic.*  
All things come of Thee,  
and of Thine own have we given Thee.  
1 Chronicles xxix. 14.

THINE, Lord, are the blossoms of forest  
and field,  
And the loveliest gems which the gardens  
yield,  
The heath of the uplands, the ferns of the  
glen,  
And the flowers that gladden the dwellings  
of men.

2 Thy wisdom and love hid the seed in the  
earth,  
And watched o'er its growth from its secret  
birth,  
Once mantled with snows from the wintry  
blast,  
Till the call of the springtide was heard at  
last.



HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Thine, Lord, were the dews and the showers  
of heaven,  
So eagerly longed for, so lovingly given ;  
The breath of the morning, the sunshine of  
noon,  
The sweetness of May, and the glory of  
June.
- 4 Thou dwellest in beauty no tongue can  
express,  
The beauty and glory of holiness :  
But the flowers are glimpses of Thee and  
Thine,  
And in them bright gleams of Thy good-  
ness shine.
- 5 We meet in Thy temple to worship and  
pray,  
But we think of Thy suffering children to-  
day :  
Grant, Lord, that these gifts of Thy bounty  
may shed  
The glow of Thy smiles on their weary bed.
- 6 We offer Thee, Lord, in these fruits and  
flowers,  
No fabric of man's, no fashion of ours ;  
But Thy need in Thy needy ones here we  
see,  
And now of Thine own have we given  
Thee.

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. 1883.

850 *O sing praises unto the Lord.*  
Psalm lxxviii. 32. 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

- WHEN buds appear in early spring,  
And flowers their light and sweet-  
ness bring :  
When meads are clothed in freshest green,  
And beauty everywhere is seen,  
Let songs ascend to God above,  
For all His wisdom, power, and love.
- 2 When rosy summer throws her light,  
And makes the landscape fair and bright ;  
When woods their richest hues display,  
And song-birds tune their cheerful lay ;  
Let praise be given to God above,  
For these sweet tokens of His love.
- 3 And when the golden corn is high,  
And harvest time is drawing nigh ;  
When ripe and mellow fruit is seen,  
Amid the foliage bright and green ;  
Let songs ascend to God above,  
For all His tender care and love.
- 4 And when, O God, our course is run,  
And all our earthly work is done ;  
Matured and perfect may we be,  
Prepared by grace Thy face to see ;  
Then songs shall rise to God above,  
And endless praise for all His love.

Alfred Winfield. 1888.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

851 *They joy before Thee ac- cording to the joy in harvest.*—Isalah ix. 3. 7.7. 7.7. D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home ;  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin :  
God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied ;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown :  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear ;  
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast ;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

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- 4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home ;  
All are safely gathered in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There for ever purified,  
In God's garner to abide ;  
Come, ten thousand angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

H. Alford. 1844.

852 *The valleys also are covered over with corn ; they shout for joy, they also sing.*—Psalm lxxv. 13. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

THE God of harvest praise,  
In loud thanksgivings raise  
Hand, heart, and voice :  
The valleys laugh and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

- 2 Garden and orchard ground  
Autumnal fruits have crowned,  
The vintage glows :  
Here plenty pours her horn ;  
There the full tide of corn,  
Swayed by the breath of morn,  
The land o'erflows.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

3 The wind, the rain, the sun,  
Their genial work have done :  
    Wouldst thou be fed ?  
Man, to thy labour bow,  
Thrust in the sickle now,  
Reap where thou once didst plough,  
    God sends thee bread.

4 A few seeds scattered wide  
God's hand hath multiplied :  
    Here thou may'st find  
Christ's miracle renewed ;  
With self-producing food  
He feeds a multitude,  
    He feeds mankind.

5 The God of harvest praise ;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise  
    With one accord :  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along ;  
And in your harvest song  
    Bless ye the Lord !

*James Montgomery.* 1810.

853 *He reserveth unto us the*  
*appointed weeks of . . . harvest.*  
Jeremiah v. 24. 7.6. 7.6. D.

SING to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise ;  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise :  
By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move,  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,  
The deserts bloom and spring,  
The hills leap up in gladness,  
The valleys laugh and sing :  
He filleth with His fulness  
All things with large increase,  
He crowns the year with goodness,  
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar  
The gifts His goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls He died to save :  
Your hearts lay down before Him,  
When at His feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore Him,  
Who gave His life for all.

*J. S. B. Monsell.* 1872.

854 *The husbandman waiteth*  
*for the precious fruit of the earth.*  
James v. 7. L.M.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling year,  
Thy favour still has crowned our days,  
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat ;  
Thou givest us the finest wheat ;  
The joys of harvest we have known ;  
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garner's stored,  
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord ;  
Forbid it, Source of light and love,  
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace ;  
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,  
That we may calmly meet the blow  
The sickle gives to lay us low :

5 That so, when angel-reapers come  
To gather sheaves to Thy best home,  
Our spirits may be borne on high  
To Thy safe garner in the sky. Amen.

*Edmund Butcher.* d. 1822.

855 *He . . . shall . . . come again*  
*with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with*  
*him.—Psalm cxxvi. 6.* 10.10. 7

GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee again  
We humbly now present, in joyous  
strain,  
Our Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

2 To Thee, in whom we live and move, we  
come,  
To praise Thee for the sheaves brought  
safely home,  
With Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

3 Thou dost prepare our corn, and year by  
year  
Before Thine altar, Lord, will we appear  
With Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

4 Thine was the former and the latter rain,  
Enriching earth, and calling forth again  
The Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

5 Thou openest wide, great God, Thy boun-  
teous hand,  
And far and wide ascends from all the  
land  
Glad Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

6 Thou fillest all that live with plenteous-  
ness ;  
They, in return, Thy sacred name all  
bless,  
In Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

7 Thy clouds drop fatness on the teeming  
earth ;  
Accept these festal songs of reverent  
mirth,  
This Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

8 The year is crowned with goodness, Lord,  
by Thee ;  
Then meet it is that we should offer Thee  
The Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

9 On every side, the little hills rejoice,  
On every side sounds forth the grateful  
voice  
Of Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

10 The valleys thiek with corn do laugh and  
sing ;  
Let all, who sow and reap, together bring  
Their Harvest-tide thanksgiving.  
*S. Childs-Clarke. 1863.*

856 8.8.8.8.4.4.8.  
*The earth is satisfied with  
the fruit of Thy works.—Psalm civ. 13.*

**L**ORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail,  
The varying seasons haste their round,  
With goodness all our years are crowned :  
Our thanks we pay  
This holy day ;  
O let our hearts in tune be found !

2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
If summer warms the fruitful earth :  
When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or autumn yields its ripened grain ;  
Still do we sing  
To Thee, our King ;  
Through all the changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine !  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound.  
New, every year,  
Thy gifts appear ;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.  
*John H. Gurney. 1851.*

857 8.8.8.8.8.8.  
*The harvest is the end of  
the world : and the reapers are the angels.*  
*Matthew xiii. 39.*

**L**ORD of the harvest, once again  
We thank Thee for the ripened  
grain ;  
For crops, safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year ;  
For sweet and holy thoughts supplied  
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dry grain, in autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task :

So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
To wind and storm exposed no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayer is said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;  
But not alone our bodies feed,  
Supply our fainting spirits' need ;  
O Bread of Life, from day to day,  
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay.  
Amen.  
*Joseph Anstice. 1836. alt.*

858 7.6.7.6.D.  
*The fields . . . are white  
already to harvest.—John iv. 35.*

**L**ORD of the living harvest,  
That whiteneth o'er the plain,  
Where angels soon shall gather  
Their sheaves of golden grain ;  
Accept these hands to labour,  
These hearts to trust and love,  
And deign with them to hasten  
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,  
Send us out, Christ, to be  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee ;  
We ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call us home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit !  
And fill our souls with light,  
Clothe us in spotless raiment,  
In linen clean and white ;  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with us, where we stand,  
And sanctify Thy people  
Throughout this happy land.

4 Be with us, God the Father !  
Be with us, God the Son !  
And God, the Holy Spirit !  
O Blessed Three in One !  
Make us a Royal Priesthood,  
Thee rightly to adore,  
And fill us with Thy fulness,  
Now, and for evermore. Amen.  
*J. S. B. Monsell. 1872.*

859 8.7.8.7.D. Iambic.  
*We have thought of Thy  
loving kindness, O God.—Psalm xlviii. 9.*

**T**O Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
In hymns of adoration,  
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise  
With shouts of exultation ;  
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
The hills with joy are ringing,  
The valleys stand so thick with corn  
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing ;

By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal,  
Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,  
Give us the Bread Eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary ;  
But labour ends with sunset ray,  
And rest comes for the weary ;  
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garner bright elected.

4 O, blessed is that land of God,  
Where saints abide for ever ;  
Where golden fields spread far and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river :  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending ;  
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

*W. Chatterton Dix. 1867.*

860 7.6.7.6. D. With Chorus.  
*He . . . filleth thee with  
the finest of the wheat.—Psalm cxlvii. 14.*

WE plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand ;

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

All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above :  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the  
Lord  
For all His love !

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far ;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star :  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed ;  
Much more to us His children  
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food ;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Matthias Claudius. 1800. alt.  
Tr. Jane M. Campbell 1861.*

## Special Occasions.

### MARRIAGE.

861 7.6.7.6. *And God blessed them.  
Genesis i. 28.*

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away :

2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The Holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

3 For dower of blessed children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break ;

4 Be present, loving Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam,  
Out of his own pierced side ;

5 Be present, holy Saviour,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou did'st bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands ;

6 Be present, gracious Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward through life's journey,  
The hallowed path they trace,

8 To cast their crowns before Thee,  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own bride they rise.  
Amen.  
*John Keble. 1857.*

862 7.6.7.6. D. *And both Jesus was called,  
and His disciples, to the marriage.  
John ii. 2.*

CROWN with Thy benediction  
This sacrament of love ;  
And make this hallowed union  
Foretaste of heaven above :  
Let pure and perfect gladness,  
Let pure and perfect rest,  
And peace, that knows no sadness,  
Thy presence, Lord, attest.

- 2 As once in Eden's springtime,  
As once at Cana's feast,  
So consecrate this bridal,  
Be Thou its Guest and Priest :  
With sunshine wreath the altar,  
Chase every cloud away,  
Nor let their voices falter  
Who plight their troth to-day.
- 3 God bless the bride and bridegroom,  
And fill with joy their life ;  
Keep them, through all its changes,  
True husband, faithful wife :  
If Thou wilt smile upon them,  
They shall not need the sun ;  
This thought their hearts rejoicing—  
Henceforth, not twain but one.
- 4 With Thy great love befriend them,  
The love that casts out fear ;  
And make a rainbow round them  
For every falling tear :  
Till, all their sheaves well-garnered,  
Heaven's harvest-home they raise,  
Where love, that knows no ending,  
Inspires more perfect praise. Amen.  
*John E. Greenwood, 1883.*

LAYING FOUNDATION AND  
MEMORIAL STONES.

863 *I have set my affection to* 6.5. 6.5. D.  
*the house of my God.*—1 Chronicles xxix. 3.

- CHRIST is the Foundation  
Of the house we raise ;  
Be its walls salvation,  
And its gateways praise ;  
May its threshold lowly  
To the Lord be dear ;  
May the hearts be holy  
That shall worship here.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages,  
Resting broad and deep,  
When life's tempest rages,  
Here let passion sleep ;  
Here may prayers and praises  
Never cease to rise,  
Till through Christ they raise us  
Nearer to the skies.
- 3 Here the vow be sealed  
By Thy Spirit, Lord ;  
Here the sick be healed,  
And the lost restored ;  
Here the broken-hearted  
Thy forgiveness prove ;  
Here the friends long parted  
Be restored to love.
- 4 Here may every token  
Of Thy presence be ;  
Here may chains be broken,  
Prisoners here set free ;

Here may light illumine  
Every soul of Thine,  
Lifting up the human  
Into the divine.

- 5 Here may God the Father,  
Christ the Saviour—Son,  
With the Holy Spirit,  
Be adored as One ;  
Till the whole creation  
At Thy footstool fall,  
And in adoration  
Own Thee Lord of all! Amen.  
*J. S. B. Monsell, 1865.*

864 *Except the Lord build the* L.M.  
*house, they labour in vain that build it.*  
Psalm cxxvii. 1.

EXCEPT the Lord the temple build,  
In vain their toll the workmen yield ;  
Except the Lord shall guard the bounds,  
In vain the watchman's voice resounds.

- 2 O Lord, the Master-builder Thou,  
Make us Thy fellow-workers now ;  
Builders of souls here may we be,  
And living shrines be raised for Thee.
- 3 Give to our teachers words of fire,  
To kindle every high desire ;  
And form in all the constant mind  
To serve their God and serve mankind.
- 4 Watch Thou within, lest we should spoil  
Thy work, or fail in earnest toil ;  
May Thine abiding presence keep  
Our hearts from strife, our souls from sleep.
- 5 Thus may we train, in Thy blest will,  
Young ardent souls to serve Thee still,  
To bear, in bright and eager hands,  
The torch that leaves our drooping hands.  
Amen.  
*E. S. A. 1887.*

865 *The glory of Lebanon shall* L.M.  
*come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and*  
*the box together, to beautify the place of My*  
*sanctuary.*—Isalah lx. 13.

OR Lord of hosts, whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
Who yet vouchsafes, in Christian hands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

- 2 Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 3 The heads that guide endure with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
That we who these foundations lay,  
May raise the topstone in its day.
- 4 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect ;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessed Trinity! Amen.

OPENING SERVICES.

866 *We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.*—Psalm lxxv. 4. L.M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;  
To Thee this temple, Lord, we build ;  
Thy power and goodness here display,  
And be it with Thy presence filled.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live,  
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,  
And when Thou hearest, O forgive !

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,  
Still by the power of His great name  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,  
When children's voices raise that song ;  
Hosanna ! let their angels sing,  
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient guest ?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

6 That glory never hence depart ;  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone,  
Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix Thy throne. Amen.  
*James Montgomery.* 1822.

OPENING SERVICES.

867 *Behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.* 2 Chronicles vi. 18. 7.6. 7.6. D.

THOU whose hand has brought us  
Unto this joyful day,  
Accept our glad thanksgivings,  
And listen as we pray ;  
And may our preparation  
For this day's service be  
With one accord to offer  
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

2 For this new house we praise Thee,  
Reared by Thine own command,  
For every generous bosom,  
And every willing hand ;  
And now within Thy temple  
Thy glory let us see,  
For all its strength and beauty  
Are nothing without Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,  
And hearts in worship blend,  
May truth reveal its power,  
And fervent prayer ascend ;  
Here may the busy toiler  
Rise to the things above ;  
The young, the old, be strengthened,  
And all men learn Thy love.

4 And as the years roll over,  
And strong affections twine,  
And tender memories gather  
About this sacred shrine,  
May this, its chief distinction,  
Its glory ever be,  
That multitudes within it  
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God ! our fathers' helper,  
Our joy and hope and stay,  
Grant now a gracious earnest  
Of many a coming day :  
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest,  
We wait before Thy throne,  
O come, and by Thy presence  
Make this new house Thine own !

Amen  
*F. W. Goadby.* 1880.

868 *I will glorify the house of my glory.*—Isaiah lx. 7. L.M.

BE with us, gracious Lord, to-day ;  
This house we dedicate to Thee ;  
O, hear Thy servants as they pray,  
And let Thine ear attentive be.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,  
Let love and truth be always found ;  
May burdened hearts find sweet release,  
And souls with richest grace be crowned.

3 May here be heard the suppliant's sigh,  
The weary enter into rest ;  
Here may the contrite to Thee cry,  
And waiting souls be richly blest.

4 Here, when the Gospel sound is heard,  
And here proclaimed the saving Name,  
May hearts be quickened, moved, and stirred,  
And souls be kindled into flame.

5 Here may the dead be made to live,  
The dumb to sing, the deaf to hear ;  
And do Thou to the humble give  
Pardon and peace instead of fear.

6 Make this, O Lord, Thine own abode ;  
Thy presence in these courts be given ;  
Be this, indeed, the house of God,  
And this in truth the gate of heaven.

Amen.  
Anon.

869 *All Thine own.* 1 Chronicles xxix. 16. L.M.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,  
A Lord of all gifts ! to offer Thee ;  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,  
Thine own before Thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builders' thought ;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;  
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,  
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.



3 No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;  
From human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer, this home of rest,  
Where Thy great name shall be confessed.

4 In weakness and in want we call  
On Thee for whom the heavens are small :  
Thy glory is Thy children's good,  
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

5 O Father ! deign these walls to bless ;  
Fill with Thy love their emptiness :  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to Thee. Amen.  
*J. G. Whittier. 1847.*

870 *And of Zion it shall be  
said, This and that man was born in her.*  
Psalm lxxxvii. 5. L.M.

GREAT God, Thy watchful care we bless,  
Which guards these sacred courts in  
peace ;  
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,  
To fill Thy worshippers with dread.

2 And will the great eternal God  
On earth establish His abode ?  
And will He, from His radiant throne,  
Avow our temples for His own ?

3 We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call such sinful mortals near.

4 These walls we to Thy honour raise,  
Long may they echo to Thy praise ;  
And Thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the virtues of His train ;  
While power divine His word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.  
Amen.

*Philip Doddridge. 1755. alt.*

871 *That Thine eyes may be  
open upon this house day and night.*  
2 Chronicles vi. 20. C.M.

( ) THOU, whose own vast temple stands  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to abide,  
The peace that dwelleth, without end,  
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way ;  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.

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4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise ;  
While, round these hallowed walls, the  
storm  
Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.  
*W. Cullen Bryant. 1835.*

872 *The glory of the Lord  
filled the house.—2 Chronicles vii. 1.* C.M.

LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord ;  
Enter, and claim Thine own ;  
Receive the homage of our souls,  
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar, Thou hast died ;  
We deck no priestly shrine :  
What need have we of creature-aid ?  
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud  
To glorify the place :  
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign,  
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask ;  
No tongues of flame desire ;  
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,  
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord ;  
The glory of that love  
Which forms and saves a Church below,  
And makes a heaven above. Amen.  
*John Harris. 1859.*

873 *Teaching them to observe  
all things whatsoever I have commanded  
you.—Matthew xxviii. 20.* C.M.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;  
I Thy presence now display :  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love  
Our feeble hope to raise,  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,  
The contrite heart bestow,  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith address our prayers,  
And in the presence of the Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by grace divine,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
And bend their wills to Thine. Amen.

*John Newton. 1779.*

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

874 *I have hallowed this house  
which thou hast built.—1 Kings ix. 3.* 7.7.7.7.

LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise ;  
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let Thy children here be fed  
With Thy word, the heavenly bread ;  
Here, with richest mercy blest,  
May the weary soul find rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land ;  
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply ;  
Hallelujah ! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

Amen.  
James Montgomery. 1825.

*Opening of an Organ.*

875 *Praise Him with stringed  
instruments and organs.—Psalm cl. 4.* C.M.

ALL nature's works His praise declare,  
To whom they all belong ;  
There is a voice in every star,  
In every breeze a song.

2 Sweet music fills the world abroad  
With strains of love and power ;  
The stormy sea sings praise to God,  
The thunder and the shower.

3 To God the tribes of ocean cry,  
And birds upon the wing ;  
To God the powers that dwell on high  
Their tuneful tribute bring.

4 Like them, let man the throne surround,  
With them loud chorus raise,  
While instruments of loftier sound  
Assist his feeble praise.

5 Great God, to Thee we consecrate  
Our voices and our skill ;  
We bid the pealing organ wait  
To speak alone Thy will.

6 O teach its rich and swelling notes  
To lift our souls on high,  
And while the music round us floats,  
Let earth-born passions die. Amen.

H. Ware, jun. d. 1843.

*Opening of a Bazaar.*

876 *The wise and their works are  
in the hand of God.—Ecclesiastes ix. 1.* L.M.

THOU God of glory, truth, and love,  
Lord over all beneath, above !  
Our thoughts and hearts to Thee we raise,  
And with our lips proclaim Thy praise.

2 Creation rose at Thy command,  
The seas, the floods, the solid land ;  
And at Thy wisdom's high behest,  
In beauteous robes Thy works were drest.

3 Thy goodness doth to men impart  
The fount of every useful art,  
The skilful hand, the inventive thought,  
By which new forms of grace are wrought.

4 Behold, O Lord, before Thee stand  
Our works of thought, of heart, and hand ;  
We humbly bring them to Thy throne,  
And render back with joy Thine own.

Edward Doaden. 1889.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY AND  
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

877 *They . . . brought unto Him  
all that were diseased ; . . . and as many as  
touched were made perfectly whole.* C.M.D.  
Matthew xiv. 35, 36.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,  
Was strong to heal and save ;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave.  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;  
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light :  
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by rest-less couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death ;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,  
With Thine almighty breath :  
To hands that work, and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. P. M'Intire 1868.

878 *I was sick, and ye visited me.* 8.7. 8.7. 7.7.  
Matthew xxv. 36.

**T**HOU to whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing words replying  
To the wearied cry of pain;  
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

- 2 Every care, and every sorrow,  
Be it great, or be it small,  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
When, where'er it may befall,  
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.
- 4 May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart;  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart,  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.
- 5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,  
To Thy healing power yield,  
Till the sick and sad in gladness,  
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,  
One in Thee together meet,  
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.  
Amen.  
*Godfrey Thring.* 1866.

879 *Inasmuch as ye have done* C.M.  
*it unto one of the least of these My brethren,*  
*ye have done it unto Me.—Matt. xxv. 40.*

- F**OUNT of good, to own Thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline;  
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,  
When all the worlds are Thine?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace;  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.
- 3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.
- 4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
With joy to do Thy will;  
Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

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6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.  
*Philip Doddridge.* 1755. *alt.*

880 *Ye have the poor with* 7.5. 7.5.  
*you always.—Mark xiv. 7.*

**T**HINE are all the gifts, O God!  
Thine the broken bread:  
Let the naked feet be shod,  
And the starving fed.

- 2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
Give as they abound,  
Till the poor have breathing-space,  
And the lost are found.
- 3 Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice;  
Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.
- 4 Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.  
*J. G. Whittier.* 1847.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

881 *Blessed are the dead* 7.7. 7.7. D.  
*which die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.*

**H**ARK! a voice divideth the sky—  
Happy are the faithful dead!  
In the Lord who sweetly die,  
They from all their toils are freed,  
Them the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest:  
Jesus is their great Reward,  
Jesus is their endless Rest.

- 2 Followed by their works, they go  
Where their Head hath gone before;  
Reconciled by grace below,  
Grace hath opened mercy's door:  
Justified through faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot  
Of a saint in Christ deceased?  
Let the world, who know us not,  
Call us hopeless and unblest:  
When from flesh the spirit freed,  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, 'A man is dead!'  
Angels sing, 'A child is born!'

