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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
THE Congregational Mission Hymnal

AND

Week-night Service Book.

EDITED FOR

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES

BY

GEORGE S. BARRETT, B.A.

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

JOSEPH BARNBY.

London:

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES,
MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON STREET.

1890.
the other for music—which were appointed to assist the Editor, was confined to suggestion and advice on a draft prepared by Mr. Barrett.

Mr. Barrett’s draft was carefully considered by both committees. Its leading features and substance were entirely approved; and many valuable suggestions made to the Editor were incorporated in the work.

On the suggestion of the Editor the revision of the harmonies of all the non-copyright tunes in the entire work was entrusted to one of the most distinguished musicians of the present day, Mr. Joseph Barnby, of Eton College, Windsor.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the great care and attention Mr. Barnby has devoted to the re-arrangement of many of the most popular melodies contained in the book, and the value of the exquisite compositions from his own pen which enrich the present book.

The revision of the text of the hymns has been entrusted by the Editor to Mr. W. T. Brooke, whose large acquaintance with English hymns has enabled the Editor to verify and to correct the text of all the hymns in the present volume.

The Committee now commend the book to the churches, praying that it may greatly aid them in the special service for which it is designed.

ALEXANDER HANNAY,
Secretary.
EDITORIAL NOTE.

In this book the Editor has endeavoured to provide a collection of Hymns and Tunes adapted both to Special Missions and to Week-Night Services. He has not therefore felt himself at liberty to exclude a certain number of hymns from American sources which, although without any special merit of their own, either in words or music, have proved so useful and so widely popular throughout the land that to have rejected them altogether would have made the book practically useless for one at least of the ends it is designed to fulfil. The Editor desires specially to place on record both on his own behalf and on behalf of the Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales the thanks due to Messrs. Morgan and Scott for the generous kindness with which they have permitted a large selection to be made from Sacred Songs and Solos, edited by Mr. Sankey, and known as "Sankey's Hymns"; but the musical settings of these pieces have been revised by Mr. Joseph Barnby, and their harmonies greatly enriched and improved in consequence.

The larger number, however, both of hymns and tunes contained in this volume are taken from the best sources at the Editor's command, and he is not without hope that as a Mission Hymnal and Week-Night Service Book it may be found to combine the best of the American Revival Hymns with the more solid and enduring English Hymns and Music. In a few instances, indicated for the most part as they occur, it is intended that the music shall be sung either as a solo or by the choir, but these are exceptional, as the great body of the music is of a kind either already familiar to the Church through its use in public worship, or easily caught by an untrained audience. The Editor does not anticipate any serious objection to this occasional departure from the general rule he has followed, as some of the deepest impressions at Mission Services have been produced by a solo devoutly sung, or by the choir joining softly in a hymn whilst the general congregation were bowed in prayer.

The Editor cannot deny himself the pleasure of saying that he is sanguine that the new music included in this Book—music written by some of the most
Eminent musicians in this country—will soon become widely popular and correspondingly useful in the service of the Churches, and he desires especially to thank Mr. Barnby, not only for the time and care he has spent on the revision of all the Harmonies of the non-copyright Tunes, and of those taken from Sacred Songs and Solos, but for much valuable counsel given during the preparation of the work, and for the exquisite music from his own pen which he has written for it.

A few well-known tunes to which certain equally well-known hymns are universally sung are unfortunately excluded from this volume owing to the refusal of the proprietors of Hymns Ancient and Modern to allow any of their copyright tunes to be included in the collection.

Every effort has been made to discover the owners of the copyrights of the various hymns and tunes inserted, but in a few cases without success. The Editor trusts that he may be pardoned for any involuntary infringement of copyright which may have thus occurred, and which he will be glad to rectify in subsequent editions.

The Editor desires on his own behalf and on that of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, to present his thanks to the following authors or owners of copyright hymns or translations for permission kindly granted to use them in this Hymnal:—Mrs. Alexander, Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Rev. A. G. W. Blunt, the late Rev. Dr. H. Bonar, Rev. S. A. Brooke, the late Mr. R. Browning for Mrs. Browning’s hymn, Mrs. Babier for the late Rev. G. B. Babier’s hymns, Mrs. Davis, Mr. W. Chatterton Dix, Rev. C. Downton, Rev. J. Ellerton, Miss Elliott, Rev. W. A. Essery, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, Rev. Canon Furse for the late Rev. Dr. Monsell’s hymns, Mr. T. H. Gill, Rev. N. Hall, Rev. J. Hamilton, the late Rev. Dr. Hatch, Mrs. E. P. Hood for the late Rev. E. P. Hood’s hymns, H. L. L., Mrs. Lynch for the late Rev. T. T. Lynch’s hymns, Rev. Dr. G. Matheson, Rev. W. T. Matson, Rev. A. Mills for the late Rev. E. Caswall’s hymn, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, the Executors of the late Mr. G. Rawson for his hymns, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury and the Rev. C. Wordsworth for the late Bishop Wordsworth’s hymns, Mr. G. Shaw for Miss Havergal’s hymns, Rev. Dr. W. C. Smith, Miss Taylor, Rev. G. Thring, Rev. H. Twells, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Wakefield, and Rev. F. Whitfield.

And to the following Publishers for leave to use hymns which are their copyrights, and which in some cases have been purchased:—Messrs. G. Bell and Sons for Miss Procter’s hymns, Messrs. Burns and Oates for the late Rev. Dr. Faber’s hymns, Messrs. Longmans and Co. for hymns from Lyra Germanica, Messrs. J. Masters and Co. for Mrs. Alexander’s hymns, Messrs. Morgan and Scott for hymns from Sacred Songs and Solos, Messrs. Parker and Co. for the late Rev. I. Williams’ hymns.
The Editor heartily thanks the following gentlemen for the tunes* which they have composed for this volume:—Mr. J. Barnby, Mr. J. Booth, Mr. A. H. Brown, Mr. W. S. Bambridge, Mus. Bac., Mr. A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Mr. W. E. Drewett, Mr. Myles B. Foster, Mr. A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac., Mr. R. Jackson, Mr. A. Legge, F.C.O., Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. J. D. Macey, Mr. F. C. Maker, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, Mr. S. Smith, Sir John Stainer, Mus. Doc., Mr. Berthold Toms, Dr. Charles Vincent, and Mr. A. W. Wiseman, Mus. Bac.

The Editor also warmly thanks the follow Proprietors of copyright tunes for leave most generously granted to use the following tunes † without payment:—Rev. H. Baker, for "Whitburn"; Rev. H. Allon, D.D., for "Hampstead" and "Via Crucis"; Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, for "For Evermore" and "St. Peter"; Messrs. Burns and Oates, for "St. Luke"; Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus. Bac., for "St. Catherine"; Mr. E. Drewett, for "Elmhurst"; Mr. F. Dykes, for the following tunes by the late Rev. Dr. Dykes, "St. Agnes," "Arundel," and "Etiam et milii"; Major Ewing, for "Ewing"; The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter, for "Pax Tecum"; Mr. A. C. Falconer, for "St. Regulus"; Mr. J. Gill (Sec., R.A.M.), for "New St. Andrews" (Frankfort); the Executors of the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, for "Caswell Bay," "Epenetus," "Hermas," and "Will ye Come"; Mr. W. H. Jude, for "Galilee"; Mr. A. Legge, for "Theodora"; Mr. G. A. Löhr, for "St. Frances"; Rev. G. P. Merrick, Mus. Bac., for "Aldersgate"; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, for the tunes from Sacred Songs and Solos; Mr. C. W. Poole, for "Gibraltar," "Petersham," and "Westenhanger"; Mr. C. H. Purday, for "Sandon"; Rev. H. P. Smith, for "Maryton" ("Sun of my Soul"); Mr. S. Smith, for "Melanesia" and "Ruth"; Mr. T. B. Southgate, for "Brookfield"; Rev. W. H. Turle and Mr. T. R. Turle, for "St. Margaret"; Mr. J. Walsh, for "St. George's, Bolton"; Rev. H. A. Walker, for "Dalkeith," from the St. Alban's Tune Book; and Mr. E. S. West, for "Earlsfield."

Permission to use the following copyright tunes* has been purchased from Rev. W. J. Blew and Mrs. Gauntlett, for "St. George," "St. Leofric" (St. Fulbert), and "University College," from the Church Hymn and Tune Book; Mr. J. Booth, for "Baynard"; the Proprietors of the Bristol Tune Book, through Mr. F. Morgan, for "Clifton" "Dalehurst," "Ledbury," "St. Marguerite," "Vespers," and "Woolwich"; The Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D., for "Bullinger" and "Clavering"; the Proprietors of the Burnley Tune Book, for "Staincliffe"; Rev. R. R. Chope, for "St. Bees," "St. Mary Magdalene," "St. Oswald," from Rev. R. R. Chope's Hymn and Tune Book.

* These tunes are marked with a star (*) in the Index of Tunes.
† These tunes are marked with a dagger (†) in the Index of Tunes.
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†Come, wanderer, come | 120
I.—**GOD: HIS WORSHIP, PRAISE, GLORY, AND GRACE.**

1

**Hanford.**—8.8.8.4.

J. D. Macet.

---

**LET** every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is love!

2 Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way
Through His dear Son, bid each to say
Our God is love!

3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is love!

4 O Father, when the night is nigh,
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody,
Our God is love!

5 Then, when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore;
Our God is love!

T. Davis.
MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,  
May a mortal sing Thy name?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along,  
Thought is poor, and poor expression;  
Who dare sing that awful song?  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

5 For the grandeur of Thy nature—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought:  
For created works of power,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought;  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,  
Sing the Lord who came to die.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

7 From the highest throne of glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty captives,—  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

8 Go—return, immortal Saviour,  
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,  
Thence return and reign for ever,  
Be the kingdom all Thine own.  
Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah, Amen.

R. Robinson, v. 1, l. 2 alt.
1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
   O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
   Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
   Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
   Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

5 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
   His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

J. Conder.
My song shall be of mercy;  
To Thee, O Lord, I sing,  
Who all my life hast hid me  
Beneath Thy sheltering wing;  
Who still, in love so patient,  
This mortal journey through,  
Hast followed me with goodness,  
And blessings ever new.

2 My song shall be of judgment;  
All-wise and holy God,  
Thou makest all Thy children  
To pass beneath Thy rod:  
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,  
And oh, my soul shall tell  
That in Thy fiercest anger  
Thou dost all things well.

3 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 works with gladness,  
With me exalt His name,  
Whose love endures for ever,  
To endless years the same.

4 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.

5 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.

H. Downton.
SING forth His high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

2 His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless—
The loving Lord of all.

3 His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds—
The saving Lord of all.

4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to His judgment call,
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

5 When, turning from forbidding ways,
Low at His feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise—
The pardoning Lord of all.

6 Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent His blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

S. Longfellow.

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 ye the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe, v. 2, l. 3 altid.
LET us with a gladsome mind  
Let us with a gladsome mind,  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

1 Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze His name abroad,  
Let us blaze His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,  
He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He the golden tressed sun  
He the golden tressed sun,  
Caused all day his course to run:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 And the moon to shine by night  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mong her spangled sisters bright:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 All things living He doth feed;  
All things living He doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 He His chosen race did bless,  
He His chosen race did bless,  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

9 Let us therefore warble forth  
Let us therefore warble forth,  
His high majesty and worth:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton, alt.
PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Wide as His mercy flows.

4 Frail as summer’s flower we flourish,
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One!—

5 Angels, help us to adore Him:
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

H. F. Lyte.
8 2nd Tune. Praise, my Soul.—87. 87. 47.

First Verse. Unison.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,

Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him,

praise Him, praise Him! Praise the everlast ing King!
SECOND VERSE. Harmony.

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: Praise Him, praise Him,

praise Him, praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness.

THIRD VERSE. Trebles only.

Slower.

Father-like, He tends and spares us, Well our feeble
frame He knows: In His hands He gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes; Praise Him, praise Him,

praise Him, praise Him! Widely as His mercy flows.

Fourth Verse. Harmony.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish, Blows the wind, and
GOD: HIS WORSHIP, PRAISE, GLORY, AND GRACE.

it is gone; But, while mortals rise and perish,

God endures unchanging on. Praise Him, praise Him,

Praise Him, praise Him! Praise the high eternal One!

Fifth Verse. Unison.

Angels, help us to adore Him: Ye behold Him

face to face; Sun and moon bow down before Him,
GOD: HIS WORSHIP, PRAISE, GLORY, AND GRACE.

Dwellers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,

In Harmony.

Praise Him, praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

Amen.

9 1st Tune. Baynard.—88.88.88.

J. Booth.

Unison. Harmony.

Amen.
GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

[2] Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God—
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic hosts above.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free!
S. Davies.
GOD: HIS WORSHIP, PRAISE, GLORY, AND GRACE.

10

Old Hundredth.—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 are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

1. Watts and C. Wesley.

11

Hornsey.—65., 8 lines.

J. Booth.
WITH gladness we worship,
    Rejoice as we sing,
Free hearts and free voices
    How blessed to bring,
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—
    Through Christ—even Thine.
Through Him we are soaring,
    With Him in accord,
We triumph adoring,
    We joy in the Lord!

5 We join with the angels,
    And now there is given,
From earth, Hallelujah!
    In answer to heaven.
Amen! be Thou glorious,
    Below and above;
O'er all hearts victorious,
    O Infinite Love!

G. Rawson.
St. Peter.—C.M.

A. R. Reinagle.

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

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

3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

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

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

Scotch Version, 1650.

13 1st Tune.
Ashwell.—66. 66

J. Booth.
0 LOVE that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without
But come and dwell within.

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

5 Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

H. Bonar.
GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One;
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed from us each spot and stain;
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign;
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

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

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

H. Bonar.
WITH harps and with vials there stand a great throng,
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song;
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite;
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing;
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing this new song shall sing:
Unto Him who hath loved us, &c.

A. T. Pierson.
II.—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

16 1st Tune.  
Rothesay.—76. 76. D.  
J. D. Magee.

2nd Tune.  
Carbrooke.—76. 76. D.  
J. Booth.
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 Bringer 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 gracious 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!

Frances R. Havergal.
My Redeemer.—87. 87. with Chorus.

P. P. Bliss.

Chorus.

Sing, O sing . . . of my Redeemer! With His blood He purchased me!

Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! With His blood He purchased me!

Sing, O sing . . . of my Redeemer! With His blood He purchased me!

With His blood He purchased me!
I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
   And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
   From the curse He set me free.
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! &c.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
   How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
   He the ransom freely gave.
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! &c.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
   His triumphant power I'll tell;
How the victory He giveth
   Over sin, and death, and hell.
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! &c.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
   And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
   Son of God, with Him to be.
Sing, O sing of my Redeemer! &c.

P. P. Bliss.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

18
Thorneyp.—8. 8. 6.
R. JACKSON.

To Him who for our sins was slain,
To Him, for all His dying pain,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who died, that we may die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who rose, that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Him be glory evermore!
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore!
Sing we Alleluia!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

A. T. RUSSELL.

19
1st Tune.
Weyburn.—87. 87. 46.
J. Booth.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

2nd Tune.

Kensington New.—87. 87. 46.

J. TILLEARD.

JESUS 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, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing 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.

