

The Bible Students' HYMNAL

*"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
and into His courts with praise."*

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BIBLE STUDENTS' HYMNAL

D indicates number in "Hymns of Dawn".

1

- 1 Abide with me:
Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens;
Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail,
And comforts flee,
Help of the helpless,
Oh, abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close
Ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim,
Its glories pass away;
Change and decay
In all around I see;
Oh Thou who changest not,
Abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence
Every passing hour;
What but Thy grace
Can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself
My guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine,
Oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe,
With Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight
And tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting?
Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still,
If Thou abide with me.

2

[D2]

- 1 According to thy gracious
word,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body given for my sake,
My bread from heaven
shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and deep distress,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn
mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
Oh Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee and all
Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse
remains,
I will remember Thee.
- 6 Then of Thy grace I'll know
the sum,
And in Thy likeness be,
When Thou hast in Thy
kingdom come
And dost remember me.

3 [D3]

- 1 Ah, my heart is heavy laden
Weary and oppressed.
Come to me, saith One,
 and coming,
Be at rest.
- 2 If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear.
- 3 If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!
- 4 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till
 heaven
Pass away!

4

- 1 Ah, tell me not of gold
 or treasure,
Of pomp and beauty
 here on earth:
There's not a thing that
 gives me pleasure,
Of all this world displays
 for worth.

Chorus

*Each heart will seek
and love its own;
|| : My goal is Christ,
and Christ alone. : ||*

- 2 The world and her pursuits
 will perish;
Her beauty's fading
 like a flower;
The brightest schemes
 the earth can cherish
Are but the pastime
 of an hour.
- Each heart*
- 3 Against this tower
 there's no prevailing;
His Kingdom passes not away;
His throne abides,
 despite assailing,
From henceforth unto
 endless day.

Each heart

- 4 And tho' a pilgrim
 I must wander,
Still absent from the One
 I love,
He will soon have me
 with Him yonder
In His own glory-realms above.

*Triumphantly I therefore own,
|| : My goal is Christ,
and Christ alone. : ||*

5 [D6]

- 1 A "little flock", so calls He thee;
Who bought thee with His blood;
A "little flock" disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

- 2 A "little flock", so calls He thee;
Church of the Firstborn, hear!
Be not ashamed to own
the name;
It is no name of fear.
- 3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
Those whom God makes
His kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.
- 4 But the Chief Shepherd
comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er.
With glory crowned
and sceptre's strength,
She reigns for evermore.

6

- 1 A little while,
our warfare shall be over;
A little while,
our tears be wiped away;
A little while,
the power of Jehovah
Shall turn our darkness
into gladsome day.
- 2 A little while,
the fears that oft surround us
Shall to the memories
of the past belong;
A little while, the love
that sought and found us
Shall change our weeping
into Heaven's glad song.

- 3 A little while,
'tis ever drawing nearer -
The brighter dawning
of that glorious day.
Blest Saviour, make
our spirit's vision clearer,
And guide, Oh guide us
in the shining way!
- 4 A little while,
Oh blessed expectation!
For strength to run with
patience, Lord, we cry;
Our hearts up-leap
in fond anticipation;
Our union with the
bridegroom draweth nigh.
- 5 A little while, to keep
the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's
flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's
coming footsteps hailing.
We'll haste to meet Him
with the bridal hymn.

7 [D7]

- 1 "A little while";
now He has come;
The hour draws on apace -
The blessed hour,
the glorious morn,
When we shall see His face.
How light our trials
then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
The life of earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

Chorus

*Then, Oh Lord Jesus,
quickly show
Thy glory and Thy light,
And take God's longing
children home,
And end earth's weary night.*

- 2 "A little while";
with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask, "How long?"
For how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan?
- 3 Yet peace, my heart!
and hush, my tongue!
Be calm, my troubled breast!
Each passing hour prepares
thee more
For everlasting rest.
Thou knowest well,
the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.
The morning star already shines:
The glow is in the east.

8

- 1 All, all for Thee! Dear Saviour,
may this watchword
Be Thine own key-note for
my life this year.
So sweetly harmonizing
thought and action,
That none who listen shall a
discord hear!

- 2 All, all for Thee!
Oh take me now entirely!
Return each note with Thine
own gentle hand;
I give myself afresh
into Thy keeping,
To do or suffer,
as Thou shalt command.
- 3 I give my heart -
I long to love Thee better
Than ever I have done
in years before:
That all I do may be a joy,
not duty;
Lord Jesus, grant it;
may I love Thee more!
- 4 I give my will,
Oh Master, do receive it;
It must rebel in any care
but Thine;
I cannot keep it,
it is so self-pleasing:
What rest to think it is
no longer mine!
- 5 Oh Master, by Thine own
most Holy Spirit,
Send heav'nly music
o'er the earth through me!
So true, so beautiful,
so soul-refreshing,
That those who hear it
may learn more of Thee!

9 [D8]

- 1 All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed
pow'rs;
All my thoughts and words
and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.
- 2 Let my hands perform His
bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His
praise.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His
praise.
- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on
Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside -
So enchained my spirit's
vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! All for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified!

10 [D9]

- 1 All glory to Jesus be giv'n,
That life and salvation are
free,
And all may be wash'd
and forgiv'n;
Yes, Jesus has saved even me.

Chorus

- Christ Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation
shall know.
On His merit I lean, and
His blood makes me clean,
Yes, His blood has wash'd
whiter than snow.*
- 2 From the darkness of sin
and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me
and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions
above.
 - 3 Oh, the rapturous heights
of His love,
The measureless depths
of His grace!
My soul all His fullness
would prove,
And live in His loving
embrace.
 - 4 In Him all my needs
are supplied,
His love starts my heaven
below,
And freely His blood is
applied,
His blood that makes whiter
than snow.

11 [D10]

- 1 All hail the power of
Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you
by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints, whose love can
ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies
at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

12 [D11]

- 1 All people that on earth
do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with
cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear,
His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him
and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord ye know 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 Oh, 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.

13 [D12]

- 1 All the way
my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been
my guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest
comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
||:For I know, whate'er
befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well. :||
- 2 All the way
my Saviour leads me
Cheers each winding path
I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living
bread;
Though my weary steps
may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
||:Gushing from the Rock
before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see. :||

3 All the way
my Saviour leads me;
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me
is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my being, clothed
immortal,
Joins His saints in realms
of day,
||: This my song through
endless ages
Jesus led me all the way. :||

14

- 1 All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live.
- 2 All to Jesus I surrender,
Humbly at His feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all forsaken -
Take me, Jesus, take me now.
- 3 All to Jesus I surrender,
Make me, Saviour, wholly
Thine;
Let the Holy Spirit witness
I am Thine and Thou art mine.
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender:
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
Fill me with Thy love and
power,
Let Thy blessing rest on me.

15 [D13]

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His
cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be borne to Paradise,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win
the prize,
And sailed through troubled
seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me
to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend
to grace
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would
reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the
pain,
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 When Thine illustrious day
shall rise,
And all Thy saints shall shine,
And shouts of vict'ry rend
the skies,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.

16 [D14]

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To wean my soul from earth
away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Though late, I all forsake;
My will, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer,
take, Oh take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 3 Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering
soul
With all Thy weight of love.
- 4 My one desire be this,
Thy love to fully know;
Nor seek I longer other bliss
Or other good below.
- 5 My life, my portion Thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly
treasure now
Enter, and keep my heart.

17

- 1 And dost Thou say,
"Ask what thou wilt"?
Lord, I would seize the
golden hour;
I pray to be released from
guilt,
And freed from sin and
Satan's power.

- 2 More of Thy presence, Lord,
impart,
More of Thine image let me
bear;
Erect Thy throne within my
heart,
And reign without a rival
there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon
sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw
my strength.
To have Thy boundless love
revealed.
Its height and depth,
its breadth and length.
- 4 Grant these requests,
I ask no more.
But to Thy care the rest resign;
Living or dying, rich or poor.
All shall be well if Thou art
mine.

18 [D15]

- 1 Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 2 What is faith's foundation
strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace
with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest
woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death
will be?
Who will place me on His
right,
With the countless hosts
of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the
grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

19

1 As pants the hart for cooling
streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, Oh God,
for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 Why restless, why cast down,
my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee and change
these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

3 For Thee, my God, the living
God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh when shall I behold
Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

4 Why restless, why cast down,
my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is
thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

20

1 As pants the hart for water
brooks,
So pants my soul for Thee.
Oh, when shall I behold
Thy face,
When wilt Thou call for me?

2 How oft at night I turn mine eyes
Towards my heavenly home,
And long for that blest time
when Thou,
My Lord, shalt bid me, "Come!"

3 And yet I know that only those
Thy blessed face shall see,
Whose hearts from every
stain of sin
Are purified and free.

4 And Oh, my Master and
my Lord,
I know I'm far from meet
With all Thy blessed saints
in light
To hold communion sweet.

5 I know that those who share
Thy throne
Must in Thy likeness be,
And all the Spirit's precious
fruits
In them the Father see.

6 Lord, grant me grace more
patiently
To strive with my poor heart,
And bide Thy time to be
with Thee
And see Thee as Thou art!

21 [D1]

- 1 Assist us, Father, in Thy love,
With light and comfort from
above;
Be Thou our guardian,
Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step
preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose
Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er
depart.
- 3 Lead us in holiness, the road
Which we must keep to dwell
with Thee;
Lead us in Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from Thy pastures
stray.

4 Teach us in watchfulness
and prayer
To wait for Thine appointed
hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conq'ring
power.

22 [D16]

- 1 As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming
bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and
earth adore,
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger 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 glorious King.
- 4 Holy Saviour, 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.

23

- 1 At even ere the sun was set,
The sick, Oh Lord, around
Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains
they met!
Oh, with what joy they
went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide,
and we
Oppressed with various ills
draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot
see?
We know and feel that Thou
art here.
- 3 Oh Saviour Christ, our woes
dispel:
For some are sick, and some
are sad,
And some have never loved
Thee well,
And some have lost the love
they had;
- 4 And some have found the
world is vain,
Yet from the world they
break not free;
And some have friends who
give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend
in Thee.
- 5 And all, Oh Lord, crave
perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from
sin;
And they who fain would
serve Thee best
Are conscious most of
wrong within.

- 6 Oh Saviour Christ, Thou too
wast Man;
Thou hast been troubled,
tempted, tried:
Thy kind but searching glance
can scan
The very wounds that shame
would hide;
- 7 Thy touch has still its
ancient power;
No word from Thee can
fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening
hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

24 [D17]

- 1 Awake! And sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every
tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Come, pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice we in the Lamb of God
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 3 Soon shall each raptured
tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
In sweeter voices tune the
song.
Of Moses and the Lamb.

25 [D18]

- 1 Awake, Jerusalem awake!
No longer in the dust lie
down;
The garment of salvation
take,
Thy beauty and thy strength
put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds
thy sight,
And hides the promise from
thine eyes;
Arise, and gladly hail the light:
The great Deliverer calls, arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of
sad despair;
And now receive thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart
prepare,
And God shall set the
captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy,
sons of grace,
Be purged from every
sinful stain;
Behold your Lord!
His Word embrace,
Nor bear His hallowed name
in vain.

26 [D20]

- 1 Awake my soul, stretch
ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands
thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents
the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless
glory bright,
With Thee, Oh Lord, we'll gain,
When earth's great monarchs
shall have lost
Their glory and their fame.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced
by Thee,
Our race have we begun;
And crowned with victory,
at Thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

27 [D19]

- 1 Awake my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great
Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song
from me;
His loving kindness,
Oh how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me,
notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost
estate;
His loving kindness,
Oh how great!

3 Though numerous hosts
of mighty foes
Combine its heav'nward way
t'oppose,
He safely leads His Church
along:
His loving kindness,
Oh how strong!

4 When trouble, like a
gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and
thundered loud
He near my soul has
always stood:
His loving kindness,
Oh how good!

5 And when earth's rightful
King shall come,
To take His ransomed people
home,
I'll sing upon that blissful shore:
His loving kindness evermore.

28

1 Awake our souls!
Away our fears!
Let every trembling thought
be gone!
Awake, and run the
heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a straight and
thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire
and faint!
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength
of every saint.

3 Oh mighty God,
Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while
endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the ever-flowing
spring
Our souls shall drink a
fresh supply;
While such as trust their
native strength
Shall melt away, and droop,
and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cleaves
the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine
abode;
On wings of love our souls
shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly
road.

29

1 Be glad in the Lord and rejoice,
All ye that are upright in heart;
And ye that have made Him
your choice,
Bid sadness and sorrow depart.

Chorus

*Rejoice! Rejoice!
Be glad in the Lord
and rejoice!
Rejoice! Rejoice!
Be glad in the Lord
and rejoice!*

2 Be joyful, for He is the Lord,
On earth and in heaven
supreme;
He fashions and rules by
His word;
The "mighty" and "strong"
to redeem.

3 What though in the conflict
for right
Your enemies almost prevail!
God's armies, just hid from
your sight,
Are more than the foes
which assail.

4 Though darkness surround
you by day,
Your sky by the night
be o'ercast,
Let nothing your spirit dismay,
But trust till the danger is past.

5 Be glad in the Lord and rejoice,
His praises proclaiming in song;
With harp, and with organ,
and voice,
The loud hallelujahs prolong!

30 [D21]

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On members of a fallen race,
To make them sons of God.

2 By His dear Son redeemed,
By grace then purified;
What favour that we should
be named
For Christ's joint-heir
and bride!

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour
there,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 Now in our Father's love
We share a filial part;
He grants the spirit from above
To dwell within each heart.

31

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand -
The shadow 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 Oh safe and happy shelter,
Oh refuge tried and sweet,
Oh 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 I take, Oh 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 former life my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

32

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

Chorus

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

2 Perfect submission,
perfect delight,
Visions of rapture
burst on my sight;
Angels, descending,
bring from above,
Echoes of mercy,
whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission,
all is at rest,
I in my Saviour
am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting,
looking above,
Filled with His goodness,
lost in His love.

33

[D22]

1 Blessed Bible, precious Word!
Boon most sacred from the
Lord;
Glory to His name be giv'n,
For this choicest gift from
heav'n.

2 'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths
of night;
Brighter than ten thousand
gems
Of the costliest diadems.

3 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

4 'Tis a mine, aye, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem
appears.

34

- 1 Blest are the humble souls
that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them
are given,
And crowns of joy laid up
in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of
broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with
inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely
flows,
A healing balm for all
their woes.
- 3 Blest are the souls
that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for
righteousness;
They shall be well supplied
and fed,
With living streams and living
bread.
- 4 Blest are the pure,
whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power
of sin;
With endless pleasure
they shall see
The God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the sufferers,
who partake
Of pain and shame
for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph
in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their
reward.

35

[D23]

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred
minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes
are one,
Whose kind designs to serve
and please
Through all their actions run.
- 3 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes,
our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 4 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 5 When we asunder part,
Oh may this mutual love
Encourage every fainting heart
His zeal and faith to prove.
- 6 Our glorious hope revives
Our courage every day,
While each in expectation
strives
To run the heavenly way.

37

- 1 Break Thou the Bread
of Life,
Dear Lord, to me
As Thou didst break the
loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
Oh living word!
- 2 Oh grant Thy spirit, Lord,
Now unto me;
Enlighten Thou my eyes
That I may see;
Show me the truth concealed
Within Thy word,
Then in Thy Book revealed
I'll see Thee, Lord.
- 3 Bless Thou the truth,
dear Lord,
To me, to me;
As Thou didst bless
the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All in All.

38

[D25]

- 1 Bride of the Lamb,
awake, awake!
Why weep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory,
Christ is thine;
A child of glory, thou.

- 2 Thy spirit thro' the lonely
night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for One that's
far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.
- 3 But see, the night is waning
fast,
The breaking morn is here;
And Jesus comes, with voice
of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 4 He comes, for Oh,
His yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled
joy
To call His bride away.
- 5 This earth, the scene of all
His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon His heavenly
throne
Its rightful King shall see.
- 6 His own kind hand shall
wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans,
and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

39

- 1 Brighter and clearer grows
the light of the morning,
Driving the clouds of gloom
for aye away.
Sounds yet but dimly heard
acclaim the dawning
Of our Redeemer's day.

2 Heads now are lifting which
had drooped in sadness,
Hearts chilled in sorrow feel
the warming ray,
Lips gently loosening in acts
of praising,
For our Redeemer's day.

3 Oh glorious hope for all in
signs so cheering;
Saints from their sleeping
tombs have come away
And with the living ones are
soon appearing,
In our Redeemer's day.

4 Hark! Hark! Those rousing
notes of joy and singing,
Whence all this music?
Fellow pilgrim say!
Why are the everlasting
joy bells ringing?
'Tis our Redeemer's day.

40

1 Child of Mine, I love thee,
listen now to Me,
And make answer truly,
while I question thee.
For I see that shadows
do thy soul oppress
And thy faith so weakens
that I cannot bless.

2 Thou hast craved My power
and presence in thy soul.
Wilt thou yield thee truly
unto My control?
Wilt thou let Me ever
with thee have My way -
Yield thyself in all things
simply to obey?

3 Tho' My presence oft-times
seems to be withdrawn -
Of My inward workings
not a trace be shown -
Wilt thou count Me present,
notwithstanding all -
Still believe I'm working
ever in thy soul?

4 When I give to others
what I thee deny,
Flood them with My sunshine -
wholly pass thee by -
Wilt thou still believe in
My strong love for thee,
Yield thee to My purpose,
whatsoe'er it be?

5 When I to thy pleadings
seem no heed to pay,
And thy foes grow bolder -
claim thee as their prey; -
Tho' towards thee I'm silent,
wilt thou stand the test?
On My word of promise
lay thee down to rest?

6 If to these My questions
thou can'st answer "Yes",
Thou shalt be for ever one
I love the best.
To the inner circle of
My faithful few
Thou shalt be admitted,
and My glory view.

41 [D27]

- 1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy
praise,
Glorious in His works and
ways.
- 2 Lift your eyes,
ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home
shall be;
There our Lord we soon
shall see.
- 3 We are travelling home to
God,
In the way our Saviour trod;
In the hour of trial we
Watch Thy footprints, Lord, to
see.
- 4 Fear not, brethren,
joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Blessed Christ, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

42 [D28]

- 1 Christ gave His life for me,
His precious blood He shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
He gave, He gave His life
for me;
How grateful I should be!

- 2 His Father's house of light,
His glory-circled throne,
He left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
He left, He left it all for me,
Have I left all for Thee?
- 3 He suffered much for me,
More than I now can know,
Of bitterest agony;
He drained the cup of woe;
He bore, He bore it all for me,
What have I borne for Thee?
- 4 He now has brought to me,
Down from His home above,
Salvation full and free,
Pardon and life and love.
He brings, He brings rich
gifts to me -
Lord, I give all to Thee.

43 [D29]

- 1 Christian, the morn
breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows
flee;
Tinged are the distant skies
with glory,
A beacon light hangs out
for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks
o'er thee,
Bright from thy everlasting
home;
Soon shalt thou reach
thy goal of glory,
Soon shalt thou share
thy Saviour's throne.

2 Lift up thy head;
the day breaks o'er thee;
Bright is the promised
shining way!
Light from heaven is
streaming for thee;
Lo! 'Tis the dawn of
perfect day.
Rejoice! rejoice!
in hope of glory,
Counting all else but vanity:
Precious this truth; Oh seek
and hold it,
And send it forth
that all may see.

44 [D30]

1 Christ is come!
now let creation
From her groans and
travail cease:
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith
increase.

Chorus

*Christ is come!
Christ is come!
Christ the blessed
Prince of Peace.
Christ is come!
Christ is come!
Christ the blessed
Prince of Peace.*

2 Earth can yet but read
the story
Of His Cross and dying pain;
But shall soon behold
His glory;
For He cometh now to reign.

3 Long Thine exiles have
been pining,
Far from rest and home
and Thee;
But in heavenly vesture
shining,
Soon they shall Thy
glory see.

4 With this blessed hope
before us;
Let no harp remain unstrung
Let the mighty ransomed
chorus,
Onward roll from tongue
to tongue.

45 [D31]

1 Christ the Lord, is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say;
Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs
high;
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heav'ns -
and earth, reply.
Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Hallelujah!
Fought the battle; victory won.
Hallelujah!
Lo! He's risen conqueror,
Hallelujah!
And shall sink in death no more.
Hallelujah!

3 Vain the watch, the seal,
the stone;
Hallelujah!
Christ as conqueror is known;
Hallelujah!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Hallelujah!
Soon He'll open paradise.
Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Hallelujah!
Where, Oh Death, is now thy
sting?
Hallelujah!
Once He died our souls to save;
Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting
Grave?
Hallelujah!

46

1 Christian! Seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes,
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for 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'er-came;
Still they mark each warrior's
way
All with one consent 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.

47 [D32]

1 Come all ye saints to
Pisgah's mountain,
Come see the view beyond
the tide;
Millennial Canaan is before
us,
Soon we'll sing on the
other side.
Oh, there see the "white
throne of glory",
And crowns which the saints
then shall gain;
And all who shall love
Christ's appearing,
Shall be blessed by His
glorious reign.

Chorus

*Oh, the prospect!
It is so transporting,
Reapers hasten the gath'ring,
we pray;
We rejoice in the glory
that's promised,
And the dawn of millennial day.*

- 2 Thence springs of life will
e'er be flowing
Robing the earth in living
green,
Visions of beauty rise
before us
When the King and the saints
shall reign.
Soon our conflicts and toils
will be ended;
We'll be tried and tempted
no more,
And mankind of all ages
and nations
Shall be blessed in that
triumphant hour.
- 3 Faith now beholds
salvation's river,
Gliding from underneath
the throne,
Bearing its life to whomsoever
Will return to the Father
home.
They will walk 'mid the trees
by the rivers,
With the friends they have
loved by their side;
They will sing the glad songs
of salvation,
And be ready to follow
their guide.

48

- 1 Come, Gracious Father,
Sun divine!
On these baptismal waters
shine.
Thy light, Thy love,
Thy life impart,
And fill each consecrated heart.
- 2 We love Thy name,
we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace
Thy cause;
We'll bear the cross,
the shame, the pain,
With Thy dear Son,
for us once slain!
- 3 We sink beneath the mystic
wave,
Nor would we seek our life
to save;
We yield our will to Thine
own mould,
Nor would we seek our own
to hold.
- 4 And as we rise for Thee to live,
Oh let Thy Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from
above,
The breath of life,
the fire of love.

49 [D34]

1 Come, let us anew
our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still
till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly
fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope
and the labour of love.

2 Our life, as a dream,
our time, as a stream
Glides swiftly away.
And the fugitive moments
we would not delay.
Haste, haste ye along,
dark moments be gone,
For the jubilee year
Rushes on to our view,
and its dawn is now here.

3 Oh, at close of our day
may each of us say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord
may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy and
sit down on My throne!"

50

1 Come, let us join our
cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are
their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died,
they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb,
our hearts reply
For He was slain for us.

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

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

51 [D35]

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

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

3 Lord, I bring my burdens all,
On Thy name in faith I call;
Trusting in the blood once spilt
For release from all my guilt.

4 When I come to Thee for rest,
With Thy favour I am blest,
Lord, Thy blood-bought
right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 Ere I call, the answer comes,
Bringing peace 'mid earth's
alarms,
God my inmost thought
doth read;
Yes, His grace is all I need.

52 [D36]

1 Come, sing the Gospel's
joyful sound,
Salvation full and free;
Proclaim to all the world
around,
The year of Jubilee.

Chorus
Salvation, salvation,
The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation, salvation,
Through Christ, our Lord
and King.

2 Ye mournful souls, aloud
rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with
thankful voice,
The Lord hath made you free!

3 With rapture swell
the song again,
Of Jesus' dying love;
'Tis peace on earth, goodwill
to men,
And praise to God above!

53

1 Come with hearts united
Ye who know God's love,
To a feast invited,
Sent us from above.
Joyfully we gather,
Fellowship is sweet,
Knowing that our Father
Meets us as we meet.