- 4 Born into the world above,  
They our happy brother greet;  
Bear him to the throne of love,  
Place him at the Saviour's feet;  
Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,  
Good and faithful servant thou;  
Enter, and receive thy crown;  
Reign with Me triumphant now.'
- 5 Angels catch the approving sound,  
Bow, and bless the just a ward;  
Hail the heir with glory crowned,  
Now rejoicing with his Lord;  
Fuller joys ordained to know,  
Waiting for the general doom,  
When the archangel's trump shall blow,  
'Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!'
- Wesley. 1742.

882 *They . . . rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.* Revelation xiv. 13. 7.7.7.7.

LO! a voice from heaven hath said,  
Henceforth blessed are the dead  
Dying in their risen Lord,  
Trusting His redeeming word.

- 2 Blessed! for their work is done;  
Home they went at set of sun;  
They were weary, it was best  
To lie down and take their rest.
- 3 Blessed ones! they calmly sleep,  
Leaving us to wake and weep,  
Still to bear our fleshly pains,  
Sins and doubts and spirit-chains.
- 4 Blessed! they have done with tears,  
Sickness, darkness, death, and fears;  
And the soul's long conflict past,  
Victory is theirs at last.
- 5 Theirs is the eternal peace,  
(Growing with divine increase;  
Theirs—eternal rest above,  
Rest in the Eternal Love.
- 6 Dwelling in the Light of Light,  
They possess the Infinite;  
Every mystery unsealed,  
And the glory all revealed.

George Rawson. 1876.

883 *There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*—Hebrews iv. 9. 8.7.8.7. D. Iambic.

- THE journey done, the rest begun,  
The day of death now ended;  
To life above, on wings of love,  
The freed one hath ascended:  
What we do weep, the Christ doth keep,  
He died that He might save it;  
The body trust we to the dust,  
The soul to God who gave it.
- 2 Our tears must fall at loss of all  
That time cannot restore us;  
Lut to the skies we'll lift our eyes,  
And think of what's before us;

There, safe above, with Him whose love  
For all its want provideth,  
The spirit blest, in changeless rest  
Of Paradise, abideth.

- 3 Your muffled chime, ye bells of time,  
Ring out with chastened gladness;  
The happy soul needs not your toll,  
As if it dwelt in sadness:  
Toll for the dead who, living, tread  
Earth's sinful ways, hard-hearted;  
Lut a bright chime, ye bells of time,  
Ring out for Christ's departed.
- 4 Their warfare o'er, now never more  
Shall sin or sorrow grieve them;  
Against that day, not far away,  
In quiet earth we leave them:  
What we do weep, the Christ doth keep,  
He died that He might save it;  
The body trust we to the dust,  
The soul to God who gave it.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1872.

884 *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*—Job i. 21. 7.7.7.7.

CHRIST will gather in His own  
To the place where He is gone,  
Where their heart and treasure lie,  
Where our life is hid on high.

- 2 Day by day the Voice saith, 'Come,  
Enter thine eternal home.'  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear soul it summons there.
- 3 Had He asked us, well we know  
We should cry, 'O, spare this blow!  
Yea, with streaming tears should pray,  
'Lord, we love him, let him stay!'
- 4 But the Lord doth nought amiss,  
And since He hath ordered this,  
We have nought to do but still  
Rest in silence on His will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here,  
Ah! to us was all too dear;  
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,  
Thou wilt be our All in all.

Bohemian Brethren. 1531.  
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

885 *Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.* Revelation iii. 12. C.M.

CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host  
Of Christian chivalry,  
We bless Thee for our comrade true  
Now summoned up to Thee.

- 2 We bless Thee for his every step,  
In faithful following Thee;  
And for his good fight fought so well,  
And crowned with victory.

TRAVELLERS BY LAND AND SEA.

3 We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps  
The sleep in Jesus blest ;  
The purified and ransomed soul  
Hath entered into rest.

4 We bless Thee that his humble love  
Hath met with such regard ;  
We bless Thee for his blessedness,  
And for his rich reward.

George Rawson. 1857.

5 There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
Till the resurrection-day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton. 1871.

886

*Into Thine hand I  
commit my spirit.*—Psalm xxxi. 5.

7.7. 7.7. 8.8.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle day is past ;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the Shepherd bringing home  
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,  
Shelters each, no more to roam,  
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There the penitents who turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

887

*To die is gain.*  
Philippians i. 21.

8.8. 8.8. D. Anapastic.

REJOICE for a brother deceased,  
Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
A soul out of prison released,  
And free from his bodily chain :  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind,  
Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the shp's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath ;  
With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death :  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past ;  
The age that in heaven they spend,  
For ever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley. 1744.

Travellers by Land and Sea.

888

*He maketh the storm a calm,  
so that the waves thereof are still.*  
Psalm cvii. 29.

8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless  
wave,  
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walk'dst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep ;

244

O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light, and life, and peace ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;  
And ever let them rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Amen.

William Whiting. 1860.

889 *Be of good cheer : it is I ;  
be not afraid.*—Mark vi. 50. 7.7.7.7.

**O**N the waters dark and drear,  
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near,  
With our ship where'er it roam,  
As with loving friends at home.

2 Thou hast walked the heaving wave,  
Thou art mighty still to save ;  
With one gentle word of peace  
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

3 Safely from the boisterous main  
Bring us back to port again ;  
In our haven we shall be,  
Jesus, if we have but Thee.

4 Only by Thy power and love  
Fit us for the port above ;  
Still the deadly storm within,  
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

5 So, when breaks the glorious dawn  
Of the resurrection morn,  
When the night of toil is o'er,  
We shall see Thee on the shore.

6 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Praise unending unto Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

*W. Chatterton Diz.* 1870.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, at whose voice  
The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled  
breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power  
The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening  
might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee  
We love, we worship, we adore ;  
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our Joy on heaven's eternal shore.

Amen.

*Bishop E. H. Bickersteth.* 1870.

892 *When the waves thereof  
arise, Thou stillest them.*—Psalm lxxxix. 9. 8.8.8.8.8.

**G**REAT Ruler of the land and sea,  
Almighty God, we come to Thee,  
Able to succour and to save  
From perils of the wind and wave :  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

2 Smooth the rough ocean's troubled face,  
And bid the hurricane give place  
To the soft breeze that waits the barque  
Safely alike through light and dark :  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

3 In storm or battle, with Thine arm,  
Shield Thou the mariner from harm,  
From foes without, from ills within,  
From deeds and words and thoughts of sin :  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

4 O Son of God, in days of ill,  
Say to each sorrow, ' Peace, be still ;'  
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,  
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry :  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

5 When hidden is each guldng star,  
Flash out the beacon's light afar ;  
From mist and rock and shoal and spray  
Protect the sailor on his way :  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

6 Good Pilot of the awful main,  
Let us not plead Thy love in vain ;  
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,  
Say, ' It is I, be not afraid :'  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

Amen.

*Horatius Bonar.* 1866.

890 *Thou rulest the raging  
of the sea.*—Psalm lxxxix. 9. L.M.

**L**ORD of the sea ! afar from land  
We still within Thy presence stand ;  
Now grant us grace to worship Thee,  
And keep our Sabbath on the sea.

2 Be banished care, be vanquished fear ;  
Our hearts into calm waters steer ;  
So may they rest although we roam,  
And on the deep be still at home :

3 Be calm without and calm within,  
And all our worship free from sin ;  
And as of Thee Thy servants hear,  
O let us feel that Thou art near !

4 Thy blessing, gracious Lord, we crave ;  
Thou oft didst sail the Hebrew wave ;  
Soil with us now that, joyful, we  
May keep our Sabbath on the sea.

5 Thine is the sea, as Thine the land ;  
We still within Thy presence stand ;  
In Thy blest Spirit's light may we  
Find mercy's gate upon the sea. Amen.

*George T. Coster.* 1884.

891 *Which stilleth the noise  
of the seas, the noise of their waves.* L.M.  
Psalm lxxv. 7.

**A**Lmighty Father, hear our cry,  
As o'er the trackless deep we roam,  
Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
On homeless waters Thou our home.



893 *Trust thou in the Lord :*  
*He is their help and their shield.*  
Psalm cxv. 9. 6.6. 6.6. 8.8.

FATHER, who art alone  
Our helper and our stay,  
O, hear us ! as we plead  
For loved ones far away ;  
And shield with Thine Almighty hand  
Our wanderers by sea and land.

2 For Thou, our Father-God,  
Art present everywhere,  
And bendest low Thine ear  
To catch the faintest prayer ;  
Waiting rich blessings to bestow  
On all Thy children here below.

3 O, compass with Thy love  
The daily path they tread !  
And may Thy light and truth  
Upon their hearts be shed ;  
That, one in all things with Thy will,  
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

4 Guard them from every harm,  
When dangers shall assail,  
And teach them that Thy power  
Can never, never fail ;  
We cannot with our loved ones be,  
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

5 We all are travellers here  
Along life's various road,  
Meeting and parting oft  
Till we shall mount to God ;  
At home at last, with those we love,  
Within the Fatherland above.

E. J. 1885.

894 *Who art the confidence of*  
*all the ends of the earth, and of them that are*  
*afar off upon the sea.—Psalm lxy. 5.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8. 8.7.

O MIGHTY God, Creator, King,  
Who rulest over sea and land,  
And dost the ocean deeps sustain  
Within the hollow of Thine hand ;  
O hear us as we cry to Thee  
For those who traverse land and sea,  
That they may now and ever be  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

2 And Thou who can'st on earth to breathe  
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,  
Didst walk upon the angry wave,  
And bid the troubled sea be still ;  
O hear us as we cry to Thee  
For those who traverse land and sea,  
That they may now and ever be  
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

3 Wherever danger threatens, then,  
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,  
And breathe into each trembling heart  
The will and power of fervent prayer ;  
That we and all who cry to Thee,  
With those who traverse land and sea,  
Both now and evermore may be  
Safe in Thy holy keeping. Amen.

Godfrey Thring. 1879.

895 *The sea is His, and He*  
*made it.—Psalm xc. v.* L.M.

LORD of the wide-extended main,  
Whose power the wind, the sea, con-  
trols,  
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,  
Whose Spirit leads believing souls :

2 For Thee we leave our native shore,  
We whom Thy love delights to keep,  
In other climes Thy works explore,  
And see Thy wonders in the deep.

3 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,  
Which dark to human eyes appear :  
While through the mighty waves we pass,  
Faith only sees that God is here.

4 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,  
We own Thy way is in the sea,  
O'erawed by majesty divine,  
And lost in Thy immensity.

5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove ;  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.

Westley. 1739.

896 *The Lord our God shall*  
*deliver us.—2 Chronicles xxxii. 11.* 8.8. 8.8. 8.8.

NOW weigh the anchor, holst the sail,  
Launch out upon the pathless deep,  
Resolved, however veers the gale,  
The destined port in mind to keep ;  
Through all the dangers of the way,  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

2 When tempests mingle sea and sky,  
And winds like lions rage and rend,  
Ships o'er the mountain-waters fly,  
Or down unfathomed depths descend,  
Though skill avail not, strength decay,  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

3 If lightnings from embattled clouds  
Strike, or a spark in secret nurst,  
From stem to stern, o'er masts and shrouds  
Like doomsday's conflagration burst,  
Amid the fire Thy power display,  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

4 Through yielding planks, should ocean  
urge  
Rude entrance, flooding all below,  
Speak, ere we founder in the surge,  
' Thus far, nor farther shall ye go ;  
Here, ye proud waves, your fury stay :'  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

5 With cordage snap, and canvas riven,  
Through straits thick-strown with rock  
and shoal,  
Along some gulf-stream darkly driven,  
Fast wedged 'midst icebergs at the pole,  
Or on low breakers cast away,  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray.

6 Save, or we perish; calms or storms,  
By day, by night, at home, afar,  
Death walks the waves in all his forms,  
And shoots his darts from every star;  
Want, pain, and woe man's path waylay,  
Deliver us, good Lord, we pray. Amen.  
*James Montgomery.* 1853.

897 *In His hand are the deep  
places of the earth.*—Psalm xciv. 4. C.M.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will;  
The sea, that roars at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to Thee.

*Joseph Addison.* 1712.

898 *The Lord on high is mightier  
than the noise of many waters.* S.M.  
Psalm xciii. 4.

O GOD, whose love is near,  
Although it seem to stay,  
Be with us through our voyage here,  
And smooth the ocean way.

2 Though on a foreign sea,  
We sail not far from home;  
And nearer to the port of peace  
We every moment come.

3 When loud the surges rise,  
And calms delay to be,  
The storm is blest and kind the waves  
That drive us nearer Thee.

4 And when the winds are hushed,  
And on the deep is peace,  
And we behold the land where lies  
Our haven of release:

5 With soft and gentle winds  
O waft us smooth along;  
While fastened deep within the veil,  
Hope is our anchor strong.

6 Wait till all tempests flee,  
Wait thy appointed hour!  
Wait till the Master of thy soul  
Reveal His love with power.

7 Tarry His leisure then!  
Although He seem to stay:  
For heaven's harbourage with Him  
All storms shall overpay.

*Augustus M. Toplady.* 1776.  
*And S. A. Brooke.* 1881.

899 *The wind and the  
sea obey Him.*—Mark iv. 41. C.M.

O LORD, be with us when we sail  
Upon the lonely deep,  
Our guard when on the silent deck  
The nightly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,  
Mid rising winds, we hear  
The multitude of waters surge;  
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
The ocean and the land,  
All, all are Thine, and held within  
The hollow of Thine hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret  
Rose high the angry wave,  
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,  
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise,  
From man's unbridled will,  
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts  
To whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

6 Across this troubled tide of life  
Thyself our Pilot be,  
Until we reach that better land,  
The land that knows no sea.

7 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Thee, Spirit, moving on the deep,  
Be praise for evermore. Amen.  
*Eucard A. Dayman.* b. 1807.

900 *These see the works of  
the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.* T. T. T. T.  
Psalm cvii. 24.

L ORD, whom winds and seas obey,  
Guide us through the watery way;  
In the hollow of Thy hand  
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind  
Rest, on Thee alone reclined ;  
Every anxious thought repress,  
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,  
Bid them to each other cleave,  
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,  
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,  
All who on Thy love depend ;  
Waft our happy spirits o'er,  
Land us on the heavenly shore. Amen.  
*Charles Wesley.* 1872.

901 *He . . . rebuked the wind,* L.M.  
*and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.*  
Mark iv. 39.

THE billows swell, the winds are high ;  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to Thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord ! the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the  
storm ;  
Defend me from each threatening ill ;  
Control the waves ; say ' Peace, be still.

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;  
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,  
My haven through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.  
Amen.  
*William Cowper.* 1779.

902 *He was in the hinder* 8.7. 8.7. D.  
*part of the ship, asleep on a pillow.*  
Mark iv. 38.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe :  
Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
' All is well ! ' Thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
Though the storm-clouds dark are scowl-  
ing,  
O'er the sailor's anxious head :  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still,  
Hush the billows' wild commotion,  
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus our hearts the hope will cherish,  
While to heaven we lift our eyes ;  
Thou wilt save us ere we perish,  
Thou wilt hear our faintest cries :  
And, though mast and sail be riven,  
Life's short voyage soon is o'er ;  
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,  
Storms and tempests vex no more.  
*G. W. Bethune.* 1847.

903 *Lord, save us : we perish.* 12.12. 12.12.  
Matthew viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild  
tempest is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning  
is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to  
cherish,  
We fly to our Maker :—' Save, Lord, or we  
perish.'

2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the  
billow,  
Aroused by the cry of despair from Thy  
pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his danger, ' Save, Lord, or  
we perish.'

3 And, O ! when the whirlwind of passion is  
raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is  
waging,  
Arise in Thy grace, Thy redeemed to  
cherish ;  
Rebuke the destroyer :—' Save, Lord, or  
we perish.' Amen.  
*Bishop R. Heber.* 1827.

904 *Why are ye fearful,* C.M.  
*O ye of little faith ?—Matthew viii. 26.*

WHILE lone upon the furious waves,  
Where danger fiercely rides,  
There is a Hand, unseen, that saves,  
And through the ocean guides.

2 Almighty Lord of land and sea,  
Beneath Thine eye we sail ;  
And if our hope be fixed on Thee,  
Our hearts can never quail.

3 Though tempests shake the angry deep,  
And thunder's voice appal ;  
Serene we wake, and calmly sleep,  
Our Father governs all.

4 Still prove Thyself through all the way,  
The Guardian and the Friend ;  
Choir with Thy presence every day,  
And every night defend. Amen.

*Ebenezer E. Jenkins.* 1876.

Parents and Family Worship.

905

*As obedient children.*  
1 Peter i. 14.

7.7.7.7.

**G**OD of mercy, hear our prayer  
For the children Thou hast given;  
Let them all Thy blessings share,  
Grace on earth, and bliss in heaven!

- 2 In the morning of their days  
May their hearts be drawn to Thee;  
Let them learn to lip Thy praise  
In their earliest infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain,  
Through the Saviour's precious blood:  
Let them all be born again,  
And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;  
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;  
While on Thee our souls rely,  
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

Amen.

*Thomas Hastings.* 1834.

906

*I and the children which*  
*God hath given me.*—Hebrews ii. 13.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

**C**APTAIN of our salvation, take  
The souls we here present to Thee,  
And fit for Thy great service make  
These heirs of immortality;  
And let them in Thine image rise,  
And then transplant to Paradise.

- 2 Unspotted from the world and pure,  
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,  
Accustomed daily to endure  
The welcome burden of Thy cross;  
Inured to toil and patient pain,  
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.
- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,  
And serve and love Thee all their days;  
Infuse the principle divine  
In all who here expect Thy grace;  
Let each improve the grace bestowed,  
Rise every child a man of God!
- 4 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,  
In all their Captain's steps to tread!  
Or send them to proclaim Thy word,  
Thy Gospel through the world to spread,  
Freely as they receive to give,  
And preach the death by which we live!

Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1763.

907

*As for me and my house,*  
*we will serve the Lord.*—Joshua xxiv. 15.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

**C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom we for our children cry;  
The good desired and wanted most,  
Out of Thy richest grace supply;

The sacred discipline be given,  
To train and bring them up for heaven.

- 2 Answer on them the end of all  
Our cares, and pains, and studies here;  
On them, recovered from their fall,  
Stamped with the humble character,  
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,  
To all their Paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,  
Their blindness both of heart and mind;  
Give them the wisdom from above,  
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;  
In knowledge pure their minds renew,  
And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Unite the pair so oft disjoined,  
Knowledge and vital piety;  
Learning and holiness combined,  
And truth and love, let all men see,  
In those whom up to Thee we give,  
Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.
- 5 Father! accept them through Thy Son,  
And ever by Thy Spirit guide;  
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
Thy name confessed and glorified;  
Thy power and love diffused abroad,  
Till all the earth is filled with God.

Amen.

*Charles Wesley.* 1749.

908

*Train up a child in the*  
*way he should go.*—Proverbs xxii. 6.

C.M.

**G**OD only wise, almighty, good,  
Send forth Thy truth and light,  
To point us out the narrow road,  
And guide our steps aright:

- 2 To steer our dangerous course between  
The rocks on either hand;  
And fix us in the golden mean,  
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt, by Thy sufficient grace,  
To teach as taught by Thee,  
We come to train in all Thy ways  
Our rising progeny:
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,  
And mortify their pride;  
And lend their youth a sacred clue  
To find the Crucified.
- 5 We would in every step look up,  
By Thy example taught  
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,  
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their hearts to obey,  
With mildest zeal proceed;  
And never take the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,  
The wisdom from above,  
To touch their hearts with filial fear,  
And pure, ingenuous love :

8 To watch their will, to sense inclined ;  
Withhold their hurtful food ;  
And gently bend their tender mind,  
And draw their souls to God.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

909 8.8.6. 8.8.6.  
*I will walk within my  
house with a perfect heart.*—Psalm ci. 2.

HOW shall I walk my God to please,  
And spread content and happiness  
O'er all beneath my care?  
A pattern to my household give,  
And as a guardian angel live,  
As Jesu's messenger?

2 The opposite extremes I see,  
Remissness and severity,  
And know not how to shun  
The precipice on either hand,  
While in the narrow path I stand,  
And dread to venture on.

3 Shall I, through indolence supine,  
Neglect, betray my charge divine,  
My delegated power?  
The souls I from my Lord receive,  
Of each I an account must give,  
At that tremendous hour.

4 Lord over all, and God most high !  
Jesus, to Thee for help I fly,  
For constant power and grace ;  
That, taught by Thy good Spirit and led,  
I may with confidence proceed,  
And all Thy footsteps trace.

5 O teach me my first lesson now !  
And, while to Thy sweet yoke I bow,  
Thy easy service prove,  
Lowly and meek in heart, I see  
The art of governing like Thee  
Is governing by love.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

910 C.M.  
*The Angel which redeemed  
me from all evil, bless the lads.*  
Genesis xlviii. 16.

THE great redeeming Angel, Theo,  
O Jesus, we confess !  
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,  
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early discipled to the Lord,  
May they be taught of Thee ;  
And, made to know and trust Thy word,  
Wise to salvation be.

3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,  
Our children's sins remove ;  
And bring them through their evil day,  
To sing Thy praise above.

4 Partakers of our nature, make  
Partakers of Thy grace ;  
And then the heirs of glory take  
To dwell before Thy face. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

911 L.M.  
*Thou shalt see thy  
children's children.*—Psalm cxxviii. 6.

IN this glad hour, when children meet,  
And home with them their children  
bring,  
Our hearts with one affection beat,  
One song of praise our voices sing.

2 For all the faithful, loved and dear,  
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given,  
For those who still are with us here,  
And those who wait for us in heaven ;

3 For every past and present Joy,  
For honour, competence, and health,  
For hopes which time may not destroy  
Our soul's imperishable wealth.

4 For all, accept our humble praise ;  
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love ;  
And when are closed our mortal days,  
Unite us in one home above. Amen.

H. Ware, Jun. d. 1843.

SerVICES for the Young.

*Hymns suitable for Children's Services will be found in all parts of  
this Hymnal. See Special Index.*

912 8.7. 8.7. With Chorus. Iambic.  
*Rejoice in the Lord always.*  
Philippians iv. 4.

A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,  
And thankfully we gather,  
To bless the love of God above,  
Our everlasting Father.

In Him rejoice with heart and voice,  
Whose glory fadeth never,  
Whose providence is our defence,  
Who lives and loves for ever.

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2 From shades of night, He calls the light,  
And from the sod the flower ;  
From every cloud His blessings break,  
In sunshine, or in shower.

3 Full in His sight His children stand,  
By His strong arm defended ;  
And He, whose wisdom guides the world,  
Our footsteps hath attended.

4 For nothing falls unknown to Him,—  
Or care, or joy, or sorrow ;  
And He whose mercy ruled the past,  
Will be our stay to-morrow.

SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

5 Then praise the Lord with one accord,  
To His great name give glory,  
And of His never-changing love  
Repeat the wondrous story.

A. N. Blatchford.

913 *I laid me down and slept ;  
I awaked ; for the Lord sustained me.*  
Psalm iii. 5. 7.7.7.7. D.