G. THRING.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Miles' Lane.—C.M.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

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

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

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can 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;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

E. PERRONET, v. 5 alt., J. RIPON, and v. 6 J. RIPON.
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 lips 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 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

I. WATTS.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Fleury.—6 5, 12 lines.

From Rossini.
SING a hymn to Jesus,
When the heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
Comfort or complaint;
If the work is sorrow,
If the way is long;
If thou dread'st the morrow,
Tell it Him in song;
Though thy heart be aching
For the crown and palm,
Keep thy spirit waking
With a thankful psalm.

3 All begins in Jesus,
   And in Him I see
All the eternal Godhead
   Coming down to me.
I climb to His brightness,
   Up my steps of praise,
And a sudden lightness
   Gilds my darkened days.
So I sing to Jesus,
   When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
   Comfort or complaint.

4 All His words are music,
   Though they make me weep,
Infinitely tender,
   Infinitely deep.
Time can never render
   All in Him I see;
Infinitely tender,
   Human Deity.
Sing a hymn to Jesus,
   When thy heart is faint;
Tell it all to Jesus,
   Comfort or complaint.

5 Jesus, let me love Thee,
   Infinitely sweet!
What are the poor odours
   I bring to Thy feet?
Yet I love Thee, love Thee;
   Come into my heart!
And ere long remove me
   To be where Thou art.
Thus I sing to Jesus,
   When my heart is faint;
So I tell to Jesus,
   Comfort or complaint.

E. P. Hood.
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.

C. Wesley.

24 Tell me the old, old Story.—76. 76. D. with Chorus.
W. H. Doane.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Chorus.

Tell me the old, old story, tell me the old, old story,

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

1 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, &c.

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.
Tell me, &c.

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.
Tell me, &c.

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."
Tell me, &c.

KATE HANKEY.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

25 1st Tune. Veni, Domine Jesu.

J. Barnby.

2nd Tune. O Come!

Myles B. Foster.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Chorus. With fervour.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
   When Thou camest to earth for me:
But in Bethlehem’s home there was found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven’s arches rang when the angels sang,
   Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth cam’st Thou, Lord, on earth,
   And in great humility:
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
   In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
   In the deserts of Galilee:
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, Lord, with the living word
   That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn and with crown of thorn
   They bore Thee to Calvary:
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven’s arches shall ring and her choirs shall sing
   At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, “Yet there is room—
   There is room at My side for thee!”
   And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
   When Thou comest and callest for me.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

25 3rd Tune. Room for Thee.—Irregular. I. D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

THOU didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me:
But in Bethlehem’s home there was found no room
For Thy holy Nativity:
  O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven’s arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree:
But of lowly birth canst Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
  O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
  O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
4 Thou camest, Lord, with the living word
   That should set Thy children free;
   But with mocking scorn and with crown of thorn,
   They bore Thee to Calvary:
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
   Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring and her choirs shall sing
   At Thy coming to victory,
   Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
   There is room at My side for thee!"
   And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus!
   When Thou comest and callest for me.

   EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

26

Dix.—77. 77. 77.

C. Kocher.

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.

   W. C. Dix.
HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies? 
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.  
Hallelujah!

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy:  
"Glory in the highest, glory,  
Glory be to God most high!"  
Hallelujah!
3 "Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,"  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound;  
Hallelujah!

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed!  
Heaven and earth His glory sing:  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Hallelujah!

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,  
Learn His name and taste His joy,  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
"Glory be to God most high!"  
Hallelujah!

6 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth,  
Spread the brightness of His glory  
Till it cover all the earth.  
Hallelujah!

J. Cawood.

Weber.—7s.

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane!

2 There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades,  
See that suffering, friendless One,  
Weeping, praying there alone.

3 When my love for man grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
Hill of Calvary! I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

4 There behold His agony,  
Suffered on the bitter Tree:  
See His anguish, see His faith,  
Love triumphant still in death.

5 Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the world of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. WREFORD and S. LONGFELLOW.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.


2nd Tune. St. Leonard.—C.M. R. JACKSON.

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.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. Frances Alexander.
GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

Italian, tr. E. Caswall.
There is a fountain filled with blood, 
Drawn from Emmanuel'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.

W. Cowper.

32

Rockingham.—L.M.

E. Miller, Mus. Doc.

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.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved, 
And we must love Him too, 
And trust in His redeeming blood, 
And try His works to do.

C. Frances Alexander.
WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flowing 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!

I. WATTS.

Bemerton.—65. 65.

G L O R Y be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

3 Bluest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

4 Abel’s blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
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On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
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Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

Italian, tr. E. Caswall.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

34 1st Tune. Lanchester.—86. 76. 88. 86.

B. TOURS.

2nd Tune. Aylmerton.—86. 76. 88. 86.

Slowly and tenderly. J. Booth.
There is a word I fain would speak:
Jesus died, Jesus died.

Eyes that weep, and hearts that break,
Jesus died, Jesus died.

No music from the quivering string
Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring.
O may I always love to sing,
Jesus died, Jesus died.

2 Satan seeks my soul to have:
Jesus died, Jesus died.
Jesus died my soul to save,
Jesus died, Jesus died.

The holy Lord, the bleeding Lamb,
The Crucified, the great I AM:
Through life its ever lovely Name.
35 1st Tune. 

Substitution.—86. 86. 86.

I. D. Sankey.
JESUS lives, and Jesus leads,
Though the way be dreary
Morn to darkest night succeeds:
   Courage, then, ye weary.
Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

2 All the words He ever spoke,
   Still to us He speaketh;
All the bread He ever broke,
   Still for us He breaketh.
Still the faithful Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

3 Jesus lives, but Jesus died;
   Love to death consigned Him:
Death the mighty Love resigned,
   Could not hold or bind Him.
Therefore still He meets our needs;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

4 Jesus lives, and every grace
   Comes because He giveth:
Life and love in every place
   Lives, for Jesus liveth.
All our thoughts His love exceeds,
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

5 Yes, if Jesus lives, He leads;
   He will not forsake us;
He will crown His gracious deeds,
   And to glory take us.
Till that hour the Shepherd feeds;
Jesus lives, and Jesus leads.

E. P. Hood.
GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
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!

Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high;
All His work is ended, &c.

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

Frances R. HaverGAL.
THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know:

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth
Their everlasting theme.

T. KELLY.
O Crown Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem dawns  
All music but its own.  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy chosen King  
Through all eternity.

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

3 Crown Him, the Lord of Peace:  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole—that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise:  
His reign shall have no end,  
And round His pierced Feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him, the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit, through Him given,  
From yonder glorious throne!  
All hail! Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Through all eternity.
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent,
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest.
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Thou art coming! we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

4 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Frances R. Havergal.
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all resplendent,
In Thy glory all transcendent:
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!
3 Thou art coming! we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

4 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

COME, Lord, to earth again;
Come quickly, come and reign:
Lord Jesus, come!
Enthrone the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight:
Lord, quickly come!

2 The love of some grows cold;
Thy foes are waxing bold:
Lord Jesus, come!
They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed:
Lord, quickly come!

3 Bid war and faction cease,
Bring in the reign of peace:
Lord Jesus, come!
Set every captive free;
Let all men brothers be;
Heal earth's long malady:
Lord, quickly come!

4 Assert Thy right Divine;
O'er all the nations shine:
Lord Jesus, come!
Then earth like heaven shall sing,
With hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King:
Lord, quickly come!

N. HALL.
When Jesus Comes.—74. 74. D.

Chorus.

All joy His loved ones bringing,—When Jesus comes;

All praise through heaven ringing,—When Jesus comes;

All beauty bright and vernal,—When Jesus comes;
DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
    Till Jesus comes.
We watch, and wait, and wonder,
    Till Jesus comes.
O let my lamp be burning,
    When Jesus comes.
For Him my soul be yearning,
    When Jesus comes.
All joy His loved ones bringing,—
    When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,—
    When Jesus comes;
All beauty bright and vernal,—
    When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal.—
    When Jesus comes.

2 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
    When Jesus comes;
All peace, and joy, and gladness,
    When Jesus comes;
All doubts and fears will vanish,
    When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish,
    When Jesus comes.
All joys His loved ones, &c.

3 He'll know the way was dreary,
    When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
    When Jesus comes;
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
    When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arm will rest me!
    When Jesus comes.
All joy His loved ones, &c.

P. P. Bliss.
43

Epenetus.—Irregular.

F. R. Havergal.

1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations, bid them

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with adoration that He

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

shall increase; That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace; Tell it

shall increase;

out with jubilation, tho' the waves may rear, That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our
2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns;
   Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
   Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives!
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinful that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
   Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
   Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home!
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters, let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

Frances R. Havergal.
Chorus.

Oh, the crowning day is coming! Is coming by and by! When our Lord shall come in "power" And glory from on
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming By and by. Amen.

Our Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon He'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By and by.
Oh, the crowning day is coming! &c.

The heavens shall glow with splendour;
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.
Oh, the crowning day is coming! &c.

Our pain shall then be over:
We'll sin and sigh no more;
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before—
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming
By and by.
Oh, the crowning day is coming! &c.

Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way;
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By and by.
Oh, the crowning day is coming! &c.

El Nathan.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Ramah.—87. 87. 47.

Ancient Jewish Melody.

O! 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!

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.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trumpet proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

Variation by M. Madan from C. Wesley and J. Cennick.

Niagara.—L.M.

R. Jackson.
The Lord will come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came,—
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary Man and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful Form,
With rainbow wreath and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who went to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified?

5 While sinners, in despair, shall call,—
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall;"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing—"The Lord is come!"

R. Heber.

47

St. Luke.—L.M.

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.

Bernard of Clairvaux tr. R. Palmer.
Theodora.—54. 54. D.

Rest 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 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3 When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll 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.

J. S. B. Monsell.
Jesus loves even me.—10. 10. 10. 10.

P. P. Bliss.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.

Chorus.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves even me. Amen.

I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given: Wonderful things in the Bible I see; This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away, Still He doth love me wherever I stray: Back to His dear loving arms do I flee, When I remember that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.

3 Oh, if there’s only one song I can sing, When in His beauty I see the great King, This shall my song in eternity be, O what a wonder that Jesus loves me! I am so glad, &c.

4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him; Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem; Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree; Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me! I am so glad, &c.

5 If one should ask of me, how can I tell? Glory to Jesus, I know very well! God’s Holy Spirit with mine doth agree, Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.

6 In this assurance I find sweetest rest, Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest; Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee, When I just tell him, that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, &c.

P. P. Bliss.
50 1st Tune.  

**St. Marguerite.**—C.M.  

E. C. Walker.

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 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of life and fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire!

6 Jesus, my only joy be Thou,  
As Thou my prize wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou my glory now,  
And through Eternity.

**Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.**
HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

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

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, 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.

J. Newton, v. 4, t. 1 alti.
52 The Great Physician.—87.87. with Chorus.

J. H. Stockton.

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue.

Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus! blessed Jesus. Amen.

The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer:
O hear the voice of Jesus!
Sweetest note, &c.

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

3 All glory to the risen Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's Name,
I love the Name of Jesus.
Sweetest note, &c.

4 His Name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other Name but Jesus!
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious Name of Jesus!
Sweetest note, &c.

W. Hunter. Chorus by R. Kempenfelt.
FRIEND of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, mighty!—Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing.
Friend to help us, cheer us, save us,
In whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend who at all times receives us,
Friend who came the lost to find!
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end—
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in Heaven the sinner's Friend.

3 O to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to Thee.
Looking for Thy bright appearing,
May our spirits upward tend;
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend!

N. HALL.
ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer and words of love!
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when with sin we struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
Bidding us to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.

3 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden havest shall be won.

4 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosom,
Stilling every anxious fear;

5 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. NEVIN.

55 1st Tune. The Precious Name.—87. 87. with Chorus.

CHORUS.

Precious Name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven! Amen.
The Precious Name. — 87. 87. with Chorus.

W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

Precious Name, oh how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Precious Name, oh how sweet!

Precious Name, oh how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n, Amen.

Precious Name, oh how sweet, how sweet!

Take the Name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you—
Take it then where'er you go.
Precious Name, &c.

2 Take the Name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy Name in prayer.
Precious Name, &c.

3 O the precious Name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!
Precious Name, &c.

4 At the Name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.
Precious Name, &c.

L. Baxter.
WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged;  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

J. SCRIVEN.
ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Aurelia.—76. 76. D.

S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.

We sing a loving Jesus,
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love:
It is an oft told story,
And yet we love to tell
How Christ, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

2 We sing a holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child:
O teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek;
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus;
No kingly crown He had,
His head was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad:
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do;
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too!

4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished soul He fed;
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and Life-giver,
We praise Thy holy name!

5 We sing a coming Jesus;
The time is drawing near,
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear:
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee,
And see Thee face to face.

Sarah Doudney.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

59 1st Tune.  Nor Præcessit.—C.M.  J. Baptiste Calkin.

THERE is a Name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest Name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 Jesus, the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear:
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This Name shall shed its fragrance still
Along 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 Jesus' love to me!


F. Whitfield.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

St. John.—10 6. 10 6.

Verse 1.

There is no love like the love of Jesus, Never to fade or fall, Till into the fold of the peace of God He has gathered us all.

Verse 2.

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus, Filled with a tender lore; Not a throb nor throe our hearts can know, But He

Verse 3.

suffered before. There is no eye like the eye of Jesus, Piercing far away; Never out of
sight of its tender light, Can the wanderer stray.

Verse 4.

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus, Ah! how sweet its chime!

Like the musical ring of some rushing spring, In the

Verse 5.

sum mer time. O might we listen, that voice of Jesus,

O might we never roam. Till our souls should rest in

... roll.

peace on His breast, In the heavenly home. Amen.

W. E. Littlewood.
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.

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

2 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They are 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."

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

4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They are 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 But 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!"
There were Ninety and Nine.—P.M.

J. Booth.
Solo.

1. There were ninety and ninety that safely lay in the shelter of the fold; But

2. "Lord, Thou hast there Thy ninety and nine, Are they not enough for Thee?" But the

one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold, Far
Shepherd made an answer "This of Mine Has wandered away from Me, Has

off from the gates of gold; Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away
wandered away from Me; And although the way be rough and steep, I
way from the tender Shepherd's care.
go to the desert to find My sheep."

none of them sorrow ever knew How deep were the waters
crossed;  Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'  Ere He

found His sheep that was lost,  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,

* All music in small notes to be omitted when both instruments are used in accompanying.
The Lord Jesus Christ.

whence are these blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?" "They are

shed for one who had gone as-tray Ere the Shep-herd could bring him back." "Lord,
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are

pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5. But
all through the mountains, thunder-riven, and up from the rocky steep, There
rose a cry to the gate of Heav'n, "Rejoice! I have found My
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

sheep! Rejoice! I have found My sheep!" And the

Angels echoed around the Throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Lord brings back His own! Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own! E. C. Clephane.

Ped.
LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee!

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That Thou with us art one.

J. G. Deck.
0 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 own,
Thy righteousness claim :
Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleansed by Thy blood,
Bold shall they appear
In the presence of God.

4 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.

5 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.

C. Wesley.
1 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 that still abide
Close-sheltered in Thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!

4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown!

5 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

6 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.

   German, tr. J. Wesley.
HOW high Thou art! our song can own
No music Thou couldst stoop to hear?
But still the Son's expiring groan
Is vocal in the Father's ear.

2 How pure Thou art! our hands are dyed
With curses, red with murder's hue—
But He hath stretch'd His hands to hide
The sins that pierced them from Thy view.