Chorus

Loving Father, guide us,
As we run our race,
Journey Thou beside us
Till we see Thy face.

2 If our faces lighten,
Let it clearly prove
That we seek to brighten
Those 'mongst whom
we move.
So our joy will double
As His Word we keep,
And in peace or trouble,
Tend the Lord's dear sheep.

3 Though the path before us
Narrow is and rough
Yet His wings are o'er us,
Is not this enough?
Now we have communion
With our risen Lord,
Soon completed union
Will be our reward.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart a song to raise,
Streams of favour, never ceasing,
Call for notes of heart-felt praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet -
Grace to gratitude doth move;
Praise Thy grace, I glory in it!
Grace so full of matchless love.
- 2 Not alone hath grace redeemed me,
Bought me with Christ's precious blood,
Sought me out when I, a stranger,
Wandered from the fold of God;
But beyond this great salvation
God hath shown me wondrous grace -
Call'd me with a heav'nly calling,
Ever to behold His face.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Lord, Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Binds my grateful heart to Thee.
I will tread the way appointed,
Rough and thorny though it be;
In the steps of Thine Anointed;
'Tis my privilege, I see.

- 1 Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest!
Oh 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 that cannot cease.
- 2 Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light!
Oh loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life!
Oh cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out!
Oh welcome voice 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.

56 [D38]

1 Come, ye disconsolate!
where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat,
fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts;
here tell your anguish;
Earth hath 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 hath 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 hath no sorrows
but heaven can remove.

57 [D39]

1 Come, ye that know and
love the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice
accord
To sing that "God is love".

2 This precious truth His
Word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love".

3 Behold His patience,
bearing long
With those who from Him
rove;
Soon He'll instruct earth's
mighty throng,
And teach them "God is love".

58

1 Come, ye that love the Lord
And let your songs abound,
With heart and voice
in sweet accord,
Now spread His fame around.

2 Let all His children sing
Glad songs of praise to God,
Yes, children of the heavenly
King
Should tell their joys abroad.

3 This loving God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend;
He doth employ His heavenly
powers
To guide us to the end.

4 Soon we shall see His face
And know His matchless worth,
And through His all-abounding
grace
Show all His glories forth.

5 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing
bliss,
With constant joys elate.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through
Immanuel's ground,
To fairer prospects nigh.

59

- 1 Come ye yourselves apart
and rest awhile,
Weary, I know it, of the
press and throng;
Wipe from your brow
the sweat and dust of toil,
And in My quiet strength
again be strong.
- 2 Come ye aside from all
the world holds dear,
For converse which the
world has never known;
Alone with Me and with My
Father here,
With Me and with My Father,
not alone.
- 3 Come, tell Me all that ye
have said and done,
Your victories and failures,
hopes and fears;
I know how hardly souls are
wooded and won;
My choicest wreaths are
always wet with tears.
- 4 Come ye, and rest!
The journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside
the way, and sink;
The bread of Life is here
for you to eat,
And here for you the wine
of love to drink.
- 5 Then, fresh from converse
with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens
into even;
The brief hours are not lost
in which ye learn,
More of your Master and His
rest in Heaven.

60

- 1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! How the heavenly
anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless
King
Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;
And ye, who tread where
He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them
for His own,
That all in Him may rest.
- 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, - eternal life
to bring,
And lives, that death may die.
- 4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in realms above,
Crown Him the King to Whom
is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings,
with many crowns
For He is King of all.

61

1 Dear Lord and Father
of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful
mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs
who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling
of the Lord,
Let us, like them,
without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 With that deep hush
subduing all
Our words and works
that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell the manna down.

4 Drop Thy still dews
of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease,
Take from our souls the strain
and stress,
And let our ordered lives
confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

62 [D42]

1 Dear Saviour, we Thy will
obey;
Not of constraint, but
with delight,
Thy servants hither come
to-day
To honour Thine appointed
rite.

2 By mercy from the God
of love
We count ourselves
as dead to sin;
This is our consecration
pledge,
And symbol of our hope
in Him.

3 No more let sin and self-will
reign
Over our bodies, reckoned dead;
But overcoming day by day,
We'll grow into our living Head.

63 [D43]

1 Deem not that they are
blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful
tenor keep;
Th' anointed Son of God
makes known
A blessing for the eyes
that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall
fill again
The lids that overflow
with tears;
And weary hours of toil
and pain
Forerunners are of
happier years.

3 Yes, a bright day of
peaceful rest
Succeeds this dark and
troubled night;
Though grief may bide an
evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with
early light.

4 Let not the Christian's trust
depart,
Though life its common gifts
deny:
Though with a sinking,
fainting heart,
He sometimes almost longs
to die.

5 For God has marked each
sorrowing day,
And numbered every
secret tear;
And blissful ages yet shall pay
For all His children suffer
here.

64

1 Dying with Jesus,
by death reckoned mine;
Living with Jesus
a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus
till glory doth shine -
Moment by moment,
Oh Lord, I am Thine.

Chorus

*Moment by moment
I'm kept in His love,
Moment by moment
I've life from above;
Looking to Jesus
till glory doth shine;
Moment by moment,
Oh Lord, I am Thine.*

2 Never a battle
with wrong for the right,
Never a contest
that He doth not fight;
Lifting above us
His banner so white -
Moment by moment
I'm kept in His sight.

3 Never a trial
that He is not there,
Never a burden
that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow
that He doth not share -
Moment by moment
I'm under His care.

4 Never a weakness
that He doth not feel,
Never a sickness
that He cannot heal;
Moment by moment
in woe or in weal,
Jesus my Saviour
abides with me still.

65 [D44]

1 Equip me for the war,
And teach me how to fight;
My mind and heart,
Oh Lord prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 With calm and tempered zeal,
Let me proclaim Thy plan;
And vindicate Thy gracious will
Which offers life to man.

3 Oh, may I love like Thee,
In love declare Thy ways,
And help the blinded ones
to see
Thy truth declares Thy praise.

4 And teach me, Lord, the art
With wisdom to remove
The errors that deceive the
heart,
And truth to clearly prove.

5 Oh, arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in Thee;
And let my fervent zeal
be joined
With grace and charity.

6 Control my every thought,
My talents all enlist;
And may my zeal, to judgment
brought,
Prove true beneath Thy test.

66 [D45]

1 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be Thy glorious name;
While hosts in heaven Thy
praises sing,
Let saints on earth Thy love
proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on Thee,
my God;
I rest my hope on Thee alone;
I'll spread Thy sacred truths
abroad,
And to mankind Thy love make
known.

3 Awake, my tongue;
awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn
arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the
skies.

4 With those who in Thy grace
abound,
To Thee I'll raise my thankful
voice;
May every land, the earth
around,
Yet hear, and in Thy name
rejoice.

67

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

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

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native
sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before that wondrous Light
appear
And to His holy throne
draw near
And humbly worship Him.

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

5 These shall prepare us for
the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and
night
May dwell in the eternal Light
Through the eternal Love!

68

- 1 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of Thy
face
Upon our hearts to shine.
- 2 Light in Thy light,
Oh may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheered,
and blest by Thee,
God of abounding love.
- 3 Lift up Thy countenance
serene,
And let Thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud
between,
The Father reconciled.
- 4 That all-comprising peace
bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness bestow,
The precious joys of heaven.

69

[D47]

- 1 Fade! Fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break ev'ry tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Absent the resting place;
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
He is my only stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but an aching void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!
- 4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
God's love is manifest.
Jesus is mine!

70

- 1 Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, one shining
morn,
Went forth the reaper band.
- 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple -gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall
live,
We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

71

1 Father, 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 bowing,
wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon
our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee
shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin,
the hearts from shame,
That in Thy 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, Oh Lord,
to Thine eternal peace.

72

1 Father, guide us safely
on our pilgrim journey.
Let us speak Thy wondrous
name as we approach
to Thee;
Surely we are trusting
in Thy boundless mercy,
Lead us, dear Father,
on to victory.

2 Father, gracious Father, clouds
are gath'ring round us,
Let us grasp Thy powerful hand
as darker grows the night,
Keep us ever leaning
on Thy word of promise,
Lead us, dear Father,
into Thy great light.

3 Father, truly feed us with
Thy bread from heaven,
Strengthen thus our hearts
and minds - support us
in Thy love,
Sanctify us wholly, keep us
ever humble,
Lead us, dear Father,
to Thy home above.

4 Father, gracious Father,
we Thy saints adore Thee,
As we blend our songs of praise,
Thy glory may we see,
When through all our journey
Thou hast safely guided,
Lead us, dear Father,
into victory.

73

- 1 Father, hear the prayer
we offer,
Not for ease that prayer
shall be,
But for strength,
that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But by steep and rugged
pathways
Would we strive to climb
to Thee.
- 3 Be our strength in hours
of weakness;
In our wanderings
be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure,
danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.
- 4 Let our path be bright
or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be
our share,
May our hearts,
in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work
our ceaseless prayer.

74

- 1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
The changes that are sure
to come
I do not fear to see.
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful
love,
Through constant watching
wise,
To meet the glad with joyful
smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless
will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing
to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 I ask Thee for the daily
strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward
life,
Still keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space
If Thou be glorified.

75

- 1 Father, let me dedicate
All my days to Thee
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name".
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor with-holdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it
sings,
Thee in all proclaim
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.
- 4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name".

76

- 1 Father, now the day is over, -
Weary, worn, myself I bring;
My defenceless soul, Oh, cover
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 2 Pardon all the day's
transgressing,
Cleanse from every stain of sin;
Lord, I come my need
confessing,
Make and keep me pure
within.
- 3 Wipe away my tears of sorrow,
Take me to Thy loving breast,
Make me stronger for
tomorrow,
Give me peace and holy rest.

77

- 1 Father, now we seek Thy face,
Look from heaven Thy dwelling
place.
May our faith in Thee increase,
Keep, Oh keep in perfect
peace.
- 2 In the strain and stress of life,
Keep us free from earthly
strife,
With Thy blessing from above,
Keep, Oh keep in perfect love.
- 3 In the fire may we endure,
Stand refining more and more,
E'en though humbled to the
dust,
Keep, Oh keep in perfect trust.

- 4 Thou in love hast made us free,
Ours is perfect liberty,
Let our confidence be blest,
Keep, Oh keep in perfect rest.
- 5 Thus with tuneful hearts
we raise
This our parting song of praise.
May our joy in Thee ne'er
cease,
Keep, Oh keep in perfect
peace.

78

- 1 Father of all, to Thee
With loving hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mercy given,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
From Heaven, Thy Throne,
in mercy shed
Thy blessings on each
bended head.
- 2 Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent
chords along,
Until they tremble into song.
- 3 Father of all, to Thee,
We breathe unutter'd fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand, and
through the wild
Lead gently on each
trustful child.
- 4 Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallow'd joy:
In storm and calm give us
to see
The path of peace which leads
to Thee.

79 [D49]

- 1 Father of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the Saviour's
welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace
around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heavenly
pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may
I see,
And still increasing light!
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious
Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred
Word,
And view my Saviour here.

80

- 1 Father we adore Thee,
for Thy gift that bought us,
Tho' we once were dead in sin
we now have life in Thee;
May we live to serve Thee
as our Lord hath taught us,
Seeking to show Thy might
and majesty.
- 2 Darkness dense surrounds us,
man cannot discern Thee,
None but those whom Thou
hast touched,
Thy truth and love can see;
Few there be can praise Thee,
most despise and spurn Thee,
Yet, in due time, world-wide
the song shall be.
- 3 Great and good Thy works are
Lord God Almighty;
Marvellous, and just and true,
Oh King of Saints, Thy ways;
Who shall fail to fear Thee,
Lord, and glorify Thee;
Thou alone art holy;
to Thy name be praise.
- 4 When Thy kingdom cometh,
when the books are opened,
When Thy righteous acts are
known, Thy love made
manifest;
Nations all shall seek Thee
and bow down before Thee,
And, serving Thee,
shall be forever blest.

81

[D50]

- 1 Father, whate'er of earthly
bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of
grace,
Let this petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful
heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace
impart,
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet thought that
Thou art mine
My every hour attend;
Thy presence through my
journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

82

[D51]

- 1 Father, while our eyes
are weeping
O'er the spoils that death
has won,
We would, at this solemn
meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done".
- 2 Though cast down, we're
not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and Thou hast
taken;
Blessed Lord "Thy will be done".

3 Though to-day we're filled
with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With Thy smiles of love
returning,
We can sing,
"Thy will be done".

4 By Thy hands the boon was
giv'n;
Thou hast taken but
Thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of
heav'n,
Evermore, "Thy will be done".

83

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

2 "Save, Lord, we perish,"
was their cry;
"Oh save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm
rose high,
"Peace, be still!"

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

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

84

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

2 Run the straight race
through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes,
and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path
and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside,
lean on thy Guide
His boundless mercy
will provide;
Lean, and thy trusting soul
shall prove
Christ is its life,
and Christ its love.

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

85

- 1 Fill thou my life, Oh Lord
my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being
may proclaim
Thy beauty and Thy ways.
- 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:
- 3 Praise in the common things
of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and
each deed,
However small and mean.
- 4 So shall no part of day or
night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

86

[D53]

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead
is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here we are being spent,
As pilgrims here we roam,
Yet nightly pitch our moving
tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, Thy blessed will
We're learning daily through
Thy Word,
And seeking to fulfil.
- 4 And when our latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
Through merit of our Saviour's
death
We hope this bliss to gain.
- 5 With Thee the promised throne
Then evermore to share,
We'll gladly make Thy glory
known
Thy praises everywhere.

87

[D54]

- 1 Free from the curse,
Oh happy condition!
Jesus, our Lord,
hath purchased remission;
Cursed by God's law
when bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us
once for all.

Chorus

Once for all!
Oh yes! We believe it;
Once for all!
By faith we receive it!
Lo, at His cross
all burdens will fall.
Christ hath redeemed us
once for all.

2 Now we are free,
there's no condemnation;
Jesus will soon
perfect our salvation;
His kingdom soon
shall rule over all.
Saving the willing
from the fall.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains
belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices
raise,
And fill the world with
joyful praise.

3 Children of God,
Oh glorious calling!
Surely His grace
will keep us from falling.
Passing from death
to life at His call.
Blessed salvation!
once for all.

89 [D56]

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

88 [D55]

1 From all that dwell
below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name
be sung,
Through every land,
by every tongue.

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

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from
shore to shore,
From age to age for ever-more.

3 Oh, whither could we flee
for aid,
When tempted, desolate,
dismayed?
Or how would hosts of foes
defeat
Had suffering saints no
mercy seat?

3 Your lofty themes,
ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise exulting sing:
The great salvation loud
proclaim,
And ever praise the Saviour's
name.

4 There, there on eagle wings
we soar,
And sin and sense molest
no more;
And heaven comes down our
souls to greet,
While glory crowns the
mercy seat.

90 [D57]

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts
thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds,
and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall
this night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirit down?
Cast off the weight,
let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
- 4 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou gladly own
His way,
How wise, how strong
His hand!
- 5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work
hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

91 [D58]

- 1 Glorious things of thee
are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.
He whose word cannot be
broken
Formed thee for His own
abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Naught can shake thy sure
repose;
With Salvation's walls
surrounded,
Thou shalt triumph o'er
thy foes.
- 2 Built upon this sure foundation,
Zion shall in glory rise;
Men shall call thy walls
Salvation,
And thy gates shall be
named Praise.
The redeemed of every nation
Shall with joy thy glory see,
And find rest from tribulation,
Hope and life and peace
in thee.
- 3 Then the streams of living
waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and
daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who need faint while such
a river
Ever flows their thirst
to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord,
the giver
Never fails from age to age.

4 Who would faint while such
a prospect
Urges on to faithfulness,
Though thy present mournful
aspect
Seem no cause for thankfulness?
Look not the thing beside thee;
Those behind thee have no
worth;
Let the glorious hope before
thee
Fill thy heart with rapturous
mirth.

92 [D59]

- 1 Glory to God on high!
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 While the blest heavenly
throng
Gratefully join in song,
Praising His name
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Make earth a holy place,
Praising His name.
In Him let all rejoice,
Singing with heart and voice -
Christ is our blessed choice,
"Worthy our King!"

4 Soon shall all sorrow cease;
For lo! The Prince of Peace
Cometh to reign;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
We'll through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

93 [D60]

- 1 Go bury thy sorrow,
The world has its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly,
When curtain'd 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 thy way;
He'll lighten thy burden,
Go, weary one, pray.
- 3 Hearts growing weary
With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness -
Go, comfort them, go!
Go, bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go, give them the sunshine;
Tell Jesus the rest.

- 1 God be with you till we
meet again;
By His counsel guide,
uphold you,
With His sheep securely
fold you,
God be with you till we
meet again.

Chorus

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you
till we meet again.*

- 2 God be with you till we
meet again.
'Neath His wings securely
hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we
meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we
meet again,
When life's perils thick
confound you;
Put His arms unfailing
round you,
God be with you till we
meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we
meet again.
Keep love's banner floating
o'er you;
Smite death's threatening
wave before you,
God be with you till we
meet again.

- 1 God holds the key of
all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold
the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.
- 2 What if to-morrow's cares
were here
Without its rest!
I'd rather He unlocked the day;
And, as the hours swing open,
say,
"My will is best".
- 3 The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure;
For, groping in my misty way,
I feel His hand; I hear Him say
"My help is sure".
- 4 I cannot read His future plans;
But this I know;
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.
- 5 Enough! This covers all
my wants,
And so I rest!
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I safe shall be.
For ever blest.

96

1 God is love: His mercy
brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He
lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy
ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest
seemeth
Will His changeless goodness
prove;
From the gloom His brightness
streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares
entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

97 [D61]

1 God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress
invade;
Ere we can offer our
complaints,
Behold Him present with
His aid.

2 There is a stream, whose
gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God
With peace, and joy and
blessing now,
E'en in our narrow trial road.

3 That sacred stream,
Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays,
our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises
afford.
And give new strength to
fainting souls.

98 [D62]

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

Chorus
Oh, 'twas love,
'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour
from above
To die on Calvary.

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

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

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, even now,
The peace and joy of heaven.

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

99 [D63]

- 1 God moves in a mysterious
way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps
in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright
designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints,
fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall
break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble
sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter
taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

100 [D64]

- 1 God of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods
prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart
to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless
and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep
complaint?
Where, but with Thee,
whose open door
Invites the helpless
and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead
with Thee,
And Thou refuse that
mourner's plea?
Does not the word still
fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy
face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised,
forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets
me not;
And he is safe and must
succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes
to plead.

101 [D65]

- 1 God of my life,
through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound
Thy praise;
The song shall wake with
opening light,
And warble till the silent
night.
- 2 When anxious cares would
break my rest,
And griefs would make me
sore distress,
Thy tuneful praises, raised
on high,
Shall check the murmur
and the sigh.
- 3 Were half the breath that's
vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would
oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath
done for me".
- 4 Yes, done for me;
Lord, I confess
Thy wisdom and Thy
righteousness,
And all my days shall
therefore be,
Of praise a tribute,
Lord, to Thee.

102

- 1 God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek
Thy face,
Bend from heaven,
Thy dwelling place;
Hear, forgive, and save.
- 2 When we in Thy presence
meet,
Spread our wants before
Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy seat,
Look from heaven and save
- 3 When Thy love our hearts
shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy Holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from
Thy fold,
And our love to Thee
grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive, and save.
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow
press,
Earthly care and want distress;
May our souls Thy peace
possess;
Father, hear and save.
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts
to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save.

103 [D66]

- 1 God has promised a glorious day,
And by faith we now see it draw near,
Our Redeemer has opened the way;
And soon will its glory appear.

Chorus

*In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet
to be parted no more:
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet
on eternity's shore.*

- 2 There the dead shall arise from the tomb,
And the living to health be restored;
And away from all sorrow and gloom,
They'll be led by the life-giving Lord.
- 3 A highway shall there be cast up,
And the stones shall be all gathered out;
And errors no weak ones shall trip,
And no lion of vice stalk about.
- 4 There nothing shall hurt nor offend,
In God's kingdom of glory and peace;
The wicked their ways shall amend,
And the righteous their joys shall increase.

104 [D67]

- 1 God's hand that saves, though kind, seems rough;
His methods sometimes rude;
Frail, shrinking nature cries, "Enough!"
Yet proves the Lord is good.
- 2 The temple stones God now prepares,
Oft cry, "You hurt me sore";
The Sculptor seeks their perfectness,
And trims them more and more -
- 3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows,
The shapeless mass appears Symmetric, polished, beautiful,
To stand th' eternal years.
- 4 The beaten sheaves, all threshed and torn,
And trampled under feet,
Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,
Their grains of golden wheat.
- 5 Out of the crushed and mangled grapes,
Comes forth the sparkling wine:
If God but still my portion is,
Be such experience mine.
- 6 Kept while the furnace, heated white,
Shall purge the dross away!
Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right,
And brighter every day.

105 [D68]

- 1 Grace! 'Tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall
resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save the fallen man;
And all the steps that grace
display,
Which drew the wondrous
plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour
I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost
stone,
And well deserves our praise.

106

- 1 Gracious Father, Lord of Hosts,
Taught by Thee, we covet
most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Faith that mountains could
remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven
above,
Knowledge, all things, empty
prove,
Without heavenly love.

- 3 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks
no wrong.
Love than death itself more
strong,
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day,
Love will ever with us stay,
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith, and hope, and love
we see,
Joining hand in hand agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

107 [D69]

- 1 Great God, indulge my
humble claim;
Be Thou my hope, my joy,
my rest;
The glories that compose
Thy name
Stand all engaged to make
me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good,
Thou just and wise.
Thou art my Father and
my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant bought
with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes,
and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As trav'lers in the thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 E'en life itself, without
Thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden
prove,
If I were banished from Thee,
Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise
my voice,
While I have breath to pray
or praise:
Thy work shall make my
heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of
my days.

108 [D70]

1 Great Husbandman,
at Thy command,
Saints sowed Thy seed
with liberal hand,
And, mindful of Thy
heavenly call,
Onward they went,
forsaking all.

2 On through the sad and
weary years
They sowed the precious seed
with tears,
And stayed their hearts in
faith sublime
With prospects of the harvest
time.

3 No longer saints in sorrow go,
In tears and sadness forth to
sow:
For He Who bade them sow
and weep
Hath called them now in joy
to reap.

4 Now doth the joyful reaper
come
Bearing his sheaves in
triumph home;
The voice long saddened
now doth sing,
And loud their songs of
triumph ring.

5 E'en here, on this side
Jordan, stand
The gathered sheaves from
every land;
And he that sowed, in joy
doth reap,
And harvest home together
keep,

109 [D71]

1 Guide me, Oh thou great
Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren
land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful
hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams
do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength
and shield.

3 As I near the time of trouble,
Bid my faith in Thee increase;
While the thousands round
are falling,
Keep me, keep in perfect
peace.
Refuge! Fortress!
Thou hast set Thy love on me

110 [D72]

1 Hail to the brightness of
Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in
darkness have lain!
Hush'd be the accents of
sorrow and mourning!
Zion, in triumph, begins her
glad reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of
Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel
foretold!
Hail to the millions from
bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest
vision behold.

3 See, in the desert rich
flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are
gliding along;
Loud from the mountaintops
echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and
mingle in song.

4 See the dead risen from land
and from ocean;
Praise to Jehovah ascending
on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war
and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending
the sky.

111 [D73]

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Jehovah's blessed Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captives free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned
and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 To Him let praise unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
Shall be without an end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove
No, it shall stand for ever
A pledge that God is love.

112 [D74]

1 Happy the man who learns
to trace
The leadings of Jehovah's
grace;
By wisdom coming from above,
He reads and learns that
God is love.

2 Wisdom divine! Who tells
the price
Of wisdom's costly
merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared
to her.

3 Her hands are filled with
length of days,
True riches and immortal
praise;
Her ways are ways of
pleasantness,
And all her paths lead unto
peace.

4 Happy the man who wisdom
gains;
Thrice happy who his guest
retains.
He owns and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ are
truly one.