GOD of mercy and of love,  
Listen from the heaven above,  
While to Thee my voice I raise  
In a morning hymn of praise :  
It was Thine almighty arm  
Kept me all night long from harm ;  
It is only, Lord, by Thee  
That another morn I see.

2 Lo ! the happy light of day  
Drives the shadows all away ;  
Lo ! it brings again to sight  
All things beautiful and bright :  
White clouds sailing in the air,  
Little flowers so fresh and fair,  
Greenest fields, and rippling streams,  
Glitter in the morning beams

3 Father, keep me all day long  
From all hurtful things and wrong ;  
Make me an obedient child,  
Make me loving, gentle, mild :  
Hark ! the birds are singing gay ;  
Let me sing, as well as they,  
Praise to Him who is above  
For His mercies and His love. Amen.  
Anon.

914 *Young men, and maidens ;  
old men, and children ; let them praise the  
name of the Lord.*—Psalm cxlviii. 12, 13. C.M.D.

OUR LORD of all, we bring to Thee  
Our sacrifice of praise,  
To Thee with glad and thankful hearts  
Our festal hymn we raise ;  
We are but children here on earth,  
And Thou art high above,  
But yet we dare to come to Thee,  
Because Thy name is Love.

2 We praise Thee now for life, and health,  
And earthly happiness,  
For all the sacred human love  
That still our lives doth bless,  
For Thy dear Son whom Thou hast sent,  
Whose kind and tender voice  
Bids the young children come to Thee,  
And in Thy love rejoice.

3 What shall we render Thee, O Lord ?  
What tribute shall we bring ?  
O let us give our hearts, our lives,  
In thankful offering.  
Although we are but children, yet  
Thou dost our service ask,  
And each in Thy great work may find  
His own appointed task.

4 O make us watchful, lest by sin  
Our hearts be overborne ;  
O make us true in word and work,  
Though all the world should scorn ;  
O make us willing here to serve,  
In lowliness and love,  
For Him who in a servant's form  
Came down from heaven above.

5 The night of sin must wane at last,  
The morn of joy begin,  
When Christ in every human heart  
His royal throne must win ;  
O let us give Him now in youth  
Our ardour and our strength,  
Work for His glorious kingdom here,  
And share His joy at length !

6 Already breaks the early dawn  
Of that great day of God ;  
Already sounds the Master's voice  
Through all the earth abroad.  
Then cast the works of night away,  
Gird on the arms of light,  
And on the side of Christ our King  
Stand ready for the fight.  
E. S. A. 1887.

915 *Ye are of God, little children.*  
1 John iv. 4. C.M.

COME, let us join the hosts above,  
Now in our youngest days ;  
Remember our Creator's love,  
And hush our Father's praise.

2 His majesty will not despise  
The day of feeble things ;  
Grateful the songs of children rise,  
And please the King of kings.

3 He loves to be remembered thus,  
And honoured for His grace ;  
Out of the mouths of babes like us,  
His wisdom perfects praise.

4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,  
Honour and thanks be given !  
Children and cherubim adore  
The Lord of earth and heaven.

Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1763.

916 *Who is this King of glory ?  
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.*  
Psalm xxiv. 10. 6.5.6.5. D. With Chorus.

JESUS, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry :  
Pardon our transgressions,  
Cleanse us from our sin ;  
By Thy Spirit help us  
Heavenly life to win.

Jesus, King of glory,  
Throned above the sky,  
Jesus, tender Saviour,  
Hear Thy children cry.



2 On this day of gladness,  
Bending low the knee  
In Thine earthly temple,  
Lord, we worship Thee ;—  
Celebrate Thy goodness,  
Mercy, grace, and truth ;  
All Thy loving guidance  
Of our heedless youth ;

3 For the little children  
Who have come to Thee ;  
For the glad, bright spirits  
Who Thy glory see ;  
For the loved ones resting  
In Thy dear embrace ;  
For the pure and holy  
Who behold Thy face ;

4 For Thy faithful servants  
Who have entered in ;  
For Thy fearless soldiers  
Who have conquered sin ;  
For the countless legions  
Who have followed Thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory.

5 Help us ever steadfast  
In the faith to be :  
In Thy Church's conflicts  
Fighting valiantly :  
Loving Saviour, strengthen  
These weak hearts of ours,  
Through Thy cross to conquer  
Crafty evil powers.

6 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, Thy way ;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day :  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful  
Palms and crowns of life. Amen.

W. H. Davison. b. 1827.

917 *When they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.—Luko xxiii. 33.* c.m.

THERE is a green hill far away  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin ;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

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5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.  
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. 1848.

918 *Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto.* S.M.D.  
1 Timothy vi. 16.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,  
Beyond our feeble sight,  
The God of glory dwells on high,  
In everlasting light.  
Around His glorious throne  
The holy angels stand ;  
In songs of praise their King they own.  
Or fly at His command.

2 And we may praise Him too,  
And serve Him here below ;  
He stoops to mark what children do,  
Their inmost thoughts to know ;  
And though He reigns above,  
Where angels ceaseless praise,  
He will accept our humble love,  
And lead us in His ways.

3 O, may we humbly seek  
To do His holy will,  
And try with thankful hearts, and meek,  
To sing His praises still ;  
And then for Jesu's sake,  
Who came for us to die,  
Our happy spirits He will take  
To praise Him in the sky.

Mrs. M. Bourdillon. 1849.

919 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.* 6.6. 6.6. 4.4. 4.4.  
Matthew xxi. 16.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,  
In heaven's bright abode,  
The angel-host on high  
Sing praises to their God :  
Hallelujah !  
They love to sing  
To God their King  
Hallelujah !

2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise ;  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise :  
Hallelujah !  
We too will sing  
To God our King  
Hallelujah !

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth  
To us Thy babes impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.  
Hallelujah !  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King  
Hallelujah !

4 O, may Thy holy word  
Spread all the world around ;  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound,  
Hallelujah !  
All then shall sing  
To God their King  
Hallelujah ! Amen.

John Chandler. 1841.

920 *They brought young children to Him, that He should touch them.* 7.6.7.6. D. *Special.*  
Mark x. 13.

THERE'S a Friend for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love will never die :  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
Of that dear name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to His Father cry ;  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy.  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare ;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-by ;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On those who love the Saviour,  
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually,  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing ;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And palms of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

Albert Millane. 1867.

921 *The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.*—Matthew xxi. 15. 8.5. 8.5. 8.4.3.

LORD, Thy children lowly bending  
Bow before Thy Throne ;  
Praise from youthful lips ascending  
Wilt Thou deign to own ?  
Wilt Thou hear us while we bless Thee,  
And confess Thee  
God alone ?

2 While the heavens declare Thy glory  
To the listening earth,  
While the angels sing the story  
Of creation's birth,  
Wilt Thou hear our child-notes swelling,  
Gladly telling  
Jesus's worth ?

3 Yes, Thou wilt ; for Thou dost love us,  
Can'st for us to die ;  
Bending from Thy throne above us  
With a pitying eye,  
Well we know that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us  
When we cry.

4 Then our humble praises bringing,  
We will seek Thy face,  
Hymns with grateful voices singing  
In this hallowed place,  
We will dare to come before Thee,  
And adore Thee,  
Lord of grace.

Anon.

922 *Consider the lilies of the field.*—Matthew vi. 28. 7.6. 7.6. D.

IKNOW who makes the daisies,  
And paints them starry bright ;  
I know who clothes the lilies,  
So sweet, and soft, and white :  
And surely needful raiment  
He will for me provide.  
Who know Him as my Jesus,  
And in His love confide.

2 I know who feeds the sparrow,  
And robin, red and gay ;  
I know who makes the skylark  
Soar up to greet the day :  
And me much more He cares for,  
And feeds with daily bread,  
Whom He has taught to love Him,  
And trust what He has said.

3 The daisy and the lily  
Obey Him and they can ;  
The robin and the skylark  
Fulfill His perfect plan :  
And I, to whom are given  
A heart, and mind, and will,  
Must try to serve Him better,  
And all His laws fulfil.

4 The daisies, they must perish,  
The lark and robin die;  
But I shall live for ever,  
Above the bright blue sky:  
Dear Jesus, Thou wilt help me  
To love Thee more and more,  
Until in heaven I see Thee,  
Am like Thee, and adore.

*C. Newman Hall.* 1878.

923 7.6. 7.6. Special.  
*God saw everything that  
He had made, and, behold, it was very good.*  
Genesis i. 31.

ALL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures, great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky;

4 The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day;

6 He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty  
Who has made all things well.

*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.* 1848.

924 6.5. 12 lines.  
*Who is on the Lord's side?*  
Exodus xxxii. 26.

WHO is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers  
Other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side?  
Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who will for Him go?  
By Thy call of mercy,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown and palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior's psalm;  
But for love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died,  
He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side.

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By Thy love constraining,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem.  
With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee.  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.  
By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine!

*Frances R. Havergal.* 1877.

925 7.6. 7.6. D.  
*Remember now thy Creator  
in the days of thy youth.*—Ecclesiastes xii. 1.

REMEMBER thy Creator  
In childhood's happy days,  
He from the mouths of infants  
Knows how to perfect praise.  
The Lord took little children  
Within His kind embrace,  
And they who seek Him early  
Shall surely find His face.

2 Remember thy Creator  
In youth's rejoicing years;  
Ere yet thy steps have entered  
Life's shadowed vale of tears:  
Thou save thy heart from sorrows  
That sadden after days,  
And keep thy feet from straying  
In sin's destructive ways.

3 Remember thy Creator  
In manhood's active prime,  
And render to His service  
The first-fruits of thy time.  
Seek not to find thy treasure  
In things that must decay,  
But lay up store in heaven  
Which shall not pass away.

4 Remember thy Creator  
In age's eventide,  
They ne'er shall be forsaken  
Who in His love confide:  
Thy falling heart He'll strengthen,  
Thy weary spirit cheer;  
With Him, in death's dark valley  
No evil shalt thou fear.

5 Remember thy Creator  
Whatever thy need may be,  
In gladness or in sorrow  
He will remember thee;  
Will guide thee with His counsel,  
Uphold thee by His grace,  
Then take thee to His glory  
With joy to see His face.

*T. A. Stowell.* 1887.

926 8.7.8.7.7.  
*Unto you is born this day  
 in the city of David, a Saviour.*  
 Luke ii. 11.

ONCE, in royal David's city,  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby,  
 In a manger for His bed:  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall:  
 With the poor and mean and lowly  
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous childhood  
 He would honour, and obey,  
 Love, and watch the lowly mother  
 In whose gentle arms He lay:  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern,  
 Day by day like us He grew,  
 He was little, weak, and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us He knew:  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that child, so dear and gentle,  
 Is our Lord in heaven above:  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,  
 Set at God's right hand on high;  
 When like stars His children  
 crowned,  
 All in white shall wait around.  
*Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. 1848.*

927 C.M.  
*Hold up my goings in Thy  
 paths, that my footsteps slip not.*  
 Psalm xvii. 5.

DE Thou my Guardian and my Guide,  
 And hear me when I call;  
 Let not my slippery footsteps slide,  
 And hold me lest I fall.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
 Around the path I tread;  
 O save me from the snares of hell,  
 Thou Quickener of the dead.

3 And if I tempted am to sin,  
 And outward things are strong,  
 Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,  
 And save my soul from wrong.

4 Still let me ever watch and pray,  
 And feel that I am frail:  
 That if the tempter cross my way,  
 Yet he may not prevail.

5 Then in the last and loneliest hour  
 I shall have no alarms,  
 But underneath me feel in power  
 Thine everlasting arms.  
*Isaac Williams. 1842.*

928 C.M.  
*We will remember the name  
 of the Lord our God.—Psalm xx. 7.*

0 LORD, while life and hope are young,  
 And all are kind to me,  
 While strains of pleasure fill my tongue,  
 Let me remember Thee.

2 Where'er my wayward footsteps turn,  
 Whate'er mine eyes may see,  
 May I Thy power, Thy love discern,  
 And thus remember Thee.

3 And when to man's estate I grow,  
 Though rich or poor I be,  
 May all my feelings heavenward flow  
 And I remember Thee.

4 And O, when evil days shall fall,  
 And health and comfort flee,  
 Midst sorrow's cloud and suffering's thrall,  
 May I remember Thee.

5 And thus, till life itself shall end,  
 And I from sin am free,  
 Creator, Father, Guardian, Friend,  
 May I remember Thee. Amen.

*Anon.*

929 6.5.6.5.D.  
*He shall gather the lambs  
 with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*  
 Isaiah xl. 11.

JESUS is our Shepherd,  
 Wiping every tear;  
 Folded in His bosom,  
 What have we to fear?  
 Only let us follow  
 Whither He doth lead,  
 To the thirsty desert,  
 Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd,  
 Well we know His voice,  
 How its gentlest whisper  
 Makes our heart rejoice;  
 Even when He chideth,  
 Tender is its tone:  
 None but He shall guide us,  
 We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:  
 For the sheep He bled,  
 Every lamb is sprinkled  
 With the blood He shed;  
 Then on each He setteth  
 His own secret sign:  
 'They that have My Spirit,  
 These,' saith He, 'are Mine.'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd ;  
Guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven,  
None can do us harm ;  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.

*Hugh Stowell.* 1849.

930 *He took them up in His arms, . . . and blessed them.*—Mark x. 16. 8.7. 8.7. 8.7.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee ;  
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried  
In Thy bosom may we be ;  
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended ;  
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From Thy fold to go astray ;  
By Thy look of love directed,  
May we walk the narrow way ;  
Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy word instruct us,  
Guide us daily by its light ;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right,  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Strengthened by Thy heavenly might.

Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,  
May we our thank-offerings bring ;  
Then with all the saints in glory,  
Join to praise the Shepherd-King.

Amen.

*Jane Leeson.* 1842. *Alt. by John Keble* 1857.

931 *Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.*—Psalm xxx. 10. 6.5. 6.5.

JESUS, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear ;  
When we bow before Thee,  
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,  
Heaven's Almighty King,  
Thou wilt stoop to listen  
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,  
Weak and apt to stray ;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning ;  
Watch us day by day ;  
Help us now to love Thee ;  
Take our sins away.

5 Strengthen us for duty,  
While on earth we live ;  
May we to Thy service  
Our best talents give,  
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6 Then when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We would gladly answer,  
'Saviour, Lord, we come.'

*Anon.* 1847.

932 *The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.*—Romans viii. 26. 6.5. 6.5

HOLY Spirit ! hear us ;  
Help us while we sing ;  
Breathe into the music  
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit ! prompt us  
When we kneel to pray ;  
Nearer come, and teach us  
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit ! shine Thou  
On the Book we read ;  
Gild its holy pages  
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit ! give us  
Each a lowly mind ;  
Make us more like Jesus,  
Gentle, pure and kind.

5 Holy Spirit ! brighten  
Little deeds of toil ;  
And our playful pastimes  
Let no folly spoil.

6 Holy Spirit ! keep us  
Safe from sins which lie  
Hidden by some pleasure,  
From our youthful eye.

7 Holy Spirit ! help us  
Daily by Thy might,  
What is wrong to conquer,  
And to choose the right. Amen.  
*W. H. Parker.* 1880.

933 *Our Father which art in heaven.*—Matthew vi. 9. 8.8. 8.4. 8.4.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,  
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;  
The bird sits singing by his nest,  
And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud.

2 He has no store, he sows no seed ;  
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;  
By flowing stream or grassy mead  
He sings to shame  
Men, who forget, in fear of need,  
A Father's Name.

3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,  
And feels as light as it had wings ;  
A well of peace within it springs ;  
Come good or ill,  
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,  
It is His will !

*Isaac Williams.* 1842.

934 *Irregular.*  
*Thy Holy Child Jesus,*  
*whom Thou hast anointed.*—Acts iv. 27.

THERE came a little Child to earth  
 Long ago;  
 And the angels of God proclaimed His  
 birth,  
 High and low.

2 Out on the night, so calm and still,  
 Their song was heard:  
 For they knew that the Child on Bethle-  
 hem's hill  
 Was Christ the Lord.

3 Far away in a goodly land,  
 Fair and bright,  
 Children with crowns of glory stand,  
 Robed in white,

4 In white more pure than the spotless snow;  
 And their tongues unite  
 In the psalm which the angels sang long  
 ago  
 On that still night.

5 They sing how the Lord of that world so  
 fair  
 A Child was born,  
 And that they might a crown of glory wear  
 Were a crown of thorn;

6 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,  
 Came forth to die,  
 That the children of earth might for ever  
 reign  
 With Him on high.

7 He has put on His kingly apparel now,  
 In that goodly land;  
 And He leads to where fountains of water  
 flow  
 That chosen band;

8 And for evermore, in their robes most fair  
 And undefiled,  
 Those ransomed children His praise declare  
 Who was once a Child.  
*Emily E. S. Elliott.* 1873.

935 *8.8.8. 4.*  
*I love them that love Me.*  
 Proverbs viii. 17.

DEAR Master, what can children do?  
 The angels came from heaven above  
 To comfort Thee; may children too  
 Give Thee their love?

2 No more, as on that night of shame,  
 Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,  
 Where, worshipping, an angel came  
 To strengthen Thee.

3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art  
 Still present in the crowded street,  
 In every lonely, suffering heart  
 That there we meet.

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4 And not one simple, loving deed,  
 That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,  
 Or answers some unspoken need,  
 Is done in vain;

5 Since every passing joy we make,  
 For men and women that we see,  
 If it is offered for Thy sake,  
 Is given to Thee.

6 O God, our Master, help us then  
 To bless the weary and the sad,  
 And, comforting our fellow-men,  
 To make Thee glad. Amen.  
*Annie Matheson.* 1884.

936 *7.7. 8.8.7.*  
*I must be about My*  
*Father's business.*—Luke ii. 49.

OWHAT can little hands do  
 To please the King of heaven?  
 The little hands some work may try  
 To help the poor in misery:  
 Such grace to mine be given!

2 O what can little lips do  
 To please the King of heaven?  
 The little lips can praise and pray,  
 And gentle words of kindness say:  
 Such grace to mine be given!

3 O what can little hearts do  
 To please the King of heaven?  
 Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,  
 Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:  
 Such grace to mine be given!

4 Though small is all that we can do  
 To please the King of heaven;  
 When hearts and hands and lips unite  
 To serve the Saviour with delight,  
 Then perfect grace is given.

*Mrs. Hinsdale.*

937 *8.6. 8.6. 8.6.*  
*Behold the fowls of the*  
*air.*—Matt. vi. 26.

OLITTLE birds that all day long  
 Carol in every tree,  
 What is the secret of your song,  
 The meaning of your glee  
 You are so very, very glad;  
 How loving God must be!

2 Dear flowers that blossom round my feet,  
 It fills my heart to see  
 Your smiling faces, when you meet  
 God's wind upon the sea:  
 You seem to laugh for happiness;  
 How loving God must be!

3 And all day long our hearts rejoice,  
 God cares for you and me:  
 We are but children, yet our voice  
 May praise Him unerringly:  
 And we can sing like all the birds,  
 How loving God must be!



- 4 God's men and women sometimes look  
 Less full of joy than we,  
 Yet He their suffering nature took  
 As Son of Man, and He  
 Poured out His life to heal them all :  
 How loving God must be !  
*Annie Matheson. 1880.*

938 *Man goeth forth unto his  
 work and to his labour until the evening.*  
 Psalm civ. 23. 6.5. 6.5. D.

WHILE the sun is shining  
 Brightly in the sky,  
 Ere his rays declining  
 Tell that night is nigh ;  
 Ere the shadows falling  
 Lengthen on thy way,  
 Hark ! a voice is calling,  
 Work while it is day.

- 2 Work for God in heaven ;  
 Seek the Saviour's face,  
 Plead to be forgiven,  
 Strive to grow in grace ;  
 Watch against temptation,  
 Watch and fight and pray :  
 Each in his own station  
 Work while it is day.
- 3 Work, but not in sadness,  
 For our Lord above ;  
 He will make it gladness  
 With His smile of love :  
 When that Lord returning  
 Knocketh at the gate,  
 Let your lights be burning,  
 Be like men who wait.
- 4 Happy then the meeting,  
 When we see His face ;  
 Welcome then the greeting  
 From the throne of grace :  
 ' Good and faithful servants  
 Of My Father blest,  
 Now your work is ended,  
 Enter into rest.'

*T. A. Stowell. 1869.*

939 *11.11. 11.11. Anapaestic.  
 The Lord is among them.*  
 Psalm lxxviii. 17.

- THERE is out of sight the fair land of  
 the blest,  
 Which Jesus has made for His followers'  
 rest ;  
 He calls us to come, and invites us to  
 stay ;  
 Then march to the land of the blest, march  
 away !
- 2 No sorrow is felt, for our Saviour is there,  
 'Tis sinless and joyful, a land, O, how  
 fair !  
 Where darkness is lost in all-glorious  
 day ;  
 Then march to the land of the blest, march  
 away !

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- 3 Our Saviour is good ; but no words can  
 express  
 The depths of His love or the heights of  
 His grace ;  
 He bids us come to Him, then let us obey,  
 And march to the land of the blest, march  
 away !

- 4 Come, children, don't tarry, for Jesus now  
 stands,  
 His arms opened wide, and His merciful  
 hands  
 Extended to touch you, and bless you for  
 aye ;  
 Then march to the land of the blest, march  
 away !

*Anon.*

940 *It is God which worketh  
 in you both to will and to do of His good  
 pleasure.—Philippians ii. 13.* C.M.

GOD make my life a little light  
 Within the world to glow ;  
 A little flame that burneth bright,  
 Wherever I may go.

- 2 God make my life a little flower,  
 That giveth joy to all,  
 Content to bloom in native bower,  
 Although the place be small.
- 3 God make my life a little song  
 That comforteth the sad,  
 That helpeth others to be strong,  
 And makes the singer glad.
- 4 God make my life a little staff,  
 Whereon the weak may rest,  
 That so what health and strength I have  
 May serve my neighbours best.
- 5 God make my life a little hymn  
 Of tenderness and praise,  
 Of faith, that never waxeth dim,  
 In all His wondrous ways. Amen.  
*M. Betham-Edwards. 1872.*

941 *Even the night shall be  
 light about me.—Psalm cxxxix. 11.* 6.5. 6.5.

NOW the day is over,  
 Night is drawing nigh ;  
 Shadows of the evening  
 Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesus, grant the weary  
 Calm and sweet repose ;  
 With Thy tenderest blessing  
 May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children  
 Visions bright of Thee ;  
 Guard the sailors toiling  
 On the deep blue sea.

- 4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain ;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise,  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,  
In Thy holy eyes.
- 7 Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run. Amen.  
*S. Baring-Gould. 1865.*

942 *The blessing of the Lord,* 8.7.8.7.4.7.  
*it maketh rich.—Proverbs x. 22.*

FATHER, let Thy benediction,  
Gently falling as the dew,  
And Thy ever gracious presence  
Bless us all our journey through ;  
May we ever  
Keep the end of life in view.

- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom  
Which can only come from Thee :  
In the morn of our existence  
Let us Thy salvation see ;  
Changed in spirit,  
Then shall we Thy children be.
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,  
When we falter by the way,  
Let Thine arm of strength defend us,  
Saviour, hear us when we pray ;  
Thou art mighty,  
Be Thou then our Rock and Stay.
- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,  
Will we render, Lord, to Thee ;  
For the news of Thy salvation  
Shall extend from sea to sea :  
All the nations  
Joyfully shall worship Thee. Amen.  
*Mrs. M. E. Shelly. 1844.*

943 *The shadows of the* 7.6.7.6. D.  
*evening are stretched out.—Jeremiah vi. 4.*

THE hours of day are over,  
The evening calls us home ;  
Once more to Thee, O Father,  
With thankful hearts we come ;  
For all Thy countless blessings  
We praise Thy holy Name,  
And own Thy love unchanging,  
Through days and years the same.

- 2 For life, and health, and shelter  
From harm throughout the day,  
The kindness of our teachers,  
The gladness of our play ;  
For all the dear affection  
Of parents, brothers, friends,  
To Thee our thanks we render,  
Who these, and all things, sends.
- 3 But these, O Lord, can show us  
Thy goodness but in part ;  
Thy love would lead us onward  
To know Thee as Thou art ;  
Thy Son came down from heaven  
To take away our sin,  
Thy Spirit dwells among us  
To make us clean within.
- 4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,  
For this we thank Thee most—  
The cleansing of the sinful,  
The saving of the lost ;  
The Teacher ever present,  
The Friend for ever nigh,  
The home prepared by Jesus  
For us beyond the sky.

- 5 Lord, gather all Thy children  
To meet Thee there at last,  
When earthly tasks are ended,  
And earthly days are past ;  
With all our dear ones round us  
In that eternal home,  
Where death no more shall part us,  
And night shall never come! Amen.  
*John Ellerton. 1856.*

944 *Speak, Lord ; for Thy* 8.7.8.7.7.7.  
*servant heareth.—1 Samuel iii. 9.*

MASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,  
Waiting for Thy gracious word,  
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;  
Master ! let it now be heard.  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
What hast Thou to say to me ?

- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master,  
Let me know it is to me :  
Speak, that I may follow faster,  
With a step more firm and free,  
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,  
In the shadow of the Rock.
- 3 Master, speak ! though least and lowest,  
Let me not unheard depart :  
Master, speak ! for O, Thou knowest  
All the yearning of my heart ;  
Knowest all its truest need ;  
Speak ! and make me blest indeed.
- 4 Master, speak ! and make me ready,  
When Thy voice is truly heard,  
With obedience glad and steady  
Still to follow every word.  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
Master, speak, O, speak to me ! Amen.  
*Frances R. Havens. 1874.*

Private Devotion.

945 *Go forth into the plain,  
and I will there talk with thee.*  
Ezekiel iii. 22.

C.M.

I **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee;  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life!  
Sweet source of light divine!  
And, all harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour! Thou art mine.
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more!  
*William Cowper. 1779.*

946 *I will not leave you comfortless:  
I will come to you.—John xiv. 18.*

7.7.7.6.

I **N** the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's riches flee away,  
And the last hope will not stay,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

- 2 When the hoard of many years  
Like a fleet cloud disappears,  
And the future's full of fears,  
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 3 When the secret idol's gone  
That my poor heart yearned upon—  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 Thou who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in Thy love confide;  
My Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Comfort me, I am cast down,  
Thy my Heavenly Father's frown;  
I deserve it all, I own:  
My Saviour, comfort me.  
*946a*

6 In these hours of sad distress  
Let me know He loves no less,  
Bid me trust His faithfulness:  
My Saviour, comfort me.

7 Not unduly let me grieve,  
Meekly the kind stripes receive,  
Let me humbly still believe:  
My Saviour, comfort me.

8 So, it shall be good for me  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If Thou wilt but tenderly,  
My Saviour, comfort me. Amen.  
*George Rawson. 1857.*

947 *Behold, He that keepeth  
Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*  
Psalm cxxi. 4.

8.8.8.8. Anapestic.

I **N**SPIRER and Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of  
Thine,

- My all to Thy covenant care  
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me,  
And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
  - 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,  
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;  
By day and by night they attend,  
The heirs of salvation to keep.
  - 4 Their service no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing;  
And, while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King.
  - 5 I too, at the season ordained  
Their chorus for ever shall join;  
And love, and adore without end,  
Their faithful Creator and mine.  
*Augustus M. Toplady. 1770.*

948 *When thou prayest, enter  
into thy inner chamber.—Matt. vi. 6.*

C.M.

F **A**THER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
I humbly seek Thy face,  
Encouraged by the Saviour's word  
To ask Thy pardoning grace.

- 2 Entering into my closet, I  
The busy world exclude,  
In secret prayer for mercy cry,  
And groan to be renewed.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee  
I solemnly retire;  
See, Thou who dost in secret see,  
And grant my heart's desire.

- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,  
The Spirit of love and power,  
Blameless before Thy face to live,  
To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,  
And know my sins forgiven,  
And do on earth Thy perfect will,  
As angels do in heaven.
- 6 O Father, glorify Thy Son,  
And grant what I require ;  
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,  
And answer me by fire.
- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,  
Which may to heaven ascend,  
And now the work of grace begin,  
Which shall in glory end. Amen.  
Wesley. 1747.

- 3 O wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy servant guard  
'Gainst every known or secret foe ;  
A mind for all assaults prepared,  
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,  
Ever apprised of danger nigh,  
And when to fight, and when to fly.
- 4 O never suffer me to sleep  
Secure within the verge of hell !  
But still my watchful spirit keep  
In lowly awe and loving zeal ;  
And bless me with a godly fear,  
And plant that guardian-angel here.
- 5 Attended by the sacred dread,  
And wise from evil to depart,  
Let me from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to purity of heart ;  
Through all the paths of duty move,  
From humble faith to perfect love. Amen.  
Charles Wesley. 1749.

949 *I give myself unto prayer.* S.M.  
Psalm cix. 4.

- I GIVE myself to prayer ;  
Lord, give Thyself to me,  
And let the time of my request  
Thy time of answer be.
- 2 My thoughts are like the reeds,  
And tremble as they grow,  
In the sad current of a life  
That darkly runs and slow.
- 3 I am as if asleep,  
Yet conscious that I dream ;  
Like one who vainly strives to wake  
And free himself, I seem.
- 4 The loud distressful cry  
With which I call on Thee,  
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou  
Canst give me liberty.
- 5 I give myself to prayer ;  
Lord, give Thyself to me ;  
And in the time of my distress,  
O haste and succour me !
- 6 Then be my heart, my world,  
Rehallowed unto Thee,  
And Thy pervading glory, Lord,  
O let me feel and see ! Amen.  
T. T. Lynch. 1855.

950 *My soul waiteth for the Lord* S.S. S.S. S.S.  
*more than they that watch for the morning.*  
Psalm cxxx. 6.

- FATHER, to Thee I lift mine eyes,  
My longing eyes, and restless heart ;  
Before the morning watch I rise,  
And wait to taste how good Thou art,  
To obtain the grace I humbly claim,  
The saving power of Jesu's name.
- 2 This slumber from my soul, O shake !  
Warned by Thy Spirit's inward call ;  
Let me to righteousness awake,  
And pray that I no more may fall,  
Or give to sin or Satan place,  
But walk in all Thy righteous ways.

951 *Hear my prayer, O Lord ;* T.G. T.G. D.  
*give ear to my supplications.—Ps. cxliii. 1.*

- I'M kneeling at the threshold,  
Aweary, faint, and sore ;  
I'm waiting for the dawning,  
The opening of the door ;  
I'm waiting till the Master  
Shall bid me rise and come  
To the glory of His presence,  
The gladness of His home.
- 2 A weary path I've travelled,  
Mid darkness, storm, and strife,  
And bearing many a burden,  
Contending for my life ;  
But now the morn is breaking,  
My toil will soon be o'er,  
I'm kneeling at the threshold,  
My hand is on the door.
- 3 Methinks I hear the voices  
Of the blessed as they stand,  
Sweet singing in the sunshine  
Of that unclouded land ;  
O would that I were with them,  
Amid the shining throng,  
Uniting in their worship,  
Rejoicing in their song !
- 4 The friends that started with me  
Have entered long ago ;  
Ah ! one by one they left me,  
To struggle with the foe ;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter,  
Their triumph sooner won ;  
How lovingly they'll hail me,  
When once my work is done !
- 5 With them the blessed angels,  
That know nor grief nor sin,  
I see them at the portals,  
Prepared to let me in ;  
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,  
Thy time and way are best ;  
I'm wasted, worn, and weary ;  
My Father, bid me rest. Amen.  
W. L. Alexander. d. 1884.

952 *As ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation.*—2 Corinthians i 7. C.M.D.

I HOPED that with the brave and strong,  
My portioned task might lie;  
To toil amid the busy throng,  
With purpose pure and high;  
But God has fixed another part,  
And He has fixed it well;  
I said so with my breaking heart,  
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,  
These days of misery,  
These nights of darkness, anguish-tossed,  
Can I but turn to Thee:  
With secret labour to sustain  
In patience every blow,  
To gather fortitude from pain,  
And holiness from woe.

3 If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,  
More humble I should be,  
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on Thee:  
Should death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow;  
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,  
O let me serve Thee now! Amen.  
*Anne Brontë. 1847.*

953 *When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me.* C.M.  
Psalm xlii. 4.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts! this day  
Around Thine altar meet;  
And tens of thousands throng to pay  
Their homage at Thy feet.

2 They see Thy power and glory there,  
As I have seen them too;  
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,  
As I was wont to do.

3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,  
In sweet and solemn lays;  
Were I among them, my glad tongue  
Might learn new themes of praise.

4 For Thou art in their midst to teach,  
When on Thy name they call;  
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,  
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

5 I, of such fellowship bereft,  
In spirit turn to Thee;  
O hast Thou not a blessing left,  
A blessing, Lord, for me?

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6 The dew lies thick on all the ground;  
Shall my poor fleece be dry?  
The manna rains from heaven around;  
Shall I of hunger die?

7 Behold Thy prisoner; loose my bands,  
If 'tis Thy gracious will;  
If not, contented in Thy hands,  
Behold Thy prisoner still.

8 I may not to Thy courts repair;  
Yet here Thou surely art;  
Lord! consecrate a house of prayer  
In my surrendered heart.

9 To faith reveal the things unseen;  
To hope, the joys untold;  
Let love, without a veil between,  
The glory now behold.

10 O make Thy face on me to shine,  
That doubt and fear may cease!  
Lift up Thy countenance benign  
On me,—and give me peace. Amen.  
*James Montgomery. 1832.*

954 *O, how great is Thy goodness.* 6.6.9. 6.6.9.  
Psalm xxxi. 19.

A WAY with our fears!  
The glad morning appears,  
When an heir of salvation was born!  
From Jehovah I came,  
For His glory I am,  
And to Him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,  
The Fountain I own,  
Of my life and felicity here;  
And cheerfully sing  
My Redeemer and King,  
Till His sign in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice  
In Thy fatherly choice  
Of my state and condition below;  
If of parents I came  
Who honoured Thy name,  
'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of Thy grace,  
From my earliest days,  
Ever near to allure and defend;  
Hitherto Thou hast been  
My Preserver from sin,  
And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,  
And temptations, and snares,  
Thy hand hath conducted me through  
O the blessings bestowed  
By a bountiful God,  
And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,  
What a heaven of bliss,  
How unspeakably happy am I!  
Gathered into the fold,  
With Thy people enrolled,  
With Thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God,  
Employing a clod  
His tribute of glory to raise !  
His standard to bear,  
And with triumph declare  
His unspeakable riches of grace !

8 O the fathomless love,  
That has deigned to approve  
And prosper the work of my hands !  
With my pastoral crook  
I went over the brook,  
And, behold, I am spread into bands !

9 Who, I ask in amaze,  
Hath begotten me these ?  
And inquire from what quarter they  
came ?  
My full heart it replies,  
They are born from the skies,  
And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

10 All honour and praise  
To the Father of grace,  
To the Spirit, and Son, I return !  
The business pursue,  
He hath made me to do,  
And rejoice that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy  
My life I employ,  
The God of my life to proclaim ;  
'Tis worth living for this,  
To administer bliss  
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days  
I spend in His praise,  
Who died the whole world to redeem :  
Be they many or few,  
My days are His due,  
And they all are devoted to Him.

Charles Wesley 1749.

## Temperance Services.

955 *Lord, what wilt Thou have  
me to do ?—Acts ix. 6.*

L.M.

- H**ERE, Lord, assembled in Thy name,  
Thy work to do, Thy help we claim,  
And pray for grace that we may be  
Inspired by purest love to Thee.
- 2 Not might, nor power, Thyself hast said,  
Can vice destroy, or virtue spread ;  
Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do,  
Who only can our hearts renew.
- 3 Come then, to us reveal Thy love,  
And pour the Spirit from above,  
That we, with holy motives, may  
The impulse of His will obey.
- 4 O ! touch our lips that we may speak  
To guard the tempted, help the weak,  
And guide the wandering to retrace  
Their steps, and seek a Father's face.
- 5 With Christ-like sympathy may we  
The sorrows of our brethren see,  
Who, captive led by love of drink,  
Beneath a load of evil sink.
- 6 With ready hands and willing feet,  
By methods wise and actions meet,  
Guided by Thee, O may we run  
To seek and save the erring one !
- 7 And while sobriety we teach,  
Let us the heart and conscience reach,  
And by a power through Christ bestowed  
Make sober men Thy sons, O God.

Amen.

Edward Boarden. 1889.

956 *I must work the works of  
Him that sent Me, while it is day.*  
John ix. 4.

6.5. 6.5.

- C**HRISTIAN, work for Jesus,  
Who on earth for thee  
Laboured, wearied, suffered,  
Died upon the tree.
- 2 Work with eye that rangeth  
Over sin's great deep :  
Where he thousands drifti g,  
Rocked to fatal sleep.
- 3 Work with hands that Jesus  
Maketh strong to bring  
Souls to Him, their Saviour,  
Trustfully to cling.
- 4 Work with feet untiring,  
By the Master led.  
Help to free the drunkards  
From their bondage dread.
- 5 Work with lips so fervid  
That thy words may prove  
Thou hast brought a message  
From the God of love.
- 6 Work with heart that burneth  
Humbly at His feet ;  
Priceless gems to offer,  
For His crown made meet.
- 7 Work with prayer unceasing,  
Borne on faith's strong wing,  
Earnestly beseeching  
Trophies for the King.





National Hymns.

961 *Righteousness exalthe  
a nation.*—Proverbs xiv. 34. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

GOD bless our native land!  
May heaven's protecting hand  
Still guard our shore;  
May peace her power extend,  
Foe be transformed to friend,  
And Britain's power depend  
On war no more.

2 O Lord, our monarch bless  
With strength and righteousness;  
Long may she reign!  
Her heart inspire and move  
With wisdom from above;  
And in a nation's love  
Her throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our isle!  
Home of the brave and free,  
The land of liberty!  
We pray that still on thee  
Kind heaven may smile.

4 And not this land alone,  
But be Thy mercies known  
From shore to shore.  
Lord, make the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family,  
The wide world o'er! Amen.

W. E. Hickson. 1855.

962 *When He giveth quietness,  
who then can make trouble!*—Job xxxiv. 29. 8.8.6. 8.8.6.

A NATION God delights to bless,  
Can all our raging foes distress,  
Or hurt whom they surround?  
Hid from the general scourge we are,  
Nor see the bloody waste of war,  
Nor hear the trumpet's sound.

2 O might we, Lord! the grace improve,  
By labouring for the rest of love,  
The soul-composing power!  
Bless us with that internal peace,  
And all the fruits of righteousness,  
Till time shall be no more. Amen.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

963 *Our fathers have told us,  
what work Thou didst in their days.* C.M. Psalm xliiv. 1.

GREAT God of hosts, our ears have  
heard,  
Our fathers oft have told,  
What wonders Thou hast done for them,  
Thy glorious deeds of old.

2 Not by their might was safety wrought,  
Nor victory by their sword;  
Ere Thou didst guard the chosen race  
Who Thy great Name adored.

3 Great God of hosts! their God and ours;  
Our only Lord and King;  
Let that right arm which fought for them  
To us salvation bring.

4 To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,  
By whom the conquest came,  
And, in triumphant songs of praise,  
Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.

Edward Oster. 1836.

964 *Blessed be the Lord, that  
hath given rest unto His people.* C.M. 1 Kings viii. 56.

T ORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers sepulchres are here  
And here our kindred dwell:  
Our children, too; how should we love  
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless;  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Upon our Sabbaths smile;  
And piety and virtue reign,  
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend. Amen.

J. R. Weyford. 1837.

965 *The Prince of Peace.* 8.6.8.6. 8.8. 8.8.6. 8.8.6. Isaiah ix. 6.

T HROUGH centuries of sin and woe  
Hath streamed the crimson flood,  
While man, in concert with the foe,  
Hath shed his brother's blood:  
Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And let the cruel war-cry cease.

2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,  
Thy servants seek repose,  
See, day by day, the strife renewed,  
And brethren turned to foes:  
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour  
Their loud unanswer'd cry ;  
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,  
And want forgotten lie :  
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Let hatred die, and love increase.

4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love ;  
O send it all abroad,  
Till every heart submissive prove,  
And bless the reigning God :  
Come lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And give the weary world release.

Amen.

John H. Gurney. 1838.

966 8 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.  
*Our fathers trusted in Thee.*  
Psalm xxii. 4.

WE come unto our fathers' God ;  
Their Rock is our Salvation ;  
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,  
We make our habitation :  
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they  
brought ;  
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought  
In every generation

2 Unto Thy people we belong,  
Elect, redeemed, renewed ;  
We join the bless'd pilgrim throng  
With Thine own strength endued :  
Our hands their task divine essay :  
Our feet pursue the heavenly way  
Their steadfast feet pursued.

3 The Fire Divine, their steps that led,  
Still goeth bright before us ;  
The Heavenly Shield, around them spread,  
Is still high holden o'er us :  
The grace those sinners that subdued,  
The strength those weaklings that re-  
newed,  
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

4 The cleaving sins that brought them low  
Are still our souls oppressing ;  
The tears that from their eyes did flow  
Fall fast, our shame confessing ;  
As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,  
So our strong prayer ascends on high,  
And bringeth down Thy blessing.

5 Their precious things on us bestowed  
The same dear Lord discover ;  
The joy wherewith their souls o'erflowed  
Makes our glad hearts run over :  
Their fire of love in us doth burn ;  
As yearned their hearts, our hearts do  
yearn  
After the Heavenly Lover.

6 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;  
Their song to us descendeth :  
The Spirit who in them did sing  
To us His music lendeth :  
His song in them, in us, is one ;  
We raise it high, we send it on,  
The song that never endeth.

7 Ye saluts to come, take up the strain,  
The same sweet theme endeavour !  
Unbroken be the golden chain ;  
Keep on the song for ever :

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Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,  
Rich with the same eternal grace,  
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill. 1869.

967 7. 6. 7. 6. D. *Special.*  
*And pray unto the Lord for*  
*it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have*  
*peace.—Jeremiah xxix. 7.*

NOW pray we for our country,  
That England long may be  
The holy and the happy,  
And the gloriously free.  
Who blest her is blessed !  
So peace be in her walls ;  
And joy in all her palaces,  
Her cottages and halls.

Bishop A. C. Coze. 1548.

968 O Lord, correct me, but  
*with judgment.—Jeremiah x. 24.* C.M.D.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
While at Thy feet we fall,  
And humbly, with united cry,  
To Thee for mercy call.  
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine ;  
O, turn us not away,  
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,  
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less, we own ;  
Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown :  
When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,  
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
And, pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land :  
With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer,  
' Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord :  
Then let Thy mercy spare.' Amen.

John H. Gurney. 1838.

969 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.  
*And all the people shouted,*  
*and said, God save the king.—1 Sam. x. 24.*

GOD save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen.  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On her be pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign,  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

Henry Carey. d. 1743.

## Dismissal Hymns and Doxologies.

970 *Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.* C.M.  
Galatians iii. 28.

**B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part :  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined In one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And show His praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus Crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To His beloved embrace ;  
Expect His fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day  
Which shall our flesh restore,  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more.  
Wesley. 1742.

971 *The things which are not* 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.  
*seen are eternal.*—2 Corinthians iv. 18.

**J**ESUS, accept the praise  
That to Thy name belongs ;  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs ;  
Through Thee we now together came,  
And part exulting in Thy name.

- 2 In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit joined,  
To embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assigned ;  
And while we do Thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on  
In all Thy pleasant ways,  
And, armed with patience, run  
With joy the appointed race ;  
Keep us, and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,  
When all our toils are o'er,  
And death, and grief, and pain,  
And parting are no more ;  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And soar with them above the skies.

5 Then let us wait the sound  
That shall our souls release ;  
And labour to be found  
Of Him in spotless peace,  
In perfect holiness renewed,  
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.  
Wesley. 1747.

972 *Your life is hid with* C.M.  
*Christ in God*—Colossians iii. 3.

- G**OD of all consolation ! take  
(I The glory of Thy grace :  
Thy gifts to Thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through Thee we now together came  
In singleness of heart ;  
We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,  
And in Thy name we part.
  - 3 We part in body, not in mind ;  
Our minds continue one ;  
And, each to each in Jesus joined,  
We hand in hand go on.
  - 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;  
Our life shall soon appear,  
And shed His glory all abroad  
In all His members here.
  - 5 Our souls are in His mighty hand,  
And He shall keep them still ;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Sion's hill.
  - 6 Him eye to eye we there shall see,  
Our face like His shall shine ;  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join !
  - 7 O what a joyful meeting there !  
In robes of white arrayed,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear  
And crowns upon our head.
  - 8 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage through  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.  
Wesley 1747

973 *Stand fast in one spirit.* 6. 6. 6. 6. 8  
Philippians i. 27.

- L**ORD, we Thy will obey,  
And in Thy pleasure rest ;  
We, only we, can say,  
'Whatever is, is best ;  
Joyful to meet, willing to part,  
Convinced we still are one in heart.
- 2 Hereby we sweetly know  
Our love proceeds from thee,  
We let each other go,  
From every creature free,  
And cry, in answer to Thy call,  
'Thou art, O Christ, our All in all.  
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3 Our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Our Counsellor Divine!  
Thy chosen ones depend  
On no support but Thine;  
Our everlasting Comforter!  
We cannot want, if Thou art here.

4 Still let us, gracious Lord,  
Sit loose to all below;  
And to Thy love restored,  
No other portion know;  
Stand fast in glorious liberty,  
And live and die wrapt up in Thee.  
Amen.  
Wesley. 1749.

*Departure of Friends.*

974 *Bring recommended by  
the brethren unto the grace of God.*  
Acts xv. 40. 6.6. 8.4.