3 How strong Thou art! we tremble lest
The thunders of Thine arm be moved—
But He is lying on Thy breast,
And Thou must clasp Thy best beloved.

4 How kind Thou art! Thou didst not choose
To joy in Him for ever so;
But that embrace Thou wilt not lose
For vengeance, didst for love forego.

5 High God, and pure, and strong, and kind,
The low, the foul, the feeble spare!
Thy brightness in His face we find—
Behold our darkness only there.

Elizabeth B. Browning.
Rejoice and be glad.—11s. with Chorus.

A. R. Gaul.

Chorus.

Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain, Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again. Amen.

2nd Tune. Rejoice and be glad.—11s. with Chorus.

Old English Air.
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.
Sound His praises, &c.

2 Rejoice and be glad! It is sunshine at last!
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.
Sound His praises, &c.

3 Rejoice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed!
Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.
Sound His praises, &c.

4 Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
Sound His praises, &c.

5 Rejoice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
Sound His praises, &c.

6 Rejoice and be glad! For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, &c.

7 Rejoice and be glad! For He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, &c.

H. Bonar.
67 1st Tune. Amor Patris.—P.M.

Oh, how He loves!

Oh, how . . . He loves! Amen.

Oh, how He loves!
ONE there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think, O think, how much we owe Him,
Oh, how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

3 Blessèd Jesus! would you know Him!
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow,
Oh, how He loves!

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you,
Oh, how He loves!

MARIANNE NUNN.
III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

68 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.—78. D.

M. M. Wells.

HOLY Spirit, Faithful Guide!
Ever near the Christian’s side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls for aye rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, “Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home.”

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;

When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o’er,
Whisper softly, “Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home.”

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus’ blood;
Whisper softly, “Wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I’ll guide thee home.”

M. M. Wells.

69 Irene.—777. 5.

C. C. Scholefield.
COME, to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

Orphans are our souls, and poor;
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast—
There Thy presence be confessed;
Comforter Divine.

With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high;
Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the starry road
Bear us to Thy high abode;
Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.

Our God! our God! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us Thy radiant steps appear:
We watch Thy glorious way.

Thou tookst once our flesh; Thy face
Once on our darkness shone:
Yet through each age new births of grace
Still make Thy glory known.

Not only older ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour!
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!

Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy work of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell!

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
"Come, King of grace," Thy people cry,
"And bring the glorious years!"

T. H. Gill.
Holy Ghost! come down.—P.M.

Lento. Verse 1 only.

Verses 2 to 6.

Chorus.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children, Give us grace and make us Thine; Thy tender fires within us kindle, Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine! Amen.
THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

2 For all within us, good and holy,
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.

Holy Ghost! come down, &c.

3 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!

Holy Ghost! come down, &c.

Farrant.—C.M.

F. W. Faber.

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!

A. Reed.
SPIRIT of faith, come down,
And make to us the Godhead known,
Tis Thine the blood to apply,
Who did for every sinner die,
Who did for every sinner die,
And give us eyes to see,
Has surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of His name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoever receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves who so ever on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

C. WESLEY.
HOLY Spirit! help my prayer:
Then, if Thou my heart prepare,
To a groan or silent tear
God will bend a gracious ear.

HOLY Spirit! in me plead:
Then, if Thou shalt intercede,
God shall search my heart, and find
Thoughts according with His mind.

Thou hast bidden me to pray;
Pray Thou in me night and day:
Now spring up, O Well, in me;
Deep, and full, and constant be.

Living water! from me flow:
Fire of love! within me glow:
Blessed Unction, Earnest, Seal,
Teach me, comfort, guide, and heal.

More and more the veil remove
From the face of Him I love,
Till I see Him on His throne,
Till I know as I am known.

HOW shall the mighty God
Whom heaven cannot contain
A temple and a fit abode
Within me ever gain?

Come, Spirit of the Lord!
Teacher and Heavenly Guide!
Be it according to Thy word:
In my poor heart resolve.

Enter, O Holy Ghost!
Pervade this soul of mine;
In me renew Thy Pentecost;
Reveal Thy power divine!

Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruit to bear,
Thy joy, love, peace and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to share.

Let me in deepest fear
Thy holiness to grieve,
Walk in the Spirit, even here,
And in the Spirit live.

Now, let me live in Thee
My inner life of love;
So best shall I preparing be
For Spirit-life above.
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!

S. LONGFELLOW.
STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

Though I have steeld my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

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;

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.

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.

COME Thou, O come;
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety
With power from heaven on high
Console.

Help in the hour of need.
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbour our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path.
Hope in the hour of death.
Come, Blessed Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly.
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

Latin, 9th century, tr. C. Moultrie.
LORD 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 our appointed 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.

J. Montgomery.
IV.—THE GOSPEL: ITS INVITATIONS, WARNINGS, &c.

80 Wonderful Words.—86. 86. 66. with Chorus.

P. P. Bliss.

Chorus.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Amen.

UNISON.

Saviour and Master, These sayings of Thine, Help me to make them doings of mine.

Amen.
Saviour and Master.—P.M.

C. J. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

Andante.

Sayings of Thine, Help me to make them doings of mine; Words that like beams of humanity shine, By them let me build up the holy, divine.

Choruses.

2. Not on the sand, Lord! not on the sand; On the rock, on the rock, Let my heritage stand. Be—

Voices in Unison.

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.

J. Montgomery.
lightning deform.

3. O ye who are building On sands in the vale. The tides are advancing, The lightning and hail. Could you stand where

I stand, Could you know what I know, How soon would you haste From the whirl-pool below!

4. Not on the sand, Lord; O, not on the sand; On the rock, on the rock, Let my heritage stand,

Unison.

Saviour and Master, These sayings of Thine, Help me to make them doings of mine.

In Harmony.

A-men.
82 Hushed was the Evening Hymn.—66. 66. 88.

Unison.

Hushed was the evening hymn, The Temple courts were dark; The

lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark; When suddenly a

voice Divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine. Amen.

Another Version in Vocal Harmony.
HUSH'D was the evening hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark:
When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear—
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart!—
A lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou art;
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise!

J. D. BURNS.
GREAT is Thy mercy, Lord,
Deep is Thy tenderness;
Keep now with us Thy friendly word:
The hearts that seek Thee, bless.

2 We have not chosen Thee,
But us Thou deign'st to choose,—
Not servants, but Thy friends to be,
Whom Thou wilt never lose:

3 For never wilt Thou change—
Who art all change above;
Nor life nor death shall us estrange
From Thy most perfect love.

4 O for Thy loving heart!
O to be like Thee, Lord!
Come near us, Christ,—Thy grace impart
Thy Spirit now afford!

5 To Thee we fain would live,
Content if Thou be nigh;
To Thee all powers and passions give,
And then to Thee would die.

G. B. Buberl.
“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 little children,
    Tarrying far away... away;
    Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
    Christ would have them come to-day.
    Follow on! the Lamb is leading!
    He has conquered—we shall win;
    Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
    He will heal them—“Call them in.”

4 “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.”

Anna Shipton.
Some one will enter the pearly gate,
By and by;
Taste of the glories that there await;
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:
Shall you? shall I?

2 Some one at last will his cross lay down,
By and by;
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown;
Shall you? shall I?
Some one the glorious King will see,
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with Him through eternity:
Shall you? shall I?

3 Some one will knock when the door is shut—
By and by;
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not":
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will fail of the saint’s reward:
Shall you? shall I?

4 Some one will sing the triumphant song,
By and by;
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng:
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for evermore:
Shall you? shall I?
Have you any room?—87. 87. with Chorus.

C. C. Williams.

Chorus.

Room for Jesus, King of Glory,
Hasten now, His word obey,
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin?
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?
Room for Jesus, &c.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ the crucified—
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died!
Room for Jesus, &c.

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again!
O "to-day" is "time accepted,"
To-morrow you may call in vain.
Room for Jesus, &c.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus:
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent.
And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.
Room for Jesus, &c.

E. Nathan.
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—may,
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 wand'lers 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."

Ella Campbell
"WHOSOEVER heareth!" shout, shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
"Whosoever will may come."
Whosoever will, &c.

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay;
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the True, the only Living Way,
"Whosoever will may come."
Whosoever will, &c.

3 "Whosoever will!" the promise is secure;
"Whosoever will" for ever shall endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore,
"Whosoever will may come."
Whosoever will, &c.
"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,

Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost"—but lost!

P. P. Bliss.

90 1st Tune.    St. Regulus.—10 10 10.

A. C. Falconer.
0 WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"Hath everlasting life."
"Verily, verily," &c.

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"Have everlasting life."
"Verily, verily," &c.

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,
Though weak and sinful I believe His word;
O glad message! every child of God
"Hath everlasting life."
"Verily, verily," &c.

4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For him that cometh He will not cast out:
"He that believeth"—oh, the good news shout!—
"Hath everlasting life."
"Verily, verily," &c.

J. McGranahan.
"Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way;
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost"—but lost!

Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

P. P. Bliss
Verily, verily.—P.M. J. McGranahan.

Chorus.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you;" "Verily, verily," message ever new!

"He that believeth on the Son"—tis true! "Hath everlasting life!" Amen.

0 WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,
"Hath everlasting life,"
"Verily, verily," &c.

2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
"Have everlasting life,"
"Verily, verily," &c.

3 Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,
Though weak and sinful I believe His word;
O glad message! every child of God
"Hath everlasting life,"
"Verily, verily," &c.

4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For him that cometh He will not cast out;
"He that believeth"—oh, the good news shout!—
"Hath everlasting life,"
"Verily, verily," &c.

J. McGranahan.
Why do you wait?—P.M.

Why not?—why not? Why not come to Him now?


1 Why do you wait, dear brother!
   O why do you tarry so long?
   Your Saviour is waiting to give you
   A place in His sanctified throng.
   Why not? &c.

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
   To gain by a further delay?
   There's no one to save you but Jesus;
   There's no other way but His way.
   Why not? &c.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
   His Spirit now striving within?
   O why not accept His salvation,
   And throw off thy burden of sin?
   Why not? &c.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
   The harvest is passing away;
   Your Saviour is longing to bless you;
   There's danger and death in delay.
   Why not? &c.

G. F. Root.
Why not to-night?—L.M. with Chorus.

I. D. Sankey.

Chorus.


0 DO not let the Word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the light;
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
Why not to-night? &c.

1 Tomorrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
Why not to-night? &c.

2 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
Why not to-night? &c.

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight:
O try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
Why not to-night? &c.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
Why not to-night? &c.

Eliza Reed.
So near to the kingdom!—P.M.

R. Lowry.

So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack?
So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back?
Renounce every idol, though dear it may be,
And come to the Saviour now pleading with thee.
Pleading with thee, &c.

1 So near that thou hearest the songs that resound
From those who, believing, a pardon have found!
So near, yet unwilling to give up thy sin,
When Jesus is waiting to welcome thee in!
Pleading with thee, &c.

2 To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost?
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!
So near to the kingdom! O come, we implore,
While Jesus is pleading, come, enter the door!
Pleading with thee, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.
St. Catherine.—76. 76. D.

0 Jesu, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesu, 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 Jesu, 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 nevermore.

W. W. How.
THE Lord is rich and merciful,
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.
98 Behold Me standing at the door.—L.M. with Refrain.

J. F. Knapp.

Behold Me standing at the door,  
And hear Me pleading evermore,  
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?  
Behold Me, &c.

2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,  
I waited long and patiently:  
Say, weary heart, opprest with sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?  
Behold Me, &c.

3 I would not plead with thee in vain;  
Remember all my grief and pain!  
I died to ransom thee from sin:  
May I come in? may I come in?  
Behold Me, &c.

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,  
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:  
Say, weary heart, opprest with sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?  
Behold Me, &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.
1st Tune.  **Art thou weary?**—85. 83.  

Arthur Sullivan.

2nd Tune.  **Bullinger.**—85. 83.  

E. W. Bullinger.

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A  ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
   Art thou sore distrest?  
   "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 the Sabaite, tr. J. M. Neale, c. 7, l. 3 alted.
HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

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

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

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

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

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

W. Cowper.
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.

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 have lost our way,  
But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

COME unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you Light."  
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.

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. C. Dix.
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:
'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 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels join 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.
SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep!
Verona.—7s. 6 lines.

Italian Melody.

ashed away
ison-red,
array,
und stain:
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en:
sin;
gain,
er in.
g nor pain:
en.
E. C. Bevan.

D.

RES, Mus. Doc.
WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him,
Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know Him,
Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy-laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will now receive you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading:
Come, sinner, come!
Come, and receive the blessing!
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

W. E. Witter.
Come to the Saviour.—P. M.

G. F. Root.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay; Do not delay, but come.

Here in His Word He has shown us the way. Joyful, joyful, &c.

Here in our midst He's standing to-day; 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;

Tenderly saying, "Come!" Heed now His blest command, and obey;

"Suffer the children!" O hear His voice! Hear now His accents tenderly say,

Let every heart leap forth and rejoice; "Will you, my children, come?"

And let us freely make Him our choice: Joyful, joyful, &c. G. F. Root.

Are you coming Home to-night?—P. M.

J. McGranahan.
ARE you coming Home, ye wand'rs,
Whom Jesus died to win?
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming Home to-night?
Are you coming Home, &c.

2 Are you coming Home, ye lost ones!
Behold, your Lord doth wait:
Come then! no longer linger!
Come, ere it be too late!
Will you come, and let Him save you!

O trust His love and might!
Will you come while He is calling?
Are you coming Home to-night?
Are you coming Home, &c.

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now, and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite?
"Come unto Me!" saith Jesus:
Are you coming Home to-night?
Are you coming Home, &c.

A. N.
COME, O come, with thy broken heart,
Weary and worn with care;
Come and kneel at the open door,
Jesus is waiting there;
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
Waiting to give thee rest:
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall?
Come to His loving breast!

1 Come, O come, with thy broken heart,  
Weary and worn with care; 
Come and kneel at the open door, 
Jesus is waiting there; 
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul, 
Waiting to give thee rest; 
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? 
Come to His loving breast!

2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,  
There shall thy refuge be; 
Wash thee now in the crimson fount, 
Flowing so pure for thee; 
List to the gentle warning voice! 
List to the earnest call! 
Leave at the cross thy burden now: 
Jesus will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,  
Feast of eternal love; 
Think of joys that for ever bloom, 
Bright in the life above! 
Come with a trusting heart to God, 
Come and be saved by grace; 
Come, for He longs to clasp thee now 
Close in His dear embrace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
O come, sinner, come!—P.M.

W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

O lay it down! lay it down! Lay thy weary burden down! O

lay it down, lay it down, Down at Jesus' feet! Amen.

1 O come, sinner, come! 'tis mercy's call;
Here at Jesus' feet!
O come, and repenting, lay thy all
Down at Jesus' feet!
O lay it down! &c.

2 O come, and, believing, seek thy rest
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy heart, with its heavy weight oppressed,
Lay at Jesus' feet!
O lay it down! &c.

3 O come, where thy faith can make thee whole,
Here at Jesus' feet!
O come, and thy weary, troubled soul
Lay at Jesus' feet!
O lay it down! &c.

4 O come! bless the Lord, there's room for thee,
Here at Jesus' feet!
Thy burden of guilt, whate'er it be,
Lay at Jesus' feet!
O lay it down! &c.

Fanny J. Crosby.
Come, every soul.—P.M.