113

1 Hark, my soul! It is the Lord;
'Tis my Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks
to thee:
"Tell Me, Christian,
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 toward 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;
Tell Me, Christian,
lov'st thou Me?"

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

114 [D75]

1 Hark! Ten thousand harps
and voices
Sound the notes of praise
above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven
rejoices:
Jesus reigns, He rules in love.
See, He comes to take earth's
throne;
Soon He'll rule the world alone:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen,

2 Jesus, hail! Whose glory
brightens
All below and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile
enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints
on earth.
When we think of love like
Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

3 King of glory! Reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall
sever
Those whom Thou shalt call
Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

115 [D76]

1 Hark, the glad sound!
the Lord has come,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare
a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the "Sun of
Righteousness",
To roll earth's clouds away,
And make its desert wilderness
Bloom in eternal day.

3 He comes the prisoner to
release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of death before
Him burst,
Sin's binding fetters yield.

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

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

116 [D77]

1 Hark! The notes of angels
singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heav'n their tribute
bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's
name.

2 Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of
heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme, a free
salvation;
Fruit of everlasting love.

4 Endless life in Him possessing.
Let us praise His precious
name;
Glory, honour, power, and
blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

117 [D78]

1 Haste, my dull soul, arise!
Shake off thy care;
Press for the promised prize,
Mighty in prayer.
Jesus has gone before,
Count all thy suff'rings o'er;
He all thy burdens bore;
Jesus is there.

2 Souls, for the marriage feast
Robe and prepare -
Holy must be such guests;
Jesus is there!
Saints, bear your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms,
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
Oh, seek to wear.

3 Kings for the promised throne,
Crowns we shall wear;
Christ reigns, but not alone -
We soon shall share.
Oh ye despised ones, come;
Pilgrims no more we'll roam:
Sweetly we'll rest at home;
Jesus is there.

118 [D79]

1 Have you heard the new song?
That most beautiful song,
The song which the saints now
may sing -
How the old harp of Moses
and sweet flute of John
With harmonious melody ring?

2 'Tis the song of the Lamb
once by Moses foretold,
In the symbols and types of
God's law;
As the dawn of the day doth
those symbols unfold,
We behold what we ne'er
before saw.

3 Oh, what visions of glory
are brought to faith's view,
Of glory which all soon shall
see;
For the great King of Glory
shall make all things new,
And Oh, what rejoicing
there'll be.

4 Thy works great and marvellous,
Almighty Lord,
Are glorious indeed in our sight;
Thy ways just and true,
Thou blest King of the world,
We acknowledge are perfectly
right.

5 Oh, who shall not filially fear
Thee, Oh Lord,
And Thy righteous ways own
as the best?
Soon all nations shall worship
and praise before Thee,
When Thy judgments are made
manifest.

6 Tune your voices, ye saints,
for this glorious strain,
And earth shall with melody
ring;
Let the grand "harp of God"
loudly swell the refrain,
For tributes of praise all
may bring.

- 7 God's Word is that harp, which
has long been unstrung,
And men heard but discordant
its notes;
Now as tuned are its chords
from Moses to John,
How grandly sweet melody
floats.
- 8 It will float o'er the world
in a rapturous strain,
Of glory and peace and
goodwill,
And all then shall hear
and may join the refrain,
And joy shall the hearts of
all thrill.

119 [D80]

- 1 Have you on the Lord
believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of His grace have you
received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father
shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

Chorus

*More and more,
more and more,
Always more to follow,
Oh, His matchless,
boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.*

- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessed presence
cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
- 3 Have you felt His Spirit's
power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the power the Father
shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

120 [D81]

- 1 Hear what God the Lord
hath spoken:
Oh my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted. broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your
ways;
You shall name your walls
"Salvation",
And your gates shall all
be "Praise".

2 There, like streams that
 feed the garden
Pleasures without end shall
 flow,
For the Lord, your faith
 rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Then, in undisturbed
 possession,
Peace and righteousness shall
 reign;
Never shall you feel
 oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns
 descending,
Waning moons no more
 shall see;
But, your griefs for ever
 ending
Find eternal noon in Me:
God shall rise, and, shining
 o'er you,
Change to day the gloom
 of night;
Yes, the Lord shall be your
 glory
And your everlasting light.

121

1 Heavenly Father banish
 sadness;
Pierce the clouds of weary
 night;
Come, Thou source of joy
 and gladness,
Breathe Thy life,
 and spread Thy light.

2 From the height which
 knows no measure,
May Thy holy power descend,
Bringing down the richest
 treasure,
Man can wish or Thou
 can'st send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with
 power;
Make our hearts Thy
 habitation,
On our souls Thy graces
 shower.

4 Hear, Oh hear our supplication;
By Thy Spirit, God of peace,
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of Thy grace.

122

1 Heavenly Father, I adore Thee!
Hallowed be Thy holy name;
Mighty angels bow before
 Thee,
Should not mortals do the
 same?
May Thy rule of love control
 me,
And Thy will in me be done;
Hear the Vow I make before
 Thee,
In the name of Christ, Thy Son.

Chorus

*Lord, this Vow,
 that I have taken,
I could never keep alone.
When I think of self, I tremble;
When I look to Thee I'm strong.*

2 Daily will I pray, remember
All Thy servants, dearest Lord,
Those who labour as one
family,
To dispense Thy precious
Word;
Those who lonely go, as
pilgrims,
Those who travel two by two,
Those who volunteer to
scatter,
Golden gems, like morning
dew.

3 O'er my thoughts, and words
and actions,
I a closer watch will keep,
That I may be used more freely
In the feeding of Thy sheep.
Oh, I want Thy Word to cleanse
me,
By its pow'r to set me free,
From all fleshly imperfections,
And to make me more like Thee.

4 Lord, I know the pow'rs of evil
Are increasing ev'ry day;
Trying to ensnare and hinder
Those who walk the narrow
way.
Never will I listen to them;
Lord, I fear their subtle pow'r,
From their ev'ry snare protect
me,
Help me, keep me, ev'ry hour.

5 Lord, in all my daily dealings
Toward my brethren in the
Truth,
I will not by word or action
Do what Thou wouldst not
approve.

Purity shall mark my conduct:
Chaste in thought and word
I'll be,
That the image of my Master
May be perfected in me.

Chorus
Leaning on Thee, in my
weakness,
Trusting Thee for promised
grace,
I will take this Vow and keep it,
Till I see Thee face to face.

123 [D82]

1 Heavenly Father, I would wear,
Bridal garments, white and fair;
Bridal vesture, undefiled,
Thou dost give unto Thy child.

2 Take the raiment soiled away,
I would fain cast off to-day;
Clothe me in my bridal dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

3 Let me wear the white robe here
Purchased by my Saviour dear;
Holding fast His hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

124 [D83]

1 Heavenly Father,
Sovereign Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never cease,
Thou eternal God of peace!

2 Though unworthy of Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to
hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around Thy throne we
sing.

3 While on earth we longer stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy
way,
Till we come to dwell with
Thee,
Till we shall Thy glory see.

4 Then through ages yet untold,
Counting mercies manifold,
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll triumphant voices raise.

125 [D84]

1 Heavenly Father, we beseech
Thee,
Grant Thy blessing ere we part.
Take us in Thy care and
keeping,
Guard from evil ev'ry heart.

Chorus

*Bless the words which have
been spoken,
Hear our prayer and cheerful
strain;
Give us, Lord, a constant token,
That Thou dost with us remain.*

2 Let Thy Spirit, Lord, go with us,
Be our comfort and our stay;
Grateful praise to Thee we
render,
For the joy we feel to-day.

3 May Thy Spirit dwell within us,
May we all thy temples be,
May we tread the path to
glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

126 [D85]

1 Heavenly Father, we,
Thy children
Gathered round our risen Lord,
Lift our hearts in earnest
pleading:
Oh revive us by Thy Word!

Chorus

*Send refreshing
send refreshing
From Thy presence,
gracious Lord!
Send refreshing,
send refreshing,
And revive us by Thy Word.*

2 Gracious gifts of heavenly
blessing
In Thy love to us afford;
Let us feel Thy Spirit's
presence,
Oh revive us by Thy Word!

3 Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh
and blood",
Help us, Lord, as faint we
falter;
Oh revive us by Thy Word!

4 With Thy strength, Oh Master,
gird us;
Thou our Guide and Thou our
Guard;
Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit;
Oh revive us by Thy Word.

- 1 He dies! He dies! the lowly
 Man of Sorrows,
 On whom were laid our
 many griefs and woes;
 Our sins He bore, beneath
 God's awful billows,
 And He hath triumphed over
 all our foes.

Chorus

*"I am He that liveth, that liveth,
 and was dead;
 I am He that liveth, that liveth,
 and was dead;
 And behold I am alive
 for evermore,
 Behold, I am alive
 for evermore.
 I am He that liveth, that liveth,
 and was dead,
 And behold, I am alive
 for evermore."*

- 2 He lives! He lives!
 What glorious consolation!
 Exalted at His Father's own
 right hand;
 He pleads for us,
 and by His intercession,
 Enables all His saints
 by grace to stand.
- 3 He comes! He comes!
 Oh, blest anticipation!
 In keeping with His true
 and faithful word;
 To call us to our heav'nly
 consummation -
 Caught up, to be
 "forever with the Lord".

- 1 He dies! The friend of sinners
 dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep
 around;
 A solemn darkness veils the
 skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the
 ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond
 degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! What sudden joys we
 see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising Christ forsakes
 the tomb;
 In vain its bonds forbid His rise;
 Cherubic legions guard Him
 home,
 And shout Him welcome to the
 skies.
- 4 Wipe now your tears, ye saints,
 and tell
 How high your great Deliverer
 reigns;
 Sing, He accomplished all
 things well,
 And led the monster Death
 in chains.
- 5 Oh, live for ever, wondrous
 King!
 Born to redeem, and strong
 to save;
 Oh Death, thou monster,
 where's thy sting?
 And where's thy victory,
 boasting Grave?

129 [D87]

1 He leadeth me, Oh blessed thought!
 Oh words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*Chorus**He leadeth me!**He leadeth me!**By His own hand**He leadeth me.**His faithful follower**I would be,**For by His hand**He leadeth me.*

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

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

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by Thy grace the victory's won;
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

130 [D88]

1 Here, o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest - I am blest.
 For I look forward to that glorious day,
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
 Yet I am blest - I am blest.
 Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping, endeavour to shame,
 I will go forward for this is my theme,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
 Yet I am blest - I am blest.
 Sweet is the promise I read in His Word,
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
 They will be called to receive their reward;
 Then we shall rest, we shall rest.

4 This world of care is a
wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear with the
world and its hate,
Yet I am blest - I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the
wicked released,
There shall my joy with the
Lord be increased,
Soon shall the weary for ever
be blest,
There, there is rest -
there is rest.

131 [D89]

- 1 High in the heavens,
eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory
shines;
Thy truth shall break through
every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy
designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice
stands,
As mountains their foundations
keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy
hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty
deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and
large;
Both man and beast Thy
bounty share:
The whole creation is Thy
charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar
care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy
grace
Whence all our hope and
comfort springs;
'Mid earthly woes we sweetly
rest,
Under the shadow of Thy
wings.

132

- 1 Hold Thou my hand!
So weak I am, and helpless,
I dare not take one step
without Thine aid;
Hold Thou my hand! for then,
Oh loving Saviour,
No dread of ill shall make my
soul afraid.
- 2 Hold Thou my hand!
And closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self - my hope,
my joy, my all;
Hold Thou my hand,
lest haply I should wander;
And, missing Thee, my
trembling feet should fall.
- 3 Hold Thou my hand!
the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy
face divine;
But when by faith I catch its
radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what
rapt'rous songs are mine!
- 4 Hold Thou my hand! that
when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst
cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash
along its waters,
And ev'ry wave like crystal
bright shall be.

133 [D91]

- 1 Holy Father, 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,
Whisp'ring softly, traveller 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;
Ah, then whisper, traveller come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall
cease,
Waiting still for sweet release;
Nothing left but time for
prayer,
Waiting to be gathered there.
Wading deep the dismal flood -
Trusting still in Jesus' blood
Whisper sweetly, traveller come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

134 [D92]

- 1 Hope of our hearts!
Oh Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the
dreary night,
With all our fears, away.

- 2 We've waited long, we're
waiting still,
Longing with Thee to be.
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us by Thee.
- 3 Oh the blest hope of sharing,
Lord,
Thy glory from above,
Is linked with that most
precious thought,
Thine everlasting love.
- 4 And with the joy,
the holy joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
And fellowship with Thee.
- 5 This joy e'en now in part
is ours,
This fellowship begun;
But Oh, what rapture shall we
know
When victory's fully won.
- 6 There, near Thy heart,
upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the spotless
Lamb,
Who died to make her free.
- 7 Oh, what are all our
suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count us meet
With that enraptured host
t'appear,
And worship at Thy feet!

- 1 How blessed, how glorious,
how joyful to feel
The love everlasting,
of son-ship a seal,
The love that is perfect,
the love that is pure,
That we may with patience
all things well endure.
- 2 I want to be humble,
more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master,
and more like a child;
More trustful, more thankful,
more lovely in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful,
more loving and kind.
- 3 I want the pure wisdom
that comes from above,
That warns those in danger
with tenderest love;
I want the sweet spirit of
Jesus, my Lord,
And perfect accordance with
His blessed Word.
- 4 I want to touch lightly
the things of this earth,
Esteeming them only of
trifling worth;
From sin and its bondage
I would be set free,
And live, my dear Saviour,
live only for Thee.

- 1 How blest is the message
of heavenly love,
When sorrows our pathway
pursue;
Like angelic music it breathes
from above,
And whispers
"He careth for you".

Chorus
He careth for you,
yes, careth for you
Look up fainting pilgrim,
He careth for you;
Thy trials He knoweth,
His word keep in view,
And list to the message,
"He careth for you".
- 2 When clouds cast their shadows
obscuring the light,
And faith fails to pierce the
mists through;
Like sweet chiming echoes this
promise so bright,
Assureth "He careth for you".
- 3 Then why should I linger
in doubt or in fear,
With this precious message
in view?
For nothing can harm me when
He is so near,
Believing "He careth for you".
- 4 Such blessed assurance
shall not be in vain,
I'll trust Him whatever I do;
And deep in my heart this glad
message retain,
Proclaiming "He careth
for you".

137 [D93]

- 1 How firm a foundation,
ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His
excellent Word!
What more can He say
than to you He hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge
have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness,
in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding
in wealth,
At home and abroad,
on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall
thy strength ever be.
- 3 When through the deep waters
I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee
overflow;
For I will be with thee
thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy
deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials
thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall
be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee -
I only design
Thy dross to consume,
and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus doth
lean for repose
I'll never, no, never,
desert to His foes;
That soul, though a host shall
endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never,
no, never forsake.

138 [D94]

- 1 How happy and blessed
the hours
Since Jesus I always can see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds,
and sweet flowers,
Have all gained new sweetness
to me;
E'en when the great sun shines
but dim,
And fields strive in vain to look
gay,
While I am so happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as
May.
- 2 His name yields the richest
perfume,
And sweeter than music His
voice;
His presence disperses all
gloom,
And makes all within me
rejoice;
I should, were He always thus
nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to
fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the
year.
- 3 Content with beholding His
face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Can make any change in my
mind:
While blest with a sense of
His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces
prove,
If Jesus still dwelt with me there.

4 My Lord, I am sure I am Thine,
And Thou art my sun and my
 song,
No longer I languish and pine,
Nor e'en are my winters so
 long;
My doubts and my fears all
 have flown,
Thy soul-cheering plan now
 I see;
Thy wisdom and glory have
 shone
From out Thy blest Word
 upon me.

139 [D96]

- 1 How sweet the name of
 Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows,
 heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit
 whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name, the rock on
 which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place;
Our never-failing treasure,
 filled
With boundless stores of
 grace!
- 4 Jesus, our Shepherd, Saviour,
 Friend
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our hearts in gratitude ascend;
Accept the praise we bring.

- 5 We would Thy boundless
 love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And sound the music of Thy
 name
Abroad through all the earth.

140 [D97]

- 1 How sweet to leave the
 world awhile,
And seek the presence of
 our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on Thy people
 smile;
Draw near according to Thy
 word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now
 retreat,
That we may here converse
 with Thee.
Oh Lord, behold us at Thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.
- 3 Chief of ten thousand now
 appear,
That we by faith may see
 Thy face.
Oh speak, that we Thy voice
 may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this
 place.

141 [D98]

- 1 How vain is all beneath
 the skies!
How transient every earthly
 bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud,
the morning dew,
The withering grass,
the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes
are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest
blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies
is vain,
There is a brighter age
now nigh,
Beyond the reach of care
and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys
to come
Dispel our cares,
and chase our fears;
Since God is ours,
we're travelling home,
Though passing through
a vale of tears.

142 [D99]

1 How wise are God's
commands!
How sure His precepts are!
We cast our burdens on
the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
The hand which bears all
Nature up
Doth guard His children
well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down thy weary mind?
Haste to thy heavenly
Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands
approved,
Unchanged from day to day.
We'll drop our burdens at His
feet,
And bear a song away.

143

1 Hush'd was the ev'ning 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 Oh, give me Samuel's ear -
The open ear, Oh 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.

3 Oh, 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.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unurm'ring 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!

144 [D100]

1 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
His great love to me.

Chorus

*I am so glad
my Father loves me,
Father loves me,
Father loves me,
I am so glad
my Father loves me,
Yes, He loves even me.*

2 Father loves me
and I know I love Him.
Love sent His Son
my lost soul to redeem;
Yes, 'twas His love
and His mercy so free;
Oh, I am certain
my Father loves me

*I am so glad
my Father loves me,*

.....

3 Not only my Father,
but His blessed Son,
Loves me and cares for
my wants every one;
Jesus so freely His life
gave for me.
No clearer proof of His love
could there be.

*I am so glad
my Father loves me,*

.....

4 Oh, for such love I would
make some return;
My humble off'ring I'm sure
He'll not spurn;
Lord, here I give my poor
life unto Thee;
Through it may praises
redound unto Thee.

*I gladly take
Thy favours so free.
Favours so free,
favours so free,
I gladly take
Thy favours so free,
Favours to even me.*

145 [D101]

1 "I am the door",
come in, come in,
And leave without all fear
and sin:
The night is dark
the storm is wild,
Oh, come within,
thou weary child.

2 "I am the door",
whose heavy lock
Bars out all strangers
from the flock,
And guards My Father's
precious fold:
Come in from darkness,
and from cold.

3 "I am the door",
no longer roam;
Here are thy treasures,
here thy home;
I purchased them for thee
and thine,
And paid the price
in blood of Mine.

4 "I am the door",
My Father waits
To make thee heir
of rich estates;
Come in with thankful
hearts and praise,
And walk in heaven's
appointed ways.

146 [D102]

1 I am waiting, ever waiting,
For the brighter, better day,
Just beyond the clouds
and shadows,
That surround my lonely way;
For a day of light and gladness,
Such as earth has never known.
When in equity and justice
Christ shall reign on David's
throne.

2 All the prophets of past ages
Saw its brightness from afar,
And in words sublime have
spoken
Of the peace and glory there.
They have slept in those green
valleys,
Which in weariness they trod;
Soon they'll come with songs
of triumph
To the holy mount of God.

3 Now the world is full of
suffering,
Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
Sights of wretchedness
and sorrow
Fill my eyes with pitying
tears.
'Tis the earth's dark night
of weeping;
Wrong and evil triumph now;
I can wait, for just before me
Beams the morning's roseate
glow.

4 I am waiting, hoping, praying
For Messiah's glorious reign,
For I know He'll rule in justice;
Right and truth will triumph
then.
Worldly pleasures cannot
win me,
While I wait for that bright day;
Worldly splendour cannot
charm me,
While its light beams on
my way.

147 [D103]

- 1 I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That I may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount;
I bring them, Saviour,
all to Thee.
The burden is too great for me.
- 2 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,
Oh loving Saviour, all to Thee.
- 3 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer Heaven;
I bring them, Saviour,
all to Thee,
Who has procured them
all for me.
- 4 My life I bring to Thee;
I would not be my own,
Oh Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and
my King.

148 [D104]

- 1 I come to Thee,
I come to Thee,
Thou precious Lamb
Who died for me;
I rest confiding in Thy Word,
And cast my burden
on the Lord.

- 2 I come to Thee
with all my grief,
To find in Thee a sweet relief;
Thy blessed name
my only plea,
With this, Oh Lord,
I come to Thee.
- 3 I come to Thee,
whose sovereign power
Can cheer me in the darkest
hour;
I come to Thee
through storm and shade,
Since Thou hast said,
"Be not afraid".
- 4 I come to Thee
with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow,
griefs and fears;
Thou precious Lamb
Who died for me,
I come to Thee,
I come to Thee.
- 5 To Thee my trembling
spirit flies.
When faith seems weak
and comfort dies.
I bow adoring at Thy feet,
And hold with Thee
communion sweet.
- 6 Oh wondrous love!
what joy is mine,
To know that I am truly Thine.
Thou precious Lamb
Who died for me,
I come to Thee,
I come to Thee.

149 [D-D]

- 1 I often sing those words
of prayer,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee";
I long for fellowship divine,
And Thy dear face to see.
But will I for this blessed state
All gain consider loss,
And let Thee draw me
as Thou wilt,
"E'en though it be a cross"?

Chorus

*This is my heart's sincere
desire,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee";
Oh draw me closer, though it is
A cross that raiseth me.*

- 2 Nearer, nearer, my God,
to Thee,
This is my heart's desire;
Each day to journey
by Thy side,
To this do I aspire.
To gain this honour'd place
so dear
All things I count but dross;
Use any means to lift me up,
"E'en though it be a cross".
- 3 I know unless the cross I bear
The crown will ne'er be giv'n;
That I must suffer here below,
If I would reign in Heav'n.
I fear to look away from Thee,
Lest I should suffer loss,
For in Thy way my soul
would rise,
"E'en though it be a cross".

150 [D105]

- 1 If I in Thy likeness,
Oh Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image
of Thee,
Then I shall be satisfied
when I can break
The fetters of flesh
and be free.
- 2 I know this stained tablet
must first be washed white,
And there Thy bright features
be drawn;
I know I must suffer the
darkness of night
To welcome the coming
of dawn.
- 3 And Oh, the blest morning
already is here,
The shadows of earth soon
shall fade;
And soon in Thy likeness
I'll with Thee appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.
- 4 When on Thine own image
in me Thou hast smiled,
Within Thy blest mansion,
and when
The arms of my Father
encircle His child,
Oh, I shall be satisfied then.

151 [D106]

- 1 If on a quiet sea
Toward home I calmly sail,
With grateful heart,
Oh God, to Thee
I'll own the favouring gale.

2 But when the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest,
 kind the storm,
Which drives me nearer
 home.

3 Soon shall the waves and
 storms
All yield to Thy control;
Thy love will banish all alarms,
And darkness from my
 soul.

4 Teach me, in every state,
To make Thy will my own;
And while the joys of sense
 depart,
To live by faith alone.

152 [D107]

1 I have entered the valley
 of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me
 there;
And His spirit and blood make
 my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth
 out fear.

Chorus

*There's joy in the valley
of blessing so sweet;
Here Jesus His fullness
bestows;
We believe and receive
and confess Him.
Our refuge from all
earthly woes!*

2 There is peace in the valley
 of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth
 impart;
And there's rest for the weary
 worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing
 heart.

3 There is love in the valley
 of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the
 blood-washed may feel;
Here Heaven comes down
 redeemed spirits to greet,
Here Christ sets His covenant
 seal.

4 There's a song in the valley
 of blessing so sweet,
That only the virgins can sing -
All nations shall worship and
 bow at Thy feet,
To th' honour and praise
 of our King.

153 [D108]

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Thy load of care thou mayst
 lay down
And be no more distressed".
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath 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 and saw my star
of hope,
My Sun of Righteousness.
Oh, soon 'twill rise and fill
the earth,
And all the nations bless.