WITH the sweet word of peace  
We bid our brethren go;  
Peace, as a river, to increase  
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer  
We earnestly commend  
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend!

3 With the dear word of love  
We give our brief farewell;  
Our love below, and Thine above,  
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee;  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their help shall be.

5 Then the bright word of hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope, and love,  
In faith, and peace, and prayer;  
Till He whose home is ours above  
Unite us there.

George Watson. b. 1816.

975 8.7. 8.7. 4.7.  
*He lifted up His hands,  
and blessed them.—Luke xxiv. 50.*

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us all, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
O refresh us  
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
Let the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
Ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found.  
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3 So whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.  
Amen.  
Anon. *Shaumbury Collection.* 1773.

976 *Thou art worthy, O Lord.*  
Revelation iv. 11. 8.7. 8.7.

WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer unto Thee;  
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,  
In glad homage bend the knee.

2 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
We would bow before Thy throne;  
As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done. Amen.  
Edward Oster. 1836.

977 *Jesus . . . stood in the midst,  
and saith . . . Peace be unto you.*  
John xx. 19. 7.7.7.7.

PART in peace! Christ's life was peace,  
Let us live our life in Him;  
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace;  
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave  
Of a life beyond the grave,  
Where all mortal partings cease;  
Holy brethren, part in peace!  
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. 1841.

978 8.7. 8.7.  
*The grace of the Lord  
Jesus Christ . . . be with you all.*  
2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

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 in the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.  
Amen.  
John Newton. 1779.

979 L.M.

PREsent at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.  
John Cennick. 1741.

980 L.M.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more because of Jesu's blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven.  
John Cennick. 1741.

PSALMS AND CANTICLES.





# PSALMS.

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981

PSALM I.

- B**LESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly \* nor standeth in the way of sinners : nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
- 2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord : and in His law doth he meditate day and night.
- 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water \* that bringeth forth his fruit in his season : his leaf also shall not wither \* and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
- 4 The ungodly are not so : but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
- 5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment : nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
- 6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous : but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

982

PSALM VIII.

- O**LORD our Lord \* how excellent is Thy name in all the earth : who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.
- 2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength \* because of Thy enemies : that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
- 3 When I consider Thy heavens \* the work of Thy fingers : the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained :
- 4 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him : and the son of man that Thou visitest him ?
- 5 For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels : and hast crowned him with glory and honour.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands : Thou hast put all things under his feet :
- 7 All sheep and oxen : yea and the beasts of the field :
- 8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea : and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
- 9 [2 pt.] O Lord of our Lord : how excellent is Thy name in all the earth !

983

PSALM XVI.

- P**RESERVE me O God : for in Thee do I put my trust.
- 2 I have said unto the Lord \* Thou art my Lord : I have no good beyond Thee.
- 3 As for the saints that are in the earth : they are the excellent \* in whom is all my delight.
- 4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied \* that hasten after another god : their drink offerings of blood will I not offer \* nor take up their names into my lips.
- 5 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance \* and of my cup : Thou maintainest my lot.
- 6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places : yea I have a goodly heritage.
- 7 I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel : my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.
- 8 I have set the Lord always before me : because He is at my right hand I shall not be moved.
- 9 Therefore my heart is glad \* and my glory rejoiceth : my flesh also shall rest in hope.
- 10 For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell : neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.
- 11 [2 pt.] Thou wilt shew me the path of life : in Thy presence is fulness of joy \* at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

984

PSALM XIX.

- T**HE heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament sheweth His handywork.
- 2 Day unto day uttereth speech : and night unto night sheweth knowledge.
- 3 There is no speech nor language : where their voice is not heard.
- 4 Their line is gone out through all the earth \* and their words to the end of the world : in them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun

- 5 Which is as a bridegroom coming | out of his | chamber : and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.
- 6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven \* and his circuit unto the | ends of | it : and there is nothing hid | from the | heat there- | of.
- 7 The law of the Lord is perfect \* con- | verting - the | soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure \* | making | wise the | simple.
- 8 The statutes of the Lord are right \* re- | joining - the | heart : the commandment of the Lord is | pure, en- | -lightening - the | eyes.
- 9 The fear of the Lord is clean \* en- | during - for | ever : the judgments of the Lord are true \* and | righteous | alto- | -gether.
- 10 More to be desired are they than gold \* yea than | much fine | gold : sweeter also than honey | and the | honey- | comb.
- 11 Moreover by them is Thy | servant warned : and in keeping of them there is | great re- | -ward.
- 12 Who can under- | -stand his | errors : cleanse Thou | me from | secret | faults.
- 13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins \* let them not have dominion | over | me : then shall I be upright \* and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans- | -gression.
- 14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart \* be accept- | able | in Thy | sight : O Lord my | strength and | my re- | -deemer.

985

PSALM XXIII.

- THE Lord | is my | shepherd : I | shall | not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in | green | pastures : He leadeth me be- | -side the | still | waters.
  - 3 He re- | -storeth my | soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness \* | for His | name's | sake.
  - 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death \* I will | fear no | evil : for Thou art with me \* Thy rod and Thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
  - 5 Thou preparest a table before me \* in the presence | of mine | enemies : Thou anointest my head with oil \* my | cup | runneth | over.
  - 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me \* all the days | of my | life : and I will dwell in the | house - of the | Lord for | ever.

986

PSALM XXIV.

- THE earth | is the Lord's and the | fulness - there- | -of : the world, and | they that | dwell there- | -in.
- 2 For He hath founded it up- | -on the | seas : and established | it up- | -on the | floods.

- 3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | Lord : or who shall stand | in His | holy | place ?
- 4 He that hath clean hands and a | pure | heart : who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity \* nor | sworn - de- | -ceitfully.
- 5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord : and righteousness from the | God of | his sal- | -vation.
- 6 This is the generation of | them that | seek Him : that | seek Thy | face O | Jacob.
- 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates \* and be ye lift up, ye ever- | -lasting | doors : and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 8 Who is this | King of | glory : The Lord strong and mighty \* the Lord | mighty | in | battle.
- 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates \* even lift them up, ye ever- | -lasting | doors : and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
- 10 Who is this | King of | glory : The Lord of hosts | He - is the | King of | glory.

987

PSALM XXV.

- UNTO | Thee O | Lord : do I | lift | up my | soul.
- 2 O my God, I trust in Thee \* let me not | be a- | -shamed : let not mine enemies | triumph | over | me.
  - 3 Yea, let none that wait on Thee | be a- | -shamed : let them be ashamed \* which trans- | -gress with- | -out | cause.
  - 4 Shew me Thy | ways O | Lord : teach | -me | Thy | paths.
  - 5 Lead me in Thy truth and | teach | me : for Thou art the God of my salvation \* on Thee do I | wait | all the | day.
  - 6 Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies \* and Thy | loving- | -kindnesses : for they have | been | ever - of | old.
  - 7 Remember not the sins of my youth nor | my trans- | -gressions : according to Thy mercy remember Thou me \* for Thy | goodness' | sake O | Lord.
  - 8 Good and upright | is the | Lord : therefore will He teach | sinners | in the | way.
  - 9 All the paths of the Lord are | mercy - and | truth : unto such as keep His | cove- | -nant | and His | testimonies.
  - 10 What man is he that | feareth - the | Lord : him shall He teach in the | way that | He shall | choose.
  - 11 His soul shall | dwell at | ease : and his | seed - shall in- | -herit - the | earth.
  - 12 The secret of the Lord is with | them that | fear Him : and He will | shew | them His | covenant.
  - 13 Let integrity and upright- | -ness pre- | -serve me : for I | wait | on | Thee.
  - 14 Redeem Israel | O | God : out of | all | his | troubles.

- T**HE Lord is my light and my salvation \* whom | shall I | fear : the Lord is the strength of my life \* of whom | shall I | be a- | -fraid ?
- 2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes \* came upon me to eat | up my | flesh : théy | stumbled | and | fell.
- 3 Though an host should encamp against me \* my héart | shall not | fear : though war should rise against me \* in | this will | I be | confident.
- 4 One thing have I desired of the Lord \* that will I | seek | after : that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life \* to behold the beauty of the Lord \* and to en- | -quire | in His | temple.
- 5 For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in | His pa- | -vilion : in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me \* He shall sét me | up up- | -on a | rock.
- 6 And now shall mine head be lifted up \* above mine éemies | round a- | -bout me : therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy \* I will sing, yea, I will sing | praises | unto - the | Lord.
- 7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry \* with my | voice : have mercy álso up- | -on - me and | answer | me.
- 8 When Thou saidst, Séek | ye My | face : my heart said unto Théé, Thy | face Lord | will I | seek.
- 9 Hide not Thy face far from me \* put not Thy sérvant a- | -way in | anger : Thou hast been : my help \* leave me not, neither forsake me \* Ó | God of | my sal- | -vation.
- 10 When my fáther and my | mother - for- | sake me : thén the | Lord will | take me | up.
- 11 Teach me Thy | way O | Lord : and lead me in a plain páth be- | -cause | of mine | enemies.
- 12 Deliver me not over unto the will | of mine | enemies : for false witnesses are risen up against me \* and | such as | breathe out | cruelty.
- 13 I had fainted \* unless I had believed to see the goodness | of the | Lord : in the | land | of the | living.
- 14 Wait on the Lord, be of good courage \* and Hé shall | strengthen - thine | heart : wáit, I | say, | on the | Lord.

- B**LESSED is he whose transgressions | is for- | -given : whose | sin | is | covered.
- 2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord impútet | not in- | -iquity : and in whose | spirit - there | is no | guile.
- 3 When I kept silence \* my bónes waxed | old : through my róaring | all the | day | long.
- 4 For day and night Thy hánd was | heavy - up- | -on me : my moisture is turned | into - the | drought of | summer.

- 5 I acknowledged my sin unto Thee \* and mine iniquity | have I - not | hid : I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord \* and Thou forgávest the in- | -iqui- | ty | of my | sin.
- 6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee \* in a time when Thou | mayest - be | found : surely in the floods of great waters \* théy shall - not come | nigh - unto | him.
- 7 Thou art my hiding place \* Thou shalt préserve | me from | trouble : Thou shalt compass me about with | songs | of de- | -liverance.
- 8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the wáy which | thou shalt | go : I will | guide thee | with Mine | eye.
- 9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the ónule \* which have nó | under- | -standing : whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle \* lést they | come | near - unto | thee.
- 10 Many sorrows shall bé | to the | wicked : but he that trusteth in the Lord \* mércy shall | compass | him a- | -bout.
- 11 [2 pt.] Be glad in the Lord and re- | -joice ye | righteous : and shout for joy, all yé that are | upright | in | heart.

- I** WILL bless the Lord at | all | times : His praise shall continually | be | in my | mouth.
- 2 My soul shall make her bóast | in the | Lord : the humble shall héar there- | -of | and be | glá.d.
- 3 O magnify the | Lord with | me : and lét us ex- | -alt His | name to- | -gether.
- 4 I sought the Lord | and Hé | heard me : and delivered | me from | all my | fears.
- 5 They looked unto Hím | and were | lightened : and their | faces - were | not a- | -shamed.
- 6 This poor man cried and the | Lord | heard him : and sáved him | out of | all his | troubles.
- 7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about | them that | fear Hím : and | -do- | -liver - eth | them.
- 8 O taste and see that the | Lord is | good : blessed is the | man that | trusteth - in | Hím.
- 9 O fear the Lord | ye His | saints : for there is nó | want to | them that | fear Hím.
- 10 The young lions do lack and | suffer | hunger : but they that seek the Lord shall | not want | any - good | thing.
- 11 Come, ye children, héarken | unto | me : I will teach you the | fear | of the | Lord.
- 12 What man is hé that de- | -sireth | life : and loveth many dáys that | he may | see | good ?
- 13 Kéep thy | tongue from | evil : and thy | lips from | speaking | guile.
- 14 Depart from évil and | do | good : séek , peace | and pur- | -sue it.

- 15 The eyes of the Lórd are up- | -on the |  
righteous : and His éars are | open | un-  
to • their | cry.
- 16 The face of the Lord is against them that |  
do | evil : to cut off the remémbrance |  
of them | from the | earth.
- 17 The righteous cry' and the | Lord | hear-  
eth : and delivereth them | out of | all  
their | troubles.
- 18 The Lord is high unto them that fire of a |  
broken | heart : and saveth such as | be-  
of a | contrite | spirit.
- 19 Many are the afflictions | of the | right-  
eous : but the Lórd de- | -livereth • him |  
out of • them | all.
- 20 The Lord redeemeth the sóul | of His |  
servants : and none of them that trúst  
in | Him | shall be | desolate.

## 991

## PSALM XXXIX.

- I SAID, I will take heed to my ways \* that  
I sñu not | with my | tongue : I will keep  
my mouth with a bridle \* while the |  
wicked | is be- | -fore me.
- 2 I was dumb with silence \* I held my  
péace | even • from | good : and my |  
sorrow | was | stirred.
- 3 My heart was hot within me \* while I  
was mósing the | fire | burned : théu |  
spake I | with my | tongue,
- 4 Lord, make me to know mine end \* and  
the measure of my dáys | what it | is :  
that I' may | know how | frail I | am.
- 5 Behold, Thou hast made my days as an  
handbreadth \* and mine age is as noth-  
ing be- | -fore | Thee : verily every man  
at his best státe is | alto- | -gether |  
vanity.
- 6 Surely every man walketh in a vain  
shew \* surely they are disquiet- | -ed  
in | vain : he heapeth up riches, and  
knoweth not | who shall | gather |  
them.
- 7 And now, Lórd what | wait I | for : my' |  
hope | is in | Thee.
- 8 Deliver me from ál | my trans- | -gres-  
sions : make me nó't the re- | -proach |  
of the | foolish.
- 9 I was dumb, I ópened | not my | mouth :  
bó- | -cause | Thou | didst it.
- 10 Remove Thy stróke a- | -way | from me :  
I am consumed by' the | blow | of Thine |  
hand.
- 11 When Thou with rebukes dost correct  
man for iniquity \* Thou makest his  
beauty to consume away | like a | moth :  
sárely | ever • y | man is | vanity.
- 12 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear  
unto my cry \* hold not Thy péace | at  
my | tears : for I am a stranger with  
Thee, and a sojourner \* ás | all my |  
fathers | were.
- 13 [2 pt.] O spare me, that I' may re- | -cover |  
strength : béfore I go | hence and | be  
no | more.

## 992

## PSALM XLII.

- AS the hart panteth áfter the | water- |  
brooks : so panteth my sóul | after |  
Thee O | God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God \* fór the |  
living | God : when shall I cóme and  
ap- | -pear be- | -fore | God ?
- 3 My tears have been my méat | day and |  
night : while they continually say unto  
mé, | Where | is thy | God ?
- 4 When I remember these things \* I pour  
óut my | soul | in me : for I had gone  
with the multitude \* I went with them  
to the house of God \* with the voice of  
joy and praise \* with a multitude that  
kept | holy | day.
- 5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul \* and  
why art thou disquiet- | -ed | in me :  
hope thou in God \* for I shall yet praise  
Him fór the | help | of His | counte-  
nance.
- 6 O my God, my soul is cást | down with- |  
in me : therefore will I remember Thee  
from the land of Jordan, and of the  
Hérrmonites \* | from the | hill | Mizar.
- 7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of  
Thy | water- | -spouts : all Thy waves  
and Thy billows are | gone | over | me.
- 8 Yet the Lord will command His loving-  
kñdness | in the | daytime : and in the  
night His song shall be with me \* and  
my prayer únto the | God | of my | life.
- 9 I will say unto God my rock \* Why hast  
Thóu for- | -gotten | me : why go I  
mourning because of the op- | -pression |  
of the | enemy ?
- 10 As with a sword in my bones \* mine  
éne- | -mies re- | -proach me : while they  
say daily unto mé, | Where | is thy |  
God ?
- 11 [2 pt.] Why art thou cast down, O my  
soul \* and why art thou disquiet- | -ed  
with- | -in me : hope thou in God : for I  
shall yet praise Him \* who is the  
héalth of my | counte- nance | and my |  
God.

## 993

## PSALM XLVI.

- GÓD is our | refuge • and | strength : a  
véry | present | help in | trouble.
- 2 Therefore will not we fear \* though the  
éarth | be re- | -moved : and though the  
mountains be carried into the | midst |  
of the | sea :
- 3 Though the waters thereof róar | and be |  
troubled : though the mountain sháke |  
with the | swelling • there- | -of.
- 4 There is a river \* the streams whereof  
shall make glád the | city • of | God :  
the holy place of the tábernales | of  
the | most | High.
- 5 God is in the midst of her \* shé shall | not  
be | moved : Gó'd shall | help • her and |  
that right | early.
- 6 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms •  
were | moved : He úttered His | voice,  
the | éarth | melted.

- 7 The Lórd of | hosts is | with us : the Gód  
of | Jacob | is our | refuge.  
8 Come, behold the wórk | of the | Lord :  
what desolations Hé hath | made | in  
the | earth.  
9 He maketh wars to cease unto the énd |  
of the | earth : He breaketh the bow,  
and cutteth the spear in sunder \* He  
búrneth the | chari - ot | in the | fire.  
10 Be still, and knów that | I am | God : I  
will be ex - | alted | in the | earth.  
11 [2 pt.] The Lórd of | hosts is | with us : the  
Gód of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

994

PSALM LI.

- HAVE mercy upon me, O God \* accórding  
to Thy | loving - | kindness : according  
unto the multitude of Thy tender  
méreries \* | blot out | my trans - | gres -  
sions.  
2 Wash me thróughly from | mine in -  
iquity : and | cleanse me | from my |  
sin.  
3 For I acknówledge | my trans - | gres -  
sions : and my | sin is | ever - be - | fore  
me.  
4 Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned \*  
and done this évil | in Thy | sight : that  
Thou mightest be justified when Thou  
speakest \* and be | clear | when Thou |  
judgest.  
5 Hide Thy fáce | from my | sins : and blót  
out | all | mine in - | iquities.  
6 Create in me a cléan | heart O | God : and  
renéw a | right | spirit - with - | in me.  
7 Cast me not áway | from Thy | presence :  
and táke not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from  
me.  
8 Restore unto me the jóy of | Thy sal -  
vation : and uphóld me | with Thy |  
free | Spirit.  
9 Then will I téach trans - | gressors - Thy |  
ways : and sinners shall bé con - | verted  
| unto | Thee.  
10 Deliver me from blood - guiltiness, O God \*  
Thou Gód of | my sal - | vation : and my  
tongue shall sing a - | loud | of Thy |  
righteousness.  
11 O Lord, ópen | Thou my | lips : and my  
móuth shall | shew | forth Thy | praise.  
12 For Thou desirest not sacrifice \* élse |  
would I | give it : Thou delightest | not  
in | burnt | offering.  
13 [2 pt.] The sacrifices of Gód are a | broken |  
spirit : a broken and a contrite heart,  
O Gód | Thou wilt | not de - | spise.

995

PSALM LXIII.

- O GOD, Thou art my God \* éarly | will I |  
seek Thee : my soul thirsteth for Thee,  
my flesh longeth for Thee \* in a dry  
and thirsty lánd where | no | water |  
is ;  
2 To see Thy pówér | and Thy | glory : so as  
I have | seen Thee | in the | sanctuary.

- 3 Because Thy loving - kindness is | better -  
than | life : my<sup>2</sup> | lips shall | praise |  
Thee.  
4 Thus will I bléss Thee | while I | live : I  
will lift up my | hands | in Thy | name.  
5 My soul shall be satisfied \* ás with |  
marrow - and | fatness : and my móuth  
shall praise | Thee with | joyful | lips :  
6 When I remember Thée up - | on my |  
bed : and meditate on Thée | in the |  
night | watches.  
7 Because Thou hast | been my | help :  
therefore in the shádw of Thy | wings  
will | I re - | joice.  
8 My soul followeth hárd | after | Thee :  
Thy right | hand up - | holdeth | me.

996

PSALM LXV.

- PRAISE waiteth for Thée O | God in | Sion :  
and unto Thée shall the | vow | be per -  
formed.  
2 O Thóu that | hearest | prayer : únto |  
Thee shall | all flesh | come.  
3 Iniquities pre - | vail a - | gainst me : as  
for our transgressions \* Thóu shalt |  
purge | them a - | way.  
4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosést,  
and causést to approach unto Thee \*  
that he may dwél | in Thy | courts : we  
shall be satisfied with the goodness of  
Thy house \* éven | of Thy | holy |  
temple.  
5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt  
Thou answer us \* O Gód of | our sal -  
vation : who art the confidence of all  
the ends of the earth \* and of them  
that are afar | off up - | on the | sea :  
6 Which by His strength setteth fast the  
mountains : béing | girded | with  
power :  
7 Which stilleth the nóise | of the | seas :  
the noise of their waves \* and the | tu -  
mult | of the | people.  
8 They also that dwell in the uttermost  
parts are afraid | at Thy | tokens : Thou  
makest the outgoings of the mórning  
and | evening | to re - | joice.  
9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it \*  
Thou greatly enrichest it with the river  
of God \* which is | full of | water : Thou  
preparest them corn \* when Thou hast |  
so pro - | vided | for it.  
10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abun -  
dantly \* Thou settlest the | furrows -  
there - | of : Thou makest it soft with  
showers \* Thóu | bléssest - the | spring -  
ing - there - | of.  
11 Thou crownest the yéar | with Thy |  
goodness : and Thy | paths | drop | fat -  
ness.  
12 They drop upon the pástures | of the  
wilderness : and the little hills re -  
joice on | ever - y | side.  
13 [2 pt.] The pástures are | clothed - with  
flocks : the valleys also are covered over  
with corn \* they shóut for | joy they  
also | sing.



997

PSALM LXVII.

- G**OD be merciful unto | us and | bless us :  
and cause His | face to | shine up- | -on  
us ;
- 2 That Thy way may be known up- | -on |  
earth : Thy saving | health a- | -mong  
all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | Thee O | God : let |  
all the | people | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for |  
joy : for Thou shalt judge the people  
righteously \* and govern the | na- | -tions  
up- | -on | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | Thee O | God : let |  
all the | people | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase :  
and God, even our | own | God shall |  
bless us.
- 7 [2 pt.] GóD | shall | bless us : and all the  
ends of the | earth shall | fear | Him.

998

PSALM LXXII.