Chorus.

Only trust Him, only trust Him, only trust Him now!

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. Amen.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.
Only trust Him, &c.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.
Only trust Him, &c.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.
Only trust Him, &c.

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

J. H. Stockton.

Melcombe.—L.M.

S. W. Beebe.
RETURN, O wanderer! return!
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! return!
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer! return!
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer! return!
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer! return!
And wipe away the falling tear,
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer! return!
Regain thy lost, lamented rest;
Jehovah's love for thee doth yearn
To clasp His children to His breast!

W. B. Collyer, v. 6, l. 4 alt. d.

116
St. Andrew. – S.M.
J. Barnby.

Room for the wanderer, room:
The gates stand open wide;
Hasten and tell the midnight gloom,
To answerserial.

2 Room in the Church below:
Room in the Church above;
Room for the souls who long to know
The depth of Jesus's love!

3 Room for earth's toilworn sons,
Faint with the noontide heat,
Room for the Father's little ones:
Rest for the weary feet!

4 Room in the crimson tide
Of Christ's most precious Blood;
Safe shelter in His wounded Side,
Whence flowed the healing flood!

5 Room in that City bright,
That City up above,
Where Saints, in robes of purest white,
For ever sing His Love!

6 God's message rings sublime
Its voice let all obey:
Lo, this is the accepted time;
Lo, this is Mercy's day!
117 1st Tune. O word of words.—76. 76. D. with Chorus.
J. McGranahan.

Come! O come to Me,
Come, come, come,

Chorus.

Come! O come to Me,
Come, come, come,

Weary, heavy laden, Come! O come to Me,
Come! O come to Me! Amen.

2nd Tune. Latherley.—76. 76. D. with Chorus.
J. Booth.
O WORD of words, the sweetest,
O word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfilment,
And end of mystery!
Lamenting, or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come!" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.
"Come! O come to Me!" &c.

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

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

J. G. JOHNSON.
Will ye not come?—Irregular.
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Will ye not come? Will ye not come? Will ye not come to Him! to Him! Oh,

1. Will ye not come to Him for life?
   Why will ye die? oh, why?
   He gave His life for you!
   The Gift is free, the Word is true!
   Will ye not come? oh, why will ye die?
   Will ye not come? will ye not come?
   Will ye not come? &c.

2. Will ye not come to Him for peace?
   Peace through His cross alone!
   He shed His precious blood for you,
   The Gift is free, the Word is true:
   He is our Peace! oh, is He your own?
   Will ye not come to Him for Peace?
   Will ye not come? &c.

3. Will ye not come to Him for rest?
   All that are weary, come!
   The rest He gives is deep and true,
   'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you—
   Rest in His heart, and rest in His home,
   Will ye not come to Him for Rest?
   Will ye not come? &c.

4. Will ye not come to Him for joy?
   Will ye not come for this?
   He laid aside His joys for you,
   To give you joy so sweet, so new!
   Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss!
   Will ye not come to Him for Joy?
   Will ye not come? &c.

5. Will ye not come to Him for love?
   Love that can fill the heart—
   Exceeding great, exceeding free!
   He loveth you, He loveth me.
   Will ye not come? why stand apart?
   Will ye not come to Him for Love?
   Will ye not come? &c.

6. Will ye not come to Him for all?
   Will ye not "taste and see?"
   He waits to give it all to you:
   The Gifts are free, the Words are true:
   Jesus hath said it—"Come unto Me."
   Will ye not come? oh, why will ye die?
   Will ye not come? &c.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came to me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wandering souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.
O wandering souls! &c.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wandering souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.
O wandering souls! &c.

I thought His love would weaken.
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through Me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O wandering souls! come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.
O wandering souls! &c.

**F. W. FABER, l. 7 in each v. alt.**
2nd Tune.

**Uxorham.**—P.M.

**Chorus.**

O wand’ring souls! come near Me; My sheep should never fear Me; I am the Shepherd true, the Shepherd true. Amen.

2. At first I would not put off till the morrow;
3. At last I stopped to voice could not deceive me;
4. I thought His love would more and more He knew me;

3rd Tune.

**The Good Shepherd.**—P.M.

**Trebles only.**
Chorus.

O wand'ring souls! come near Me! My sheep should never fear Me; I am the Shepherd, the Shepherd true. Amen.

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came to me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

4 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O wand'ring souls! &c.

F. W. Faber. 1. 7 in each v. alt. altd.
120 Come, wanderer, come!—P.M. with Chorus.

I. D. Sankey.

Come, come, wanderer, come, There's plenty for thee in thy Father's home,

Chorus.

Come, come, wanderer, come, There's welcome and love in Thy Father's home. Amen.

WHY perish with cold and with hunger?
There's plenty for all and to spare
In the beautiful home of thy Father,
And a welcome awaiting thee there.
Come, come! &c.

2 Come, wand'rer, and say to thy Father,
"I've sinned against heaven and Thee;
Not worthy a place with Thy children,
Thy servant I gladly would be."
Come, come! &c.

3 Thy Father is waiting to greet thee,
And watching for thee to return;
His heart is so full of compassion:
O prodigal, wilt thou not come?
Come, come! &c.

Mary A. Baker.
COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the Mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate! Light of the straying!
Hope of the penitent—fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life! see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore and T. Hastings.
122 Ring the bells of Heaven!—119.119. with Chorus.
G. F. Root.

**Chorus.**

**Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an-gels sing!**

**Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring!**

'Tis the ransomed army,

like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the free. A-men.

**Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,**

For a soul returning from the wild!

See! the Father meets him out upon the way,

Welcoming His weary wandering child.

Glory! glory! &c.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,

For the wanderer now is reconciled;

Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,

And is born anew a ransomed child.

Glory! glory! &c.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day!

Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!

Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!

For a precious soul is born again.

Glory! glory! &c.

W. O. Cushing.
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.

O come then to Jesus, Whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come! for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

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.

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.

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.
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 extended
   To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
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 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.

5 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.
0 Saviour! I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be passed and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love divine is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Crewdson.

125 St. Mary's.—C.M.
Archdeacon Pry's Book of Psalms (1621).

0 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!

Variation by R. HEBER from J. MARCKANT,
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: REPENTANCE, &c.

126 1st Tune. Bryn Tanat.—10. 10. 10. D.

H. Leslie.

2nd Tune. Atherstone.—10. 10. 10. D.

A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac.

Lord, I repent! Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
The Christian Life: Repentance, &c.

My sins have taken such a hold on me,
I am not able to look up to Thee;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
But Thou hast taken all my sins away,
And I in Thee dare now look up and pray;
Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief.

2 Of nights unhallowed, and of sinful days,
Of careless thoughts and words of works and ways,
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
And in the Life which doth within me live,
And the Forgiveness which can all forgive;
Lord, I believe! help Thou my unbelief.

3 Of selfishness, which makes the soul unjust,
Envy and strife, and every sinful lust;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
And in the Blood which doth my pardon plead,
The Truth and Love which for me intercede,
Lord, I believe! help Thou my unbelief.

4 Of sins, that as a cloud have hid Thy face,
Of wounds fresh opened, and Thy grieved grace,
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
In Love, which puts the envious veil aside,
Rending the veil of flesh which for me died;
Lord, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief.

5 Sin is my sorrow, passion is my pain,
To Thee their vileness—and in me their stain;
Lord, I repent! accept my tears and grief.
Christ is my Joy! and out of all distress
He doth deliver with His righteousness;
Lord, I believe! help Thou my unbelief.

J. S. B. Monsell.
SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest,
"God be merciful to me!"

2 Goodness, I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see!
I can only bring my need:
"God be merciful to me!"

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thon canst interpret sighs:
"God be merciful to me!"

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
"God be merciful to me!"

5 There is one beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
"God be merciful to me!"

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!"

J. S. B. Monsell.
My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up.

Save only, Christ, to Thee;
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall,
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
1 tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour!
Through this long time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose presence from above
Delights those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

J. S. B. Monsell.
I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

Frances R. Havergal.
Whiter than the snow

Whiter than the snow!

Whiter than the snow! Whiter than the snow! Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow!

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow, than snow! Amen.

BLESSED be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed; Blessed be the dear Son of God: Only by His stripes we are healed. Though I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow! Whiter than the snow! &c.

2 Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'ercame: Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered not thus in vain. May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below! Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow! Whiter than the snow! &c.

3 Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray; Crimson do my sins seem to me— Water cannot wash them away. Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise I go; Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow! Whiter than the snow! &c.

H. S. PERKINS.
131 What can wash away.—78. 78. with Chorus. R. Lowry.

Chorus.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me
white as snow! No o-ther fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus! A-men.

1 What can wash away my stain?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Oh, precious is the flow, &c.

2 For my cleansing this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
For my pardon this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Oh, precious is the flow, &c.

3 Nothing can for sin atone—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Nought of good that I have done—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Oh, precious is the flow, &c.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
Oh, precious is the flow, &c.

R. Lowry.

132 St. Andrew.—S.M. J. Barndy.

A-men.
NOT what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Nor what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

Nor what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Nor what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

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.

Thy work alone, Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest
And set my spirit free.

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

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

133

**Kensington New.**—87. 87. 47.

| mf | Cres. | dim. |

WHENCE this flaming joy that maketh
Still more bright the angelic thrones?
Golden harps! O wherefore breaketh
This new sweetness from your tones?
What glad tidings
Make more glad the blessed ones?

Hath some glorious new world broken
On those rapt seraphic eyes?
Hath the Lord some secret spoken,
Bade some heavenlier vision rise?
Hath He brought them
Saintly souls to help their joys?

Look! that kneeling sinner mourneth,
Smitten with a saving pain;
Look! that trembling wanderer turneth
To the Father's house again;
Fast it falleth
From those eyes, the blessed rain.

Therefore grows the angels' gladness;
Therefore swells their song more sweet;
That sore shame, that mighty sadness,
With this sovereign joy they greet.
More effulgent,
Watch they those returning feet:

Yes, an outcast lone beginneth
In the Father's house to dwell;
Yes, a wounded sinner winneth
All that joy they know full well;
Sweetest story,
Holy angel-lips may tell!

T. H. GILL.
Staincliffe.—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 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amid the blaze of gospel day.

3 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.

4 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise 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!

6 Lord, I am blind; be Thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak; be Thou my might;
A Helper of the helpless be;
And let me find mine all in Thee.

C. Wesley.

St. Andrew.—S.M.

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

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

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

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

5 Once, the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee.

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

R. PALMER.
Hear, gracious God! a sinner's cry,
For I have nowhere else to fly;
My hope, my only hope's in Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

2. To Thee I come, a sinner poor,
And wait for mercy at Thy door;
Indeed, I've nowhere else to flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

3. To Thee I come, a sinner weak,
And scarce know how to pray or speak;
From fear and weakness set me free:
O God, be merciful to me!

4. To Thee I come, a sinner vile;
Upon me, Lord, vouchsafe to smile!
Mercy alone I make my plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

5. To Thee I come, a sinner great,
And well Thou knowest all my state;
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee:
O God, be merciful to me!

6. To Thee I come, a sinner lost,
Nor have I aught wherein to trust;
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be!
O God, be merciful to me!

S. Medley.
SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord!
Before Thy mercy-seat
My soul adoring pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy sweet.

2 My need and Thy desires
Are all in Christ complete,
There I delight in Thee to rest
And find Thy mercy sweet.

There I delight in Thee to rest
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wavering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

0 JESU! Lord most merciful,
Low at Thy Cross I lie,
O sinner's Friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.

I come to Thee with mourning,
I come to Thee in woe;
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the Veil!
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.

I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done.

3 Oh, by Thy Cross and Passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary:
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone:
O Priest! O Spotless Offering!
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

4 And in this heart now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign:
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again.
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

J. HAMILTON.
140
St. Dunps.—6s. F. SPINNEY.

1 We name Thy Name, O God, 3 On us Thy love may glow,
As our God call on Thee, As the pure midday fire
Though the dark heart meantime On some foul spot looks down;
Far from Thy ways may be. And yet the mire be mire.

2 And we can own Thy law, 4 Then spare us not Thy fires,
And we can sing Thy songs, The searching light and pain;
While the sad inner soul Burn our sin; and, last,
To sin and shame belongs. With Thy love heal again.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

141
Westenhanger.—S.M. C. W. POOLE.

1 A SINFUL man am I, 2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord, Why should I come to Thee?
Therefore I come to Thee; It is Thy holiness that makes Thee, Lord, so meet for me.
To Thee, the holy and the just, That Thou mayest pity me.
That is Thy holiness that makes Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

2 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord, 3 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord, I must in dread depart; It is the riches of Thy grace That win and draw my heart.
I dare not come to Thee.

3 It is a righteous pardon, Lord, Alone that suiteth me.
The Cross is all our boast and trust; And Jesus is our peace.

4 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord, Wert Thou not righteous, Lord, Thy majesty adore.

5 Our God is love—we come; Our God is light—we stay; Abiding ever in His word, And walking in His way.

6 Mercy and truth are His, Unchanging faithfulness; The Cross is all our boast and trust; And Jesus is our peace.

7 We give Thee glory, Lord; Thy majesty adore. Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, We bless for evermore.

H. DONAB.
WEARY and sad, a wanderer from Thee,
By grief heart-broken, and by sin defiled,
Oh, what a joy in sorrow 'tis to be
Conscious that I am still, O God, Thy child.

2 Strained were the cords of love by my sad will,
I would have broke them had I had my way,
But, Lord, it was Thy-love, not mine, that still
Held my heart back, my tottering steps did stay.

3 And now the crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are all I ask, more than is meet for me;
Yet kiss and banquet, ring and robe, are all
Waiting me, Father, in my home with Thee.

4 Back to the door which ever open lay;
Back to the table where the feast still stood;
Back to the heart which never, night or day,
Forgot me in my most forgetful mood.

5 Drawn by Thy love, that found me when a child,
And never for a moment let me go;
Still, still Thine own, though soiled and sin-defiled,
I come, and Thou wilt make me clean, I know.

6 There feed me with Thyselv, until I grow
Into the stature of the life divine;
My right to plead, my privilege to know,
That Christ is God's, and I, O Christ! am Thine.

7 Feed me and set me up upon the Rock
Higher than I, my shelter and my stay
Against the rudest winter-tempest's shock,
Against the fiercest, sultry summer's day.

8 Thus let my life in ceaseless progress move,
On into deeper knowledge, Lord, of Thee,
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth of Love,
That first could care for, then did stoop for me.

J. S. B. Monsell.

* In this and the following bar the rhythm must be thus altered in verses 1, 2, and 3:
SHOW me myself, O holy Lord;
   Help me to look within;
I will not turn me from the sight
   Of all my sin.

2 Not mine, the purity of heart
   That shall at last see God;
Not mine, the following in the steps
   The Saviour trod:

3 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!

4 Yet, Lord: I thank Thee for the sight
   Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
And humbled to the dust I shrink
   Closer to Thee:

5 And if Thy love will not disown
   So frail a heart as mine,
   Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
   But keep it Thine!
Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—
O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because I called good evil, evil good,
And thought I, ignorant, knew many things,
And deemed my weight of folly, weight of wit—
O Lord, I do repent.

6 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent. Sarah Williams.

Slov.

J. Stainer, Mus. Doc.

2nd Tune. Silverham.—11 10. 11 10. 10 10.