154 [D109]

1 I know no life divided,
Oh Lord of Life, from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me;
I fear not death, Oh Jesus;
My life is hid with Thee;
Thy power soon shall free us
From death eternally.

2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatso'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
Since Thou, my Lord
and Teacher,
Hast claimed me for
Thine own,
E'en now with Thee I'm richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 Thus, while o'er earth
I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
My treasure is up yonder,
My heart is there at rest.
Oh blessed thought! I'm trying
To live to please the Lord,
In faith and hope rejoicing,
Through His most precious
Word.

155 [D110]

1 I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my
onward way,
He makes new scenes to rise;
And ev'ry joy He sends me,
comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

Chorus

*Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.*

2 One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more
brightly shines.
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the
silence comes
His loving "Follow Me".

3 Oh blissful lack of wisdom,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with His own
right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul
to rest
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark
with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith
with Him
Than go alone by sight.

156 [D111]

1 I know that my Redeemer
lives;
What joy the blest assurance
gives!
He lives, He lives,
Who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives to bless me with
His love;
He lives, who bought me
with His blood;
He lives, my hungry soul
to feed;
He lives, my help,
in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me
daily strength;
Through Him I soon shall
conquer death,
Then all His glories I'll
declare,
That all the world His life
may share.

157 [D112]

1 I left it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sins and weakness
And my woe.
Human sins once slew Him
On the tree.

I heard the spirit's whisper,
'Tis for thee;
From my heart the burden
Rolled away - happy day!
From my heart the burden
Rolled away - happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert-garden
Bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth
On His might - all seems light.
When my weakness leaneth
On His might - all seems right.

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.
Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side.

158 [D113]

1 I love Thee, I love Thee,
I love Thee, my Lord;
I love Thee, my Saviour;
I love Thee, my God;
I love Thee, I love Thee,
and that Thou dost know;
But how much I love Thee,
I never can show.

2 I'm happy, I'm happy,
Oh wondrous account!
My joys are triumphant,
I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure,
and long to be there,
With Jesus my Saviour
and all saints to share.

3 Oh Jesus, my Saviour,
with Thee I am blest!
My life and salvation,
my joy and my rest!
Thy name is my theme,
and Thy love is my song.
Thy grace doth inspire both
my heart and my tongue.

4 Oh, who's like my Saviour!
He's Salem's bright King;
The sweet song of Moses
He's given me to sing;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
with heart and with will,
While His blessed work here
my moments doth fill.

159 [D114]

1 I love Thy will, Oh God!
Thy blessed, perfect will,
In which this once rebellious
heart
Lies satisfied and still.

2 I love Thy will, Oh God!
It is my joy, my rest;
It glorifies my common task,
It makes each trial blest.

3 I love Thy will, Oh God!
The sunshine or the rain.
Some days are bright with
praise, and some
Sweet with accepted pain.

4 I love Thy will, Oh God!
Oh hear my earnest plea,
That as Thy will is done
in Heaven
It may be done in me.

160 [D115]

1 I love to steal a while away,
From ev'ry cumbering care,
And spend the hours of closing
day,
In humble grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows
cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes beyond;
The prospect doth my strength
renew,
And hence my songs abound.

5 Soon shall earth's days of toil
be o'er,
Its darkness passed away;
Its storms and trials but
prepare
And lead to endless day.

160A

- 1 I prayed that Love Divine
Might fill my heart,
And Thou Thyself hast come
For Love Thou art.
- 2 With gladness I receive
My Heavenly Guest,
Deeming this heart of mine
Supremely blest.
- 3 While Thou dost work in me
Thy sweet design,
That I may bear the torch
Of Truth Divine.
- 4 So now a will not mine
Controls my ways,
And I have naught to do
But trust and praise.

161 [D116]

- 1 I love to tell the story
Of gracious, heavenly love;
How Jesus left His glory,
That wondrous love to prove.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Chorus

*I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of gracious, heavenly love.*

- 2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

162 [D117]

- 1 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry
but a night;
Do not detain me,
for I am going
To where life's waters
are ever flowing.

Chorus

*I'm a pilgrim
and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry
but a night.*

2 There the sunbeams
are ever shining,
Oh, my longing heart,
my longing heart is there;
Soon to this country, sin-dark
and dreary,
Will come the sunlight of
heavenly glory.

3 Of that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer
is the light;
There is no sorrow,
nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there,
nor any dying.

163 [D118]

1 I'm not ashamed
to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honour
of His Word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord!
I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul
to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne
His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to
His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own
my humble name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

164 [D119]

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

Chorus

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

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

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
With me, dear Lord, abide,
Or life is vain.

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

164A

- 1 To God be the glory,
great things He hath done,
So loved He the world
that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life
an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life-gate
that all may go in.

Chorus

*Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice!
Oh come to the Father
thro' Jesus, the Son,
And give Him the glory -
great things He hath done.*

- 2 Oh perfect redemption,
the purchase of blood,
To ev'ry believer the promise
of God;
The vilest offender
who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus
a pardon receives.
- 3 Great things He hath taught us,
Great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing
thro' Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher,
and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport,
when Jesus we see.

165 [D120]

- 1 In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge, no rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

Chorus

*Oh, what comfort it brings,
My soul sweetly sings,
I am safe from all danger
While under His wings.*

- 2 I dread not the terror by night;
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me
quite,
My fears He has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled
abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power
of our Lord.
- 4 The wasting destruction
at noon,
No fearful foreboding can
bring;
With Jesus my soul doth
commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me His wings are spread
wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

6 His truth is my buckler
and shield,
His love He hath set upon me;
His name in my heart
He hath sealed;
E'en now His salvation I see.

166 [D122]

- 1 In memory of the Saviour's
love,
We keep this simple feast,
Where every consecrated heart
Is made a welcome guest.
- 2 By faith we take the bread
of life
Which this doth symbolize
This cup in token of the blood,
His costly sacrifice.
- 3 This cup shall e'er recall
the hour
When Thou didst set us free;
Soon with new joy in Kingdom
power
We'll drink it, Lord, with Thee.
- 4 What rapturous joy shall
then be ours
For ever, Lord, with Thee!
Clothed with our resurrection
powers,
Thine endless praise shall be.

166A

- 1 Oh worship the Lord
in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him,
His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience
and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him,
the Lord is His name.

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden
of carefulness,
High on His heart He will
bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and
answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best
for thee be.

- 3 Fear not to enter His courts
in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou
wouldst reckon as thine:
Truth in its beauty and love
in its tenderness:
These are the offerings to
lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them
in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name
that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for
evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling,
and hope for our fear.
- 5 Oh worship the Lord
in the beauty of holiness!
Bow down before Him,
His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience
and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him,
the Lord is His name.

167 [D121]

- 1 In some way or other
the Lord will provide:
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way;
And yet in His own way
"The Lord will provide".

Chorus

*Then we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.*

2 At some time or other
the Lord will provide:
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time;
And yet in His own time,
"The Lord will provide".

3 Despair then no longer;
the Lord will provide;
And this be the token -
No word He has spoken
Was ever yet broken.
"The Lord will provide."

168 [D123]

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks
of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head
sublime.

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

3 When the sun of life is beaming
Bright and clear upon my way,
From the cross the radiance
streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

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

168A

1 Praise to the Lord,
the Almighty,
the King of creation;
Oh my soul, praise Him,
for He is thy health
and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise Him in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord,
who doth prosper thy work
and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy
here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend
thee.

3 Praise to the Lord,
who when tempests
their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements
madly around thee
are raging,
Biddeth them cease,
Turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters
assuaging.

4 Praise to the Lord,
 who when darkness and sin
 is abounding,
Who, when the godless
 do triumph
 all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His light,
Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with His mercy
 surrounding.

5 Praise to the Lord!
 Oh let all that is in me
 adore Him!
All that hath life and breath,
 come now with praises
 before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

169 [D124]

1 In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm;
Storms and billows have
 united,
All in vain, to do me harm:
In the rifted Rock I'm resting;
Surf is dashing at my feet,
Storm-clouds dark are o'er me
 hovering,
Yet my rest is all complete.

Chorus

*In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm;
Storms and billows have
 united,
All in vain, to do me harm.*

2 Many a stormy sea I've
 traversed,
Many a tempest shock
 have known;
Have been driven,
 without anchor,
On the barren shores and lone.
But I now have found a haven
Never moved by tempest
 shock,
Where my soul is safe for ever,
In the blessed rifted Rock.

170

1 In the secret of His presence
 how my soul delights
 to hide:
Oh, how precious are
 the lessons which I learn
 at Jesus' side.
Earthly cares can only vex me,
 trials never lay me low
And when Satan comes to
 tempt me, to the secret
 place I go.

2 When my soul is faint and
 thirsty, 'neath the shadow
 of His wing
There is cool and pleasant
 shelter, and a fresh and
 crystal spring.
And my Saviour rests beside
 me, as we hold communion
 sweet,
If I tried, I could not utter
 what He says, when
 thus we meet.

3 Only this: I know, I tell Him
all my doubts, and griefs,
and fears.

Oh, how patiently He listens
and my drooping heart
He cheers.

Do you think He ne'er reproves
me? What a false friend
He would be,

If He never, never told me
of the faults which He
must see.

4 Do you think that I could
love Him half so well,
or as I ought,

If He did not plainly tell me
each displeasing word
or thought?

No! For He is very faithful,
and that makes me trust
Him more,

For I know that He doth love
me, though sometimes
He wounds me sore.

5 Would you like to know
the sweetness of this secret
of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath His
shadow, this shall then
be your reward.

And whene'er you leave
the silence of that happy
meeting place,

You must mind and bear
the image of the Master
in your face.

1 Into Thy gracious hands I fall
And with the arms of faith
embrace;
Oh King of glory, hear my call;
Oh raise me, heal me by
Thy grace.

2 Now righteous through
Thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
Alive in Thee, my living Head.

3 Still let Thy wisdom be my
guide,
Nor take Thy flight from me
away;
Still with me let Thy grace
abide,
That I from Thee may never
stray:

4 Let Thy word richly in me
dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion
be;
My joy to endure and do Thy
will
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

5 Arm me with Thy whole
armour, Lord;
Support my weakness with Thy
might;
Gird on Thy thigh Thy
conquering sword,
And shield me in the
threatening fight.

6 From faith to faith,
from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till I appear before Thy face,
And glory end what grace
begun.

172 [D126]

1 In Zion's Rock abiding,
My soul her triumph sings;
In His pavilion hiding,
I praise the King of kings.

Chorus

*My Strong Tower is He!
To Him will I flee;
In Him confide, in Him abide;
My Strong Tower is He!*

2 Wild waves are round me
swelling.
Dark clouds above I see;
Yet, in my fortress dwelling,
More safe I cannot be.

3 My tower of strength can
never
In time of trouble fail;
No power of Satan ever
Against it shall prevail.

173 [D127]

1 I saw a way-worn traveller
In tattered garments clad,
Yet struggling up the mountain,
His face would make you glad.
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
He shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 The songsters in the arbour
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword still was
"Onward!"
Yet swifter did he run,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

4 I saw him in the evening:
The sun was bending low,
He'd over-topped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city -
His everlasting home -
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
From death for evermore;
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

174

1 Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?
For me, so poor and humble,
Oh, shall I thus be blest?

2 Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in glorious rapture
On Thy beloved face?

3 Is it for me to listen
To Thy beloved voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?

4 A thrill of solemn gladness
Hath hushed my very heart,
To think that I may really
Behold Thee as Thou art:

5 Behold Thee in Thy beauty;
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And rest in Thine embrace.

174A

- 1 Lord, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

175 [D128]

- 1 I stand all astonished
with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly
dove.

Chorus

*The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.*

- 2 I earnestly wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth
me free;
But when I had ceased from
my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto
me.
- 3 He laid His hand on me and
healed me,
And bade me be every whit
whole;
I touched but the hem of His
garment,
And glory came thrilling
my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is
now present,
The light of His face is on me;
Oh listen, beloved,
He speaketh:
"My peace I will give
unto thee".

176

1 I thank Thee, Lord,
that Thou hast shown,
and I begin to see,
What Thou canst be to all
Thine own: what they
can be to Thee -
If only they would yield Thee
all, and just obey Thy call.

2 How wonderful! I never knew
that I should trust Thee so,
That Thou couldst be so much
to me in all the ways I go.
My every need Thou dost
supply, my longings satisfy.

3 I'll take Thee for my keeper,
Lord - and I commit to Thee,
My soul, my way, my works,
my cause, in Thy sole charge
to be.
And that deposit, Thou, I know,
wilt guard from every foe.

4 I'll take Thee for my peace,
Oh Lord, my heart to keep
and fill
Thine own great calm amid
earth's storms will keep me
ever still; -
And as Thy kingdom doth
increase, so shall Thy
deep'ning peace.

5 I'll take Thee for my wisdom,
too, for wisdom's sun
Thou art, -
Thou who dost choose the
foolish things, set me,
Oh Lord, apart; -
That I may speak and work
for Thee, as Thou dost
work thro' me.

6 I'll take Thee for my All-in-All,
for all Thou hast is mine,
I nothing have and nothing am;
that nothing, Lord, is Thine.
Thou shalt be everything to
me, my All-sufficiency.

177 [D129]

1 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.

2 I've found a friend;
Oh, such a friend!
He gave His life to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own
I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life,
my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a friend!
Oh, such a friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From Him who now doth love
me so,
What power my soul can
sever?
Shall life or death, or any foe?
No; I am His for ever.

178 [D130]

1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near;
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wandering
of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From Thee that I no more
may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
Oh God, my conscience make,
Awake my soul when sin is
nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let Thy goodness chase
away
All hindrance to Thy love.

Oh, may the least omission
pain
My well-instructed soul,
And send me to the blood
again,
Which makes and keeps me
whole.

179 [D131]

1 I will sing for Jesus;
With His blood He bought me.
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

Chorus

*Oh, yes, I'll sing for Jesus,
Yes, I'll tell the story
Of Him Who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.*

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My ever blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus;
His name alone prevailing
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are
failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus;
Oh, how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses
Who cast their crowns before
Him.

180 [D132]

- 1 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

Chorus

*Sing, Oh, sing of my Redeemer
With His blood*

He purchased me;

On the cross

He sealed my pardon,

Paid the debt

and made me free.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and
mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power to save,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin and death and grave.
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And my call to glory too;
He from death to life hath
brought me,
Heavenly glory brought
to view.

181 [D133]

- 1 I will sing you a song
of that beautiful land,
Prepared by our Lord for
His own,
Where no storms ever beat
on the glittering strand,
For the years of eternity home.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul!
In my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil
intervenes,
Between that fair city and me.
- 3 An unchangeable home
is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth
stands;
The King of all kingdoms for
ever He'll be,
And His saints will be crowned
at His hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be
in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow
and pain,
His songs on our lips,
and His work in our hands,
To meet one another again.

182

- 1 Jesus! And shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed
of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee,
whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through
endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own
a star;
He shed the beams of light
divine
O'er this benighted soul
of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!
Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed
of noon;
'Twas midnight with my soul
till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid
darkness flee.

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!

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.

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!

183

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

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

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

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease.
Still He calls in cares and
pleasures,
That we love Him more
than these.

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

184

1 "Jesus Himself drew near",
I saw Him not -
Because my eyes were dim,
my heart was sad,
When He through faith
revealed Himself to me.
My heart o'erflowed with love,
it made me glad.

2 "Jesus Himself drew near"
just at the time -
I needed most His presence
and His aid;
He came to strengthen me,
my soul to cheer;
He came to tell me
not to be afraid.

3 "Jesus Himself drew near";
He came Himself -
To heal my broken heart,
my sin-sick soul,
I heard Him say, "Come unto
Me, find rest,
For I have healed thee,
cleansed thee,
made thee whole".

4 "Jesus Himself drew near",
when sorrow came;
He brought such love,
and sympathy divine,
The trial seemed to lose its
keenest sting,
Into the wound He poured
His "oil and wine".

5 "Jesus Himself drew near";
so very near,
So close, that He is always
within call;
Dear Lord abide, on earth
my portion be,
In Heaven my Everlasting"
All in all".

184A

1 Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever
whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the
Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence
it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the
heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest
deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender,
even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless
dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng
and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Through Him the first fond
prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our
dead
Are burdened with His Name.

7 Oh Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear
Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

8 We faintly hear, we dimly
see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own
in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

185 [D134]

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Weak and poor, despised,
forsaken.
Thou from hence my all
shalt be,
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped
or known.
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and Christ are still
my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and
leave me,
They despised my Saviour too;
Former friends are wont
to leave me,
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.
And while Thou shalt smile
upon me,
God of wisdom, love and
might,
Foes may hate, and friends
may scorn me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and
distress me,
This but drives me nearer Thee;
Life with trials hard may
press me,
Soon my rest will sweeter be.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to
charm me
Were that joy apart from Thee.

- 4 Go, then, earthly name and
treasure;
Come, reproach, and scorn
and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba,
Father;
I have set my heart on Thee.
Storms may howl and clouds
may gather;
All must work for good to me.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full
salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear,
and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within
thee;
Think what Father's smiles
are thine;
Think how Jesus died
to save thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou
repine?

186 [D135]

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

Chorus

*In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my ransomed soul shall
find
Rest beyond the river.*

2 Near the cross, a trembling
soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning
star
Shed its beams around me.

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

186A

1 Unto him that hath thou givest
ever "more abundantly".
Lord, I live because thou livest,
therefore give more life
to me;
Therefore speed me
in the race; therefore
let me grow in grace.
Unto him that hath thou givest
ever "more abundantly".

2 Deepen all thy work,
Oh Master, strengthen
ev'ry downward root,
Only do thou ripen faster
more and more thy pleasant
fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
only let me grow in grace
Deepen all thy work,
Oh Master, strengthen
ev'ry downward root.

3 Father, grace for grace
outpouring, show me ever
greater things;
Raise me higher sunward
soaring, mounting as on
eagle's wings.
By the brightness of thy face,
Father let me grow in grace.
Father, grace for grace
outpouring, show me ever
greater things.

4 Let me grow by sun or shower;
ev'ry moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
more and more conformed
to thee,
That thy loving eye may trace,
day by day my growth
in grace.
Let me grow by sun or shower;
ev'ry moment water me.

5 Let me, then, be always growing
never, never standing still;
List'ning, learning,
better knowing Thee
and thy most blessed will,
Lighted in thy holy place,
daily let me grow in grace.
Let me, then, be always
growing, never, never
standing still.

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187 [D136]

- 1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence
 look up,
And know Thou hear'st
 my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down
 and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when
 sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

188 [D137]

- 1 Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, Oh my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive me home at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul
 on Thee;
Leave, Oh 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, Oh Christ, art all I want,
All I need in Thee I find;
Thou didst strengthen me
 when faint,
Now my eyes no more
 are blind.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Rich supplies I find in Thee,
Springing up within my heart,
Rising to eternity.

189

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me
 roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous
 shoal;
Chart and compass come
 from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean
 wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them,
 "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the
 sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful
rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy
breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not - I will pilot thee".

190 [D138]

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

2 From north to south
mankind will meet
To pay their homage
at His feet;
While all the world
shall own the Lord,
And savage tribes
attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer
be made,
And endless praises crown
His head,
His name like sweet perfume
shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of
every tongue
Shall praise His name with
sweetest song,
And loud their voices
shall proclaim
Honour and blessings on
His name.

191 [D139]

1 Jesus, the very thought
of Thee,
Brings comfort, peace and rest;
Oh, how I long Thy face to see,
And be for ever blest.

2 No voice can sing,
no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus'
name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 Oh hope of every contrite
heart,
Oh joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind
Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find?
Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

192

1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life,
Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that
life 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,
Oh 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 Oh 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.

193 [D140]

1 Jesus, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which
we bring;
Accept Thy well-deserved
renown;
We glory in Thy kingly crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord,
to Thee;
Grant a blest hour of joy
and love,
Communion like to that above.

3 The gladness of this happy day!
Oh, may its joys for ever stay!
Let not our faith forsake
its hold,
Nor hope decline,
nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, enhance
our joys,
Till we are made to share
Thy name,
As bride of God's anointed
Lamb.

194 [D141]

1 Jesus, Thy spotless
righteousness
My raiment is,
my glorious dress;
'Midst heavenly hosts in
these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold may I stand
in Thy great day
For who aught to my charge
shall lay?
Fully absolved from sin I am,
Through faith in Thine
all-powerful name.

3 Thou holy, meek, unspotted
Lamb
Who from the Father's bosom
came;
Who died for all mankind
to atone,
Now as my blessed Lord I own.

4 And now I see,
were sinners more
Than sands upon the
ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

195 [D142]

1 Jesus wept in sorrow over One
who trusted in His name,
Who, beneath death's sullen
power
Fell a victim 'mongst the slain.
Lifted there his tear-stained
face,
Lighted with a matchless grace.
There His sympathy we see,
In those tears at Bethany.

2 Through those tears
He spoke sweet comfort
To the hearts bereaved
and sad,
Shadowed forth His coming
power;
Yet to make the whole
earth glad
Spoke the potent words of life,
Words with deepest meaning
rife:
Yes, His power too we see,
In His work at Bethany.

3 There He bade all hearts
look forward
To His kingdom soon to come,
Where with resurrection power
He'd recall the dead ones
home.
There before the sealed grave
Showed His wondrous power
to save.
Oh, what glory thus we see
In that type at Bethany.

4 When the pangs of sorrow
seize us,
When the waves of trouble roll,
We may bring our cares
to Jesus,
Comfort of the weary soul.
Never need we come in vain,
He is evermore the same,
For His love and power we see,
In His work at Bethany.

196 [D143]

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people
meet,
There they behold Thy
mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee
Thou art found
And every place is hallowed
ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls
confined,
Dost dwell with those of
humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where
they come,
And, going, take Thee to
their home.

3 Great Shepherd, good, and
wise, and true,
Thy former mercies here
renew;
Here, to our hearts Thyself
reveal,
And let us each Thy presence
feel.

4 Here may we prove
the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and
lighten care;
Here teach our hope and
trust to rise;
Reveal Thy glory to our eyes.

197 [D144]

1 Joy to the world!
The Lord is come!
Let saints rejoice and sing!
He comes to claim
His virgin bride
Her triumph soon to bring.

2 Lift up your heads,
ye fainting souls!
The signs long promised read
Messiah's chariot onward rolls;
He soon the world will lead.

3 Joy to the world!
The Lord shall reign!
Let men their songs employ;
While field and wood,
and hill and plain,
Repeat the sounding joy.

4 He'll rule the world
with truth and grace;
The nations all shall prove
The blessing of His
righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

5 Glad tidings of great joy for all!
Through this blest gospel flow;
A sweet relief from every ill,
And rest from all our woe.

6 Joy to the world!
The Lord is come!
Oh earth, receive Thy King!
Let every heart prepare Him
room,
And grateful tribute bring.

198 [D145]

1 Keep Thou my way, Oh Lord;
Myself I cannot guide;
Nor dare I trust my falt'ring
steps
One moment from Thy side.

2 I cannot live aright,
Save as I'm close to Thee;
My heart would fail without
Thine aid;
Choose Thou my way for me.

3 For every joy of faith,
And every high design -
For all of good my soul
can know,
The glory, Lord, be Thine.

4 Free grace my pardon seals,
Through the atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance
brings
Of peace with Thee my God.

5 Oh, speak, and I will hear;
Command and I obey;
My willing feet with joy
shall haste
To run Thy righteous way.

6 Keep Thou my wand'ring
heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
Oh, bear me safe through
earthly strife,
To Thy eternal home.

199 [D146]

1 Labouring and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from
hunger,
"Bread of Life",
on Thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of
waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken rock are
flowing,
"Well of life",
from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and
shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit
in darkness,
"Light of life",
we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life
supplying.
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life",
in Thee we live.

200

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

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

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

201 [D147]

- 1 Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus'
name.
- 2 Jesus! Transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven!
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation
have,
For Jesus came the world
to save.
- 3 Oh, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their heart rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all the world my Saviour
died.

202 [D148]

- 1 Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel
sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Eternal wisdom hath
prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provisions taste.