- G**IVE the king Thy | judgments . O | God :  
and Thy righteousness | unto . the |  
king's | son.
- 2 He shall judge Thy | people . with | right-  
eousness : and Thy | poor | with | judg-  
ment.
- 3 The mountains shall bring peace | to the |  
people : and the | little | hills by |  
righteousness.
- 4 He shall judge the poor | of the | people :  
He shall save the children of the needy \*  
and shall break in | pieces | the op-  
pressor.
- 5 They shall fear Thee as long as the sun  
and | moon en- | -dure : throughout |  
all | gener- | -ations.
- 6 He shall come down like rain upon the |  
moun- | grass : as | showers . that  
water . the | earth.
- 7 In His days shall the | righteous | flour-  
ish : and abundance of peace so | long .  
as the | moon en- | -dureth.
- 8 He shall have dominion also from | sea  
to | sea : and from the river unto the |  
ends | of the | earth.
- 9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall |  
bow be- | -fore Him : and His | ene-  
mies shall | lick the | dust.
- 10 The kings of Tarshish and of the Isles  
shall | bring | presents : the kings of  
Shéba and | Seba . shall | offer | gifts.
- 11 Yea, all kings shall fall | down be- | -fore  
Him : all | nations | shall | serve Him.
- 12 For He shall deliver the needy | when he  
crieth : the poor also \* and | him that  
hath no | helper.
- 13 He shall spare the | poor and | needy :  
and shall save the | souls | of the |  
needy.
- 14 He shall redeem their soul from de- | -ceit  
and | violence : and precious shall  
their | blood be | in His | sight.
- 15 And He shall live \* and to Him shall be  
given of the | gold of | Shéba : prayer  
also shall be made for Him continually \*  
and | daily . shall | He be | praised.

- 16 There shall be an handful of corn in the  
earth \* upon the top | of the | moun-  
tains : the fruit thereof shall shake like  
Lebanon \* and they of the city shall  
flourish like | grass | of the | earth.
- 17 His name shall endure for ever \* His  
name shall be continued as long | as  
the | sun : and men shall be blessed in  
Him \* all | nations . shall | call Him |  
blessed.
- 18 Blessed be the Lord GóD the | God of |  
Israel : who only | doeth | wondrous |  
things.
- 19 [2 pt.] And blessed be His glorious | name  
for | ever : and let the whole earth be  
filled with His glory \* A- | -men, and |  
A- | -men.

999

PSALM LXXXIV.

- H**OW amiable are Thy | taber- | -nacles :  
Ó | Lord | of | Hosts !
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth \* for  
the courts | of the | Lord : my heart and  
my flesh crieth out | for the | living |  
God.
- 3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house \*  
and the swallow a nest for herself \*  
where she may | lay her | young : even  
Thine altars, O Lord of hosts \* my |  
King | and my | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell | in Thy |  
house : they will be | still | praising |  
Thee.
- 5 Blessed is the man whose strength | is in |  
Thee : in whose heart are the | high- |  
ways to | Zion.
- 6 Passing through the valley of Weeping \*  
they make it a | place of | springs : yea,  
the early rain | covereth | it with |  
blessings.
- 7 They go from | strength to | strength :  
every one of them appeareth be- | -fore |  
God in | Zion.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts | hear my | prayer :  
give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.
- 9 Behold O | God our | shield : and look  
upon the | face of | Thine an- | -ointed.
- 10 For a day in Thy courts is better | than a  
thousand : I had rather be a doorkeeper  
in the house of my God \* than to |  
dwell . in the | tents of | wickedness.
- 11 For the Lord GóD is a | sun and | shield :  
the Lord will give grace and glory \* no  
good thing will He withhold from |  
them that | walk | uprightly.
- 12 Ó | Lord of | hosts : blessed is the | man  
that | trusteth . in | Thee.

1000

PSALM LXXXIX.

- I** WILL sing of the mercies of the | Lord  
for | ever : with any mouth will I make  
known Thy faithfulness \* to | all a |  
gener- | -ations.
- 2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built | up  
for | ever : Thy faithfulness shalt Thou  
establish | in the | very | heavens.

- 3 I have made a covenant | with My | chosen : I have | sworn · unto | David · My | servant.
- 4 Thy seed will I e- | -stablish · for | ever : and build up thy throne to | all | genera- | tions.
- 5 And the heavens shall praise Thy | won- ders · O Lord : Thy faithfulness also in the congre- | -gation | of the | saints.
- 6 For who in the heaven can be compared | unto · the | Lord : who among the sons of the mighty can be | likened | unto · the | Lord ?
- 7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly | of the | saints : and to be had in reverence of all | them that | are a- | -bout Him.
- 8 O Lord God of hosts \* who is a strong Lord | like · unto | Thee : or to Thy | faithful · ness | round a- | -bout Thee ?
- 9 Thou rulest the raging | of the | sea : when the waves thereof a- | -rise Thou | stillest | them.
- 10 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces as | one that · is | slain : Thou hast scattered Thine enemies | with Thy | strong | arm.
- 11 The heavens are Thine \* the earth | also · is | Thine : as for the world and the fulness thereof \* | Thou hast | founded | them.
- 12 The north and the south, Thou hast cre- | -ated | them : Tabor and Hermon shall re- | -joice | in Thy | name.
- 13 Thou hast a | mighty | arm : strong is Thy hand \* and high | is Thy | right | hand.
- 14 Justice and judgment are the habitation | of Thy | throne : mercy and truth shall | go be- | -fore Thy | face.
- 15 Blessed is the people that know the | joy- ful | sound : they shall walk, O Lord in the | light | of Thy | countenance.
- 16 In Thy name shall they rejoice | all the | day : and in Thy righteousness | shall they | be ex- | -alted.
- 17 For Thou art the glory | of their | strength : and in Thy favour our | horn shall | be ex- | -alted.
- 18 For the Lord is | our de- | -fence : and the Holy One of | Isra · el | is our | King.

1001

PSALM XC.

- I | ORD, Thou hast been our | dwelling- | place : in | all | gene- | -rations.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth \* or ever Thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world : even from everlasting to ever- | -lasting | Thou art | God.
- 3 Thou turnest man | to de- | -struction : and sayest, Re- | -turn ye | children · of | men.
- 4 For a thousand years in Thy sight \* are but as yesterday | when it · is | past : and as a | watch | in the | night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood \* they are | as a | sleep : in the morning they are like | grass which | groweth | up

- 6 In the morning it flourisheth and | grow- eth | up : in the evening, it is | cut | down and | wither-eth.
- For we are consumed · by Thine | anger : and by Thy | wrath | are we | troubled.
- 8 Thou hast set our iniqui- | ties be- | -fore Thee : our secret sins in the | light | of Thy | countenance.
- 9 For all our days are passed away | in Thy | wrath : we bring our years to an end \* as a | tale | that is | told.
- 10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten \* and if by reason of strength they be | fourscore | years : yet is their strength labour and sorrow \* for it is soon cut off | and we | fly a- | -way.
- 11 Who knoweth the power | of Thine | anger : even according to Thy fear | so is Thy | wrath.
- 12 So teach us to | number · our | days : that we may apply our hearts unto | wisdom.
- 13 Return O | Lord how | long : and let it repent Thee con- | -cerning | Thy | servants.
- 14 O satisfy us early | with Thy | mercy : that we may rejoice and be | glad | all our | days.
- 15 Make us glad \* according to the days wherein Thou hast af- | -flicted | us : and the years where- | -in · we have | seen | evil.
- 16 Let Thy work appear | unto · Thy | servants : and Thy | glory | unto · their | children.
- 17 [2 *pt.*] And let the beauty of the Lord our God | be up- | -on us : and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us \* yea, the work of our hands e- | -stablish | Thou | it.

1002

PSALM XCI.

- H | E that dwelleth in the secret place of the | most | High : shall abide under the | shadow | of · the Al- | -mighty.
- 2 I will say of the Lord \* He is my refuge and my | fortress : my God in | Him | will I | trust.
- 3 Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare | of the | fowler : and | from the noisome | pestilence.
- 4 He shall cover thee with His feathers \* and under His wings | shalt thou trust : His truth shall | be thy | shield and | buckler.
- 5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the | terror · by | night : nor for the | arrow · that flieth · by | day ;
- 6 Nor for the pestilence that | walketh · in darkness : nor for the de- | -struction · that | wasteth · at | noonday.
- 7 Because thou hast made the Lord which is my | refuge : even the most | High | thy | habi- | -tation ;
- 8 There shall no evil · be- | -fall thee : neither shall any | plague come | upon thy | dwelling.

- 9 For He shall give His angels charge | over | thee : to keep | thee in | all thy | ways.
- 10 They shall bear thee up | in their | hands : lest thou dash thy | foot a- | -gainst a | stone.
- 11 Thou shalt tread upon the | lion · and | adder : the young lion and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet.
- 12 Because he hath set his love upon Me \* therefore will I de- | -liver | him : I will set him on high \* because | he hath | known My | name.
- 13 He shall call upon Me \* and I will | answer | him : I will be with him in trouble \* I will deliver | him and | honour | him.
- 14 With long life will I | satis · fy | him : and | shew him | My sal- | -vation.

- 9 O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness : fear be- | -fore Him | all the | earth.
- 10 Say among the heathen that the | Lord | reigneth : the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved \* He shall | judge the | people | righteously.
- 11 Let the heavens rejoice \* and let the | earth be | glad : let the sea roar | and the | fulness · there- | -of.
- 12 Let the field be joyful \* and all that | is there- | -in : then shall all the trees of the wood re- | -joice be- | -fore the | Lord :
- 13 [2 pt.] For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth : He shall judge the world with righteousness \* and the | people | with His | truth.

1003

PSALM XCV.

- COME, let us sing | unto · the | Lord : let us make a joyful noise to the | rock of | our sal- | -vation.
- 2 Let us come before His presence with | thanks- | -giving : and make a joyful noise | unto | Him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great | God : and a great | King a- | -bove all | gods.
- 4 In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth : the strength of the | hills is | His | also.
- 5 The sea is His | and He | made it : and His hands | formed · the | dry | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship and | bow | down : let us kneel be- | -fore the | Lord our | maker.
- 7 [2 pt.] For He | is our | God : and we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His | hand.

1004

PSALM XCVI.

- SING unto the Lord a | new | song : sing unto the | Lord | all the | earth.
- 2 Sing unto the Lord | bless His | name : shew forth His sal- | -vation · from | day to | day.
- 3 Declare His glory a- | -mong the | heathen : His | won · ders a- | -mong all | people.
- 4 For the Lord is great \* and greatly | to be | praised : He is to be feared a- | -bove | all | gods.
- 5 For all the gods of the | nations · are | fiols : but the | Lord | made the | heavens.
- 6 Honour and majesty | are be- | -fore Him : strength and | beauty · are | in His | sanctuary.
- 7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people : give unto the Lord | glory | and | strength.
- 8 Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto · His | name : bring an offering \* and | come | into · His | courts.

1005

PSALM XCVIII.

- SING unto the Lord a new song \* for He hath done | marvel · ous | things : His right hand and His holy arm hath | gotten | Him the | victory.
- 2 The Lord hath made known | His sal- | vation : His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the | sight | of the | heathen.
- 3 He hath remembered His mercy and His truth toward the | house of | Israel : all the ends of the earth have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.
- 4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord | all the | earth : make a loud noise and re- | joice and | sing | praise.
- 5 Sing unto the Lord | with the | harp : with the harp and the | voice | of a | psalm.
- 6 With trumpets and | sound of | cornet : make a joyful noise be- | -fore the | Lord the | King.
- 7 Let the sea roar and the | fulness · there- | of : the world and | they that | dwell there- | -in.
- 8 Let the floods | clap their | hands : let the hills be joyful to- | -gether · be- | -fore the | Lord :
- 9 [2 pt.] For He cometh to | judge the | earth : with righteousness shall He judge the world \* and the | people | with | equity.

1006

PSALM C.

- MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness \* come be- | -fore His | presence · with | singing.
- 2 Know ye that the Lord | He is | God : it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves \* we are His people, and the | sheep of | His | pasture.
- 3 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving \* and into His | courts with | praise : be

thankful unto | Him and | bless His | name.

- 4 For the Lord is good \* His mércy is | ever- | -lasting : and His truth enduréth | to | all | gener- | -ations.

1007

PSALM CIII.

**B**LESS the Lórd | O my | soul : and all | that is withín me | bless His | holy | name.

- 2 Bless the Lórd | O my | soul : and for- | get not | all His | benefits :
- 3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | -iquities : who héaleth | all | thy dis- | -eases :
- 4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction : who crowneth thee with | loving- | -kindness - and | tender | mercies :
- 5 Who satisfieth thy móuth with | good | things : so that thy yóuth is re- | newed | like the | eagle's.
- 6 The Lord executeth righteous- | -ness and | judgment : fór | all that | are op- | pressed.
- 7 He made known His ways | unto | Moses : His acts | unto - the | children - of | Israel.
- 8 The Lord is mérci- | -ful and | gracious : slow to | anger - and | plenteous - in | mercy.
- 9 He will not | always | chide : neither will He | keep His | anger - for | ever.
- 10 He hath not déalt with us | after - our | sins : nor rewarded us ac- | -cording - to | our in- | -iquities.
- 11 For as the heaven is high  $\alpha$  | -bove the | earth : so great is His mércy | toward | them that | fear Him.
- 12 As far as the east is | from the | west : so far hath He remóved | our trans- | gressions | from us.
- 13 Like as a fáther | pitieth - his | children : so the Lórd | piti- | eth | them that | fear Him.
- 14 Fór He | knoweth - our | frame : He remémbereth | that we | are | dust.
- 15 As for man, his dáys | are as | grass : as a flówer of the | field | so he | flourisheth.
- 16 For the wind passeth óver it | and - it is | gone : and the place thereof shall | know | it | no | more.
- 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from ever- | lasting to everlasting \* upón | them that | fear Him : and His righteous- | ness | unto | children's | children :
- 18 To such as | keep His | covenant : and to those that remémber | His com- | -mandments - to | do them.
- 19 The Lord hath prepared His thróne | in the | heavens : and His kíngdom | ruleth | over | all.
- 20 Bless the Lord, ye His angels \* thát ex- | cel in | strength : that do His command- | ments \* hearkening únto the | voice | of His | word.
- 21 Bless ye the Lórd all | ye His | hosts : ye mñisters of | His that | do His | pleasure.

- 22 Bless the Lord, all His works \* in all | places of | His do- | -minion : bless the | Lord | O my | soul.

1008

PSALM CXV.

**N**OT unto us, O Lord, not unto us \* but | unto Thy name | give | glory : for Thy mércy and | for Thy | truth's | sake.

- 2 Wherefore shóuld the | heathen | say : Where is | now | their | God ?
- 3 But our Gód is | in the | heavens : He hath dóne whatso- | -ever | He hath | pleased.
- 4 The Lord hath been mindful of us \* Hé will | bless | us : He will bless the house of Israel \* Hé will | bless the | house of | Aaron.
- 5 He will bless thém that | fear the | Lord : both | small | and | great.
- 6 The Lord shall increase you | more and | more : yóu | and | your | children.
- 7 Ye are blessed | of the | Lord : which | made | heaven - and | earth.
- 8 The heaven, even the heavens | are the | Lord's : but the earth hath He given | to the | children - of | men.
- 9 The dead praise | not the | Lord : neither any that gó | down | into | silence.
- 10 But we will bless the Lord \* from this time fórt and for | ever- | -more : Praise | — | — the | Lord.

1009

PSALM CXVI.

**I**LÓVE | — the | Lord : because He hath heard my voice | and my | suppli- | -cations.

- 2 Because He hath inclined His ear | unto | me : therefore will I call upon Him as | long | as I | live.
- 3 Gracious is the | Lord and | righteous : yea our | God is | merci- | -ful.
- 4 Return unto thy rést | O my | soul : for the Lord hath déalt | bounti- | -fully | with thee.
- 5 What shall I rénder | unto - the | Lord : for all His | bene- | -fits | toward | me ?
- 6 I will take the cup | of sal- | -vation : and call upón the | name | of the | Lord.
- 7 I will pay my vóws | unto - the | Lord : now in the | presence - of | all His | people.
- 8 Precious in the sight | of the | Lord : is the | death | of His | saints.
- 9 O Lord, tróly | I am - Thy | servant : I am Thy servant, Thóu hast | loosed | my | bonds.
- 10 I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of | thanks- | -giving : and will call upón the | name | of the | Lord.
- 11 I will pay my vóws | unto - the | Lord : now in the | presence - of | all His | people.
- 12 In the courts of the Lord's house \* in the midst of thée | O Je- | -rusalein : Praise | — | ye the | Lord.

## 1010 PSALM CXVIII. 14-29.

- THE Lórd is my | strength and | song : and  
is be- | -come | my sal- | -vation.
- 2 The voice of rejoicing and salvation \* is  
in the tábernaclés | of the | righteous :  
the right hánd of the | Lord | doeth |  
valiantly.
- 3 The right hand of the Lórd | is ex- |  
alted : the right hánd of the | Lord |  
doeth | valiantly.
- 4 I shall not | die but | live : and declare  
the | works | of the | Lord.
- 5 The Lórd hath | chastened · me | sore :  
but He hath not given me | over | unto |  
death.
- 6 Open to mé the | gates of | righteousness :  
I will go into them \* and | I will |  
praise the | Lord :
- 7 This gate | of the | Lord : into whésh the |  
righteous | shall | enter.
- 8 I' will | praise | Thee : for Thou hast  
heard me \* and árt be- | -come | my  
sal- | -vation.
- 9 The stóne which the | builders · re- |  
fused : is becóme the | head stone | of  
the | corner.
- 10 This is the | Lord's | doing : it is | marvel-  
lous | in our | eyes.
- 11 This is the dáy which the | Lord hath |  
made : we will rejoice | and be | glad  
in | it.
- 12 Save now, I beséech | Thee O | Lord : O  
Lord, I beséech Thee | send | now pros- |  
perity.
- 13 Blessed be he that cometh in the náme |  
of the | Lord : we have blessed you óut  
of the | house | of the | Lord.
- 14 God is the Lórd which hath | shewed ·  
us | light : bind the sacrifice with cords,  
even unto the | horns | of the | altar.
- 15 Thou art my Gód and | I will | praise  
Thee : Thóu art my | God I | will ex- |  
alt Thee.
- 16 O give thanks unto the Lórd for | He is |  
good : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.

## 1011 PSALM CXXI.

- I WILL lift up mine éyes | unto · the |  
hills : fróm | whence | cometh · my |  
help.
- 2 My help cometh | from the | Lord : which  
made | heaven · and | earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be |  
moved : Hé that | keepeth · thee | will  
not slumber.
- 4 Behold, Hé that | keepeth | Israel : shall  
néither slumber | nor | sleep.
- 5 The Lórd | is thy | keeper : the Lord is thy  
sháde up- | -on thy | right | hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite | thee by | day :  
nór the | moon | by | night.
- 7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all |  
evil : Hé | shall pre- | -serve thy | soul.
- 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and  
thy | coming | in : from this time fóth  
and | even · for | ever · -more.

## 1012 PSALM CXXII.

- I WAS glad when they sáid | unto | me :  
Let us gó into the | house | of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stánd with- | -in thy | gates :  
Ó | - Jer- | -usa- | -lem.
- 3 Jersalem is builded | as a | city : thát |  
is com- | -pact to- | -gether :
- 4 Whether the tribes go up \* the tribes | of  
the | Lord : unto the testimony of  
Israel \* to give thánks unto the | name |  
of the | Lord.
- 5 For there are sèt | thrones of | judgment :  
the thrónes | of the | house of | David.
- 6 Pray for the péace | of Je- | -rusalem :  
they shall | prosper · thát | love | thee.
- 7 Péace be with- | -in thy | walls : and pros- |  
peri- ty with- | -in thy | palaces.
- 8 For my bréthren and com- | -panions' |  
sakes : I will now sáy, | Péace | be  
with- | -in thee.
- 9 [2 pt.] Because of the hóuse of the | Lord  
our | God : I' will | seek | thy | good.

## 1013 PSALM CXXXVI.

- O GIVE thanks unto the Lórd for | He is |  
good : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.
- 2 O give thánks unto the | God of | gods :  
fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth · for |  
ever.
- 3 O give thánks to the | Lord of | lords : fór  
His | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 4 To Him who alóne doeth | great | won-  
ders : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.
- 5 To Him that by wísdom | made the |  
heavens : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.
- 6 To Him that stretcheth out the éarth a- |  
bove the | waters : fór His | mercy ·  
en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 7 To Him that máde | great | lights : fór  
His | mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever :
- 8 The sún to | rule by | day : fór His |  
mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever :
- 9 The moon and stárs to | rule by | night :  
fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth · for |  
ever.
- 10 Who remembered ús in our | low e- |  
state : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever :
- 11 And hath redéemed us | from our | ene-  
mies : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.
- 12 Who giveth fód to | all | flesh : fór His |  
mercy · en- | -dureth · for | ever.
- 13 [2 pt.] O give thánks unto the | God of |  
heaven : fór His | mercy · en- | -dureth ·  
for | ever.

## 1014 PSALM CXXXIX.

- O LORD, Thóu hast | searched | me :  
and | - | known | me.
- 2 Thou knowest my downsitting and |  
mine up- | -rising : Thou understandest  
my | thought a- | -far | off.



- 3 Thou compassest my páth and my | lying  
down : and árt ac- | -quainted · with  
all my | ways.
- 4 For there is not a wórd | in my | tongue :  
but lo, O Lórd Thou | knowest · it |  
alto- | -gether.
- 5 Thou hast beset me behind | and be- |  
fore : and | laid Thine | hand up- | -on me.
- 6 Such knowledge is too wonder- | -ful for  
me : it is high, I cannot at- | -tain  
unto | it.
- 7 Whither shall I gó | from Thy | Spirit :  
or whither shall I | flee | from Thy |  
presence ?
- 8 If I ascend up into héaven | Thou art |  
there : if I make my bed in héll be-  
hold | Thou art | there.
- 9 If I take the wings | of the | morning :  
and dwell in the úttermost | parts | of  
the | sea ;
- 10 Even there shall | Thy hand | lead me :  
and | Thy right | hand shall | hold me.
- 11 If I say, Surely the dárkness shall  
cover | me : even the níght | shall be  
light a- | -bout me.
- 12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee \*  
but the níght shíneþ | as the | day :  
the darkness and the líght are | both  
a- | -like to | Thee.
- 13 How precious also are Thy thóughts un-  
to | me O ! God : how gréat | is the |  
sum of | them !
- 14 If I should count them \* they are more  
in núnber | than the | sand : when I  
awáke | I am | still with | Thee.
- 15 Search me, O Gód and | know my |  
heart : try' me and | know | my  
thoughts :
- 16 And see if there be any wícked | way | in  
me : and lead me in the | way | ever-  
lasting.

1015

PSALM CXLV.

- I WILL extól Thee my | God O | King : and  
I will bléss Thy | name for | ever · and |  
ever.
- 2 Every dáy | will I | bless Thee : and I will  
práise Thy | name for | ever · and | ever.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and gréatly | to be |  
praised : and His | greatness | is un-  
searchable.
- 4 One generation shall praise Thy wórk (to  
an- | -other : and shall de- | -clare Thy |  
mighty | acts.
- 5 I will speak of the glorious hónour | of  
Thy | majesty : and | of Thy | won-  
drous | works.
- 6 And men shall speak of the míght of  
Thy | terri- | ble | acts : and I' will de-  
clare | Thy | greatness.
- 7 They shall abundantly utter the me-  
mory \* of Thy | great | goodness : and  
shall | sing | of Thy | righteousness.
- 8 The Lord is gracious, and túll | of com-  
passion : slow to ánger | and of | great  
mery.
- 9 The Lórd is | good to | all : and His  
tender mércies are | over | all His |  
works.