Myles B. Foster.
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 confessed;
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 temptation,
   Each toilsome duty, each foreboding tear;
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 sadness,
   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'erflowing,
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 obeying,
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.
DRAWN 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 Thy grace can 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 And then for work to do for Thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ Crucified, I come.

8 A life of labour, prayers, and love,
Which shall my heart's conversion prove,
Till to a glorious Rest above,
Christ Crucified, I come.

9 To share with Thee Thy Life Divine,
Thy Righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
Christ Crucified, I come.

10 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.
Need. — 64. 64. 76. 74.

R. Lowry.

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee!

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

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

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

5 I need Thee every hour;
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!
I need Thee, &c.

Annie S. Hawks.
BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
1 I fain would take my stand,
The shadows of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide.

And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

E. C. Clephane.
Looking unto Jesus,
O for faith's bright eye,
Fixed on that pure life-course
Till it ends on high!
Looking up through sadness,
Out from self and sin;
Drinking love and gladness,
Life and glory in.

2 Looking unto Jesus!
O for heart of grace,
Following where the High Priest
Sets His steadfast face!
Though His steps turn yonder
Where the doom hangs dim,
Mute with awe and wonder
Let us die with Him.

3 Looking unto Jesus!
O for love's clear gaze,
First to hail the Master
Through the morn's dark haze.
Keen to recognize Him
On the glimmering shore;
Swift to realize Him
Blessing heart and store.

4 Looking unto Jesus!
Saving, lightening look!
He has bid me lift it,—
He will not rebuke.
From earth's darkest places
Men may gaze abroad,
Turning wistful faces
Toward the Lamb of God.

5 Looking unto Jesus!
Lord, Thine own sad eye,
'Mid the gloom was lightened
By the future joy.
So, while clouds roll o'er me,
Light beyond I see;
Joy is set before me,
Looking unto Thee.

A. R. Cousin.
Faith in Jesus—Pardon—Justification.

150

Camborne.—64. 64. 664.

F. C. Maker.

TRUSTINGLY, trustingly
Jesus, to Thee
Come I:—Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me!
Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

Come, then, O Saviour, come,
Come, then, O Spirit, come,
Heavenly Dove.

2 Peacefully, peacefully,
Walk I with Thee;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all to me.
Peace Thou hast left to us,
Thy peace hast given to us,
So let it be.

4 Happily, happily,
Pass I along;
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

5 Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go,
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow.

H. Bonar.

151

Simply trusting.—7s. with Chorus.

I. D. Sankey.
FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;

Trust-ing Him, what-e’er be-fal, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all. A-men.

SIMPPLY trusting every day,
Trust-ing through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trust-ing Jesus, that is all.

Simply as the moments fly, &c.

3 Singing, if my way be clear;
Praying, if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trust-ing Jesus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the moments fly, &c.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trust-ing Jesus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the moments fly, &c.

4 Trust-ing Him while life shall last,
Trust-ing Him till earth be past;
Till within the jasper wall;
Trust-ing Jesus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the moments fly, &c.

E. Page.

152

St. Andrew.—S.M.

J. BARNBY.

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

While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on th’ accursed tree,
And hopes 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.

I. WATTS.
Oh, safe to the Rock.—P.M.

CHORUS.

Hiding in Thee, hiding in


Oh, 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, &c.

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.
Hiding in Thee, &c.

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!
Hiding in Thee, &c.

W. O. Cushing.
Take me as I am.—888. 6. with Chorus.

I. D. SANKEY.

Chorus.

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

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
And take me as I am!
And take me as I am, &c.

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

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

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.
155 Fully Trusting.—87. 87. with Chorus.

C. C. Stebbins.

Chorus.

I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word, I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in His word. Amen.

1 All my doubts I give to Jesus!
2 All my sin I lay on Jesus!
3 All my fears I give to Jesus!
4 All my joys I give to Jesus!
5 All I am I give to Jesus!

Never can His light grow dim.
I am trusting, &c.
4 All I am I give to Jesus!
He is all I want of bliss:
He has all I need in this.
I am trusting, &c.

J. C. Morgan.

156 1st Tune. Montrose.—664. 664.

C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

Chorus.

O strong to save and bless,
My Rock and Righteousness, Draw
0 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 Turn not away Thy face,
   Withhold not needed grace,
   My fortress be!
Perils are round and round,
Iniquities abound,
   See, Saviour, see!

3 Come, God and Saviour, come!
   I can no more be dumb;
   Appeal I must,
To Thee the gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone,
   I sink in dust!

4 O answer me, my God,
   Thy love is deep and broad,
   Thy grace is true!
Thousands this grace have shared,
O let me now be heard,
   O love me too!

5 Descend, Thou mighty love!
   Descend from heaven above!
   Fill Thou this soul!
Heal every bruised part,
Bind up this broken heart,
   And make me whole!

6 Tis knowing Thee that heals;
   Tis seeing Thee that seals
   Comfort and peace.
Show me Thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God;
   Then troubles cease.

H. Bonar.
156 2nd Tune.  Harlan.—664. 664.

0 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 Turn not away Thy face,
Withhold not needed grace,
My fortress be!
Perils are round and round,
Iniquities abound,
See, Saviour, see!

3 Come, God and Saviour, come!
I can no more be dumb;
Appeal I must,
To Thee the gracious One,
Else is my hope all gone,
I sink in dust!

4 O answer me, my God,
Thy love is deep and broad,
Thy grace is true!
Thousands this grace have shared,
O let me now be heard,
O love me too!

5 Descend, Thou mighty love!
Descend from heaven above!
Fill Thou this soul!
Heal every bruised part,
Bind up this broken heart,
And make me whole!

6 'Tis knowing Thee that heals;
'Tis seeing Thee that seals
Comfort and peace.
Show me Thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God;
Then troubles cease.

II. Bonar.


A - men.
On the great love of God I lean,
Love of the Infinite unseen,
With nought of heaven or earth between;
This God is mine, and I am His;
His love is all I need of bliss.

2 Once and for ever reconciled,
The sinful with the undefiled,
I walk with Him, His trustful child;
The blood of the great Sacrifice
My troubled conscience pacifies.

3 In the calm light of God I move,
The light of holiness and love,
Like the pure light of heaven above;
For God is love, and God is light,
A day without a cloud or night.

4 To the dear home of God I press,
The mansion of eternal bliss,
The seat of love and righteousness.
O home and seat of glorious life,
Beyond the tumult and the strife.

5 He keeps me from all want and ill,
With loving eye He guides me still,
His peace and joy my spirit fill;
O loving Seeker of the lost,
How great for me Thy toil and cost!

6 To Him my helpless spirit clings,
He bears me as on eagle's wings,
Through sorrow and through joy He brings;
He loved from the eternal past,
His tender mercies ever last.

H. Bonar
St. George's, Bolton.—76. 76. D.

J. Walch.

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 grieves 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 pour'd.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's only child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' songs.

H. Bonar.
THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely, so may I.

5 There on Thee I cast my care,
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair—
Save me, or I die.

When the storms of trial lower
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

J. D. Burns.
160 1st Tune. **Agnus Dei.—888.6.** W. Blow.

1. **Just as I am**—without one plea,
   But that Thy blood was shed for me,
   And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

2. **Just as I am**—and waiting not
   To rid my soul of one dark blot;
   To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

5. **Just as I am**—Thou wilt receive,
   Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
   Because Thy promise I believe,
   O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

**Charlotte Elliott**
JESU, 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 is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

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!

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.

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!

C. Wesley.
161 2nd Tune. New St. Andrews.—7s., 8 lines.

JESU, 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 is 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!

C. Wesley.
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 aspirations 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.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.
163 1st Tune. Etiam et Mihi.—87. 87. 3.

J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

Even me.—87. 87. 3.


ORD, 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 mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.
[5] Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.]

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
   Blood of Christ, so rich and free
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
   Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

7 Pass me not, this lost one bringing;
   Satan's slave, Thy child shall be;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
   Blessing others, oh! bless me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner, v. 2, l. 3 altd.

164 Ajalon.—7s., 6 lines.

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

2. Not the labours 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 through tracts unknown,
   See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
   Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady, v. 4, l. 2, altd
FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.

165 Braconash. — 66. 66. with Chorus.

Solo, or Chorus of Soprano Voices.

Andante.

1. Thy works, not mine, O
2. Thy tears, not mine, O
3. Thy cross, not mine, O
4. Thy righteousness, O

Andante.

Christ, ... Speak gladness to this heart; ... They
Christ, ... Have wept my guilt away; ... And
Christ, ... Has borne the awful load ... Of
Christ, ... Alone can cover me; ... No

tell me all is done; They bid my fear ... destroyed
turned this night of mine Into a blessed ... but
sins that none in heaven Or earth could bear, ... of
righteousness avails, Save that which is ... of
Chorus.

To whom, save... Thee,

Who can alone... For

Thee

For

sin a tone,

Lord, shall I
**FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.**

After last verse. Solo, or Chorus of Soprano Voices.

**FINE.**

1. Thy pains, not mine, O Christ, Up-
2. Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, Can
3. Thy death, not mine, O Christ, Has

Solo, or Chorus of Soprano Voices.

Fine.

Amen.

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ, 
Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, 
Thy death, not mine, O Christ, 

Thy pains, not mine, O Christ, 
Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, 
Thy death, not mine, O Christ, 

on the shameful tree, Have paid the law’s full
heal my bruised soul, Thy stripes, not mine, con-
paid the ransom due; Ten thousand deaths like

price, And purchased peace: for me. }

To

price, And purchased peace: for me. }

To

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To
FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.

whom save Thee,

To whom save

Who can alone For sin a

Thee, Who can alone

tone, Lord, shall I flee! Thy
1st Tune.  

Art thou weary?—85. 83.

Arthur Sullivan.

2nd Tune.  

Bullinger.—85. 83.

E. W. Bullinger.

1 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.


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!

Mary J. Walker.
2nd Tune. **Jesus, I will Trust Thee.** — 11 10. 11 10.  

I. D. Sankey.

Chorus.

**In Thy love confiding,** I will seek Thy face, *Wor-ship and a-dore Thee,*  

for Thy wondrous grace. **Je-sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my***
1. 

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.
In Thy love, &c.

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.
In Thy love, &c.

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.
In Thy love, &c.

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.
In Thy love, &c.

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!
In Thy love, &c.

Mary J. Walker.
Commandments.—L.M.

FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.

JESU, 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 Thy great day,
   For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

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

4 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.

5 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.

6 Jesu, be endless praise to Thee,
   Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me and all Thy hands hath made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

7 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
   Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!
Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

8 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,
   Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness!

N. L. Von Zinzendorf, tr. J. Wesley.

Commandments.—L.M.

MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
   Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
And cast Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come : Lord, save Thou me.

2 O Jesus, art Thou passing by
   With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
   My tenderest Friend, refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come : make weakness strong.

4 Yes, Lord, I come : Thy heart of love
   Is moving, kindling, drawing mine.
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

E. H. Bickersteth.

Dalkeith.—10 10. 10 10.

FAITH IN JESUS—PARDON—JUSTIFICATION.
YES, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine:
Thou art my joy, myself mine only grief:
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy shrine—
“Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.”

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer leaf;
Yet, O forgive, I doubt not, though I fear—
“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.”

3 True I am weak, and poor, and blind—but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief:
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again—
“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.”

4 O draw me nearer—for, too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief—
While faith, though fainting, still hath strength to pray—
“Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.”

J. S. B. Monsell.
0 MY Saviour, lifted
   From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
   Nearer unto Thee.

2 Speed these lagging footsteps,
   Melt this heart of ice,
As I scan the marvels
   Of Thy Sacrifice.

3 Lift my earth-bound longings,
   Fix them, Lord, above;
Draw me with the magnet
   Of Thy mighty love.

4 Lord, Thine Arms are stretching
   Ever far and wide,
To enfold Thy children
   To Thy loving Side.

5 And I come, O Jesus:
   Dare I turn away?
No—Thy love hath conquered,
   And I come to-day.

6 Bringing all my burdens,
   Sorrow, sin, and care,
At Thy feet I lay them,
   And I leave them there.

W. W. How.

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172 St. Chrysostom.—88. 88. 88.

J. Barnby.
JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought;
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

H. Collins.

Elmhurst.—888. 6.

E. Drewett.

LONG have I searched the world in vain,
By day, by night, o'er land and main;
Peace, joy, and light, and truth to gain;
Jesus, I come for rest.

2 Without a word of vain excuse,
With tears of grief for long abuse
Of Thy dear grace, and much misuse,
Jesus, I come for rest.

3 My soul has heard Thy gracious voice,
"Come, weary one, to Me, rejoice."
In faith and hope, at mercy's choice;
Jesus, I come for rest.

4 Beside Thy Cross, where Thou didst die;
Before Thy throne, where angels cry;
Beneath Thy wings, outspread on high;
Jesus, I come for rest.

5 Within that door, where pity stands,
Within that Rock, not made with hands,
Within Thy heart, Who heaven commands,
Jesus, I come for rest.

6 When all my days of life shall end,
My dying song shall then ascend
To Him who will my soul befriend:
Jesus, I come for rest.

When on bright angels' wings I rise,
To see my Saviour in the skies,
My lips shall say, with glad surprise:
Jesus, I come for rest.

W. A. Essery.
Lord, Thou art mine,
Send help to me!
Christ, I am Thine,
 Deliver me!
Then shall I praise and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King!

2 Mercies are Thine,
Remember me!
Sad sins are mine,
O pardon me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King!

3 Goodness is Thine,
Lord, pity me!
Evil is mine,
Forsake not me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King!

4 All light is Thine;
O shine on me!
Darkness is mine,
Enlighten me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King!

5 True life is Thine,
Breathe it on me!
All death is mine,
O quicken me!
Then shall I praise, and sing,
My soul, bless thou thy God and King!

H. Bonar.
Sad and Weary.—87. 87. with Chorus.

Arranged from E. T. Coffin.

Chorus.

All I have I leave for

Jesus, I've His precious promise heard; I am coming to the Master, I am

trusting in His word; Trusting, trusting, trusting in His word. Amen.

1 SAD and weary with my longing,
   Filled with shame because of sin;
   As I am, in conscious weakness,
   Here I would salvation win.
   All I have I leave for Jesus, &c.

2 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus!
   It is dawning on my soul;
   I am finding His salvation,
   And the power that makes me whole.
   All I have I leave for Jesus, &c.

3 O refine me by Thy Spirit;
   Make my earthly life sublime!
   And my heart a home for Jesus,
   Till I've done with earth and time.
   All I have I leave for Jesus, &c.

B. M. Adams.
3. — JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

176 1st Tune. I heard the voice of Jesus say.—C.M.D.

Attr. from Spohr by J. Barnby.

2nd Tune. Audite audientes me.—C.M.D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.

* Slurs for first verse only.
Hallelujah! 'tis done.—P.M.  
P. P. Bliss.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One. Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One. Amen.

'Tis the promise of God full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.
Hallelujah! &c.

2 Though the pathway be lonely and dangerous too
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
Hallelujah! &c.

3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
Hallelujah! &c.

4 Little children I see standing close by their King,
And He smiles, as their song of salvation they sing:
Hallelujah! &c.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
Hallelujah! &c.

6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:
Hallelujah! &c.

P. P. Bliss.

Praise ye, then, His glorious Name!
Publish His exalted fame!
Still His worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all His deeds.

W. Cowper.
I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
O what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King,
   A Prophet full of light,
   A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
   A King that rules with might.