- 3 Ho! Ye that pant for living
streams,
Why pine away and die?
Here you may quench your
longing thirst
From springs that never dry.
- 4 Abundant grace and blessing
here
In rich profusion join;
Salvation in full measure flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 5 The gates divine of heavenly
grace
Are open to our prayers;
And when we come to seek
supplies,
God grants us our desires.

203

- 1 Let music of sweet praise
Within thy spirit chime,
And ring adown the ways,
Through every change of Time,
And echo round afar and near
The mercies of thy Saviour dear.
- 2 Hereto His grace hath led,
And safely He will guide;
His bounties have been shed
Anew each morning-tide;
His love shall make thy
future bright,
At evening-time it shall
be light.

3 Then break thou forth to
praise,
And be His name adored!
Resound through all thy days
The glories of thy Lord;
Serve Him with joy, and
swell the song
Till list'ning hearts the notes
prolong!

204

1 Let us pray for one another,
Helping thus the weakest
stand;
For the conflict with the
tempter
Strengthening both heart
and hand.

Chorus

*Let us pray for one another,
God will our petitions hear;
He delights to have His children
To the Throne of grace draw
near.*

2 Let us in the hour of trial,
When a brother's faith seems
weak,
That he yet may prove
victorious,
On our knees his name oft
speak.

3 Let us pray in faith believing,
Ever trusting undismayed;
Knowing He will send the
answer,
Though in wisdom long
delayed.

4 Let us cheer our homeward
journey,
By sweet fellowship in prayer;
Thus the law of Christ fulfilling,
Thus each other's burdens
bear.

205 [D149]

1 Let us rejoice in Christ
the Lord,
Who claims us for His own;
The hope that's built upon
His Word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset us
'round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ
in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Though now He's
unperceived by sense,
Faith sees Him always near -
A guide, a glory, a defence
To save from every fear.

4 As surely as He overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those who trust
His name
May all His triumph win.

206 [D150]

1 Let worldly minds the
world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer
please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my thoughts be
joys like these,
Since I have found the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide
my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love,
His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

207

1 "Lie still and let Him mould
thee."
Oh Lord, I would obey;
Be Thou the skilful Potter
And I the yielding clay.

Chorus

*Bend me, Oh, bend me
to Thy will
While in Thy hand
I'm lying still.*

2 In Thy dear hand I'm resting,
Oh hold me quiet there;
Then soften me and mould me
And for Thy will prepare.

3 I need not fear to trust Thee,
Thy love and skill are such,
New lessons Thou wilt teach
me
While yielding to Thy touch.

4 Impress Thine image on me,
Fulfil Thy blest design,
Till others see upon me
That beauteous face of Thine.

207A

1 Oh, worship the King,
All-glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing
His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

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

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast,
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

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

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender.
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 Oh measureless might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.

208 [D151]

1 Lift up, lift up thy voice
with singing
Oh earth, with strength
lift up thy voice!
God's kingdom to the earth
is coming,
The King is at thy gates -
rejoice!

Chorus

*Arise and shine
in youth eternal;
Thy light is come,
thy King appears!
Within this century's
swinging portal,
Breaks the new dawn -
the thousand years!*

2 And while the earth
with strife is riven,
And envious factions
truth do hide,
Lo! He, the Lord of earth
and heaven,
Stands at the door
and claims His bride.

3 Lift up thy gates!
Bring forth oblations!
The Lord of earth
His message sends!
His Word, a sword,
will smite the nations;
His name, the Christ,
the King of Kings.

4 He's come! let all the earth
adore Him;
The path His human nature
trod
Spreads to a royal realm
before Him,
The Life of life,
the Word of God!

209 [D152]

1 Lift up your heads,
desponding pilgrims;
Give to the winds your
needless fears;
He who hath died on
Calvary's mountain,
Soon is to reign a thousand
years.

Chorus

*A thousand years!
earth's coming glory!
'Tis the glad day
so long foretold;
'Tis the bright morn
of Zion's glory,
Prophets foresaw
in times of old.*

2 Tell the whole world
these blessed tidings;
Speak of the time of rest
that nears;
Tell the oppressed
of every nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

- 3 What if the clouds
do for a moment
Hide the blue sky
where morn appears?
Soon the glad sun
of promise given
Rises to shine
a thousand years.
- 4 Haste ye along, ages of glory;
Haste the glad time
when Christ appears
Oh, that I may be one
found worthy
To reign with Him
a thousand years.

210 [D153]

- 1 Lift up your heads,
ye mighty gates!
Behold! The King of glory
waits;
The King of kings
is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world
is here.
- 2 The Lord is just,
a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side.
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre one of
righteousness.
- 3 Oh, blessed they,
and greatly blest,
Where Christ is rule
and confessed!
Oh happy hearts
and happy homes,
To whom this King
of triumph comes!

- 4 Fling wide the portals
of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for
heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer,
and love, and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come!
I open wide
My heart to Thee:
here, Lord, abide;
Let me Thy constant
presence feel,
Thy grace and love
in me reveal.
- 6 Oh, come, my Sovereign,
enter in;
Yet more Thy nobler life begin;
Thy Word and Spirit
guide us on,
Until the glorious crown
be won!

211 [D154]

- 1 Light of the world,
shine on our souls;
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn
Thy truth,
Be Thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once Thou didst
Thy word expound
To those who walked
with Thee,
So teach us, Lord,
to understand,
And its blest fullness see -

- 3 Its richness, sweetness,
 power and depth,
 Its holiness discern;
 Its joyful news of saving grace
 By blest experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist;
 Thy spirit now impart;
 Keep humble, but with love
 inspire
 To Thee and Thine, each heart.
- 5 Thus may Thy Word be
 dearer still,
 And studied more each day;
 And as it richly dwells within,
 Thyself in it display.

212

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

Chorus

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

- 2 Hidden in the hollow
 Of His blessed hand,
 Never foe can follow,
 Never traitor stand.
 Not a surge of worry,
 Not a shade of care,
 Not a blast of hurry
 Touch the spirit there.

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

212A

- 1 Lead, kindly Light,
 amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark,
 and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet;
 I do not ask to see
 The distant scene:
 one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus,
 nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see
 my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day,
 and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will:
 remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath
 blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag
 and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn
 those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since
 and lost awhile.

213 [D155]

- 1 Like the sound of many waters
Rolling on through ages long,
In a tide of rapture breaking -
Hark! The mighty choral song!

Chorus

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Let the heavenly portals ring!

Christ has come,

the King of glory!

Christ the Lord, Messiah, King.

- 2 Lo! The Morning Star
appeareth;
O'er the world His beams
are cast;
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He, the great, the First
the Last.
- 3 Saviour, not with costly
treasure
Do we gather at Thy throne;
All we have, our hearts,
we give thee -
Consecrate them Thine alone.

214

- 1 Listen to the voice celestial,
Ye whose eyes with weeping
fail,
God reveals His gracious
purpose
To the soul in sorrow's vale;
There will be no hopeless
sadness
In the new earth's golden
years,
Blissful years replete with
gladness,
"God shall wipe away all tears".

- 2 Ev'ry tomb shall be deserted,
Harps of jubilee shall ring;
"Ruthless grave, where is thy
triumph?
Cruel death, where is thy sting?"
Sing the blest emancipation,
Ev'ry creature that hath breath,
Life shall quicken all creation,
There shall thenceforth be
no death.
- 3 No more widowed hearts
repining,
No more hungry homeless
souls,
When the earth shall bloom
as Eden
And the Prince of Peace controls;
When the ransomed hosts
are singing,
Not an echo of despair
In His vast dominion ringing,
"There shall be no sorrow there".
- 4 With the living waters flowing
And His saving health made
known,
Ev'ry cheek with beauty
glowing;
Ev'ry friend of evil flown;
God will scatter leaves
of healing
For each loyal heart and brain,
All His matchless love
revealing,
"There shall henceforth be
no pain".

215 [D156]

1 Long in bondage we have
waited
For the dawning of the light;
Error's chains we've felt
and hated
Through the long and
weary night.
Now the blessed light
appearing
Fills our hearts with joy
and peace,
Doubt and fear for aye
dispelling;
Oh, what rest in this release!

2 Lord, we recognise the
fountain,
In Thy long-looked-for return,
In Thy glory-crowned
mountain,
How our hearts within us burn!
Lo, in all the clear fulfilling,
Of old prophecy and type,
Now we see Thy kingdom
coming;
For the time is fully ripe.

3 Oh, we long to see Thy
glory
Streaming wide o'er all
the earth;
Every error, old and hoary,
Flee to realms that gave
them birth.
For this glorious culmination,
Not for long shall Zion wait:
Soon will come her coronation;
Lo, her King is at the gate.

4 Bride and bridegroom
then appearing,
Shall illuminate earth's gloom;
And the nations will be
shouting,
Lo, our King! Make room,
make room.
Oh, the time of glad refreshing
Soon shall bring a sweet
release,
Through the glorious reign
of blessing,
Through the mighty Prince
of Peace.

216 [D.157]

1 Look, ye saints,
the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
Conqueror. He's crowned
victorious;
Every knee to Him shall bow.

Chorus

Hail Him! Hail Him!
Angels hail Him!
Hail the Saviour, King of kings!
Hail Him! Hail Him!
Angels hail Him!
Hail the Saviour, King of kings.

2 Hail the Saviour!
Angels, hail Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power
crown Him,
While the vault of heaven
rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned
Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's
claim;
Saints and angels throng
around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.

4 Hark! The burst of acclamation!
Hark! These loud triumphant
chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

217 [D158]

Lord, dismiss us
with Thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heav'nly manna
feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
Fill each soul with consolation;
Up to Thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful
station,
We will render nobler praise.

218 [D159]

1 Lord, dismiss us with
Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy
and peace;
Let us each Thy love
possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruit of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

219 [D160]

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved
by blood of Thine;
With full consent Thine
I would be,
And own Thy sovereign
right in me.

2 Thine would I live,
Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all
eternity:
The vow is past beyond
repeat,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at the cross where
flows the blood
That bought my dying soul
for God,
Thee, my dear Master,
now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist
Thy feeble one
The great engagement
to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance
lend,
And on that grace I dare
depend.

220 [D161]

- 1 Lord, I delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my truest Friend.
- 2 When nature's streams are
dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Who makes my life secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich,
can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 4 I cast my care on Thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern
shall be
To love and please Thee more.

221 [D161]

- 1 Lord I would loyal prove
to Thee!
Let Thy reproaches fall on me;
To spend my days in Thine
employ
Shall be my chiefest earthly joy.
- 2 Shall I, for fear of feeble man
Refrain from showing God's
great plan?
Under a cover hide my light,
While thousands grope in
cheerless night?

- 3 Shall I, for this world's mean
renown,
Regard a mortal's smile
or frown?
How then could I my trial
stand?
Or what excuse could
I command?
- 4 Oh, what are all earth's
gilded toys
Compared with heaven's
eternal joys?
Or even to the feast now
spread,
For pilgrims through the
desert led?
- 5 Oh, sweeter far the wilderness,
With all its bleak, wild
barrenness,
Than all the city's pomp
and pride
Without my heavenly Friend
and Guide!
- 6 Its manna is a foretaste sweet
Of heavenly bounty all
complete;
Its cloudy pillar, guiding light,
Are earnest of the future
bright.
- 7 This path I therefore humbly
tread
In footprints of our living Head,
In hope rejoicing as I go
In Him Who leads and
loves me so.

222

- 1 Lord Jesus, in the days
of old,
Two walked with Thee by
waning light,
And love's blind instinct
made them bold
To crave Thy presence
through the night;
As night descends, we too
would pray;
Oh leave us not at close
of day.
- 2 Day is far spent and night
is nigh;
Stay with us, Saviour,
through the night;
Talk with us, teach us
tenderly,
Lead us to peace, to rest,
to light;
Dispel our darkness with
Thy face,
Radiant with resurrection
grace.
- 3 The hours of day are glad
and good,
And good the gifts Thy
hand bestows -
The body's health,
the spirit's food,
And rest, and after rest,
repose.
We would not lose day's
golden gains,
So stay with us as daylight
waned.

- 4 Nor this night only, blessed
Lord,
We, every day and every hour
Would walk with Thee
Emmaus-ward,
To hear Thy voice of love
and power,
And every night would by
Thy side
Look, listen, and be satisfied.

223 [D162]

- 1 Lord, no hour is half so sweet,
From bright morn to evening
fair,
This which calls me to Thy feet,
Is the blessed hour of prayer.
- 2 Blest that tranquil hour of
morn,
Blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on wings of prayer
upborne,
Cumb'ring cares of earth
I leave.
- 3 Then my strength by Thee
renewed
And transgressions all forgiv'n;
Thou dost cheer my solitude
With the peace and joy of
heav'n.
- 4 Words can't tell what sweet
relief
For my wants I here do find -
Strength for warfare, balm
for grief,
Joy and hope and peace of
mind.

5 Hushed is doubt, and every
fear;
And I seem in heav'n to stay;
E'en the penitential tear
With soft touch is wiped away.

6 Till I reach that blissful shore,
This my privilege shall be,
Here my soul to thus outpour,
Simply, fervently to Thee.

224 [D163]

1 Lord of my life, to Thee I call;
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great trouble-floods
prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart
to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless
and the faint,
Where should I lodge my
deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee,
whose open door
Invites the helpless
and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead
with Thee,
And Thou refuse that
mourner's plea?
Does not the promise
still remain,
That none shall seek Thy
face in vain?

4 Poor though I be, despised,
forgot,
Yet Christ, my Lord, forgets
me not;
His promises I daily plead,
And He supplies my every
need.

225

1 Lord Thou hast made
Thyself to me
A living, bright reality:
More present to faith's vision
keen,
Than any earthly object seen:
More dear, more intimately
nigh,
Than e'en the closest earthly
tie.

2 And Thou, blest vision of
my soul!
Hast made my broken
nature whole;
Hast purified my base desires,
And kindled passion's
holiest fires;
My nature Thou hast lifted up,
And filled me with a glorious
hope.

3 Nearer and dearer still to me.
Thou living, loving Saviour be;
Brighter the vision of Thy face,
More charming still Thy words
of grace;
So life shall be transferred
to love -
A heaven below, a heaven
above.

226 [D164]

1 Lo! The day of God is breaking
See the gleaming from afar!
Sons of earth from slumber
waking,
Hail the bright and Morning
Star.

Chorus
Hear the call!
Oh gird your armour on,
Grasp the Spirit's mighty
sword;
Take the helmet of salvation,
Pressing on to battle for
the Lord!

- 2 Trust in Him Who is your
Captain;
Let no heart in terror quail;
Jesus leads the gath'ring legion,
In His name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm
and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's
frown,
For the Lord is with you always,
Till you wear the victor's
crown.
- 4 Conqu'ring bands with
banners waving,
Pressing on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells
the anthem,
"Christ o'er all the earth
doth reign!"

227 [D165]

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth
come down;
Thou hast made with us
Thy dwelling
Love doth all Thy favours
crown,
Father, Thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Thou hast brought to us
salvation;
Thee we love with all our heart.

- 2 Oh Almighty to deliver!
Let us more Thy life receive;
Dwell in us, and never, never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always
pleasing,
Love Thee as Thy hosts above,
Serve and praise Thee
without ceasing,
Witnessing to Thy great love.
- 3 Finish, Lord, Thy New Creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Show us all Thy great
salvation -
Thine shall all the glory be.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we see Thine own dear
face;
Till we cast our crowns
before Thee,
Lost in wonder,
love and praise.

228 [D166]

- 1 Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Blessed Saviour, lend Thine aid;
Lift Thou up my fainting head!
Lead me to my long-sought
rest,
Never more by cares oppressed.
- 2 Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond
 desire,
And Thou dost with hope
 inspire;
Thou dost wean from all below;
Thee, and Thee alone to know
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

229

1 Loving Father, we Thy children,
Sons of Thine through Christ
 Our Lord,
Seeking to fulfil Thy pleasure,
Teach us from Thy Holy Word.

2 We are Thine, for Thou hast
 bought us
With the blood of Thy
 dear Son,
Give us by Thy Holy Spirit
Grace to gain Thine own
 "well done".

3 We would humbly pray
 for wisdom
As directed by Thy Word,
That in all things we may
 please Thee,
Walking near to our
 dear Lord.

4 May the fruit of Thy sweet
 Spirit
Be developed more and more
In each one of Thy dear
 children,
May we make our calling
 sure.

5 May our love for Thee
 be proven
By the tests Thou dost apply.
Faithful may we be and chosen,
Thus Thy Name to glorify.

230 [D167]

1 Majestic sweetness sits
 enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories
 crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 None other could with Him
 compare
Among the sons of men;
He's fairer, too, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw us in our deep distress,
And came to our relief;
For us He bore the shameful
 cross,
And carried all our grief.

4 God's promises, exceeding
 great,
He makes to us secure;
Yea, on this rock our faith
 may rest,
Immovable, secure.

5 Oh, the rich depths of love
 divine,
Of grace a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, since I'm owned
 as Thine.
I cannot wish for more.

231 [D168]

- 1 "Man of sorrows!"
What a name
For the Son of God, who came,
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing
rude,
In my place condemned
He stood;
Sealed my pardon with
His blood;
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He,
"Full atonement!" Can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished", was His cry.
Now in Heaven exalted high,
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious
King,
All His ransomed home to
bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing;
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

232 [D169]

- 1 Many sleep, but not for ever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part,
no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
From the deepest caves of
ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the
mountain,
Countless throngs shall
rise again.

Chorus

- Many sleep, but not for ever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part,;
no, never,
On the resurrection morn.*
- 2 When we see a precious
blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have
perished
With the flow'r we cherished so.
 - 3 Yes, they sleep, but not for
ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed promise! They shall
waken;
Jesus died the lost to save.
In the dawning of the morning,
When this troubled night
is o'er,
All these buds in beauty
blooming,
We'll rejoice to see once more.

233

- May the grace of Christ
our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless
love,
With His Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess in sweet
communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

234 [D170]

1 'Mid scenes of confusion
and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is
communion with saints.
To know at the banquet of
blessing there's room,
And feel in the presence of
Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds that unite all
the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus,
whose love cannot cease;
Though having Thy presence
wherever I roam,
I long to behold Thee,
in glory, at home

3 While here in the valley
of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission
and strength as my day.
In all my afflictions to Thee
would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my
glorious home!

235 [D171]

1 Mine eyes can see the glory
of the presence of the Lord;
He is trampling out the
wine-press where His
grapes of wrath are stored:
I see the flaming tempest of His
swift descending sword;
Our King is marching on

Chorus

*Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Our King is marching on.*

2 I see His coming judgments,
as they circle all the earth,
The signs and groanings
promised, to precede
a second birth;
I read His righteous sentence,
in the crumbling thrones
of earth:
Our King is marching on.

3 The "Gentile Times" are closing,
for their kings have had
their day;
And with them sin and sorrow
will for ever pass away:
The tribe of Judah's Lion soon
will come to hold the sway;
Our King is marching on.

4 The seventh trump is sounding,
and our King knows no defeat.
He will sift out the hearts of men
before His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to welcome
Him, be jubilant, my feet:
Our King is marching on.

236

1 More holiness give me,
More strivings within;
More patience in suff'ring,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

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

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'er-come;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be;
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, like Thee.

3 Though sorrow in its work,
Brings grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me:
More love, Oh Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

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

237 [D172]

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

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

238 [D173]

1 Mourner, whereso'er thou art,
At the Cross there's room.
Tell the burden of thy heart;
At the Cross there's room.
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine every fear,
Only speak and He will hear;
At the Cross there's room!

2 Haste thee, wanderer,
tarry not;
At the Cross there's room.
Seek that consecrated spot;
At the Cross there's room.
Heavy laden, sore oppressed,
Love can soothe thy troubled
breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the Cross there's room!

3 Blessed thought! For every one -
At the Cross there's room.
Love's atoning work is done;
At the Cross there's room.
Streams of boundless mercy
 flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh, that all the world might
 know
At the Cross there's room!

239 [D174]

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be -
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient
 dream,
When death's cold, sullen
 stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, heav'nly dove,
Fear and distress remove;
Bear me on wings of love,
A ransomed soul.

240 [[D181]

- 1 My Father, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing
 numbers end?
The numbers of Thy grace.
- 2 I trust in Thy eternal Word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Oh, give me grace through
 Christ, my Lord,
That I may serve Thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the
 length
Of the celestial road;
And tread, with courage,
 in Thy strength,
The narrow way to God.
- 4 Awake! Awake! My tuneful
 powers
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest
 hours,
Nor think the season long.

240A

- 1 Face to face with Christ
 my Saviour,
Face to face, what will it be,
When with rapture I behold
 Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me?

Chorus

*Face to face I shall behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by!*

2 Only faintly now I see Him,
With the darkening veil
between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.

3 What rejoicing in His presence,
When are banished grief and
pain;
When the crooked ways are
straightened,
And the dark things shall be
plain.

4 Face to face! Oh, blissful
moment!
Face to face - to see and know;
Face to face with my
Redeemer,
Jesus Christ, who loves me so.

241

1 My Father, this I ask of Thee,
Knowing that Thou wilt grant
the plea;
For this, and only this, I pray:
Strength for to-day,
just for today.

Chorus

*Strength for each trial
and each task,
What more, my Father,
should I ask?
Just as I need it day by day,
Strength for my weakness,
this I pray.*

2 I do not ask a lifted load,
Nor for a smooth and thornless
road;
Simply for strength enough
to bear
Life's daily burdens anywhere.

3 Strength for the present hour
of need,
This given, then I'm blest
indeed;
For each day as it comes will
bring
Sufficient strength for
anything.

4 Strength for to-day,
that I may make
Some sad soul glad for Jesus'
sake;
Then they with me, at eve
shall say;
"Thank God for strength
He gave to-day".

242 [D175]

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

Chorus

*Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Soon in glory!
We'll praise Thee again.*

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

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

4 And though here so low
'Mid sorrow and woe,
How blessed this hope
Of the gospel to know!

5 And this we shall find -
For such is His mind -
This gospel will open
The eyes of the blind.

243

1 My God I thank Thee, who hast
made the earth so bright.
So full of splendour and of joy,
beauty and light;
So many glorious things
are here, noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou
hast made joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and
deeds circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of
earth some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all my
joy is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest
hours, that thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be
my guide, and not my chain.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord,
how soon our weak heart
clings,
Hast given us joys, tender
and true, yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on
high, Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee Lord, that Thou
hast kept the best in store;
I have enough, yet not too
much, to long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here
our souls though amply blest
Can never find, although they
seek, a perfect rest -
Nor ever shall, until they lean
on Jesus' breast.

244

1 My God, my Father,
make me strong,
When tasks of life seem hard
and long,
To greet them with this
triumph song -
Thy will be done.

2 Draw from my timid eyes
the veil,
To show where earthly forces
fail,
Thy power and love must still
prevail,
Thy will be done.

3 With confident and humble
mind,
Freedom in service I would
find.
Praying through every toil
assigned,
Thy will be done.

4 Things deemed impossible
I dare,
Thine is the call and Thine
the care,
Thy wisdom shall the way
prepare,
Thy will be done.

5 All power is here and round
me now,
Faithful I stand in rule and vow,
While 'tis not I but ever Thou;
Thy will be done.

6 Heaven's music chimes the
glad days in,
Hope soars beyond death,
pain and sin
Faith shouts in triumph,
Love must win,
Thy will be done.

245 [D176]

1 My God, the spring of all
my joys,
The source of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if Thou
appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright
morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around
me shine
With beams of sacred bliss
And all Thy promises combine
My longing soul to bless.

4 My soul would keep the
narrow way
In footprints of my Lord,
And run with joy the shining
path,
Directed by Thy Word.

246 [D177]

1 My gracious Lord, I own
Thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such
a Friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy
Or to increase my worldly
good;
Nor future days my powers
employ
To spread a sounding name
abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would
live,
To Him Who for my ransom
died;
Nor could all worldly honour
give
Such bliss as crowns me at
His side.

5 His work shall future ages
 bless,
When present evils are
 no more;
And all the world shall then
 confess
His wondrous love,
 His saving power.