- 10 All Thy works shall práise | Thee O |  
Lord : and Thy | sadts | shall | bless  
Thee.
- 11 They shall speak of the glóry | of Thy |  
kingdom : and | talk | of Thy |  
power :
- 12 To make known to the sons of mén His |  
mighty | acts : and the glórious | ma-  
jes- | ty | of His | kingdom.
- 13 Thy kingdom is an éver- | -lasting | king-  
dom : and Thy dominion endureth  
throughóut | all | gener- | -ations.
- 14 The Lord uphóldeth | all that | fall : and  
raiseth up all those | that be | bowed  
down.
- 15 The eyes of all | wait up · on | Thee : and  
Thou gívest them their | meat in | due  
season.
- 16 Thou ópenest | Thine | hand : and satis-  
fiest the desíre of | ever · y | living |  
thing.
- 17 The Lord is ríghteous in | all His | ways :  
and | holy · in | all His | works.
- 18 The Lord is rígh unto all them that | call  
up- | -on Him : to all that | call up- | -on  
Him · in | truth.
- 19 He will fulfil the desíre of | them that |  
tear Him : He also will héar their | cry |  
and will | save them.
- 20 The Lord preserveth all | them that | love  
Him : but all the | wicked · wil | He  
de- | -stroy.
- 21 [2 pt.] My mouth shall speak the práise |  
of the | Lord : and let all flesh bless His  
hóly | name for | ever · and | ever.

1016

PSALM CXLVI.

- PRÁISE | ye the | Lord : Práise the | Lord |  
O my | soul.
- 2 While I live will I | praise the | Lord : I  
will sing praises unto my God \* while  
I | have | any | being.
- 3 Put not your trust in princes \* nor in  
the | son of | man : in whóm | there is |  
no | help.
- 4 His breath goeth forth \* he returneth | to  
his | earth : in that véry | day his  
thoughts | perish.
- 5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jácob  
for his | help : whose hópe is | in the  
Lord his | God :
- 6 Which made heaven and earth \* the sea,  
and all that | therein | is : which | keep-  
eth | truth for | ever :
- 7 Which executeth judgment for the op-  
pressed \* which giveth fód | to the  
hungry : thé | Lord | looseth · the  
prisoners :
- 8 The Lord openeth the eyes of the blnd \*  
the Lord raiseth them that are bowed  
down : thé | Lord | loveth · the ríght-  
eous :
- 9 The Lord preserveth the strangers \* He  
relieveth the fáther- | -less and wído :  
but the way of the wicked He | turneth  
upsíde | down.
- 10 The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy  
God, O Zion \* unto all | gener- | -ations :  
Práise | — | ye the | Lord.



## CANTICLES.

## 1017 1 CHRONICLES XXIX. 10-13.

- B**LESSED be Thou, Lord God of Israel |  
 our | father : fôr | ever | and | ever.  
 2 Thine, O Lord is the greatness \* and the  
 pöwer | and the | glory : and the | victo-  
 ry | and the | majesty :  
 3 For all that is | in the | heaven : and | in  
 the | earth is | Thine.  
 4 Thine is the | kingdom . O | Lord : and  
 Thou art exalted as | head a- | -bove |  
 all.  
 5 Both riches and hönour | come of | Thee :  
 and Thöu | reignest | over | all.  
 6 And in Thine händ is | power and | might :  
 and in Thine hand it is to make great \*  
 and to gíve | strength | unto | all.  
 7 [2 pt.] Now therefore our | God we | thank  
 Thee : and | praise Thy | glorious | name.

## 1018 ISAIAH XII.

- O**LÓRD | I will | praise Thee : though  
 Thou wast angry with me \* Thine anger  
 is turned awáy | and Thou | comfort-  
 edst | me.  
 2 Behold, Góð is | my sal- | -vation : I will  
 trüst and | not | be a- | -fraid.  
 3 For the Lord Jehovah is my strength |  
 and my | song : He also is be- | -come |  
 my sal- | -vation.  
 4 Therefore with jöy shall | ye draw | water :  
 öut of the | wells | of sal- | -vation.  
 5 And in that dáy | shall ye | Praise  
 the Lórd, | call up- | -on His | name.  
 6 Declare His dóings a- | -mong the | people :  
 make mention thát His | name | is ex- |  
 alted.  
 7 Sing unto the Lord, for He hath döne | ex-  
 cellent | things : this is | known in | all  
 the | earth.  
 8 Cry out and shout, thou inhábi- | -tant  
 of | Zion : for great is the Holy One of  
 Israel | in the | midst of | thee.

## 1019 ISAIAH XXV. 1-9.

- O**LORD, Thöu | art my | God : I will exált  
 Thee, | I will | praise Thy | name.  
 2 For Thou hast döne | wonderful | things :  
 Thy counsels of óld are | faithful- | -ness  
 and | truth.  
 3 For Thou hast made of a city an heap \*  
 of a defenced | city . a | ruin : a palace  
 of strangers to be no city \* ft shall |  
 never | be | built.  
 4 Therefore shall the strong péople | glorify |  
 Thee : the city of the terrible | nations-  
 shall | fear | Thee.  
 5 For Thou hast been a strength | to the |  
 poor : a strength to the | needy . in  
 his dis- | -tress.

- 6 A refuge from the storm \* a sháðow |  
 from the | heat : when the blast of the  
 terrible ones is ás a | storm a- | -gainst  
 the | wall.  
 7 Thou shalt bring dówn the | noise of |  
 strangers : as the héat | in a | dry |  
 place.  
 8 Even the heat with the sháðow | of a |  
 cloud : the branch of the terrible ónes |  
 shall be | brought | low.  
 9 And in this mountain shall the Lord of  
 Hosts make unto all péople a feast of  
 fat things \* a feast of wines | on the |  
 lees : of fat things full of marrow \* of  
 wines on the | lees | well re- | -fined.  
 10 And He will destroy in this mountain the  
 face of the covering \* cást over | all |  
 péople : and the véil that is | spread-  
 over | all | nations.  
 11 He will swállow up | death in | victory :  
 and the Lord God will wípe away | tears  
 from | off all | faces ;  
 12 And the rebuke of His péople shall He  
 take awáy from off | all the | earth : fôr  
 the | Lord hath | spoken | it.  
 13 And it shall be said in that dáy \* Lo, this  
 is | our | God : we have waited | for  
 Him and | He will | save us.  
 14 This is the Lord, wé have | waited | for  
 Him : we will be glád and re- | -joice  
 in | His sal- | -vation.

## 1020 ISAIAH XL. 1-11.

- C**OMFORT ye, comfort ye My péople |  
 saith your | God : speak ye | comfort-  
 ably | to Je- | -rusalem.  
 2 And cry unto her, that her wárfare | is  
 ac- | -complished : thát her in- | -iqui- |  
 ty is | pardoned.  
 3 The voice of him that erfeth | in the |  
 wilderness : prepare ye the | way | of  
 the | Lord,  
 4 Make stráight | in the | desert : á | high-  
 way | for our | God.  
 5 Every vâlley shall | be ex- | -alted : and  
 every mountain and híl | shall be |  
 made | low ;  
 6 And the crooked shall be | made |  
 stráight : and the | rough | places |  
 plain.  
 7 And the glory of the Lord shall be re-  
 vealed \* and all flesh shall | see it - to- |  
 gether : for the móuth of the | Lord  
 hath | spoken | it.  
 8 The vóice | said, | Cry : and he said, |  
 What | shall I | cry ?  
 9 All | flesh is | grass : and all the good-  
 ness thereof is ás the | flower | of the |  
 field.  
 10 The grass withereth á the | flower | fad-  
 eth : because the spirit of the Lord  
 bloweth upon it \* súrely the | péople |  
 is | grass.

- 11 The grass withereth \* the | flower | fade-  
eth : but the wórd of our | God shall |  
stand for | ever.
- 12 O Zion that | bringest · good | tidings :  
get thee úp | into · the | high | moun-  
tain.
- 13 O Jerúsalem that | bringest · good |  
tidings : lift | up thy | voice with |  
strength.
- 14 Lift it up, bé | not a- | -fraid : say unto  
the cities of Judah \* be- | -hold | your |  
God.
- 15 Behold, the Lord God will côme with |  
strong | hand : and His | arm shall  
rule | for Him.
- 16 Behold, His re- | -ward is | with Him :  
and | — His | work be- | -fore Him.
- 17 He shall feed His flock | like a | shepherd :  
He shall gáther the | lambs | with His |  
arm.
- 18 And cárny them | in His | bosom : and  
shall gently léad | those that | are with |  
young.

## 1021

ISAIAH LII. 7-10.

- H**OW beautiful up- | -on the | mountains :  
are the feet of hm that | bringeth |  
good | tidings.
- 2 That publisheth peace \* that bringeth  
good | tidings · of | good : that pub-  
lisheth salvation \* that saith unto |  
Zion · thy | God reigneth.
  - 3 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice :  
with the voice to- | -gether | shall they |  
sing.
  - 4 For they shall see | eye to | eye : when  
the Lórd shall | bring a- | -gain | Zion.
  - 5 Break forth into jý, | sing to- | -gether :  
ye wáste | places | of Je- | -rusalem.
  - 6 For the Lord hath comfort- | -ed His |  
people : Hé | hath re- | -deemed · Je- |  
rusalem.
  - 7 The Lord hath made báre His | holy |  
arm : fu the | eyes of | all the | nations.
  - 8 And all the | ends · of the | earth : shall  
see the sal- | -vation | of our | God.

## 1022

ISAIAH LIII. 3-12.

- H**E is despised and re- | -jected of | men :  
a man of sórrows, | and ac- | -quainted ·  
with | grief :
- 2 And we hid as it wére our | faces | from  
Him : He was despised and | we es- |  
teemed Him | not.
  - 3 Surely Hé hath | borne our | griefs : and |  
carried | our | sorrows :
  - 4 Yét we did es- | -teem Him | stricken :  
smitten of | God | and af- | -flicted.
  - 5 But He was wóunded for | our trans- |  
gressions : Hé was | bruised · for | our  
in- | -iquities :
  - 6 The chastisement of our péace | was up- |  
on Him : and wth His | stripes | we  
are | healed.
  - 7 All we like shéep have | gone a- | -stray :  
we have turned évery one | to his |  
own | way ;

- 8 And the Lórd hath | laid on | Him : the  
in- | -iqui-ty | of us | all.
- 9 He was oppressed, and He | was af- |  
flicted : yét He | opened | not His |  
mouth :
- 10 He is brought as a lamb | to the slaughter :  
and as a sheep before her shears is  
dumb \* só He | openeth | not His |  
mouth.
- 11 He was taken from prison | and from |  
judgment : and who shall de- | -clare  
His | gener- | -ation ?
- 12 For He was cut off out of the land | of  
the | living : for the transgression of  
My | people | was He | stricken.
- 13 And He made His gráve | with the |  
wicked : and wth the | rich | in His  
death :
- 14 Because He had | done no | violence :  
neither was any de- | -ceit | in His |  
mouth.
- 15 Yet it pleased the | Lord to | bruise Him :  
yéa He hath | put | Him to | grief ;
- 16 When Thou shalt make His sôul an |  
offering · for | sin : He shall see His  
seed \* Hé | shall pro- | -long His | days.
- 17 And the pleasure | of the | Lord : shall |  
prosper | in His | hand.
- 18 He shall see of the travail | of His | soul :  
and | shall be | satis- | -fied :
- 19 By His knowledge shall my righteous  
servant | justify | many : for Hé shall |  
bear | their in- | -iquities.
- 20 Therefore will I divide Him a pórion |  
with the | great : and He shall divide  
the | spoil | with the | strong :
- 21 Because He hath poured out His sôul |  
unto | death : And Hé was | numbered |  
with the trans- | -gressors :
- 22 And He báre the | sin of | many : and  
made inter- | -cession | for the trans- |  
gressors.

## 1023

ISAIAH LV.

- H**O, every one that thirsteth, côme ye | to  
the | waters : and he that hath no  
móny | côme ye | buy and | eat :
- 2 Yea côme buy | wine and | milk : without  
móny | and with- | -out | price.
  - 3 Wherefore do ye spend money for that  
which | is not | bread : and your labour  
for that which | satis- | -fieth not ?
  - 4 Harken diligently unto me, and eat ye |  
that which · is | good : and let your sôul  
de- | -light it- | -self in | fatness.
  - 5 Incline your ear, and côme | unto | me :  
hear | and your | soul shall | live :
  - 6 And I will make an everlasting cove-  
nant with | you : éven the | sure  
mercies · of | David.
  - 7 Behold, I have given him for a witness |  
to the | people : a léader and com-  
mander | to the | people.
  - 8 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou  
knowest | not : and nations that knew  
not thee shall | run | unto | thee.
  - 9 Because of the Lord thy God \* and for  
the Hóly | One of | Israel : for Hé hath |  
glori- | -fied | thee.

- 10 Seek ye the Lord while He | may be |  
found : call ye upon Him | while | He  
is | near :
- 11 Let the wicked for- | -sake his | way : and  
the un- | -righteous | man his | thoughts :
- 12 And let him return unto the Lord \* and  
He will have | mercy · up- | -on him :  
and to our God \* for He will a- | -ban-  
dant- | -ly | pardon.
- 13 For my thoughts are not | your | thoughts :  
neither are your ways | My ways | saith  
the | Lord.
- 14 For as the heavens are higher | than the |  
earth : so are My ways higher than your  
ways \* and My\* | thoughts than | your |  
thoughts.
- 15 For as the rain cometh down, and the |  
snow from | heaven : and returneth not  
thither \* but | water- | -eth the | earth.
- 16 And maketh it bring | forth and | bud :  
that it may give seed to the sower \*  
and | bread | to the | eater :
- 17 So shall My word be that goeth forth |  
out of · My | mouth : it shall not re-  
turn · unto | Me | void.
- 18 But it shall accomplish | that which · I |  
please : and it shall prosper in the |  
thing where- | -to I | sent it.
- 19 For ye shall go | out with | joy : and be |  
led | forth with | peace :
- 20 The mountains and the hills shall break  
forth before you | into | singing : and all  
the trees of the | field shall | clap their |  
hands.
- 21 Instead of the thorn sha'l come | up the |  
fir tree : and instead of the brifer shall  
come | up the | myrtle tree :
- 22 And it shall be to the Lórd | for a | name :  
for an everlasting sign that shall | not  
be | cut | off.

1024 ISAIAH LX. 1, 2, 3; IX. 2, 6, 7.

- A**RISE, shine \* for thy | light is | come :  
and the glory of the | Lord is | risen-  
up- | -on thee.
- 2 For behold, the darkness shall | cover ·  
the | earth : and gróss | dark- | -ness  
the | people.
- 3 But the Lórd shall a- | -rise up- | -on  
thee : and His glory | shall be | seen up- |  
on thee.
- 4 And the Gentiles shall come | to thy |  
light : and kings to the | brightness | of  
thy | rising.
- 5 The people that | walked in | darkness :  
have | seen a | great | light.
- 6 They that dwell in the land of the |  
shadow · of | death : upon them | hath  
the | light | shined.
- 7 For unto us a Child is born, unto us a |  
Son is | given : and the government  
shall | be up- | -on His | shoulder :
- 8 And His name shall be called Wonderful,  
Counsellor, \* the | mighty | God : the  
everlasting Father \* the | Prince | of |  
Peace.

- 9 Of the increase of His government and  
péace there shall | be no | end : upon  
the throne of David \* and upon His |  
kingdom · to | order | it.
- 10 And to establish | it with | judgment :  
and with justice from | henceforth |  
even · for | ever.

1025 LAMENTATIONS III. 22-27,  
31-33, 39-41.

- I**T is of the Lord's mercies that we are | not  
con- | -sumed : because | His com- |  
passions | fail not.
- 2 They are new | every | morning : great |  
is Thy | faithful | -ness.
- 3 The Lord is my pór- | tion, | saith my |  
soul : therefore | will | hope in | Him.
- 4 The Lord is good unto them that | wait  
for | Him : to the | soul that | seeketh |  
Him.
- 5 It is good that a man should both hope  
and | quietly | wait : for the sal- | -va-  
tion | of the | Lord.
- 6 It is good | for a | man : that he bear the |  
yoke | in his | youth.
- 7 For the Lord will cast | off for | ever :  
but though He cause grief, yet will He  
have compassion \* according to the |  
multitude | of His | mercies.
- 8 For He doth not af- | -flict | willingly :  
nor | grieve the | children · of | men.
- 9 Wherefore doth a living | man com- |  
plain : a man for the | punishment | of  
his | sins ?
- 10 Let us search and | try our | ways : and  
turn a- | -gain | to the | Lord :
- 11 [2 pt.] Let us lift up our heart | with  
our | hands : unto | God | in the |  
heavens.

1026 HABAKKUK III. 2-6, 10,  
11, 13, 17, 18.

- O** LORD, I have heard Thy speech \* and |  
was a- | -fraid : O Lord, revive Thy  
work in the | midst | of the | years.
- 2 In the midst of the | years make | known :  
in | wrath re- | -member | mercy.
- 3 Góð | came from | Teman : and the | Holy  
One | from mount | Paran.
- 4 His glory | covered · the | heavens : and  
the earth was | full | of His | praise.
- 5 And His brightness was | as the | light :  
He had rays coming forth from His  
hand \* and there was the | hiding | of  
His | power.
- 6 Before Him | went the | pestilence : and  
burning coals went | forth | at His |  
feet.
- 7 He stood and | measured · the | earth :  
He beheld \* and | drove a- | -sunder ·  
the | nations.
- 8 And the everlasting mountains were scat-  
tered \* the pèrpetual | hills did | bow :  
His | ways are | ever- | -lasting.
- 9 The mountains saw Thee, | and they |  
trembled : the overflówing of the |  
water | passed | by :

- 10 The déep | uttered · his | voice : and  
lifted | up his | hands on | high.
- 11 The sun and moon stood stíll in their |  
habi- | -tation: at the light of Thine  
arrows they went \* and at the shining |  
of Thy | glittering | spear.
- 12 Thou wentest forth for the salvátion | of  
Thy | people : even for salvátion | with  
Thine an- | -ointed.
- 13 Although the fig tree | shall not | blossom .  
néither shall | fruit be | in the | vines.
- 14 The lábour of the | olive · shall | fail : and  
the | fields shall | yield no | meat.
- 15 The flock shall be cut off | from the |  
fold : and there shall bé no | herd | in  
the | stalls.
- 16 Yet I will réjôice | in the | Lord : I will  
jôy in the | God of | my sal- | -vation.

SELECTIONS FROM THE NEW  
TESTAMENT.

## 1027 MATTHEW V. 3-12.

- B**LÉSSED are the | poor in | spirit : for  
théirs | is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
- 2 Bléséd are | they that | mourn : fôr | they |  
shall be | comforted.
- 3 Bléséd | are the | meek : for théy | shall  
in- | -herit · the | earth.
- 4 Bléséd are they which do hunger and  
thirst | after | righteousness: fôr | they |  
shall be | filled.
- 5 Bléséd | are the | merciful : for théy |  
shall ob- | -tain | mercy.
- 6 Bléséd are the | pure in | heart : fôr |  
they shall | see | God.
- 7 Bléséd | are the | peacemakers : for they  
shall be called the | children | of | God.
- 8 Bléséd are they which are persecuted \*  
for righteous- | -ness | sake : for théirs |  
is the | kingd- | of | heaven.
- 9 Bléséd are ye, when men shall revile  
you \* and | perse- | cute | you : and  
shall say all manner of evil agáinst you |  
falsely | for My | sake.
- 10 Réjôice and be ex- | -ceeding | glad : for  
gréat is | your re- | -ward in | heaven.

## 1028 ROMANS VIII. 31-39.

- I**F | God be | for us : whó | - can | be  
a- | -gainst us?
- 2 He that spared not His own Son \* but  
delivered Him úp | for us | all : how  
shall He not with Híu also | freely |  
give us | all things?
- 3 Who shall lay anything to the charge of |  
God's e- | -lect : it is God that justifieth \*  
whó is | he | that con- | -demneth?
- 4 It is Christ that died \* yea rather thát  
is | risen · a- | -gain : who is even at the  
right hand of God \* who also maketh |  
inter- | -cession | for us.
- 5 Who shall separate us fróm the | love of |  
Christ : shall tribulation, or distress, or  
persecution \* or famine or nakedness \*  
or | peril. | or | sword?
- 6 As it is written, For Thy sake we are  
killed | all the · day | long : we are ac-  
counted as | sheep | for the | slaughter :

- 7 Nay, in all these things wé are | more  
than | conquerors : thi- | -ough | Him that |  
loved | us.
- 8 For I am persuaded, that néither | death  
nor | life : nor angels, nor principalities,  
nor powers \* nor things | present ·  
nor | things to | come,
- 9 [2 pt.] Nor height, nor depth \* nor ány |  
other | creature : shall be able to separ-  
ate us from the love of God \* which is in  
Christ | Jesus | our | Lord.

## 1029 I CORINTHIANS XV. 20-23, 51-57.

- N**OW is Christ risen | from the | dead :  
and become the | first · fruits of | them  
that | slept.
- 2 For since by | man came | death : by man  
came also the résur- | -rection | of the |  
dead.
- 3 For as in Ádam | all | die : even so in  
Christ shall | all be | made a- | -live.
- 4 But every mán in his | own | order :  
Christ the first-fruits \* afterward théy  
that are | Christ's | at His | coming.
- 5 Behold, I shéw | you a | mystery : wé |  
shall not | all | sleep,
- 6 Bút we shall | all be | changed : in a  
moment, in the twinkling of an éye |  
at the | last | trump :
- 7 For the trúmpe | shall | sou | : and the  
dead shall be raised incorruptible \*  
and | we | shall be | changed.
- 8 For this corruptible must put ón | incor- |  
ruption : and this mortal must put |  
on | immor- | -tality.
- 9 So when this corruptible shall have put  
ón | incor- | -ruption : and this mortal  
shall have put | on | immor- | -tality.
- 10 Then shall be brought to pass the saying |  
that is | written : death is | swallowed |  
up in | victory.
- 11 O death, whére | is thy | sting : O gráve, |  
whére | is thy | victory?
- 12 The sting of | death is | sin : and the  
strength of | sin | is the | law.
- 13 [2 pt.] But thánks | be to | God : which  
giveth us the victory \* through our |  
Lord | Jesus | Christ.

ANCIENT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

1030

1 COR. V. 7-8; ROM. VI. 9-11;  
1 COR. XV. 20-22.

**C**HRISt our passover is sacri- | -ficed · for |  
us ; thérefore | let us | keep the | feast.  
2 Not with the old leaven \* neither with  
the léaven of | malice · and | wicked-  
ness ; but with the unleavened bréad  
of sin- | -ceri- | -ty and | truth.  
3 Christ being raised from the déad | dieth ·  
no | more ; death hath no móre do-  
minion | over | Him.  
4 For in that He died \* He dled unto | sin |  
once ; but in that He liveth \* He | liv-  
eth | unto | God.  
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be  
déad indeed | unto | sin ; but alive unto  
Gód through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.  
6 Now is Christ risen | from the | déad ; and  
becóme the | first · fruits of | them  
that | slept.  
7 For sñce by | man came | death ; by man  
came also the résur- | -rection | of the |  
déad.  
8 For as in Ádam | all | die ; even so in  
Christ shall | all be | made a- | -live.