3 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
   He is the King of kings;
   He is the Sun of Righteousness,
   With healing in His wings.

[4 My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
   Who in God's garden grows,
   Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do heal;
   My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

5 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
   My medicine and my health,
   My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
   My glory and my wealth.

6 Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
   My Brother, and my Love,
   My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
   My Advocate above.

7 My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens,
   My Christ, what shall I call?
   My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
   My Christ is All in all!

J. MASON.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

180 The Gospel of Thy Grace.—P.M.

J. McGranaHan.

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

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

3 "The soul that sinneth dies:" my awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost, but for Thy gracious word,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

4 "Not to condemn the world!" the "Man of sorrows" came;
But that the world might have salvation through His Name;
For "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

5 "Lord, help my unbelief!" give me the peace of faith,
To rest with childlike trust on what Thy gospel saith,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!

A. T. Pierson.
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine,
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

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

J. G. Small.
YE of the Father loved,
Ye of the Saviour sought,
Whose sins He hath removed,
Whose raiment He hath wrought;
Ye who have known
The Spirit's might;
On whom hath shone
The Spirit's light!

2 Glad heart, repeat to heart
The story of thy peace:
Each dear delight impart!
Each dear delight increase!
Thy foes o'erthrown,
Thy sins forgiven,
Thy darkness gone,
Thy fetters riven!

3 Tell of that saving hour;
Tell of His smiling face!
Tell of His quickening power;
Tell of His strengthening grace!
Sons loved so well,
Come near! come near!
O hear and tell!
O tell and hear!

4 In love, together meet;
For joy, together sing;
With mingled voices greet
Each triumph of your King;

5 In linked praise and prayer
Your heaven on earth begin:
Together, glimpses fair
Of hastening glory win:
From strength to strength
Together, go!
In heaven at length
Together, glow!

6 With all the heirs of grace
There speak the saving name;
With all the ransomed race
Give glory to the Lamb!
Your King of light
Together, see
In all His might
And majesty!

7 Fix your enraptured eyes:
Lift your exulting tongues!
Mingle your endless joys:
Mingle your endless songs!
Together, sing,
Together, soar,
While smiles your King
For evermore!

T. H. Gill.
Praise Him.—C.M. with Chorus.

G. C. Stebbins.

Chorus.

praise Him! praise Him!
praise Him! praise Him! I'll praise Him all the time!

I FEEL like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away;
For Jesus is a Friend of mine,
I'll serve Him every day.
I'll praise Him! &c.

2 "When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.
I'll praise Him! &c.

3 "When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing 'Jesus is mine!'
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time."
I'll praise Him! &c.

4 The wondrous story of the Lamb
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others, with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.
I'll praise Him! &c.

E. P. Hammond.

Go bury thy sorrow.—11s.

P. P. Bliss.
Go bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share;
Go bury it deep, go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief:
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden—go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—go, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

185

St. Oswald.—87. 87.
J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care,
Yes, with me, with me He shareth,
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day!
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

H. Bonar.
Aurelia.—76. 76. D.  S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.

Chenies.—76. 76. D.  T. R. Matthews.

2nd Tune.
ON Thee my heart is resting!
Ah, this is rest indeed!
What else, Almighty Saviour,
Can a poor sinner need?
Thy light is all my wisdom,
Thy love is all my stay;
Our Father's home in glory
Draws nearer every day.

2 My guilt is great, but greater
The mercy Thou dost give;
Thyself a spotless Offering
Hast died that I should live.
With Thee my soul, unfettered,
Has risen from the dust:
Thy blood is all my treasure,
Thy word is all my trust.

3 Through me, Thou gentle Master,
Thy purposes fulfil!
I yield myself for ever
To Thy most holy will.
What though I be but weakness?
My strength is not in me;
The poorest of Thy people
Has all things, having Thee.

2 'Tis Thou hast made me happy,
'Tis Thou hast set me free,
To whom shall I give glory
For ever but to Thee?
Of earthly love and blessing,
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me,
Thy grace, to live and die!
Leaning on Thee, my Guide, and Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.
Leaning on Thee, &c.

2 Leaning on Thee with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love shall guide.
Leaning on Thee, &c.

3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."
Leaning on Thee, &c.

4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms,
Although I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the everlasting arms;
I shall not sink.
Leaning on Thee, &c.

Charlotte Elliott.

Fully persuaded.—P.M.

W. F. Sherwin.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

FULLY persuaded—Lord, I believe!
     Fully persuaded—Thy Spirit give:
     I will obey Thy call,
     Low at Thy feet I fall;
     Now I surrender all,
     Christ to receive.

2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry:
    Fully persuaded—pass me not by:
    Just as I am I come,
    I will no longer roam,
    O make my heart Thy home;
    Save or I die!

3 Fully persuaded—no more opprest,
    Fully persuaded—now I am blest;
    Jesus is now my Guide,
    I will in Christ abide;
    My soul is satisfied
    In Him to rest.

4 Fully persuaded—Jesus is mine;
    Fully persuaded—Lord, I am Thine!
    O make my love to Thee
    Like Thine own love to me,
    So rich, so full, and free,
    Saviour divine!

J. B. Atchinson.

189 Gibraltar.—L.M.

C. W. Poole.

LORD, I was blind: I could not see
    In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
    In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
    The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
    And all Thy uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
    The grace and glory of Thy Name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
    My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
    My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
    I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
    The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
    The chains of my captivity.

W. T. Matson.
Par Tecum.—10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck.

Par Tecum.—10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck.

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 Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

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

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
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.

E. H. Bickersteth.

191 1st Tune.

Festus.—L.M.

From a German Chorale.

A - men.
HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, &c.

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.
Happy day, &c.

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.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, &c.

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.
Happy day, &c.

P. DODDRIDGE.
1. Could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood 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, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3.
I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4.
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!

5.
I could not do without Thee,
For years are 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 near me,
And whisper "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal.
Singing for Jesus.—10s. with Chorus.

Chorus.

Sing-ing for Je-sus, our Sa-viour and King, Sing-ing for
SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as we praise Him above.
Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace;
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.
Singing for Jesus, &c.

2 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.
Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.
Singing for Jesus, &c.

3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.
Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy!
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.
Singing for Jesus, &c.

Frances R. Havergal.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

194 1st Tune.  
PastorBonus.—66. 86.  D.  
A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac.

2nd Tune.  I was a wandering sheep.—66. 86.  D.  
J. Zundel.
I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 He spoke in tender love,
He raised my drooping head:
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul He fed.
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair;
He brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Tis He that brought me to the fold,
'Twas He that still doth keep.

5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

H. Boxar.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

195

Ellingham.—7s.

S. N. Godfrey.

1 Jesus, Saviour, Brother, God!
All our fulness is in Thee!
All our joy shall ever be
On to press to Thine abode!

2 Listening, we Thy voice may hear;
Seeking, may Thy mercy find;
And the lowly, loving mind
Feels Thy heaven is ever near.

3 Life will sweet and holy be,—
All the earth be beautiful,—
If the heart be dutiful,
If the eye, in all, see Thee.

4 Jesus, Saviour, Brother, God!
All our fulness is in Thee!
All our joy shall ever be
On to press to Thine abode!

G. B. Bubier.

196

Dalehurst.—C.M.

A. Cottman.

1 Jesus, Thou art my Lord, my God,
I joy to call Thee mine;
For on Thy brow, though bruised with thorns,
I see a crown Divine.

2 And I can trust the mighty work,
Which must be done for me,
To those dear pierced hands of Thine,
Once fastened to the tree.

3 If Thou wert less than One Divine
My soul would be dismayed;
But through Thy human lips God says—
"Tis I, be not afraid."

4 Thou wilt not leave my soul alone
To struggle to Thy side,
But in my spirit's helplessness
Shall strength Divine abide.

5 And when I stand on Jordan's waves
Thou shalt my weakness hold.
Until at last my weary feet
Shall walk the streets of gold.

6 There in my Father's loved abode,
Where many mansions be,
I'll worship Thee, O Lamb of God,
Who gave Thyself for me.

G. W. Hinsdale.
I left it all with Jesus long ago;
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe;
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,
Heard His small still whisper, "Tis for thee,"
From my heart the burden rolled away!
Happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drops with His smile,
Make the desert garden bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth on His might,
All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest
In the calm, sure haven of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven to abide
At His side.

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

E. H. WILLS.
198 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.—76. 76. D. with Chorus.
W. H. Doane.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and tears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.
JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

3 Jesus, my heart’s dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me:
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o’er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

FANNY J. CROSBY

199

Brookfield.—L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

1 Filled me with the fear of hell,
And thought it was the fear of God;
I did not seek to love Him well,
I only trembled at His rod.

2 The burning fire, the smoking pit,
The worm undying in the breast,
And Dives with the torture smit,
Forbade my trembling heart to rest.

3 O dreary time! without a gleam
Of love Divine to gild its wrath!
O weary time! without a stream
Of joy in God to cheer my path.

4 But now I know the fear of God
And all the peace it doth impart;
And walk along a joyous road,
With Heaven unfolding in my heart.

5 O blessed Christ! that didst disclose
The love that sought me when I fell,
And broke my bonds, and I arose,
And cast from me the fear of hell.

6 O blessed Christ! O blessed Cross!
O blessed Spirit! that shewed to me,
How terror is eternal loss,
And trust is immortality.

W. C. SMITH.
Oh to be nothing.—P.M.

Arranged by P. P. Bliss.

**Verse 1:**
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied—that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go;
Broken—that so unhindered
His life through me might flow.

**Verse 2:**
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Waiting for His command.

**Chorus:**
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will;
Willing, should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.

**Verse 3:**
Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet, low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing!
To Him let our voices be raised;
He is the Fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

*Georgiana M. Taylor.*
O Love, who formest me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, who once in time was slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give, &c.

3 O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour;
O Love, I give, &c.

4 O Love, who loved me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead,
O Love, I give, &c.

5 O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give, &c.

J. Scheffler, tr. C. Winkworth.
SURRENDER—CONSECRATION.

202

Franconia.—s.m

German.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
   With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
   Restore to Thee Thine own,
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

C. Wesley.

203

St. Jude.—87. 887.

C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

1 If the bitter shame and sorrow,
   That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered;
“ All of self, and none of Thee!”

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
   Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, “Forgive them, Father!”
And my wistful heart said faintly,
“Some of self, and some of Thee!”

3 Day by day, His tender mercy,
   Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
“ Less of self, and more of Thee!”

4 Higher than the highest heaven,
   Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
“ None of self, and all of Thee!”

T. Monod.
1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.
205 Brookfield.—L.M.

T. B. Southgate.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

4 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.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

J. Grigg, alted. by B. Francis.

206 1st Tune. St. Olave.—P.M.

Very slow, smooth, and sustained.

J. Barnby.

A - men.
SURRENDER—CONSECRATION.

2nd Tune.

Dunmerton.—P.M.

Rather slowly.

J. Booth.

"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 Oh, let thy life be given, 
   Thy years for Him be spent; 
World-fetters all be riven, 
   And joy with suffering blent. 
Bring thou thy worthless all: 
Follow thy Saviour’s call.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Nothing but leaves.—P.M.

S. J. VAIl.

NOTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept;
And reaps from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! 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:
Then reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful Judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

L. E. A KERM AN.
In full and glad surrender, 
I give myself to Thee, 
Thine utterly and only, 
And evermore to be.

O Son of God who lov'st me, 
I will be Thine alone, 
And all I have, and all I am, 
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus! 
O make my heart Thy throne! 
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour; 
It shall be Thine alone.

O come and reign, Lord Jesus; 
Rule over everything! 
And keep me always loyal, 
And true to Thee, my King!

Frances R. Havergal.

Thine for ever: God of love, 
Hear us from Thy throne above; 
Thine for ever may we be, 
Here and in eternity.

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.

Thine for ever:—Oh how blessed 
They who find in Thee their rest!

Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend, 
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep 
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep; 
Safe alone beneath Thy care, 
Let us all Thy goodness share.

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.

Mary Fowler Maude.
1. 
SAVIOUR! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee!

2. 
At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee!

3. 
Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see,
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee!

4. 
All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee!

S. D. Phelps.
O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ, &c.

I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee,
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.
Now none but Christ, &c.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
Now none but Christ, &c.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.
Now none but Christ, &c.
212 Thine, most gracious Lord.—P.M.

R. LOWRY.

Chorus.

Wholly Thine! wholly Thine! Thou hast bought me, I am Thine:

Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine; Make me wholly Thine. Amen.

1 Thine, most gracious Lord,
   O make me wholly Thine—
   Thine in thought, and word, and deed,
   For Thou, O Christ, art mine.
   Wholly Thine, &c.

2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,
   To go when Thou dost call;
   Thine to yield my very self
   In all things great and small.
   Wholly Thine, &c.

3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
   In every passing hour;
   Thine in silence, Thine to speak
   As Thou dost grant the power.
   Wholly Thine, &c.

4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
   To fashion as Thou wilt;
   Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
   Which Thou hast saved from guilt.
   Wholly Thine, &c.

5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
   For ever one with Thee—
   Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
   Abiding, sure, and free.
   Wholly Thine, &c.

Annie S. Hawks.
0 JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me
   And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
   From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
   My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
   Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
   Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
   I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
   Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
   More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
   Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
   Of my prayer Hearer be.

6 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
   My every motive move.
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
   My passion and my love.

J. C. Lavater, tr. II. B. Smith.
215  **Lord Jesus.**—11s. with Chorus.  

W. J. Fischer.

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**Chorus.**

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow, now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Amen.

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1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,  
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow, &c.

2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain;  
To get this blest cleansing I all things forego,  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow, &c.

3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow, &c.
4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
   I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
   Whiter than snow, &c.

5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
   Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst, No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
   Whiter than snow, &c.

J. NICHOLSON.

Ratisbon.—7s., 6 lines.

Part I.

Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
I my daily, hourly prayer;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee!
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer,
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All in all.

Part II.

Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
I GIVE my heart to Thee,  
O Jesus most desired;  
And heart for heart the gift shall be,  
For Thou my soul hast fired;  
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,  
Thou only hearts dost love;  
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
O Jesus most desired.

2 What offering can I make,  
Dear Lord, to love like Thine—  
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take  
A human form like mine?  
"Give Me thy heart, My son:"  
Lord, Thou my heart hast won;  
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
O Jesus most desired.

3 Thy heart is opened wide,  
Its offered love most free,  
That heart to heart I may abide,  
And hide myself in Thee:  
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,  
Till I that love return:  
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
O Jesus most desired.

4 Here finds my heart its rest,  
Repose that knows no shock,  
The strength of love that keeps it blest  
In Thee, the riven Rock:  
My soul, as girt around,  
Her citadel hath found:  
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,  
O Jesus most desired.

R. PALMER, from the Latin.
TAKE, O Lord, my faithless heart,
Make its choice the better part,
Break its chains and set it free,
Take and seal it, Lord, to Thee.

2 Though Thou turn my joy to tears,
Faith to doubt, and hope to fears:
Stern though be the summons home,
Still, Lord, let the summons come.

3 Shouldst Thou bid me lay aside
All that fosters earthly pride,
Let me walk the lowly way,
If Thine arm may be my stay.

4 Should Thy chastening will require
All that feeds mine eyes’ desire,
Take it, Lord, if in its place
Shine the brightness of Thy face.