246A

1 Nearer, still nearer,
 close to Thy heart,
Draw me, my Saviour,
 so precious Thou art;
Fold me, Oh fold me close to
 Thy breast,
Shelter me safe in that
 "Haven of Rest",
Shelter me safe in that
 "Haven of Rest".

2 Nearer, still nearer,
 nothing I bring,
Naught as an off'ring
 to Jesus my King;
Only my sinful now
 contrite heart,
Grant me the cleansing
 Thy blood doth impart,
Grant me the cleansing
 Thy blood doth impart.

3 Nearer, still nearer,
 Lord, to be Thine
Sin, with its follies,
 I gladly resign;
All of its pleasures,
 pomp and its pride,
Give me but Jesus,
 my Lord crucified,
Give me but Jesus,
 my Lord crucified.

4 Nearer, still nearer,
 while life shall last,
Till safe in glory my anchor
 is cast;
Thro' endless ages, ever to be,
Nearer, my Saviour,
 still nearer to Thee,
Nearer, my Saviour,
 still nearer to Thee.

247 [D178]

1 My hope is built on
 nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and
 righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest
 frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus'
 name.

Chorus

*On Christ, the Solid Rock,
 I stand;
All other ground
 is sinking sand;
All other ground
 is sinking sand.*

2 When darkness seems
 to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within
 the veil.

3 His oath, His cov'nant
 and His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming
 flood;
When all around my soul
 gives way
He, then, is all my hope
 and stay.

248 [D179]

- 1 My life flows on in endless
song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, not far-off
hymn,
That hails a New Creation.
Through all the tumult and
the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul -
How can I keep from singing?
- 2 What though my joys and
comfort die!
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness
gather round!
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost
calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n
and earth,
How can keep from singing?
- 3 I lift mine eyes; the cloud
grows thin;
I see the blue above it:
And day by day this pathway
smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes
fresh my heart
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since
I am His -
How can I keep from singing?

249 [D180]

- 1 My Lord, how full of sweet
content
My years of pilgrimage are
spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell
with Thee,
In heaven, in earth,
or on the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place
nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free
from care
On any shore, since Thou
art there.
- 3 While place we seek,
or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness
in none;
But with a God to guide
our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where
Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful
lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

250 [D182]

- 1 My song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days:
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise.
My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave Himself, my ransom,
Who bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,
When sitting at His feet,
I call to mind His goodness
In meditation sweet.
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me
And keeps me at His side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus
While pressing on my way
To reach the blissful region
Of pure and endless day.
And when my soul shall enter
The gate of Eden fair,
A song of praise to Jesus
I'll sing for ever there.

251 [D183]

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing
hard
To draw thee from the prize.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not
be done,
Till thou hast gained thy
crown.

252 [D184]

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heav'nly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest
strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day
prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile
shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armour is divine,
Thy feet with promise shod;
And on Thy head, ere long,
shall shine,
The diadem of God.

253 [D185]

1 My soul with humble fervour
raise
To God the voice of grateful
praise,
And all thy ransom'd powers
combine,
To bless His attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory
trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender
care,
Saved me when sinking
in despair.

3 He led my longing soul to prove
The joy of His forgiving love.
And when I did His grace
request
He led my weary feet to rest.

254 [D186]

1 "My times are in Thy hand",
My God I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul
I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand",
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark
or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand",
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never
cause
His child a needless tear.

255 [D187]

1 Naught of merit or of price
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died and paid it all -
Yes, all that I did owe.

Chorus

*Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owed;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owed.*

2 When He from His lofty throne
Stooped down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
"Tis finished!" was His cry.

3 Weary not, Oh toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be;
Work for Him with cheerful
heart,
Who suffered all for thee.

4 Bring a willing sacrifice,
Thy soul, to Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.

256 [D188]

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet even here I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3 Bright doth Thy Truth appear
Shining from heaven;
This light Thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Ever to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

4 Lord, I would scale the height,
Nearer to be;
My soul would wing its flight
Quickly to Thee.
Oh, may each day bear me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

257

- 1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising
 prove,
Through sleep and darkness
 safely brought,
Restored to life and power
 and thought.
- 2 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless
 price
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 3 Old friends, old scenes, will
 lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each
 we see;
Some softening gleam of love
 and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross
 and care.
- 4 The trivial round,
 the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, Oh Lord, in Thy great
 love,
Fit us for greater work above;
And help us, this and every
 day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

258 [D189]

- 1 No longer far from rest
 I roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 His word of promise is
 my food;
His spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength
 renewed;
My wants, too are supplied.
- 3 For Him I count as gain
 each loss;
Disgrace, for Him, renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown.

259 [D190]

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty
 conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly
 Lamb,
Takes all our sins away -
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My soul looks back to see
The burden He did bear,
While pouring out His life
 for me;
And sees her ransom there.

260 [D191]

- 1 Not my own", but saved
by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by
His blood,
Gladly I accept the message;
I belong to Christ, the Lord.

Chorus

*"Not my own!"
Oh! "Not my own!"
Jesus I belong to Thee!
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.*

- 2 "Not my own!" To Christ,
my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.
- 3 "Not my own " My time,
my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

261 [D192]

- 1 Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth
shall we
Our strength, our being give.
- 2 The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.

- 3 No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye,
or pride
Of life we shall not know.
- 4 Dead to the world, and all
Its gaiety and pride;
To its vain pomp and glory be
For ever crucified.
- 5 When He Who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed,
and shine
In glory, like His own.
- 6 Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then;
Our sky without a single cloud,
Ourselves without a stain.
- 7 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

262 [D193]

- 1 Now let our souls on wings
sublime,
Rise from the trivial cares
of time;
Draw back the parting veil,
and see,
The glories of eternity.
- 2 The joys of time, of little worth,
Should not confine our
thoughts to earth;
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal
joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the
road,
The narrow way that leads
to God?
Or can we love earth's ties
so well,
As not to long with God
to dwell?

4 Lord, we would grasp the
joys divine,
Find present joy in works
of thine;
And press along the narrow
way
That leads to realms of endless
day.

263 [D195]

1 Oh could we speak the
matchless worth!
Oh could we sound the
glories forth!
Which in our Saviour shine;
We'd soar and touch the
heav'nly strings,
And harmonise all earthly
things,
In strains of praise sublime.

2 The music of the spheres
should tell
How He created all things well,
Which grace divine had
planned;
And every radiant human face
Should speak of His redeeming
grace,
At love's inspired command.

3 In Him how grace and glory
meet,
In matchless beauty fair,
and sweet,
Should then to all be shown;
In loftiest songs of sweetest
praise
We would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Oh, the delightful day will
come,
When Christ, our Lord, will
bring us home,
And we shall see His face.
Then with our Saviour,
Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant through His grace.

264 [D196]

1 Oh for a closer walk with God,
To glorify His name;
To let my light shine on the
road
That leads men to the Lamb!

2 The dearest object I have
known,
Whate'er that object be:
I want to banish from Thy
throne,
And worship only Thee.

3 Lord, give me grace to walk
with Thee,
Through pain, or loss,
or shame,
That every act may henceforth
be
An honour to Thy name.

265 [D197]

- 1 Oh for a faith that will
not shrink,
Tho' pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble
on the brink
Of any earthly woe;
- 2 That will not murmur
nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more
bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows
no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears unmoved the
world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot
drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;
- 5 A faith that keeps the
narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and steady ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, lead me to a faith
like this,
Through trial though it be;
For Oh, the rest of faith is bliss,
The bliss of rest in Thee.

266 [D198]

- 1 Oh for a heart more like
my God,
From imperfection free;
A heart conform'd unto
Thy Word,
And pleasing, Lord, to Thee;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive,
meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard
to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite
heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death
can part
From Him Who dwells within;
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought
renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure,
and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

267 [D199]

- 1 Oh for a thousand tongues
to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 Jesus! The name that soothes
our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears.
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of
reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest
clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks, and listening to
His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts
rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

267A

1 "Great is Thy faithfulness",
Oh God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning
with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy
compassions, they fail not,
As Thou hast been Thou for
ever wilt be.

Chorus

*"Great is Thy faithfulness!
Great is Thy faithfulness!"
Morning by morning new
mercies I see;
All I have needed Thy hand
hath provided, -
"Great is Thy faithfulness",
Lord, unto me!*

2 Summer and winter, and
spring-time and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their
courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold
witness,
To Thy great faithfulness,
mercy and love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace
that endureth,
Thine own dear presence to
cheer and to guide;
Strength for today and bright
hope for to-morrow,
Blessings all mine,
with ten thousand beside!

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268 [D201]

1 Oh glorious hope of heav'nly
love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle wings;
It gives my joyful soul a taste,
And makes me, even here,
to feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain
top,
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 Oh that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan
stop,
But now the land possess!
There dwells the Lord,
our righteousness,
He'll keep His own in perfect
peace,
And everlasting rest.

269

- 1 Oh gracious Father,
look with pity on Thy child,
Grant me Thy blessing,
make me meek and mild,
Pardon, heavenly Father,
all Thou seest in me amiss,
Let Thy sweet forgiveness
fill my heart with bliss.

Chorus

*Gracious, heav'nly Father,
Hear Oh hear my humble
prayer;
Bless me, and keep me
In Thy love and care.*

- 2 Help me, Oh Father,
to fulfil Thy holy will,
Into this cold heart
heav'nly warmth instil,
Give me, blessed Father,
strength sufficient
for each day,
From Thy way appointed
let me never stray.
- 3 Oh blessed Father, when the
way grows dark and steep,
My hand so trembling,
gently take and keep;
Through the cloud and shadow,
make Thy gracious face
to shine,
Let Thy blessed presence
bring me peace divine.

270

- 1 Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy
blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy
throne,
Still may we dwell secure,
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone, -
Short as the watch that ends
the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever rolling
stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life
shall last,
And our eternal home.

271 [D202]

- 1 Oh God, our strength,
to Thee our song,
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone,
belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy
hour,
Thine ear hath heard our
prayer;
And graciously Thine arm
of pow'r
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And Thou, Oh ever gracious
Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still;
If, meekly harkening to Thy
Word,
We seek to do Thy will.
- 4 Led by the light Thy grace
imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols which our wayward
hearts,
Set up instead of Thee.
- 5 So shall Thy choicest gifts,
Oh Lord
Thy faithful people bless;
Thy favour and Thy grace
afford
Our truest happiness.

272

- 1 Oh happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

- 2 Oh happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
Oh happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!
- 3 The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all
troubles
To Him alone will turn.
- 5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth?
- 6 Oh happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

272A

- 1 Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon Virgin and her Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
- 2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quail at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven
afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming
 grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

273 [D203]

1 Oh 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.

Chorus

*Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins
 away;
He taught me how to watch
 and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day,
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins
 away.*

2 Now rest, my long divided
 heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre,
 rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good
 possessed.

3 Yes, blessed every day has been
Since I am His and He is mine.
He leads me and I follow on,
Directed through the Word
 divine.

274 [D204]

1 Hail, happy day, that speaks
 our trials ended!
Our Lord has come to take
 us home;
Oh hail, happy day!
No more by doubts or fears
 distressed,
We now shall gain our
 promised rest,
And be for ever blest!
Oh hail, happy day!

2 Swell loud the glad note,
 our bondage now is over;
The Jubilee proclaims us free;
Oh hail, happy day!
The day that brings a sweet
 release,
That crowns our Jesus
 Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease!
Oh hail, happy day!

3 Oh hail, happy day that
 ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without
 alloy;
Oh hail, happy day!
There peace shall wave her
 sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet
 the eye,
Proclaiming victory!
Oh hail, happy day!

4 We hail thy bright beams,
Oh morn of Zion's glory!
Thy blessed light breaks on
our sight;
Oh hail, happy day!
Fair Beulah's fields before
us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our
eyes,
The joys of Paradise!
Oh hail, happy day!

5 Thrice hail, happy day!
when earth shall smile
in gladness,
And Eden bloom without
a tomb;
Oh hail, happy day!
Where life's pellucid waters
glide
Safe by the dear Redeemer's
side,
For ever we'll abide!
Oh hail, happy day!

275 [205]

1 Oh happy they who know
the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them with
His Word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing
hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead His love
and pow'r,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped His saints in
ancient days,
Who trusted in His name;
And we can witness to His
praise,
His love is still the same.
4 His presence sweetens all
our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels
our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we once repine;
But give us still to find Thee
near,
And keep us wholly Thine.

276

1 Oh how blest the hour,
dear Father,
When we can to Thee
draw near,
Promises so sweet and
precious
From Thy gracious word
to hear.

2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain;
With the saving truths
impress us,
Which the words of life
contain.

3 By Thy Holy Spirit guide us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the light of truth
provide us,
That we may not go astray.

4 Make us gentle, meek and
humble,
And yet bold in doing right:
Scatter darkness, lest we
stumble;
Men walk safely in the light.

5 Lord, endue Thy word of favour
With such light and love
and power,
That in us its quickening savour
May increase from hour
to hour.

6 Give us grace to bear our
witness
To the truths we have
embraced;
And let others both their
sweetness
And their quickening
virtue taste.

277 [D206]

1 Oh how happy are we
Who in Jesus agree,
And expect soon His kingdom
to share!
We will sit in His throne,
And His glory make known,
And His praises shall sound
everywhere.

Chorus

*Oh how happy are we,
Who in Jesus agree;
How happy, how happy,
are we.*

2 Now united to Him,
E'en on this side the stream
Of the Jordan that lieth
between;
We rejoice in His grace,
And the smile of His face,
While the glory and cross
both are seen.

3 We remember the word
Of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us
a place -
"I will come in that day
And will take you away,
And admit to the light of
My face".

4 Lo! Our King from the skies!
Hark! He bids us arise
To the mansions of glory
above,
Oh, with joy we'll ascend,
And eternity spend,
In proclaiming His wonderful
love.

278 [D207]

1 How happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure
above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with heavenly
love.

2 That sweet comfort is mine,
Since the favour divine
I received through the blood
of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in His blessed
name!

3 'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
Even angels can do nothing
more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners
adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song.
Oh that all His salvation
may see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem and from death
set me free.

279 [D208]

1 Oh Lord Thy promised grace
impart,
And fill my consecrated heart;
Henceforth my chief concern
shall be,
To live and speak and toil
for Thee.

2 While joyfully in Thine employ,
The thought shall fill my soul
with joy;
That my imperfect work
shall be
Acceptable through Christ
to Thee.

3 Thy watchful eye pervadeth
space,
Thy presence, Lord, fills
every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot
may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to
Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly
thing,
And safe beneath Thy shelt'ring
wing;
My sweetest thought
henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

280 [D209]

1 Oh love divine, that stooped
to share
Our sharpest pang, our
bitterest tear!
On Thee we cast each
earth-born care,
Feeling at rest while Thou
art near.

2 Though long the weary way
we tread,
And sorrow crown each
lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness
dread,
Our hearts still whispering,
Thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure
turns to grief,
And trembling faith is
changed to fear,
The murmuring wind,
the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us
Thou art near.

4 On Thee we cast our
burdening woe,
Oh Love divine,
for ever dear;
Content to suffer while
we know,
Living or dying,
Thou art near.

280A

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons
of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness,
and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon
adorning,
Guide where our Infant
Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the
dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the
beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber
reclining,
Maker, and Monarch,
and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him,
in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings
divine,
Gems of the mountain,
and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest,
or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample
oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His
favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's
adoration;
Dearer to God are the
prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the
sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness,
and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon
adorning,
Guide where our Infant
Redeemer is laid.

281

- 1 Oh 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 Oh let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me
Around me and within;
But, Jesus draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- 3 Oh let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storm of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
Oh speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- 4 Oh Jesus Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.
- 5 Oh let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

282

- 1 Oh Love that will 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 Oh Light, that followest all
my way -
I yield my flick'ring torch
to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed
ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze
its day
May brighter, fairer, be.
- 3 Oh 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 Oh Cross, that liftest up
my head,
I would not ask to fly
from Thee;
E'en death's cold wave I need
not dread,
For in Thy home where glories
spread
My life shall endless be.

283

- 1 Oh Master, let me walk
with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Thy secret tell, help me to bear
The strain of toil, the fret
of care;
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.
- 2 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;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's
broadening way,
In peace that only Thou
canst give,
With Thee, Oh Master,
let me live.

284

- 1 Oh now I see the crimson
wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
The blood which Christ so
freely gave,
Which all our sins will hide.

Chorus
The cleansing stream,
I see, I see!
And now by faith
it cleanseth me.
Oh, praise the Lord,
it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me,
yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see a new creation rise,
Through merit of His blood;
I see the dead of earth arise,
Washed in the cleansing flood.

3 They rise to walk in heaven's
light,
For ever free from sin,
With hearts made pure
and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! What joy
to know
The virtue of His blood!
Our Father's wisdom
planned it so;
His Son our ransom stood.

285

1 Oh Perfect Love, all human
thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer
before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love
which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore
dost join in one.

2 Oh Perfect Life, be Thou
their full assurance
Of tender charity and
steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet
brave endurance,
With childlike trust that
fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which
brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which
calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious
unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love
and life.

286 [D219]

1 Oh render thanks to God
above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through
ages past
Hath stood, and shall for
ever last.

2 Who can His mighty deeds
express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can
raise
His tribute of eternal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour,
Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen shalt
afford;
At Thy return to set men free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 Oh may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's
triumph mine!

286A

1 Softly the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still:
But hark! The wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff re-echo,
Glory to God on high!

Chorus
Glory to God!
It rings again,
Peace on the earth!
Goodwill to men.

2 Come the gladsome
shepherds
Quick hastening from the fold;
Come with the wise men
bringing
Incense, and myrrh, and gold;
Come to Him poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of
sunshine,
And sing the angels' song.

3 Wave ye the wreath
unfading,
The fir tree and the pine,
Green from the snows of
winter,
To deck the holy shrine;
Bring ye the happy children!
For this is Christmas morn:
Jesus, the sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

287 [D221]

1 Oh Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
Oh name of might and favour,
All other names above!

Chorus

We worship Thee!
We bless Thee!
To Thee with joy we sing!
We praise Thee
and confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

2 Oh bringer of Salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought!

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
Oh Son of God, is Thine.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

Chorus

Then shall we praise
and bless Thee,
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

288 [D222]

- 1 Oh sometimes the shadows
are deep,
And rough seems the path
to the goal,
And sorrows how often
they sweep,
Like tempests, down over
the soul!

Chorus

*Oh then to the Rock
let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher
than I
Oh then to the Rock
let me fly.
To the Rock that is higher
than I.*

- 2 Oh, sometimes so long seems
the day,
And sometimes so heavy
my feet;
But, toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow,
how sweet!

- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let
me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain-way
steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

289 [D223]

- 1 Oh soon we'll sing the
matchless love,
Why Christ our King was slain,
As onward ages ceaseless
move,
Eternally we'll reign.
Come, Saviour,
let Thy reign begin;
Come, still each note of war;
We long to sing an end of sin,
In praise that sounds afar.
- 2 We pray and long
to see the dawn,
The bright eternal day,
When tears are wiped
and sorrows gone,
And clouds have fled away.
May glowing love inspire
our hearts,
And praise our tongues
employ;
We'll watch and pray till
sin departs,
Then strike the harps of joy.

290

- 1 Oh 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.

2 Oh 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.

3 Oh fill me with Thy fullness,
Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and
glowing word,
Thy love to tell,
Thy praise to show.

4 Oh 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.

291

1 Oh the bitter pain and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self and none of Thee".

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;
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,
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 -
"None of self and all of Thee".

292 [D225]

1 Oh Thou God of our salvation,
Our Redeemer from all sin,
Thou hast called us to a station
We could ne'er by merit win.
Oh, we praise Thee,
While we strive to enter in.

2 In the footprints of our
Saviour,
We will daily strive to walk;
And the alien world's disfavour
Shall but send us to our Rock.
How its waters
Do refresh Thy weary flock!

3 We, like Him, would bear
the message
Of our Heavenly Father's grace;
Show how He redeemed
from bondage
All our lost and ruined race.
Oh, what mercy
Beams in His all-glorious face!

4 When we've borne our
faithful witness
To Thy grand and wondrous
plan,
Gathered out Thy fairest virgins
To be wedded to the Lamb,
With what rapture
We'll receive the victor's crown.

4 Then with Him in glory
reigning,
All the sons of men to bless,
Earth no more Thy name
profaning,
Soon shall learn of
righteousness;
And Thy wisdom,
Every tongue shall then
confess.

293 [D226]

- 1 Oh Thou in Whose presence
my soul takes delight,
On Whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my
song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
- 2 Where dost Thou, at noontide,
resort with Thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death
should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 No longer I wander an alien
from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread.
My table is furnished with
bounties so free,
My soul on Thy Word is
well fed.

294 [D227]

- 1 Oh Thou to whom,
in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards
was strung,
Whom kings adored in song
sublime,
And prophets praised with
glowing tongue.

2 Not now on Zion's height
alone
The favoured worshipper
may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon,
Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's
well.

3 From every place below
the skies,
The grateful song,
the fervent prayer.
The incense of the heart
may rise
To heaven, and find
acceptance there.

4 Oh Thou to whom,
in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp
was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall praise arise and songs
be sung.

295 [D228]

- 1 Oh Thou who driest
the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and
wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
- 2 But Thou wilt heal the
broken heart
Which, like the plants
that throw
Their fragrance from the
wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out
of woe.

3 Oh, who could bear life's
stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come gently wafting,
through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from
above?

4 E'en sorrow, touched by
heav'n, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds
of light
We never saw by day.

295A

1 The first Nowell
the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds
in fields as they lay;
In fields where they
lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night
that was so deep.

Chorus

*Nowell, Nowell,
Nowell, Nowell.
Born is the King of Israel.*

2 They looked up
and saw a star
Shining in the East
beyond them far,
And to the earth
it gave great light,
And so it continued
both day and night.

3 And by the light
of that same star,
Three wise men came
from country far;
To seek for a King
was their intent,
And to follow the star
wherever it went.

4 This star drew nigh
to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did
both stop and stay,
Right over the place
where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in
those wise men three
Full reverently
on bended knee,
And offered there,
in His presence,
Their gold, and myrrh,
and frankincense.

6 Then let us all
with one accord
Sing praises to
our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven
and earth of nought,
And with His blood
mankind hath bought.

- 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.

Chorus

*Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made
meet.*

- 2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will;
Willing, should He not
require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world my Saviour
might see.
Rather be nothing, nothing -
To Him let their voices
be raised;
He is the fountain of blessing
Yes, worthy is He to be praised.

- 1 Oh What pain and sorrow,
bitterness and woe,
Evil speaking causeth
in this world below;
Loving hearts are broken,
dearest hopes destroyed,
In their beauty blighted
by the thoughtless word.

Chorus

*Ye who love the Saviour
and would win His smile,
Keep your tongue from evil
and your lips from guile.
He will ever help you
if His aid you seek,
Whatsoe'er betideth
lovingly to speak.*

- 2 Oh, remember Jesus
ev'ry word doth hear,
By His holy spirit
He is ever near,
Think how much He suffered
ere you wound Him more,
When the world's reviling
for your sake He bore.
- 3 Love that thinks no evil
dwelling in the heart,
Will its blessed sweetness
to the life impart;
Then each thought and action
by its power controlled,
Word unkind, 'twill prompt us
carefully with-hold.
- 4 Make your life a blessing,
follow after peace,
Patiently pursue it,
from all evil cease;
Scattering seeds of kindness,
speaking words of love,
Thus the pathway brighten
to your home above.

297A

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

Chorus

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

- 2 Christ by highest heaven
 adored,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
 There in flesh the Saviour see;
 Hail His spotless purity!
 Pleased as Man with men
 to dwell,
 Jesus our Emmanuel.
- 3 Hail the heaven-born
 Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings:
 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more
 may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth
 Born to give them second birth.

298 [D232]

- 1 Oh where are the reapers
 that garner in
 The grains of the wheat
 from the tares of sin?
 With sickles of truth must
 the work be done,
 And no one may rest
 till the harvest home.