1031

EPHESIANS III. 14-21.

**I**BOW my knees unto the Father of our  
Lórd | Jesus | Christ : of whom the  
whole family in | heaven and | earth is |  
named.  
2 That He would grant you \* according to  
the riches | of His | glory : to be  
strengthened with might by His Spñrit |  
in the | inner | man ;  
3 That Christ may dwell in your | hearts  
by | faith ; that ye, being róoted and |  
grounded | in | love,

4 May be able to comprehend with | all |  
saints : what is the bréadth and | length  
and | doph and | height ;  
5 And to know the love of Christ which |  
passeth | knowledge ; that ye might be  
filled with | all the | fulness · of | God.  
6 Now unto Him that is able to do exceed-  
ing abundantly \* above ál that we |  
ask or | think ; according to the | power  
that | worketh | in us,  
7 [2 pt.] Unto Him be glory in the Church  
by Christ Jesus \* through- | -out all |  
ages : wórd without | end. | A- | -men.

1032

REVELATION I. 5-8; IV. 8, 11.

**U**NTO | Him that | loved us : and washed  
us from our sins | in His | own | blood,  
2 And hath made us kings and priests unto  
Gód | and His | Father : to Him be glory  
and dominion \* for éver and | ever. |  
A- | -men.  
3 Behóld He | cometh · with | clouds : and |  
every | eye shall | see Him,  
4 And they álso which | pierced | Him :  
and all kindreds of the éarth shall |  
wail be- | -cause of | Him.  
5 I am | Alpha · and | Omega : the begin-  
ning and the énding | saith | the | Lord,  
6 Which is | and which | was : and which  
is to | come | the Al- | -mighty.  
7 Hóly | Holy, | Holy : Lórd | God | Al-  
mighty,  
8 Which wás | and | is : and | is | to | come.  
9 Thóu art | worthy · O | Lord : to réceive |  
glory · and | honour · and | power ;  
10 For Thóu hast cre- | -ated | all things : and  
for Thy pléasure they | are, and | wero  
cre- | -ated.

ANCIENT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

1033

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

**W**E praise | Thee O | God : we acknów-  
ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.  
2 All the éarth doth | worship | Thee : thó  
Father | ever- | -lasting.  
3 To Thee all Ángels | cry a- | -loud ; the  
Heavens, and | all the | Powers there- |  
in.  
4 To Thee Chérubin and | Seraph- | -im ;  
cón- | -tínual- | -ly do | cry,  
5 Hóly | Holy | Holy : Lórd | God of | Saba-  
oth ;  
6 Heaven and earth are fíll of the | Ma-  
jes- | -ty : óf | Thy | Glo- | -ry.  
7 The glorious cónpany | of · the A- |  
postles : praise | — | — | Thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets :  
práise | — | — | Thee.  
9 [2 pt.] The nóble | army · of | Martyrs :  
práise | — | — | Thee.  
10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the |  
wórd ; dóth ac- | -know- | -ledge | Thee ;  
11 Thé | Fa- | -ther : óf an | infinite | Ma-  
jes- | -ty ;  
12 Thine hónonr- | -able, | true : and |  
on- | -ly | Son ;  
13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost : thó | Com- |  
fort- | -er.  
14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory : Ó | — | — |  
Christ.  
15 Thou art the éver- | -lasting | Son : óf | —  
the | Fa- | -ther.  
16 When Thou tookest upon Thee té de- |  
liver | man : Thou didst nótab- | -hor  
the | Virgin's | womb.

- 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharp-  
ness · of | death : Thou didst open the  
Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be-  
lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God :  
in the | Glory | of the | Father.
- 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come : to |  
be | our | Judge.
- 20 We therefore pray Thee | help Thy | ser-  
vants : whom Thou hast redeemed |  
with Thy | precious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy |  
Saints : in | glory | ever- | -lasting.
- 22 O Lord | save Thy | people : and | bless  
Thine | herit- | -age.
- 23 Góv- | — ern | them : and | lift them | up  
for | ever.
- 24 Dáy | by | day : wé | magni- | -fy | Thee ;
- 25 And we | worship · Thy | Name : éver |  
world with- | -out | end.
- 26 Vóuch- | -safe O | Lord : to kéept us this |  
day with- | -out | sin.
- 27 O Lord have | mérey · up- | -on us : háve |  
mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
- 28 O Lord let Thy mérey | lighten · up- | -on  
us : ás our | trust | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord in Théé | have I | trusted : lét me |  
never | be con- | -founded.

*Bishop Ambrose of Milan. 4th Century.*

1034 MAGNIFICAT. LUKE I. 46-55.

- MY soul doth mágni- | -fy the | Lord : and  
my spirit háth re- | -joiced · in | God  
my | Saviour.
- 2 Fór He | hath re- | -garded : the lówliness |  
of His | hand- | -maiden.
- 3 Fór be- | -hold from | henceforth : all  
gener- | -ations · shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He that is mighty hath | magnified |  
me : and | holy | is His | Name.
- 5 And His mérey is on | them that | fear  
Him : throughóut | all | gener- | -ations.
- 6 He hath shewed strength | with His | arm :  
He hath scattered the proud in the  
inúgin- | -ation | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the mighty | from  
their | seat : and háth ex- | -alted · the |  
humble and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the hungry with | good |  
things : and the rich He hath | sent |  
empty · a- | -way.
- 9 [2 *pt.*] He remembering His mercy hath  
hólpén His | servant | Israel : as He  
promised to our forefathers \* Ábraham |  
and his | seed for | ever.

1035 BENEDICTUS. LUKE I. 68-79.

- BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel :  
for He hath visited | and re- | -deemed ·  
His | people ;
- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | -va-  
tion | for us : in the hóuse | of His |  
servant | David ;
- 3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy  
Prophets : which have been | since the  
world be- | -gan ;

- 4 That we should be sáved | from our | en-  
emies : and from the | hands of | all  
that | hate us ;
- 5 To perform the mérey promised | to our |  
forefathers : and to re- | -member ·  
His | holy | Covenant ;
- 6 To perform the oath which He swáre to  
our | forefather | Ábraham : thát | He  
would | give | us ;
- 7 That we being delivered out of the hánd |  
of our | enemies : might sérve | Him  
with- | -out | fear ;
- 8 In holiness and righteous- | -ness be- |  
fore Him : all the | days | of our | life.
- 9 And thou Child shalt be called the Pró-  
phet | of the | Highest · for thou shalt  
go before the face of the Lórd | to pre- |  
pare His | ways ;
- 10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto ·  
His | people : fór the re- | -mission | of  
their | sins,
- 11 Through the tender mérey | of our | God :  
whereby the day-spring fróm on | high  
hath | visited | us ;
- 12 To give light to them that sit in dark-  
ness \* and in the | shadow · of | death :  
and to guide our féet | into · the | way  
of | peace.

1036 NUNC DIMITTIS. LUKE II. 29-32.

- LORD, now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- |  
part in | peace : ác- | -cording | to Thy |  
word.
- 2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen : Thy\* | — sal- |  
va- | -tion,
- 3 Which Thou | hast pre- | -pared : befóre  
the | face of | all | people ;
- 4 To be a light to | lighten · the | Gentiles :  
and to be the glóry | of Thy | people |  
Israel.

1037 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

- GLORY bé to | God on | high : and on  
éarth peace \* góod | will | towards |  
men.
- 2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we wor-  
ship Thee \* we glóri- | -fy | Thee : we  
give thanks to Théé | for Thy | great |  
glory,
- 3 O Lord Góð | Heavenly | King : Góð the |  
Father | Al- | -mighty.
- 4 O Lord, the only begotten Són | Jesus |  
Christ : O Lord God, Lamb of Góð, |  
Són | of the | Father.
- 5 Thou that takest away the sins | of the |  
world : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
- 6 Thou that takest away the sins | of the |  
world : háve | mer- | -cy up- | -on us.
- 7 Thou that takest away the sins | of the |  
world : ré- | -ceive | our | prayer.
- 8 Thou that sittest at the right hánd of |  
God the | Father : náve | mer- | -cy up- |  
on us.



- 9 For Thóu | only · art | holy : Thóu | only |  
art the | Lord.  
10 Thou only, O Christ, wth the | Holy |  
Ghost : art most high in the glory of  
Gód the | Father. | A- | -men.

1038 *All Thy works shall praise  
Thee, O Lord.*—Psalm cxlv. 10.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,  
Hallelujah !

2 To the glory of their King  
Shall the ransomed people sing  
Hallelujah !

3 And the choirs that dwell on high  
Shall re-echo through the sky  
Hallelujah !

4 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,  
The blessèd ones with joy the chorus  
swell  
Hallelujah !

5 The planets glittering on their heavenly  
way,  
The shining constellations, join and say  
Hallelujah !

6 Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
Ye winds on pinions light,  
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,  
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,  
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah !

7 Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and summer glow,  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing Hallelujah !

8 First let the birds, with painted plumage  
gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Hallelujah !

9 Then let the beasts of earth, with vary-  
ing strain,  
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again  
Hallelujah !

10 Here let the mountains thunder forth  
sonorous Hallelujah !  
There let the valleys sing in gentler  
chorus Hallelujah !

11 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry  
Hallelujah !  
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply  
Hallelujah !

12 To God, who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid :  
Hallelujah !

13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the  
Lord Almighty loves : Hallelujah !  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that  
Christ Himself approves : Hallelujah !

14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice  
awaking,  
Hallelujah !  
And children's voices echo, answer  
making,  
Hallelujah !

15 Now from all men be outpoured  
Hallelujah to the Lord ;  
With Hallelujah evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore.

16 Praise be done to the Three in One.  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
*Godescalcus, 10th Century.*  
*Tr. J. M. Neale. 1851.*

1039 *A great voice of much* 10.10.7.  
*people in heaven, saying Hallelujah.*  
*Revelation xix. 1.*

SING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,  
Ye citizens of heaven ; O sweetly raise  
An endless Hallelujah.

2 Ye powers who stand before the Eternal  
Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Hallelujah.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake  
again An endless Hallelujah.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Hallelujah.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms  
in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be  
this, An endless Hallelujah.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honour of your  
King, An endless Hallelujah.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought  
back,  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er  
shall lack, An endless Hallelujah.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things  
made, we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Hallelujah.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore : to Thee we bring  
An endless Hallelujah. Amen.  
*Mozarabic Breviary, 5th Century.*  
*Tr. John Ellerton. 1865.*

1040 *DIES IRÆ.* 8.8.8.  
*The Lord grant unto him that he may find  
mercy of the Lord in that day /*  
*2 Timothy i. 18.*

DAY of wrath, O Day of mourning !  
See once more the cross returning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth !<br/>When from heaven the Judge descendeth,<br/>On whose sentence all dependeth.</p> <p>3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,<br/>Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,<br/>All before the Throne it bringeth.</p> <p>4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,<br/>All creation is awaking,<br/>To its Judge an answer making.</p> <p>5 Lo the Book, exactly worded,<br/>Wherein all hath been recorded,<br/>Thence shall judgment be awarded.</p> <p>6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,<br/>And each hidden deed arraigneth,<br/>Nothing unavenged remaineth.</p> <p>7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?<br/>Who for me be interceding,<br/>When the just are mercy needing ?</p> <p>8 King of majesty tremendous,<br/>Who dost free salvation send us,<br/>Fount of Pity, then befriend us.</p> <p>9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation<br/>Caused Thy wondrous incarnation,<br/>Leave me not to reprobation !</p> <p>10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,<br/>On the cross of suffering bought me ;<br/>Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?</p> | <p>11 Righteous Judge of retribution,<br/>Grant Thy gift of absolution,<br/>Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion.</p> <p>12 Guilty now I pour my moaning,<br/>All my shame with anguish owning,<br/>Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning !</p> <p>13 Thou the sinful woman savest ;<br/>Thou the dying thief forgavest,<br/>And to me a hope vouchsafest.</p> <p>14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,<br/>Yet, good Lord, in grace condescending,<br/>Rescue me from fires undying.</p> <p>15 With Thy favoured sheep, O place me !<br/>Nor among the goats abase me,<br/>But to Thy right hand upraise me.</p> <p>16 While the wicked are confounded,<br/>Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,<br/>Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.</p> <p>17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission,<br/>See, like ashes, my contrition,<br/>Help me, in my last condition.</p> <p>18 Ah that Day of tears and mourning !<br/>From the dust of earth returning,<br/>Man for judgment must prepare him ;<br/>Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !</p> <p>19 Lord, all pitying, Jesus blest,<br/>Grant us Thine eternal rest, Amen.<br/><i>From the Latin. Tr. W. J. Irons. 1848.</i><br/><i>Verse nineteen Tr. Isaac Williams. 1839.</i></p> |
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SANCTUS.

1041 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts ; heaven and earth  
are full of Thy glory.  
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

1042 EXODUS XX. 1-17.

**G**OD spake all these words, saying,

I. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any-

thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me ; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

## THE COMMANDMENTS.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

IV. Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

*Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.*

# ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

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All praise to our redeeming . . . . .	624	Behold what witnesses unseen . . . . .	602
All thanks be to God . . . . .	675	Being of beings, God of love ! . . . . .	214
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All things are Thine ; no gift . . . . .	869	Be present at our table, Lord . . . . .	979
All things bright and . . . . .	923	Be still my soul : the Lord is . . . . .	550
All things praise Thee, Lord . . . . .	174	Be Thou my guardian and . . . . .	927
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Christ will gather in His own . . . . .	884	Commit thou all thy griefs . . . . .	31
Christian! dost thou see them . . . . .	568	Creator Spirit, by whose aid . . . . .	136
Christian, work for Jesus . . . . .	956	Crown Him with many crowns . . . . .	128
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Clouds and darkness round . . . . .	598	Day by day the manna fell . . . . .	26
Cold and cheerless, dark and . . . . .	845	Day of wrath, O day of . . . . .	1040
Come, all whoe'er have set . . . . .	739	Dear Master, what can . . . . .	935
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Come, Holy Ghost, all-quick- . . . . .	142	Drooping soul, shake off thy . . . . .	605
Come, Holy Ghost, in love . . . . .	149	Dwell in me richly, blessed . . . . .	292
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Here, Lord, we offer Thee all . . . .	846	I'm kneeling at the threshold . . . .	951
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Holy Lamb, who Thee confess . . . .	655	In the cross of Christ I glory . . . .	96
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive . . . .	422	In the dark and cloudy day . . . .	946
Holy Spirit ! hear us . . . .	932	In this glad hour when children . . . .	911
Holy Spirit, truth divine . . . .	138	In Thy name, O Lord . . . .	249
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How calmly the evening once . . . .	282	Inspirer of the ancient seers . . . .	293
How can a sinner know . . . .	357	Into Thy gracious hands I . . . .	505
How do Thy mercies close . . . .	36	Is thy cruse of comfort . . . .	645
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How happy, gracious Lord ! . . . .	678	It is Thy hand, my God . . . .	540
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How pleased and blest was I . . . .	241	Jerusalem divine . . . .	803
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I bless the Christ of God . . . .	52	Jesus, if still Thou art to-day . . . .	384
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I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb . . . .	353	Jesus, my life ! Thyself apply . . . .	485
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Jesus, Thou all-redeeming . . . . .	313	Lord, can it be that I should . . . . .	571
Jesus, Thou everlasting King . . . . .	180	Lord, dismiss us with Thy . . . . .	975
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Let all who truly bear . . . . .	730	Lord, that I may learn of . . . . .	616
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Let God, who comforts the . . . . .	527	Lord, we know that Thou art . . . . .	629
Let Him to whom we now . . . . .	657	Lord, we Thy will obey . . . . .	973
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Let us with a gladsome mind . . . . .	176	Lord, while for all mankind . . . . .	961
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My God, I love Thee; not . . . . .	461	O Fount of good, to own Thy . . . . .	879
My God, I thank Thee, who . . . . .	186	O give thanks to Him who . . . . .	260
My God, is any hour so sweet . . . . .	626	O glorious hope of perfect . . . . .	404
My God, my Father, while I . . . . .	535	O God, by whom the seed is . . . . .	298
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My heart is full of Christ . . . . .	56	O God of mercy, God of . . . . .	651
My heart is resting, O my . . . . .	217	O God of our forefathers hear . . . . .	447
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O breathe upon this languid . . . . .	139	O Lord of hosts, whose glory . . . . .	865
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O Lord, while life and hope . . . . .	928	Oppressed with sin and woe . . . . .	365
O love Divine, how sweet . . . . .	469	Our blest Redeemer, ere He . . . . .	159
O love Divine! what hast . . . . .	101	Our children, Lord, in faith . . . . .	722
O love, I languish at Thy stay . . . . .	393	Our day of praise is done . . . . .	254
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O mean may seem this house . . . . .	87	Our friend, our brother, and . . . . .	647
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O sacred head once wounded . . . . .	102	Parent of good, Thy . . . . .	9
O safe to the Rock that is . . . . .	349	Part in peace! Christ's life . . . . .	977
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O sing to the Lord, whose . . . . .	838	Pass a few swiftly fleeting . . . . .	760
O strong to save and bless . . . . .	42	Peace! doubting heart; my . . . . .	544
O taste and see that He . . . . .	29	Peace, perfect peace, in this . . . . .	413
O that I could my Lord . . . . .	369	Pierce, fill me with humble . . . . .	594
O that I could repent . . . . .	338	Pleasant are Thy courts . . . . .	243
O that my load of sin were . . . . .	477	Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion . . . . .	175
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O Thou from whom all . . . . .	522	Praise, O praise our heavenly . . . . .	195
O Thou, our Saviour, Brother . . . . .	633	Praise the Lord, ye heavens . . . . .	196
O Thou to whom in ancient . . . . .	810	Praise to the Hollest in the . . . . .	190
O Thou to whose all-searching . . . . .	517	Praise ye Jehovah! praise . . . . .	191
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O Thou whose hand has . . . . .	867	Rejoice for a brother deceased . . . . .	887
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O 'tis enough, my God, my . . . . .	606	Rescue the perishing, care . . . . .	959
O what a mighty change . . . . .	797	Rest in the Lord, rest weary . . . . .	438
O what can little hands do . . . . .	936	Rest of the weary, joy of the . . . . .	618
O what shall I do, my Saviour . . . . .	682	Revive Thy work, O Lord . . . . .	147
O when shall we sweetly . . . . .	788	Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . . . .	110
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O where shall rest be found . . . . .	778	Saints, above all, lay hold . . . . .	564
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O Word of God incarnate . . . . .	300	Saviour, again to Thy dear . . . . .	255
O worship the King, all . . . . .	184	Saviour, blessed Saviour . . . . .	198
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On the waters dark and drear . . . . .	889	Saviour, ou me the want . . . . .	481
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See, Jesus, Thy disciples see . . . . .	713	Teach me to live, 'tis easier . . . . .	660
Servant of all, to toil for man . . . . .	639	Tell me the old, old story . . . . .	331
Shepherd Divine, our wants . . . . .	716	The billows swell, the winds . . . . .	901
Show me myself! O holy Lord . . . . .	615	The child leans on its parents' . . . . .	933
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Sing, O sing, this blessed morn . . . . .	74	The day is past and over . . . . .	275
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Sing to the Lord of harvest . . . . .	853	The God of harvest praise . . . . .	852
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Soldiers of Christ arise . . . . .	563	The great redeeming angel . . . . .	910
Some murmur when their sky . . . . .	513	The heavens declare Thy . . . . .	19
Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .	37	The hours of day are over . . . . .	943
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Stand the omnipotent decree . . . . .	763	The radiant morn hath passed . . . . .	276
Stand up and bless the Lord . . . . .	211	The roseate hues of early . . . . .	264
Stand up! stand up for Jesus . . . . .	562	The Sabbath day has . . . . .	253
Stay, Master, stay upon this . . . . .	671	The spacious firmament on . . . . .	18
Stay, thou insulted Spirit . . . . .	613	The springtide hour brings . . . . .	831
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Surrounded by a host of foes . . . . .	581	The year is swiftly waning . . . . .	842
Sweet is the memory of Thy . . . . .	225	Thee, Jesus, full of truth and . . . . .	524
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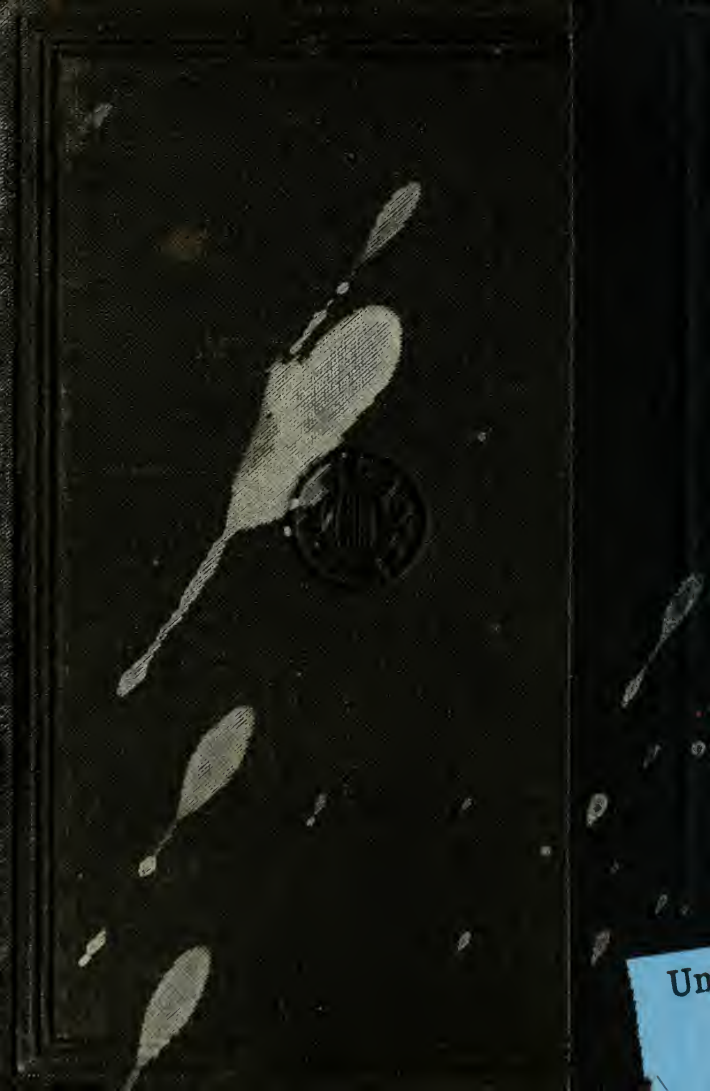
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