5 Seal then, Lord, my heart to Thee,
Set it for Thy service free:
Life and joy are truly mine,
If whate’er I have is Thine.

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

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

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

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

Elizabeth S. Prentiss.
1.

_0 LOVING Saviour !_  
Fain would I loving be,  
In deep humility,  
Shun evil strife;  
In word and action kind.  
Gentle in heart and mind;  
Through all my mortal life  
Grow more like Thee.

2.

_O wisest Teacher!_  
Fain would I wiser be,  
Fain I'd Thy goodness see:  
Thy will to know;  
In all I do and say,  
Walk in Thy wisdom's way;  
Through all my life to grow  
Still more like Thee.

3.

_O mighty Master!_  
Fain would I stronger be,  
All sinful lusts to flee,  
And self subdue;  
Thus tread the tempter down,  
Thus win a heavenly crown;  
With but Thyself in view,  
Be more like Thee.

4.

_O loving Saviour!_  
While good I strive to be,  
Give more and more to me  
Thy tender aid:  
Then shall I better grow,  
Then all Thy will shall know,  
And day by day be made  
Yet more like Thee.
SURRENDER—CONSECRATION.

221

Eden.—66. 66.

I SAID, My God, at length,
This stony heart remove,
Deny all other strength,
But give me strength to love.

2 Come nearer, nearer still,
Let not Thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will,
Dissolve this iron heart.

3 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity
More like a trustful child.

4 Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of Thee,
O keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

5 More moulded to Thy will
In all things I would be;
Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker Thee.

6 Leave nought that is unmeet:
Of all that is mine own
Strip me, and so complete
My training for the throne.

7 Riper, and riper now,
Each hour let me become;
Less fit for scenes below;
More meet for heaven my home.

H. Bonar.

222

Eden.—6666.

I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst,
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.
223 I am Thine, O Lord.—10 7. 10 7. with Chorus.

W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me nearer, nearer,

near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleeding side. A - men.

I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me:
I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.
Draw me nearer, &c.

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.
Draw me nearer, &c.

3 Oh, 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.
Draw me nearer, &c.

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.
Draw me nearer, &c. F. J. Crosby.
224 Saviour, more than life to me.—79. 79. with Chorus.  
W. H. Doane.

Chorus.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee:  
Let Thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.  
Every day, every hour, &c.

2 Through this changing world below  
Lead me gently, gently, as I go;  
 Trusting Thee I cannot stray,  
I can never, never lose my way.  
Every day, every hour, &c.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love  
In a brighter, brighter world above.  
Every day, every hour, &c.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
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 Whate'er 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.

J. F. Oberlin, tr. Lucy Wilson.
254 SURRENDER—CONSECRATION.

226

Galilee.—87. 87.

W. H. JUDE.

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

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

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

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

C. Frances Alexander.

227

Aldersgate.—S.M.

G. P. Merrick, Mus. Bac.

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

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

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

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

E. Hatch.
0 LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.
228 3rd Tune. St. Margaret.—88. 88. 6.


LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

0 Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
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I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

5.—HOLINESS: VIRTUES, SACRIFICE.

229 1st Tune. St. Mary Magdalene.—65. 65. D.

J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
HOLINESS: VIRTUES, SACRIFICE.

2nd Tune.

Odespers.—65. 65. D.

H. A. Prothero.

PURER yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.
230
Whitburn.—L.M.

H. Baker, Mus. Bac.

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;

Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

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

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

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

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

C. W. Everest.

231
Whitburn.—L.M.

AND is there, Lord, a cross for me,
As through this wilderness I stray,
Which, if I would, I must not flee,
But Thy divine command obey!

2 I would not, Lord, pass by that cross,
For thou hast placed it in my way;
To turn aside would be my loss,
I therefore lift my heart and pray;—

3 Show me the cross that I must bear;
Bend my proud heart, that I may take,
In holy faith and humble prayer;
The cross of shame for Thy dear sake:

4 For Thou didst take a cross for me,
And on it all my sins didst bear;
Its agony Thou didst not flee,
That in Thy glory I might share.

5 Then I will take my cross with joy,
And bear it onward to the end;
My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy,
My faith and hope on Thee depend.

6 Thou soon wilt take the cross away,
And place the crown upon my brow,
In that bright world of endless day,
Where I no more a cross shall know.

H. Addisoott.
DARE to do right! dare to be true!

TEACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
And give me an obedient mind,
That in Thy service I may find
My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessed land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
And meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee;
Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. T. MATSON.
233  
Earlsfield.—7s.  
E. S. West.

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die?  
Who, O God, my guide shall be?  
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

2 Blessed Father, Gracious One,  
Thou hast sent Thy Holy Son;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
Let me ever learn of Him;  
From His precepts wisdom draw,  
Make His life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,  
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
In my weakness, thus shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die:—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,  
Like the perfect ones above,—  
Learn to die without a fear,  
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

W. H. Furness.
3 Lord Jesu, think on me,
Nor let me go astray:
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesu, think on me
When beats the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

5 Lord Jesu, think on me,
That when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

6 Lord Jesu, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,
The strains of praise and love.

Synesius, tr. A. W. Chatfield.

**Holley.—L.M.**

G. Hews.

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1 Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
   And give me an obedient mind,
   That in Thy service I may find
   My soul's delight from day to day.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
   And so control my thoughts and deeds,
   That I may tread the path which leads
   Right onward to the blessed land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
   The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,
   And meekly walking with my God,
   To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
   Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
   Against temptation make me strong,
   And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
   Begun, continued, done for Thee;
   Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
   And Thine abounding grace afford.

W. T. Matson.
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 send'st to 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,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee.

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—
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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.
HOLINESS: VIRTUES, SACRIFICE.

IT fell upon a summer day
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers of the village brought
Their children to His knee.

2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

3 "Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike hearts your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
The meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thine heaven.

7 And all the wisdom that is born
Of joy and love that question not,
The child's bright vision of the earth,
Be mine, O Lord, unsought.

8 O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere—His love—
His good in all mankind.

9 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

10 So when far fled from earth, I come
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
The heavenly host may cry with joy,
"A child is born in heaven."

S. A. BROOKE.

238 St. John's College.—C.M.

THE Faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey;
The holy dead of every time—
The Church of Christ are they.

2 The saints who die and leave us now,
The good of long ago;
Women and men, and children young,
Still living here below,

3 Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One common voice of prayer.

4 Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head
In truth and purity!

5 Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words,
How tender in our love!

6 So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in His members blest,
To lead us in His Church on earth
Safe to His Church in rest!
239

Southport.—88.84.

G. Lomas.

ONE thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be:
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things Divine.

4 So wash Thou me, without, within;
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

W. C. Smith.

St. Leofric. (St. Cuthbert.)—C.M.

H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.

WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear
But tremble on my tongue;
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

2 O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn!
Keep in Thy ways my feet!
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to bear;
Each deed of holiness shall wake
A strain Divine the more.

4 My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

5 O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful seraphim!

6 Oh when shall perfect holiness
Make my poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

T. H. Gill.
Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign.

G. W. Doane.
"MUST I go—and empty-handed?"

Thus my dear Redeemer meet?
Not one day of service give Him,
Lay no trophy at His feet?
Must I go, &c.

2 Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,
Thought of that now clouds my brow.
Must I go, &c.

3 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now;
I would give them to my Saviour,
To His will I'd gladly bow.
Must I go, &c.

4 O ye saints, arise, be earnest,
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake you,
Strive for souls while yet you may.
Must I go, &c.

C. C. LUTHER.
Rescue the Perishing.—6510. 6510. with Chorus.
W. H. Doane.

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save. A-men.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save
Rescue the perishing, &c.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, &c.

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

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

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

A. L. WALKER.
SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in noontide and the dewy eves:
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves! &c.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves! &c.

3 Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves:
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves!
Bringing in the sheaves! &c.

K. SHAW.
To the Work!—12s. with Chorus. W. H. Doane.

To the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
Toiling on, &c.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led:
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free."
Toiling on, &c.

3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free."
Toiling on, &c.

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free."
Toiling on, &c.

A- men.

Fanny J. Crosby.
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 Say not that the morning
Is for work too soon,
We have many a warning,
Night may come ere noon;

There are vacant places
In our ranks, which say—
Where the missing faces?
Work while it is day.

4 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.

5 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.
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.

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.

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Is for work too soon,
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In our ranks, which say—
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With His smile of love:
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Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
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5 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.
0

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name:
Call me Thy servant, Lord!

2

Sweet title that delighteth me,
Rank earnestly implored;
Oh, what can reach the dignity
Of Thy true servants, Lord?

3

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
Oh, not mine own! Oh, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to Thee!

4

In each aspiring burst of prayer
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do Thine every task.

5

For ever, Lord, Thy servant choose,
Nought of Thy claim abate,
The glorious Name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

6

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me;
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

T. H. GILL
1st Tune.  
Caswell Bay.—L.M.  
Frances R. Havergal.

2nd Tune.  
Hosanna.—L.M.  
G. Hews.

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.

FRANCES R. HAVENGERAL.

250

Maryton.—L.M.

H. PERCY SMITH.

0 MASTER, let me walk with Thee
   In lowly paths of service free;
   Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
   The strain of toil, the fret of care;

2 Help me, the slow of heart to move
   By some clear winning word of love;
   Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
   And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
   In closer, dearer company,
   In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
   In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
   Far down the future's broadening way;
   In peace that only Thou canst give,
   With Thee, O Master, let me live!

W. GLADDEN.
0 JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side;
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self will.

O speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak! and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus! Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

J. E. Bode.
0 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 love 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,
   Thy acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
   And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.
I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task of God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me;
And the good that I can do.

2 I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

3 I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

4 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

C. MACKAY.
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.

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,
Not 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.

C. Thring.
AND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air?

2 O could our weakness move Thy might?
Our misery make us sought of Thee;
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright?
Our sins win down Thy purity?

3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee?

4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth!
Almighty Lover, teach us love!
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yearned the Holy One above?

T. H. GILL.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,
In faith, O Lord, to follow Thee,
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in our Father's love;
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fix 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.
SERVICE.

257

Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch.

Lubeck.—7s.

BE Thy word with power fraught,
Many hearts in many ways
Blessing with new love and thought,
To religion's added praise.

2 Be it for the rash, restraint;
Ardour for the dull and cold;
Be it comfort for the faint,
Be it counsel for the bold.

3 Be it for the tempest-worn,
Haven for a quiet stay;
May it, like the wakening horn,
Summon cheerful souls away.

4 May some saddened hearts arise,
And be blossoms in the light;
Some like stars in clearing skies,
Trembling be, yet very bright.

5 As in whisper or in shout,
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard;
Such Thy voice, that even doubt
Cries, "'Tis He," and "'Tis His word."

T. T. Lynch.

258

Gildas.—S.M.

Attributed to P. Abelard.

A FITLY spoken word,
It hath mysterious powers;
Its far-off echoes shall be heard
Ringing through future hours.

2 An honest, truthful word,
It has a tongue of flame;
On wings of wind it flies abroad,
And wins a heavenly fame.

3 A wise and holy word,
It falls as doth the dew;
A sweet refreshment to affright,
And virtue's strength renew.

4 A gentle, gracious word,
'Tis music in the heart;
Thrilling its very inmost chord,
Till tears unbidden start.

5 Speak thou, then, lovingly,
Out of a Christ-like soul;
Thy words a blessed balm shall be,
To make the sin-sick whole.

6 Speak, for the love of God,—
Speak, for the love of man;
The words of truth love sends abroad,
Shall never be in vain.

G. B. Bubier.
WHAT Thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine.

2 Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
Let me find in Thine employ
Peace that drearer is than joy.

3 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

4 Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

Cento from J. G. WHITTIER.

7.—WARFARE.

260 Armageddon.—65. 12 lines. with Chorus.

Adapted by J. Goss.
WARFARE.

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 psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side!
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
All who come 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!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe;
But the King's own army,
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you, &c.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's Name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain:
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you, &c.

H. R. PALMER.
STAND up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your 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,
Each piece put on with 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.
STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your 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,
Each piece put on with 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
SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright,
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

5 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

6 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.
ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.
Onward, &c.

With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before. Amen.

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.
Onward, &c.
WARFARE.

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 and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

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.
Onward, &c.

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.
Onward, &c.

S. BARING-GOULD.

265 North Coates.—65. 65.

SAFE across the waters,
Here in peace we stand,
See the wrecks of Egypt
Strewed along the sand.

2 Safe across the waters,
Foes for ever gone,
Now we march in safety,
God our Guide alone.

3 'Tis the silent desert,
Sand and rock and waste;
But the chain is broken
And the peril past.

4 Onward then, right onward!
This our watchword still;
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.

5 For the journey girded,
Haste we on our way;
The pillar-cloud above us,
Guide by night and day.

6 On through waste and blackness
O'er our desert road:
On till Sinai greets us,
Mountain of our God.

H. BONAR.
Warfare.

266 True-hearted.—P.M. J. Booth.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted! Faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee!
Peal out the watchword, &c.

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King!
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.
Peal out the watchword, &c.
WARFARE.

3 Saviour of sinners, Thou knowest our story:
   Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
   Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory
   Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
   Peal out the watchword, &c.

4 Holy Redeemer, beloved and glorious,
   Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
   Over our wills and affections victorious—
   Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.
   Peal out the watchword, &c.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

Hold the Fort.—85. 85. D.

P. P. BLISS.

FORWARD, soldiers, bold and fearless,
   Hear the call of God;
   Prove your courage in the conflict,
   Tread where brave men trod.
   Lift aloft the cross, &c.

2 Faith our shield, and hope our helmet,
   Satan's host we face;
   Marshalled in the might of Jesus,
   Win we by His grace.
   Lift aloft the cross, &c.

3 Catch the order of our Captain
   Wield the Spirit's sword;
   Onward, fearless, press to conquer.
   Slaying with His Word.
   Lift aloft the cross, &c.

4 They shall share the glad Hosanna,
   Who on Him believe;
   They shall 'neath His royal banner
   Crowns of life receive.
   Lift aloft the cross, &c.

Lift aloft the cross, &c.
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 steward'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 Shepherd's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Would ye His heart rejoice?  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Sin calls for constant fear,  
Weakness needs the Strong One near:  
Long as ye struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray.

5 Now sound the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
Thrice holy is our Lord;  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
What more befits the tongues,  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs?  
Praise, brethren, praise.

"The Revived," 1855.
THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in His train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save:  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame:  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed:  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

R. HEBER.
COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There’s a star to guide the humble!  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

Let the road be long and dreary,  
And its ending out of sight;  
Foot it bravely—strong or weary:  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

2 Perish policy and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light,  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

Trust no friends of guilty passion,  
Fiends can look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

3 Trust no party, church, or faction,  
Trust no leaders in the fight,  
But in every word and action  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight:  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

4 Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light,  
Star upon our path abiding,  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There’s a star to guide the humble!  
"Trust in God, and do the right.”

N. MacLeod.
1.
BROThERS, let us to the Lord,
Give ourselves, both heart and sword;
Under His commanding eye
We shall march to victory.

2.
Hark! the strains of music roll,
Like a tide they fill the soul;
As they to their highest rise,
We will launch our enterprise.

3.
Ye who 'list must 'list in faith,
Fearing neither toil nor scathe;
Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
Confident of victory.

4.
Hark! the music loud and sweet
Thrills our heart, and stirs our feet:
Brothers, hands upon our swords
Let us shout, We are the Lord's!