Chorus

*Few are the reapers;
 Lord, we will join,
 And share in the work
 of the harvest time.
 Oh who will not help
 to garner in
 The grains of wheat
 from the tares of sin?*

- 2 Go out in the by-ways
 and search them all;
 The wheat may be there
 though the weeds are tall;
 Then search in the highway
 and pass none by,
 But gather from all
 for the calling high.
- 3 The fields are all ripening,
 and far and wide.
 The world now is waiting
 the harvest-tide;
 But reapers are few
 and the work is great
 The Master calls
 and we must not wait.

4 So come with your sickles
ye sons of God.
And let not the wheat
under foot be trod.
Work on till the Lord
shall say you, Well done!
Then share ye His joy
in the harvest home.

299 [D200]

- 1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the
strife,
Strengthened with the bread
of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's
pow'r?
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be
glad,
March, in heav'nly armour clad:
Fight, nor think, the battle
long,
Victory soon shall be your
song.
- 4 Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors
ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many
a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

300 [D210]

- 1 One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But Heav'n is nearer,
And Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

Chorus

- One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of toil for me.*
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty,
To show His beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought
How Christ my life has bought.
 - 3 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!
 - 4 One more day's work for Jesus!
Oh yes, a weary day;
But Heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before His face I fall.

5 Oh blessed work for Jesus!
Oh rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

301 [D211]

1 One offer of salvation
To all the world make known;
The only sure foundation
Is Christ, the Corner Stone.

Chorus

*No other name is given,
No other way is known,
'Tis Jesus Christ,
the First and Last;
He saves, and He alone.*

2 One door to life eternal
Stands open wide to-day;
It leads to bliss supernal;
'Tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story
Is, Jesus died for me;
My only hope of glory,
The Cross of Calvary.

301A

1 A thousand years have come
and gone,
And near a thousand more,
Since happier light from
heaven shone
Than ever shone before;
And in the hearts of old
and young
A joy most joyful stirred,
That sent such news from
tongue to tongue
As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news, that men should
be as they,
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits
bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising
light
Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad,
and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made
ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day, when first on wintry
earth
A summer change began,
And dawning in a lowly birth
Uprose the Light of man.

4 For trouble, such as men
must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us,
that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years
of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the
harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

302

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

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

3 We have found a Friend
in Jesus:
Oh how He loves!
'Tis His great delight
to bless us:
Oh how He loves!
How our hearts delight
to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety
near Him!
Why should we distrust
or fear Him?
Oh how He loves!

4 Through His name
we are forgiven:
Oh how He loves!
Backward shall our foes
be driven:
Oh how He loves!
Best of blessings
He'll provide us,
Naught but good
shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us:
Oh how He loves!

303 [D212]

1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name
of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends,
to save us,
Could or would have shed
his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth
abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

304 [D213]

- 1 Only Thee, my soul's
Redeemer!
Whom have I in Heaven
beside?
Who on earth, with love
so tender,
All my wand'ring steps
will guide?

Chorus

*Only Thee, only Thee,
Loving Saviour, only Thee.*

- 2 Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine -
Joy that gives the blest
assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed
me Thine.
- 3 Only Thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Present life, or present comfort -
I resign them all to Thee.
- 4 Only Thee! Whose blood has
cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see.
While my faith is reaching
upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

305 [D214]

- 1 Only waiting till the dawning
Is a little brighter grown,
Only waiting till the shadows
Of the world's dark night
are flown,
Till the shadows all shall vanish
In the blessed, blessed day;

For the morn, at last,
is breaking
Through the twilight soft
and grey.

- 2 Only waiting till the presence
Of the Sun of Righteousness
Shall dispel the noxious
vapours,
Ignorance, and prejudice;
Till the glory of the sunlight
Of the bright Millennial day
Scatters all the mists of
darkness,
Lights the gloom with
healing ray.
- 3 Waiting for the restitution,
Promised in the holy Word;
When our race, redeemed
and risen,
Know and love their Saviour
Lord,
When each man shall love
his fellow;
Justice give to each and all;
Dwell in love, and dwell
in Jesus,
Who redeemed them from
the fall.

306 [D216]

- 1 On the mountain's top
appearing,
Lo! The gospel herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing -
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God Himself shall loose thy
bands.

2 Hath thy night been long
and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful
proved?
Have thy foes been proud
and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears
unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, Thy God, will soon
exalt thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall fail to halt
thee;
Here their boasts and
triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance;
Zion's King begins to send.

4 Peace and joy shall soon
attend thee;
All thy warfare will be past;
God, thy Saviour, doth defend
thee:
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

307 [D217]

1 On Thy Church, Oh Lord divine!
Cause Thy glorious face
to shine,
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her light, from zone
to zone,
Makes Thy great salvation
known.

2 Then shall she, with lavish
hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich
increase,
Every breeze shall whisper
peace,
And the world's remotest
bound
With the voice of praise
resound.

308

1 Our Father knows what
things we need.
Each step along the way
His eye of love doth never
sleep;
He watches night and day.

2 He knows, sometimes,
like ripening grain,
We need the sunshine bright.
Again He sends the peace
that comes
With shadows of the night.

3 Sometimes our pride would
fain unfurl
Ambition's flaunting sail:
Ah! Then He knows we need
to walk
Humiliation's vale.

4 Sometimes He takes our
eager hands
And folds them on our breast;
He gently lays our work aside -
He knows we need to rest.

5 Sometimes we need
companionship,
Sometimes "the wilderness".
How sweet to feel He'll know
and give
The state that most will bless!

6 Then let us leave it all with
Him,
Assured that, come what may,
Our Father knows just what
we need
Upon our pilgrim-way.

309 [D218]

1 Our Heav'nly Father
and our Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise:
The pray'rs of saints to Heav'n
ascend;
Hear Thou Thy humble
children's cries.

2 Regard our prayers for
Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts Thy love
abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge and fill us all, Oh God!

3 Before Thy sheep, great
Shepherd go,
And guide into Thy perfect will;
Cause us Thy hallowed name
to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling
sure;
Oh let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as Thou Thyself
art pure,
Conformed in all things
to our Head.

310 [D230]

1 Our lamps are trimmed
and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the
Bridegroom,
And now we'll enter in.
We know we've nothing
worthy
That we can call our own -
The light, the oil, the robes
we wear
Are all from Him alone.

Chorus

*Behold, behold
the Bridegroom,
And all may enter in,
Whose lamps are trimmed
and burning,
Whose robes are white
and clean.*

2 Go forth - we soon shall
see Him,
The way is shining now,
All lighted with a glory
None other could bestow.
His gracious invitation
Beyond deserving kind,
We gladly own and take
our lamps,
And joy eternal find.

3 We see the marriage
splendour,
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest for evermore;
We see our King, more lovely
Than all the sons of men;
We haste because that door
once shut,
Will never ope again.

311 [D231]

- 1 Out of the depths of woe,
To Thee, Oh Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me,
but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.
- 2 Humbly on Thee I wait
To bring deliv'rance in,
E'en now wide springs
the eastern gate,
And rays of dawn
stream in.
- 3 Oh, hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul
rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.
- 4 Glory to God above!
The 'whelming floods will
cease;
For, lo! The swift-returning
dove
Brings back the sign of peace.
- 5 Though storms His face
obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

312

- 1 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 to Heaven's
perfect peace.

313 [D233]

- 1 Peace, troubled soul!
Thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who led thee last will lead
thee still;
Be calm, and sink into His will.

2 The Lord who built the earth
and sky,
In love now hearkens
to thy cry:
His promise thou may'st
freely claim:
Ask and receive
in Jesus' name.

3 Open to God thine inmost
heart;
He will His comfort then
impart;
He will His grace most freely
give,
And peace and joy thou
shalt receive.

4 Rest in His love though
storms prevail.
No storm can there
o'erwhelm thy soul.
Ne'er let thy faith and courage
fail.
Ill shall work good by His
control.

314 [D234]

Praise God from whom all
blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures
here below;
Praise Him aloud with heart
and voice,
And always in His Son rejoice.

315 [D235]

1 Praise, my soul,
the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored,
forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

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

3 Father-like, He proves
yet spares us,
Well our feeble frame
He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
How His plan His wisdom shows.

316 [D236]

1 Praise the Lord,
His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven
to earth,
Tell His wonders,
sing His worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him
evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies
trace
Praise His providence
and grace;
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through
His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands
and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord
adore,
Praise Him praise Him
evermore.

317 [D237]

1 Praise the Lord!
Ye heavens adore Him;
Praise Him, angels
in the height;
Sun and moon,
rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord,
for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice
obeyed;
Laws which never shall be
broken,
For their guidance
He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord,
for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail;
He shall make His saints
victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, His power
proclaim;
Heaven and earth,
and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name.

318 [D238]

1 Praise to Him, by Whose
kind favour,
Heavenly Truth has reached
our ears;
May its sweet, reviving savour,
Fill our hearts and calm
our fears.

2 Truth, how sacred is the
treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth
to know;
Vain the hope, and short
the pleasure,
Which from other sources
flow.

3 What of Truth we have been
hearing,
Fix, Oh Lord, in every heart;
In the day of Thine appearing
May we share Thy people's
part.

319

- 1 Praise to the Holiest
in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His works most
wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!
- 2 Oh loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 Oh wisest love, that flesh
and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against
the foe,
Should strive and should
prevail.
- 4 Oh generous love, that He
Who came
To overcome the foe,
A willing death upon the cross
For man should undergo;
- 5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high
Should teach His brethren
and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 6 Praise to the Holiest
in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His works most
wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

319A

- 1 While shepherds watched
their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord
came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not", said he
(for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled
mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy
I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town,
this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ
the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you
there shall find
To human view displayed,
And meanly wrapped in
swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph;
and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God,
and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from
heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

320

- 1 Praise to our King who
is coming to reign,
Glory to Jesus the Lamb
that was slain:
Life and salvation His empire
shall bring,
Joy to the nations -
when Jesus is King.

Chorus

- Oh that will bring,
praise to our King,
Praise to our King,
praise to our King.
Sing the glad song
who to Jesus belong
Glory to Jesus,
to Jesus our King.*
- 2 All men shall dwell in His
marvellous light,
Races long severed His love
shall unite.
Justice and truth from His
sceptre shall spring,
Wrong will be ended -
when Jesus is King.
 - 3 Men shall learn right
in His kingdom of Peace,
Freedom shall flourish
and wisdom increase.
Foe shall be friend when His
triumph we sing,
Sword shall be sickle -
when Jesus is King.
 - 4 All shall come back who
have lived long ago,
Love like a banner shall
over them flow;

Sin shall be conquered
as light shines within,
Oh hail happy day -
when Jesus is King.

321

- 1 Praise ye the Lord!
'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices
in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars,
those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers,
calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows
no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts
are drowned.
- 3 Sing to the Lord;
exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds
along the sky;
There He prepares the
fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend
in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass
the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling
fields with corn;
The beasts with food
His hands supply,
And the young ravens
when they cry.

5 His saints are pleasing
in His sight,
He views His children with
delight;
He sees their hope,
He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves
His image there.

322 [D239]

1 Prayer is appointed to convey,
The blessings God designs
to give,
In every case should Christians
pray,
If near the fount of grace
they'd live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs
oppress,
If cares distract, or fears
dismay;
If want deject, if sin distress,
In every case, still watch
and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul
that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken,
language lame;
God thro' His Word to us
doth speak,
And we to Him in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst
not fail;
But ask according to His will;
Then always shall thy prayer
prevail,
And nothing shall to thee
work ill.

323

1 Prayer is the soul's
sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed.
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form
of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains
that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's
vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates
of death;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

5 The saints in prayer appear
as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and
the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

6 Oh Thou by Whom we come
to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself
hath trod;
Lord! Teach us how to pray.

324 [D240]

- 1 Precious Jesus,
how I love Thee!
And I know Thy love is mine;
All my ransomed life
I give Thee.
Use it, Lord, in ways of Thine.
Use my warmest, best
affections;
Use my memory, mind and will;
Then with all Thy loving spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

Chorus

*All of earth and all of Heaven,
All I want I find in Thee; Jesus,
Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all the world to me.*

- 2 Vain the world its pleasure
boasting,
Vain the charms of earth to me;
Gold is dross, and riches
worthless,
If they turn my heart from Thee.
Dearer, nearer than a brother,
Source of all my happiness;
Comfort too, in every sorrow,
Ever near to help and bless.
- 3 Lord, I touch Thy sacred
garment,
Fearless stretch my eager
hand;
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.
Lo! He turns and looks upon me
With those wonder-speaking
eyes;
Vain my soul essays to answer,
I am lost in sweet surprise.

- 4 Oh, how precious, dear
Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul.
I am Thine and have this token
While I'm running for the goal.
Lo! A new creation dawning;
Lo! I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning;
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

325 [D241]

- 1 Precious moments,
rich in blessing,
At the throne of grace I spend;
All my joys and griefs
expressing,
To my best and truest Friend.
Here I find that sweet
communion,
With my Father and my Lord,
Earnest of that blessed union
Promised in the Holy Word.
- 2 Christ says, Come,
thou heavy laden,
I will give thee sweetest rest,
All the way My feet have
trodden,
Come to Me when sore
oppressed.
Take My easy yoke upon you,
Rest from earthly care
and strife;
I will sweetest comfort
give you,
Walk with Me the ways of life.

3 Lord, we praise Thee
for this blessing,
For this privilege so sweet,
For Thy tender love's caressing,
For this sure and safe retreat.
Never weary of our coming,
Never spurning our request;
With complaint or with
rejoicing,
Still Thy love is manifest.

326 [D242]

1 Precious promise God hath
given,
To the weary ones who try,
Treasure to lay up in Heaven,
"I will guide thee with
Mine eye".

Chorus

*I will guide thee,
I will guide thee,
I will guide thee
with Mine eye;
In the way which
I will show thee,
"I will guide thee
with Mine eye."*

2 When temptations almost
win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly
Let this promise ring
within thee,
"I will guide thee with
Mine eye".

3 When thine earthly hopes
have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still
be cherished,
"I will guide thee with
Mine eye".

4 By and by the heavenly
treasures,
Moth and rust could ne'er
destroy,
Thou wilt find laid up in glory,
Guided to them by Mine eye.

327 [D243]

1 Precious Saviour,
Thou hast saved me;
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Oh, the cleansing blood has
reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Chorus

*Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood
has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!*

2 Consecrated to Thy service,
While I live I'll live to Thee;
I will witness, to Thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

3 Trusting, trusting every
moment,
Saved from sin by power
divine;
Have I love? Thou didst
impart it;
Have I light? The light is Thine.

4 Glory to the blood that
bought me!
Glory to its cleansing power!
Glory to the grace that
keeps me!
Glory, glory evermore!

328

1 Precious thought -
my Father knoweth!
In His love I rest;
For whate'er my Father doeth
Must be always best;
Well I know the heart
that planneth
Nought but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven,
Love in all I see.

2 Precious thought -
my Father knoweth!
Careth for His child;
Bids me nestle closer to Him,
When the storms beat wild;
Though my earthly hopes
are shattered,
And the tear-drops fall,
Yet He is Himself my solace,
Yea, my "all in all".

3 Oh, to trust Him then
more fully!
Just to simply move
In the conscious calm
enjoyment
Of the Father's love;
Knowing that life's chequered
pathway
Leadeth to His rest;
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best.

329 [D244]

1 Prince of peace, accept my will;
Bid this struggling flesh be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings
cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with
Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I crave, and it must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,
May Thy will and mine be one;
Banish self-will from my heart,
And Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my hope, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee.

330 [D245]

1 Reaping all day were the
virgins fair,
Patiently toiling in faith
and pray'r,
Seeking the wheat from
the dawn till night,
Jewels to shine in the morning
light.
Oh, rich will the harvest be.

Chorus

*Reaped from the garden,
or reaped from the rock,
Reaped from the wayside,
the wheat from the stalk;
Gathered from wealth or
from poverty,
Grand and blest will the
harvest be.*

2 Reaping all day though
their foes were nigh,
Saving the wheat that it
should not die;
Gath'ring the jewels bright
and fair,
Sorting them out with
tender care.
Oh, grand will the harvest be.

3 Reaping from seed that
was sown in tears,
Gath'ring the fruit of laborious
years;
Looking in hope for the harvest
home,
Reapers and sowers together
come.
Oh, sweet will the meeting be.

331 [D246]

1 Redeemed! Redeemed!
Oh sing the joyful strain!
Give praise, give praise,
And glory to His name,
Who gave His life our souls
to save,
And purchased freedom
for the slave!

Chorus

*Redeemed! Redeemed!
From sin and all its woe!
Redeemed! Redeemed!
Eternal life to know;
Redeemed! Redeemed!
By Jesus' blood;
Redeemed! Redeemed!
Oh praise the Lord!*

2 Redeemed! Redeemed!
The Word has brought repose,
And joy, and joy,
That each redeemed one knows
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
And knows His blood the
ransom paid.

3 Redeemed! Redeemed!
Oh joy that I should be
In Christ, in Christ,
From sin for ever free!
For ever free to praise
His name,
Who bore for me the guilt
and shame.

332 [D247]

1 Rejoice and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on His cradle,
His cross, and His tomb.

Chorus

*Sound His praises,
tell the story,
Of Him Who was slain;
Sound His praises,
tell with gladness
He liveth again.*

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

3 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free;
The just for the unjust
hath died on the tree.

4 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant,
and liveth again.

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King from on high
Has come for His jewels,
His kingdom is nigh.

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For He cometh to reign,
In triumph and glory;
Oh sing the glad strain.

333 [D248]

1 Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming!
Rejoice! Rejoice! The wilderness
shall bloom;
And Zion's children soon
shall sing;
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming;
Rejoice! Rejoice! The wilderness
shall bloom.
The gospel banner,
wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er
the world,
And every creature
bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

2 Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming,
Rejoice! Rejoice! Jerusalem
shall sing.
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear,
from south to north.
Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming;
Rejoice! Rejoice! Jerusalem
shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart
employ,
And every voice shall shout
for joy.

3 Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming;
Rejoice! Rejoice! The "Prince
of Peace" shall reign;
And lambs may with the
leopard play,
For naught shall harm
in Zion's way:
Rejoice! Rejoice! The promised
time is coming;
Rejoice! Rejoice! The "Prince
of Peace" shall reign.
The sword and spear,
of needless worth
Shall prune the tree,
and plough the earth;
For peace shall smile from
shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war
no more.

334 [D249]

- 1 Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

Chorus

*The half was never told,
The half was never told;
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.*

- 2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel
came
To soothe my weary breast.

- 3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

- 4 And Oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His love.

335 [D250]

- 1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore
feet,
Rest from all labour now.

- 2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of clay
no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

- 3 Rest, weary one, awhile,
Till Christ shall bid thee rise;
And soon, as from refreshing
sleep,
Thou'lt wake with glad surprise.

- 4 Soon, soon from out the dust,
Shall all come forth and sing;
Sharp has the frost of winter
been,
But brightly shines the spring.

- 5 Let hope cheer those who
weep;
E'en now the rays of dawn
Above the eastern hill-tops
creep
We're near the light of morn.

336 [D251]

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hidden safe in Thee;
Hidden here from all my foes,
None can harm tho' all oppose.
Love did this blest shelter send.

- 2 Who aught to my charge
shall lay,
Hidden in this Rock away?
Love did for my sin atone;
I shall live through Christ alone.
I need fear no evil thing,
While by simple faith I cling.

- 3 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou hast saved, and
Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

337 [D252]

- 1 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 all doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

Chorus

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe in His love to rest,
Oh how my heart rejoices,
Sweetly my soul doth rest.*

- 2 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 the glorious sunlight
Rises to set no more.

338 [D253]

- 1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts today.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of
grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's
name;
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From all worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

- 3 Here we come Thy name
to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we join in worship here.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

339 [D254]

- 1 Saints of God, the dawn
is brightening,
With the glory of the Lord;
O'er the earth the field is
whitening;
Now recall the Master's word,
Pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord.
- 2 Long we've sowed with toil
and sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste
around;
Now we gather grains of
gladness;
Ripened wheat may now
be found.
Blessed reapers!
How their joys may now
abound!
- 3 Now, Oh Lord, fulfil Thy
pleasure,
Use Thy consecrated band,
Culling out Thy precious
treasure
From the tares o'er all the land.
Make us reapers,
We're awaiting Thy command.

4 Soon shall end the time
of reaping,
Soon the happy day will come,
And with joy we shall be
keeping
God's eternal harvest home.
Oh what rapture!
Never, never more to roam.

340 [D255]

- 1 Salvation! Oh the joyful sound!
What tidings for our race!
Deliv'rance for the world
is found,
Through God's abounding
grace.
- 2 Salvation! Let the tidings fly
The sin-cursed earth around!
Raise the triumphant notes
on high,
And let your songs abound.
- 3 Salvation! Oh ye weary souls,
It brings you life and peace -
Eternal life, eternal health,
And joys which ne'er shall cease.
- 4 Salvation! Oh ye toiling saints,
By faith ye have it now;
The promise is your daily
strength,
While to God's will ye bow.
- 5 Salvation! Oh the blessed work
With Christ you shall enjoy -
Of bearing it to all mankind -
Your future blest employ.

6 Salvation! Oh the blessed theme
Shall fill the world with joy!
When all its mighty work is
seen,
Praise shall all tongues employ.

341

- 1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing.
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
All our life's devotion,
All we yield to Thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee,
Thou, for our redemption,
Came to earth to die,
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within.
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God.
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize be won.

342 [D256]

- 1 Saviour divine, now from
above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly
grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the
place.
- 2 Oh, let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which seeks to have no other
will,
But day by day to follow Thee.
- 3 While now on trial here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise
and show,
With all its glittering snares,
adieu.
- 4 That path with patient care
I seek,
In which my Saviour's
footprints shine;
Nor could I trust, nor would
I speak
Of any other way than Thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane
delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, Thou who hast
the right,
As Lord and Master of the
whole.
- 6 Naught that's of earth do
I desire,
But let Thy spirit with me rest;
Only for this will I enquire,
And thus with Thee I shall
be blest.

343 [D257]

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd
lead us,
Much we need Thy tender
care;
In Thy pleasant pastures
feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine
we are.
- 2 We are Thine; do Thou
befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep Thy flock, from foes
defend us,
Let us never go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, Oh hear us when
we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to
receive us,
Poor and needy though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and
power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We have fully turned to Thee.
- 4 Fully let us have Thy favour,
Fully we would do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour
With Thy love and likeness fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us,
love us still.

343A

1 Christians, awake, salute
the happy morn
Where-on the Saviour of
mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery
of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted
from above;
With them the joyful tidings
first begun
Of Christ, the Lord, the Father's
Only Son.

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

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

4 Oh may we keep and ponder
in our mind
God's wondrous love in
saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who
hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to
His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted
by His grace,
Till man's first perfect state
again takes place.

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

344 [D258]

1 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.

Chorus

*Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Let me feel Thy
cleansing pow'r;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer,
Lord, to Thee.*

- 2 Through this trial state below;
Lead me ever, ever, as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray;
I can never, never lose my way.
- 3 I would love Thee more and
more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life
is o'er;
Till my soul has gained the bliss
Of a higher, higher state than
this.
- 4 Then I'll see what Thou hast
wrought;
Then I'll love Thee, love Thee
as I ought,
Looking back, I'll praise the way
Thou hast led me, led me,
day by day.
- 3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Thy work of love well done,
Thy praise on earth begun,
Some vict'ry for truth won,
Some work for Thee.
- 4 Lord, I would follow Thee
In all the way
Thy weary feet have trod;
Yes, if I may.
Help me the cross to bear,
All Thy fair graces wear.
Close watching unto prayer,
Following Thee.

345 [D259]

- 1 Saviour, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor would I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow.
My heart fulfil its vow,
Myself an off'ring now,
I bring to Thee.

- 2 Jesus, our mercy seat,
Covering me,
My grateful faith looks up,
Saviour, to Thee.
Help me the news to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Spread Thy truth everywhere,
Dear Lord, for Thee.