T. T. Lynch.
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,
Muster ing their unseen array,
Wait for Thine 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, v. 1 l. 2 ulta

272 Rosslin.—7773. J. Booth.
PILGRIMAGE.

8.—PILGRIMAGE.

St. Mary Magdalene.—65. 8 lines.
J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.

THOU who wast before me
In the path I tread,
Thou who bendest o'er me,
Risen from the dead;
As a true believer
In one sure Guide,
Keep me Thine for ever,
Clinging to Thy side!

2 If the way be lonely,
If the path be drear,
Let my spirit only
Find Thy presence near,
So shall light returning
Bid the darkness cease;
And the night of mourning
End in perfect peace.

3 When the flesh is failing,
When the heart is numb,
And the foe, assailing,
Seeks to overcome,
From Thy throne all glorious
Hear my suppliant breath,
Once Thyself victorious—
Faithful unto death.

4 When, like solemn dirges
From the moaning sea,
Sound the ocean surges
Of eternity;
When the angel beckoning,
Saith, “The hour is come,
And the Master, reckoning,
Sends to call thee home;”

5 When, in those far regions
Where around the throne
Shine the burning legions,
I must stand alone;
By Thy cross and passion
Borne to set me free,
Jesu—our Salvation—
Bid me dwell with Thee!
274 1st Tune.  *
Oia Crucis.—Irregular.


* End of first and second lines of last verse.
Pilgrim Song.—Irregular.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair;
More heavy was Thy burden,
More desolate Thy way;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
    Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
    But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
    And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace.

* Last line for 3rd verse.

The snows lie thick around us,
    In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
    And the stars have hid their light:
But blacker was the darkness
    Round Calvary's Cross that day;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us.

Amen.

Adelaide A. Procter.
PILGRIMAGE.

275 Precious Promise.—87. 87. with Chorus.

P. P. Bliss.

Chorus.

I will guide thee, I will

guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye; On the way from earth to

heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye. Amen.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
I will guide thee, &c.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee:
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
I will guide thee, &c.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished:
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
I will guide thee, &c.

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Leader calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
I will guide thee, &c.

276 Culbach.—7s.

Topler's Altechorale Melodien.
PILGRIMAGE.

JESUS, unto whom we pray,
Christ the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Lord, the path of glory show,
And uphold us as we go.

2 All the past we would forget,
We have not attained yet.
E'en our best achievements be
Failures all compared to Thee.

3 Wherefore aid us to aspire
Ever upward, ever higher,
Through the light, or through the dark,
Pressing onward to the mark.

4 Running the appointed race,
May we grow in every grace,
Ripening in Thy knowledge still,
As we do the Father's will.

5 Be it, Lord, by pain and loss,
Be it by a bitter cross,
Living, dying, we would be
In holy beauties liker Thee.

6 Liker Thee till effort cease,
Life in God be perfect peace;
Every thought and wish Divine,
All our souls conformed to Thine.

W. C. SMITH.

277

St. Louis.—87. 87.

W. S. Bambridge, Mus. Bac.

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 Do not linger with regretting,
Or, for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

7 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. PROCTOR.
1.

Lead 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.

W. H. Burleigh, v. 3, l. 3 altd.
A LL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

5 That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of the strife
Slow rounding into calm;

7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.
Follow on!—P.M.

Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps, till the crown be won.
Follow! follow! &c.

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear:
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.
Follow! follow! &c.

3 Down in the valley, or upon the mountain steep,
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep;
He will lead me safely, in the path that He has trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
Follow! follow! &c.

W. O. Cushing.
LORD, Thy children guide and keep
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep,
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, 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, less we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, 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 Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruiting trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease;
Holy Jesu, 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 Jesu, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

W. W. How.
I have heard of a beautiful City, Far away in the kingdom of
God; I have read how its walls are of jasper, How its
streets are all golden and broad, In the midst of the street is life's
river, Clear as crystal, and pure to behold; But not
2 I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,
    Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
    And the Saints who on earth have been faithful,
    Rest for ever with Christ over there;
    There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow;
    The inhabitants never grow old;
    But not half of the joys that await them
    To mortals has ever been told.
    Not half has ever been told, &c.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
    Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
    When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
    And My glory eternally share;"
    How the righteous are evermore blessed,
    As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
    But not half of the wonderful story
    To mortals has ever been told.
    Not half has ever been told, &c.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
    That vile sinners may ask and receive
    Peace and pardon for every transgression,
    If when asking they only believe.
    I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
    If for safety we enter His fold;
    But not half of His goodness and mercy
    To mortals has ever been told.
    Not half has ever been told, &c.

J. B. Atkinson.
283 1st Tune. Theodora.—54. 54. D. A. Legge

LIGHT after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wandering,
Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway,
Leading to this.

Frances R. Havergal.

284 1st Tune. St. Theresa.—P.M. J. Barnby

SOPRANOS or TENORS.

When the twilight gathers fast With a quiet still and
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

deep, When the busy day has past, And the weary "falls on sleep."

When the life-long toil is o'er, At the setting of the sun, Comes

joy for ever-morer, Comes joy for ever-more, Comes

joy, Comes joy for ever-more, comes

joy for ever-more.

joy for ever-more, With the Master's word "Well done!" Amen.

2 'Mid the tread of many feet,
'Mid the hurry and the throng,
In the burden and the heat,
Have the working hours seemed long?
Softly the shadow falls,
And the pilgrim's race is run;
While through celestial halls
Resounds the glad "Well done!"

3 Well worth the daily cross;
Well worth the earnest toil;
Well worth reproach and loss,
The fight on stranger soil!
Let us lift our hearts and pray,
And take our journey on;
Work while 'tis called to-day
With the thought of that "Well done!"

* In the second and third verses the Trebles will repeat the last line but one of the words twice, while the Altos, Tenors, and Basses repeat the first two words of that line. Indeed the second and third verses should be treated exactly like the first.
When the twilight gathers fast, With a quiet still and deep,

When the busy day has pass'd, And the weary "falls on sleep."...

* With or without accompaniment from * to *. 
When the life-long toil is o'er, At the setting of the sun, . . Comes .

joy for ever-more, With the Master's word "Well done!"

'Mid the tread of many feet, 'Mid the hurry and the
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

throng,  In the bur - den and the heat,  Have the work-ing hours seem'd long.

Andante.

Soft - ly the sha - dow falls,  And the pilgrim's race is run,  While thro' ce - les - tial

Andante.

halls Resounds the glad "Well done!"  Well worth the dai - ly cross,
Well worth the earnest toil, Well worth reproach and loss, The fight on stranger soil. Let us lift our hearts and pray, And take our journey on.

Quicker.

Work while 'tis call'd to-day, With the thought of that "Well done!"
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Consecration.—7s.

Consecration—

G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc.

HYMN 286, "THE HOMELAND." 3:

"The Homeland," of which the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS is Author, has been printed by special arrangement with Messrs. BOOSEY & CO.

286 1st Tune. THE HOMELAND.—P.M.

Rather slowly and sustained.

1. The
2. My
3. For

Home - land! the Home - land! The land of the free - born;
Lord is in the Home - land, With an - gels bright and fair,
those I love in the Home - land Are call - ing me a - way

There's
There's
To the
When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one—
Rest for evermore!

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!

3 When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of Thy Day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray—
Light for evermore!

4 When the heart by sorrows tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried—
Joy for evermore!

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn—
Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life! be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton.
288 1st Tune.  **Civitas Dei.**—76. 86. D.

*Add* The two bars of Introduction may be played before each verse.
*Upper notes may be taken in last verse only.*

2nd Tune.  **Jerusalem Coelestis.**—76. 86. D.

*Triumphantly.*
TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished—
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

Oh, then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thine Prince and Saviour, come!

H. ALFORD.
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

289

Home.—P.M.

C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.

1. They are gathering home-wards from ev'-ry land, One by one;
   As their wea-ry feet touch the shin-ing strand, One by

Voices in Unison.

cres.

one, Their brows are enclos'd in a gold-en crown, Their travel-stain'd garments are

legato.

Harmony.

all laid down, And cloth'd in white rai-ment they rest in the mead
Where the lamb loveth His chosen to lead, One by one.

2. Before they rest they pass through the strife, One by one; Through the waters of death they enter life, One by one. To some are the floods of the river still, As they ford on their way to the

...
324

DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

heav'nly hill; To others the waves run fiercely and wild; Yet

all reach the home of the undefiled, One by one.

3. Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee, One by one; We

lift up our voices tremblingly, One by one. The
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

waves of the river are dark and cold, We know not the spot where our

feet may hold; Thou, who didst pass thro' in deep midnight,

strengthen us, send us the staff and the light, One by one.
4. Plant Thou Thy feet beside us as we tread, One by one;
   On Thee let us lean each drooping head, One by one.
   Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
   We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind; 
   Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Smilingly, gladnessly, shall we pass through, One by one. Amen.

They are gathering homewards from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand.
One by one.
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

2 Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

3 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one;
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet may hold;
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us the staff, and the light,
One by one.

4 Plant Thou Thy feet beside us as we tread,
One by one;
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind;
Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

MARY LESLIE.
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.

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.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener chime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

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.

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.

'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.

H. Bonar.
291 Shall we gather at the River?—87. 87. with Chorus.

R. Lowry.

S H A L L we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4 At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

R. Lowry.
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Petersham.—C.M.D.

C. W. Poole.

CALL all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee;
Thou knowest how they long
To leave these broken lays, and aid
In Heaven's unceasing song.
Earth is the place of severance,
Sin, danger, and defect,
Call all who love Thee, Lord, to Thee,
Accomplish Thine elect.

2 Father, the whole creation groans,
Till in Thine own abode,
Complete in number and in bliss,
Shine all the sons of God.
Let them be manifested, Lord;
One countless, sacred host,
From every world and bygone time,
From every chime and coast.

3 Prophets, apostles, martyrs, kings,
The sage, the little child;
Confessing, through one wondrous death
They all are reconciled.
Lord, finish soon the mystery
Of human death and sin;
Lord, close the book of time, and let
Eternity begin.

P. J. Bailey and G. Rawson.
Nearer Home.—Irregular.

Andante. \( \text{\textit{\textbf{J}} = 84.} \)

C. Vincent, Mus. Doc.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am

near-er my home to-day,
... Than I have ev-er been be-fore;

With fervour.

Near-er my Fa-ther's house,
Where the ma-ny man-sions be;
Near the great white throne;
Near the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we

lay our burden down;
Nearer leaving the Cross,
Nearer

gaining the crown.

But the
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

waves of that silent sea. Roll dark upon my sight. That

brightly the other side, Break on a shore of light,

Father, perfect my trust, Strengthen the might of my faith:

Let me but feel as I would when I stand, On the rock of the shore of death,
DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Feel as I would when my feet... Are slipping over the brink:

For it may be I'm nearer home, Nearer, nearer, nearer,

nearer, nearer now than I think,

nearer than I think. Phoebe Cary.
I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
For you I am praying, &c.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven;
But oh! may He lead you to go with me too!
For you I am praying, &c.

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!
For you I am praying, &c.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh! could I know it was given to you!
For you I am praying, &c.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!
For you I am praying, &c.

S. O'Malley Clough.
PRAYER.

YE children of the Father,
For whom the Son did die,
Close, close around Him gather;
Ye cannot come too nigh.
Draw near, by Him invited,
Made bold by His own might,
By His own smile delighted,
With His own presence bright.

2 Throw every power and passion
   Into each song, each prayer;
Bring a free, full oblation!
Let all your strength be there.
With utmost rapture greet Him!
Your inmost souls outpour!
Spirit to spirit meet Him;
Within the veil adore!

3 Thou openest, Lord! we enter;
   Thou callest; lo! we come.
Within the veil we venture,
And find our Lord at home.
Here, nigh to Thee we tarry;
Here, close we wait on Thee,
And when we go to glory,
'Twill be Thy face to see.

T. H. Gill.
PRAYER.

296

Hosanna.—L.M.

ORD, let me pray! I know not how,
Nor what to pray for; Thou must show;
The darkest, feeblest, need the most
The "praying in the Holy Ghost."

2 What can man do, if left alone,
Beyond a faithless, useless moan?
Helper of man's infirmity,
O God the Spirit! help Thou me.

3 Descend, O Purity Divine,
And stoop to sins and wants like mine;
Humble Thysel to all my need,
And in me, for me, with me plead.

4 Spirit of Holiness! control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade, my soul;
Make it a harp from whose poor strings
Thy hand the suppliant music brings.

5 Make it a voice for heavenly thought,
Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought;
Thou tender Spirit! Breathe in me
The tenderness of Deity.

6 Then God will hear; He knows right well
The holy mind: Thy groanings tell
All interceding might is there;
Spirit of God! pray Thou the prayer.

G. Rawson.

297

Arundel.—87. 87.

OUR of prayer! full well I know it;
Sweetest hour on earth to me:
Never would my soul forego it,
While there need of prayer shall be.

2 Hour in which the dews of Heaven
Gently o'er my spirit fall:

Hour in which my sins forgiven
Lose their wormwood and their gall.

3 Like the breeze upon the mountain,
Like the gale when flowers are near,
Like the streamlet from the fountain
Is to me the hour of prayer.

A. J. Morris.
EVENING—DISMISSION.

VII.—EVENING—DISMISSION.

298 1st Tune.  
Hursley.—L.M.  
P. Ritter.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

[2] When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold;  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 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!

[4] 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.

5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,  
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!  
Amid the howling wintry sea,  
We are in port if we have Thee.

6 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!

7 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!

8 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!

J. KEBLE.
ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee!
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day!
Earth's joys grows 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 dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!
[5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellions and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

7 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!

8 Hold Thou Thy cross 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 and death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte.

300

Ellers.—10 10 10 10.

Harmonized by Arthur Sullivan.

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.
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<td>O mystery of love divine</td>
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<td>O Saviour, I have nought to plead</td>
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<td>O Saviour, precious Saviour</td>
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<td>O Thou who camest from above</td>
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<td>O strong to save and bless</td>
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<td>O what a Saviour that He died for me</td>
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<td>O wherefore, Lord, doth Thy dear praise</td>
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<td>O word of words the sweetest</td>
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<td>Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I</td>
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<td>Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow</td>
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<td>Oh, to be nothing, nothing</td>
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<td>One by one the sands are flowing</td>
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<td>One sweetly solemn thought</td>
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<td>One there is above all others</td>
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<td>One there is above all others</td>
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<td>One thing I of the Lord desire</td>
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<td>On Thee my heart is resting</td>
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<td>Onward! Christian soldiers</td>
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<td>Rest remaineth; O how sweet</td>
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<td>Rest of the weary, joy of the sad</td>
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<td>Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day</td>
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<td>Rock of Ages, cleft for me</td>
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<td>Sad and weary with my longing</td>
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<td>Simply trusting every day</td>
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<td>Sing forth His high eternal name</td>
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<td>Soldiers of the Cross, arise</td>
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<td>Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King</td>
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<td>Tell me the old, old story</td>
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<td>The faithful men of every land</td>
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<td>Though lowly here our lot</td>
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<tr>
<td>Work, for the night is coming</td>
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<td>Work is sweet, for God has blest</td>
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<td>Ye children of the Father</td>
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<td>Yes, for me, for me, He careth</td>
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<td>Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Yet there is room!&quot;</td>
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