- 5 All that I am and have -
Thy gifts so free -
All of my ransomed life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
Thy sweet "Well done"
shall be,
Through all eternity,
Enough for me.

346 [D260]

- 1 Send out Thy light and truth,
Oh Lord;
Let them our leaders be
To guide us to Thy holy hill
Where we shall worship. Thee.
Send out Thy light o'er land
and sea,
Till ev'ry heart shall bow
to Thee.

Chorus

*Send out Thy light,
Thy light and truth, Oh Lord.*

2 Send out Thy light and truth,
Oh Lord,
Where sin's dark shadows fall;
Arouse the soldiers of the cross
To heed the trumpet's call;
Send out Thy truth where error
reigns,
And cleanse away its crimson
stains.

3 Send out Thy light and truth,
Oh Lord;
The blessed tidings spread
Till, by those sweet evangel
tones,
All nations shall be led;
Send out Thy light,
Oh Morning Star,
And beam upon the isles afar.

4 Send out Thy light and truth,
Oh Lord,
And let the beams of day
Break through the dismal
gloom of night
And guide men in Thy way.
Send out Thy truth, Oh speed
the hour
When all the world shall know
its power.

347 [D262]

1 Shall we meet beyond
death's river,
Where its surges cease to roll?
And in all the long forever,
Shall we rest from its control?

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river;
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Where there's life for every soul.

2 Just beyond the time of trouble,
When our King has gained
control,
Dawns the glorious, bright
forever,
Which shall gladden every soul.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond the
trouble;
We shall meet beyond the
trouble,
When its surges cease to roll.

3 Oh, how glad in that blest
harbour,
When this stormy time is o'er,
Men will be to cast their
anchor,
On eternity's blest shore!
They shall meet, they shall meet,
They shall meet in that blest
harbour,
They shall meet in that blest
harbour -
And be blest for evermore.

4 Oh that glorious heav'nly city!
Oh that New Jerusalem!
How 'twill shine in all its beauty!
'Twill be gorgeous as a gem.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet in that fair city;
We shall meet in that fair city -
In the New Jerusalem.

5 We shall meet our loved
and lost ones,
When the surges cease to roll;
Sin and death and every evil,
Then shall yield to Christ's
control.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond all
trouble;
We shall meet beyond all
trouble,
When the surges cease to roll.

348 [D263]

1 Simply trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my store is small -
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus

*Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.*

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

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

4 Trusting Him till death is past,
Trusting Him for life at last;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

349

1 Since the Father's arm
sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand
restrains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full
completeness
Fills the measure of thy
weakness;
If He wounds thy spirit sore!
Trust Him more.

2 Without measure
uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou
canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly
spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thine inmost soul
shall fill
Lying still.

3 Therefore, whatso'er
betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee
provideth
Good always.
Crown of sorrow gladly take.
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

4 To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that
striveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest
share,
Of this tender Shepherd's care.
Ask Him not, then, When?
or How?
Only bow!

350 [D264]

- 1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty
see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
Beautiful words! Wonderful
words!
Wonderful words of life!
- 2 Christ the blessed One gives
to all
Wonderful words of life!
Brother, list to His loving call,
Wonderful words of life!
All so freely given,
Blessed boon from heaven,
Beautiful words! Wonderful
words!
Wonderful words of life!
- 3 Sweetly echoes the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life!
Off'ring pardon and peace
to all,
Wonderful words of life!
Praise the Lord for ever

For these words of favour -
Beautiful words! Wonderful
words!
Wonderful words of life!

351 [D265]

- 1 Sing with all the sons
of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's
dark story,
To the former days belong.
All around the clouds are
breaking,
Soon the storms of earth
shall cease,
In God's likeness, man,
awaking,
Comes to everlasting peace.
- 2 Oh what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages
pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised,
Christ prepares it,
There we soon God's friends
shall meet;
Every humble spirit shares it
There our joy shall be complete.

352 [D266]

- 1 Soldiers of Christ arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength
which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus
trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great
might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for
the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through
Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

353 [D267]

- 1 So let our daily lives express
The beauties of true holiness;
So let the Christian graces
shine,
That all may know the pow'r
divine.
- 2 Let love and faith and hope
and joy
Be pure, and free from sin's
alloy;
Let Christ's sweet spirit
reign within,
And grace subdue the power
of sin.
- 3 Our Father, God, to Thee
we raise
Our prayer for help to tread
Thy ways -
For wisdom, patience, love
and light,
For grace to speak and act
aright.

354

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings.
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings,
When comforts are declining
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue,
The theme of God's salvation
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through,
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading
heavens,
No creature but is fed.
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree
neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should
wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

355 [D268]

- 1 Soon all shall hail our
Jesus' name:
Angels shall prostrate fall;
For Him the brightest glory
claim,
And hail Him, hail Him,
hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 2 The risen saints shall sound
the lyre,
And as they sound it, fall
Before His face who formed
their choir,
And hail Him, hail Him,
hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 3 The remnant saved from
Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise Him for His
wondrous grace,
And hail Him, hail Him,
hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.
- 4 Gentiles shall come, and
coming sing,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Hosannas to our heavenly King,
And hail Him, hail Him,
hail Him,
Hail Him Lord of all.

356 [D269]

- 1 Soon shall countless hearts
and voices
Sing the song of jubilee;
Blessed song! The song of
Moses,
Earth's new song of liberty.
Hail Messiah! Great Deliverer!
Hail Messiah! Praise to Thee!
- 2 Oh, the rapturous, blissful
story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise
And the strains so full of glory,
That unnumbered voices raise!
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth through
endless days.
- 3 While our crowns of glory
casting
At His feet in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Earth's desire and Israel's
boast!
- 4 Yes, He reigns, the great
Messiah,
With the heav'nly glory
crowned -
Israel's hope and earth's desire,
Now triumphant and renowned.
Hail Messiah! Reign for ever!
Hail Immanuel! Worthy found!

357 [D270]

- 1 Soon shall restitution glory
Bring to earth a blessed rest;
And the poor, and faint, and
weary
Shall be lifted up and blest.
- 2 Just beyond the coming trouble
See the reigning Prince of
Peace!
Lo! God's kingdom now is
coming,
And oppression soon must
cease.
- 3 Sing! Oh sing! Ye heirs of glory,
Shout the tidings as you go!
Publish wide redemption's
story -
All, its healing balm should
know.
- 4 Tell how Eden's bloom and
beauty
Once again shall be restored,
Making all man's wide
dominion
As the garden of the Lord.
- 5 Tell how Satan's dark
dominion
Shall at once be overthrown,
And from out death's gloomy
prison,
All earth's loved ones soon
shall come.
- 6 Oh yes, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph far and
near,
Let the notes of praise and
singing
Sweetly fall on sorrow's ear.

358 [D271]

- 1 Soon shall the joyous song
arise,
Through all the hosts beneath
the skies,
That song of triumph which
records
That all the earth is now the
Lord's.
- 2 Let all the Gentile kingdoms be
Subjected, mighty Lord,
to Thee!
And over land, and stream,
and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy
reign.
- 3 Soon shall that glorious
anthem swell,
And host to host the triumph
tell,
That no rebellious foe remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

359

- 1 Standing at the portal
of the opening year
Words of comfort meet us,
hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
by our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
children of the day;
For His Word shall never,
never pass away.

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
with Mine own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
in My sight to stand."
Onward, then, and fear not,
children of the day;
For His Word shall never,
never pass away.

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy,
living streams shall rise;
For the sad and mournful,
shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble,
perfect strength be found.
Onward, then, and fear not,
children of the day;
For His Word shall never,
never pass away.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake:
His eternal covenant
He will never break;
Resting on His promise,
what have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
for the coming year.
Onward, then, and fear not,
children of the day;
For His Word shall never,
never pass away.

360 [D272]

1 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished.
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be 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.

361 [D273]

1 Sun of my soul, my Father dear,
I know no night when Thou
art near.
Oh, may no earth-born cloud
arise
To hide Thee from Thy
servant's eyes.

2 Shield of my soul, though
 tempests rage,
And 'gainst me hosts of foes
 engage,
My refuge and my fortress
 Thou,
Before Thee every foe must
 bow.

3 Thy grace and glory Thou
 dost give
To those who near Thee ever
 live;
And no good thing dost Thou
 withhold
From sheep which stray not
 from Thy fold.

4 Thy choicest treasure, e'en
 Thy Son,
Thy well-beloved and only one,
Freely Thou gavest once for
 me,
From sin and death to set me
 free.

5 Yea, Thou who sparedst not
 Thy Son,
Whose sacrifice our ransom
 won,
Shalt, with Him, all things
 freely give;
He lives, a pledge that we
 shall live.

362 [D274]

1 Sweet hour of prayer!
 Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world
 of care,
And bids me at my Father's
 throne
Make all my wants and wishes
 known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's
 snare
By thy return,
 sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer!
 Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition
 bear
To Him whose truth and
 faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul
 to bless.
And since He bids me seek
 His face,
Believe His word and trust
 His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee,
 sweet hour of prayer.

363 [D274]

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

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred
rest;
No earthly care shall fill my
breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune
be found,
Like David's harp of solemn
sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in
the Lord,
And bless His works,
and bless His word.
His works of grace,
how bright they shine!
How deep His counsels!
How divine!
- 4 And I shall share a glorious
part
When grace hath well refined
my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are
shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 E'en now I see, and hear,
and know
More than I hoped for here
below,
And every pow'r finds sweet
employ
Proclaiming tidings of great
joy.

364 [D276]

- 1 Sweet the moments,
rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace
possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much
forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 4 Love and grief my heart
dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll
bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
- 5 Here, in tender, grateful
sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here, fresh hope and strength
will borrow,
Turning darkness into day.

364A

- 1 It came upon the midnight
clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near
the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth,
good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious
King";
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

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

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

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

5 For lo! The days are
hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling
years
Comes round the age of gold;

When peace shall over all
the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back
the song
Which now the angels sing.

365

1 Sweet will of God, my refuge
Thou,
My safe abiding place;
Till all the storms of life are
past,
And I shall see His face.

Chorus

*Not as I will, my song shall be,
Tho' sometimes sung through
tears;
Faith's rainbow lights the
darkest cloud
And sweet God's will, appears.*

2 Not as I will, though dark
the way,
I know my Lord is nigh:
His presence turneth night
to day,
He heareth every sigh.

3 Though from my life He
seems to take
What I thought wholly blest;
E'en if I might I would not
choose,
My Father knoweth best.

4 Though sorrow fall upon my
life
And darkness hide the light;
'Tis better so, He cannot err!
My Father's way is right.

5 So spare me not, but do
Thy will,
Thy blessed will in me:
Work out Thine own good
pleasure, till
Mine eyes my King shall see.

366 [D277]

- 1 Take my life and may it be,
Lord, acceptable to Thee;
Take my hands, and let
them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift on errands, Lord for Thee:
Take my voice and let it bring
Honour always to my King.
- 3 Take my lips and let them be
Moved with messages from
Thee;
Take my silver and my gold;
Nothing, Lord, would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my
days;
Let them flow in constant
praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every pow'r 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;
Thus in me Thyself enthrone.

6 Take my love, my God; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself - I wish to be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

367 [D278]

- 1 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.

Chorus

*Precious name!
Oh how sweet!
Hope of earth
and joy of heav'n!*

- 2 Precious name! Oh how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
When temptations round you
gather,
Breathe that holy name in
prayer.
- 3 Oh the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues
employ.
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings soon all shall hail
Him,
When His vict'ry is complete.

368

- 1 Take Thou my hand,
and lead me -
Choose Thou my way!
Not as I will, Oh Father,
Teach me to say,
What though the storms may
gather,
Thou knowest best;
Safe in Thy holy keeping,
There would I rest.
- 2 Take Thou my hand,
and lead me -
Lord, I am Thine!
Fill with Thy Holy Spirit
This heart of mine:
Then in the hour of trial
Strong shall I be-
Ready to do or suffer,
Dear Lord, for Thee.
- 3 Take Thou my hand,
and lead me,
Lord, as I go;
Into Thy perfect image
Help me to grow.
Still in Thine own pavilion
Shelter Thou me;
Keep me, Oh Father, keep me
Close, close to Thee!

369

- 1 Take time to be holy,
speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
and feed on His Word.
Make friends of God's children;
help those who are weak;
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

- 2 Take time to be holy,
the world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
with Jesus alone -
By looking to Jesus,
like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.
- 3 Take time to be holy,
let Him be thy guide;
And run not before Him,
whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow
still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
still trust in His Word.
- 4 Take time to be holy,
be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive
beneath His control;
Thus led by His spirit
to fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
for service above.

370 [D279]

- 1 "Take up thy cross",
the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst My disciple
be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross;
let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy
spirit up,
And brace thy heart and
nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross,
then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better
home,
'Twill lead to victory o'er
the grave.

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

371 [D280]

1 Tell it out among the nations,
that the Lord is King;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations;
bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration,
that He shall increase:
That the mighty King of glory
is the King of peace;
Tell it out with jubilation;
let the song ne'er cease:
Tell it out! Tell it out!

2 Tell it out among the people
that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen;
bid them break 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 sinners,
that He came to save:
Tell it out! Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the people,
Jesus' reign begins:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations,
He shall vanquish sins.
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's foam;
That the weary, heavy laden
need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

372 [D281]

1 The Church's one foundation,
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is His new creation,
By water and the Word.
From heav'n He came
and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood
He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Though, with a scornful
wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed
By foes too great in number,
By trials sore distressed,
Yet saints their watch are
keeping;
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall change to morn of song.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

373 [D335]

1 The clouds hang low, and
human hearts are breaking
O'er all the earth to-day;
Yet through the gloom a low,
sweet song, awaking.
Breaks through the shadows
grey.

*Gladness will come!
Hallelujah! It is coming;
Gladness is on the way.
God will unveil the fullness
of His mercy.
Gladness will come to stay.*

2 Soon the dark pall, so long
the world enshrouding,
Hiding the blessed light;
Shall disappear like mists
before the morning,
Scat'ring the shades of night.

3 Desolate souls, your vanished
loved ones mourning,
Soon will your pain be o'er;
Your arms shall clasp their dear
and long lost treasures,
Gladness will come once more.

4 Sad hearts, look up!
The glorious dawn is coming,
E'en now the murky skies
Glow in the east, and flush
with rosy promise,
Greeting your longing eyes.

5 Earth yet will smile in more
than Eden-glory,
Sighing will flee away;
Tears shall not mar life's
beautiful to-morrow,
Gladness will come to stay.

374

1 The day Thou gavest, Lord,
is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy
behest;
To Thee our morning hymns
ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify
our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church
unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into
light,
Through all the world her
watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day
or night.

3 As o'er each continent
and island
The dawn leads on another
day,
The voice of prayer is never
silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise
away.

4 The sun that bids us rest
is waking
Our brethren 'neath the
western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips
are making
Thy wondrous doings heard
on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne
shall never,
Like earth's proud empires,
pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and
grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own
Thy sway.

374A

1 Oh little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all
the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep,
the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
Oh morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God
the King
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human
hearts
The blessing of His heaven:
No ear may hear His coming:
But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive
Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Oh Holy Christ of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord, Emmanuel.

375 [D282]

1 The flush of morn is on the
mountains,
To drive away the night of sin;
Lift up your heads, Oh hind'ring
portals,
And let the King of Glory in!

Chorus

*He comes, He comes,
the King of Glory!
The light of life upon His brow.
Hail Him! Ye nations,
hail Him! Hail Him!
The King of kings,
behold Him now.*

2 The flush of morn is on the
mountains,
And onward steals to farthest
plain.
Awake, Oh earth!
the day is dawning;
He comes whose right it is
to reign.

3 Though round about Him
clouds and darkness
Obscure the beams of
dawning day,
Above the clouds, upon the
mountains,
The watchers see the morning
ray.

376

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah great I am!
By earth and heaven contest!
I bow and bless the sacred
name,
For ever blest!

2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek
the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend
I shall, on eagles' wings
upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of
His grace
For evermore!

4 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy
days
In all my ways;
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are
Thine,
And endless praise!

377 [D283]

1 The heav'ns declare Thy
glory, Lord,
Through all the realms of
boundless space.
The soaring mind may roam
abroad,
And there Thy power and
wisdom trace.

2 But not alone do worlds
of light,
And earth, display Thy
grand designs;
'Tis when our eyes behold
Thy Word
We read Thy name in
fairest lines.

3 In Christ, when all things
are complete -
The things in earth and things
in heaven -
The heav'ns and earth shall
be replete
With Thy high praises
ever given.

4 By faith we see Thy glory now,
We read Thy wisdom, love
and grace;
In praise and adoration bow,
And long to see Thy glorious
face.

5 Called, Lord, by Thee, to
highest place,
To presence of Thy glory bright,
Oh, for such condescending
grace
How can we speak Thy praise
aright?

378

1 The King of love my
shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living
water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant
pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft
I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear
no ill
With Thee, dear Lord,
beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort
still,
Thy self before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length
of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing
Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

379 [D284]

1 The Lord is my Shepherd;
I shall not want;
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green;
He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Chorus

*His yoke is easy,
His burden is light;
I've found it so,
I've found it so;
He leadeth me by day
and by night,
Where living waters flow.*

2 My soul crieth out:
"Restore me again,
And give me the strength
to take
The narrow path of
righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake".

3 Yea, though I should walk
in the valley of death,
Yet why should I then fear ill?
For Thou art with me,
and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

380 [D285]

- 1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With Him shall rise the
ransomed seed,
To live in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives to die no more;
He lives, and will His people
lead,
Whose curse and shame
He bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heaven,
with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all ye bright celestial choirs,
To praise our risen Lord.

381 [D286]

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall
prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's
care;
His presence shall my wants
supply,
And guard me with a watchful
eye.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps
He leads.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged
way,
Through devious, lonely wilds
I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains
beguile;
The barren wilderness shall
smile.
- 4 Though through the vale of
death I tread,
With many dangers over-spread,
My steadfast heart shall fear
no ill;
For Thou, Oh Lord, art with me
still.

382

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place,
Where heavenly pasture
grows,
Where living waters gently
pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guide me in His own right
way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through
death's dark shade.
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will
I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

383 [D287]

1 The Lord, our Saviour,
will appear;
His day is now at hand;
The signs make known His
presence here;
"The wise shall understand".

2 He comes to take His power
to reign
O'er earth with all the saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God once
slain,
Will end her long complaints.

3 The prince of darkness
He'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;
Satan shall then no more annoy,
For Christ shall reign below.

4 Then those who suffered in
His name,
Who did obey His word,
Raised high in glory,
shall proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal could declare?
We view with joy the sacred
page,
For we can read them there.

384 [D288]

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

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

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

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

- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house for
 evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.
- 2 Worship we the Saviour,
 Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
 Worship we our Jesus:
 But wherewith for sacred sign?

385 [D289]

1 The night is spent, the
 morning ray
 Comes ushering in the glorious
 day,
 The promised time of rest.
 Hark 'tis the trumpet sounding
 clear;
 Its joyful notes burst on
 the ear,
 Proclaiming tidings blest.

2 The harvest of the earth is
 ripe;
 The dead who sleep in Christ
 awake
 In likeness of their Lord.
 To life immortal they arise,
 Inheritors of Paradise,
 Where death finds no abode.

3 Now entered into their reward,
 These faithful servants of the
 Lord
 Have not served Him in vain;
 A band of heaven's royalty,
 In glory and in majesty,
 O'er all the earth they reign.

385A

1 Love came down at Christmas,
 Love all lovely, Love Divine;
 Love was born at Christmas,
 Star and angels gave the sign.

386 [D291]

1 There is a gate that stands
 ajar,
 And through its portals
 gleaming,
 A radiance from the cross afar
 O'er all the earth is streaming.
 Oh depth of mercy can it be
 That gate was left ajar for me
 For me, for me
 Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free
 for all
 Who seek through it salvation;
 The rich and poor, the great
 and small,
 Of every tribe and nation.
 Oh depth of mercy yes, I see
 That gate was left ajar for me;
 For me, for me,
 Was left ajar for me.

3 Press onward, then, though
 foes may frown,
 While mercy's gate is open;
 Accept the cross, and win
 the crown,
 Love's everlasting token.
 What depths of mercy
 Oh how free
 That gate was left ajar for me;
 For me, for me,
 Was left ajar for me.

4 Beyond the river's brink
we'll lay
The cross that here was given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And praise the King of heaven.
Oh height of glory yes, I see
A crown of life reserved for me;
For me, for me,
A crown reserved for me.

387 [D292]

- 1 There is a God - all Nature
speaks,
Through earth, and air, and
seas, and skies:
See from the clouds His glory
breaks,
When the first beams of
morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended
frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious
name.
- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam
abroad,
And trace creation's wonders
o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your
God,
And bow before Him,
and adore.

388 [D293]

- 1 There is an eye that
never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

- 2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives
way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 Oh, weary souls with cares
oppressed,
Trust in His loving might,
Whose eye is over all thy ways
Through all thy weary night;
- 4 Whose ear is open to thy cry;
Whose grace is full and free;
Whose comfort is for ever nigh;
Whate'er thy sorrows be.
- 5 Draw near to Him in prayer
and praise;
Rely on His sure word;
Acknowledge Him in all
thy ways,
Thy faithful, loving Lord.

389 [D294]

- 1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for every child of grace
By faith who says, "'Tis mine".
- 2 The least and feeblest here
may bide
And rest secure in God;
Beneath His wings they safely
hide,
When dangers are abroad.
- 3 The angels watch him on
his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, seeking out his
prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

- 4 He feeds in pastures large
and fair,
Of love and truth divine:
Oh child of God, Oh glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine.
- 5 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
A hidden life, and in the end,
Glory to crown it all.

390 [D295]

- 1 There is life in a look at
the Crucified One;
Oh yes, there is life there
for thee,
Simply look unto Christ and
by faith be thou saved -
Unto Him who was nailed to
the tree.

Chorus

*Look! Look! Look and live!
Oh! Look now, by faith,
to the Crucified One;
There's a full pledge of life
there for thee.*

- 2 Oh, why was He there
as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was
not laid?
Oh, why from His side flowed
the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt hath
not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of
repentance, and prayers,
But the blood, that atones
for the soul;
We simply accept of the work
for us done,
And rejoice that He maketh
us whole.

- 4 None need doubt their welcome,
since God has declared
Jesus Christ tasted death
for us all;
And again in the end of the
age He'll appear,
And restore what was lost
by the fall.
- 5 We take with rejoicing from
Jesus, at once,
The life everlasting He gives;
We have the assurance of life
without end,
Since Jesus, our righteousness,
lives.

391 [D296]

- 1 There's a wideness in God's
mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His
justice,
Though severe His judgments
be.
Search the Scriptures,
search and see
Wisdom's wondrous harmony.
- 2 There's no place where
earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in
Heaven;
There's no place where earthly
failings
Have such kindly judgment
given.
Search the Scriptures,
search and see,
God in mercy judgeth thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's
mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
Search the Scriptures,
search and see,
God's great kindness
unto thee.

4 But men make His love too
narrow
By false limits of their own,
And they magnify His
vengeance
With a zeal He will not own.
Search the Scriptures,
search and see,
God's grand law of equity.

5 If our faith is true and simple,
We will take Him at His word,
And our lives will be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
Search the Scriptures,
search and see,
Let their records gladden thee.

392

1 There's One above all
earthly friends,
Whose love all earthly love
transcends;
It is my Lord, the Christ Divine -
My Lord, because I know He's
mine!

Chorus

*I know He's mine,
this Friend so dear;
He lives with me,
He's ever near;
Ten thousand charms
around Him shine -
And, best of all,
I know He's mine.*

2 He's mine because He died
for me
He saved my soul,
He set me free;
With joy I worship
at His shrine,
And cry, "Praise God,
I know He's mine".

3 He 's mine because He's in
my heart,
And never, never will we part;
Just as the branch is to the
vine,
I'm joined to Christ -
I know He's mine.

4 Some day within the
heavenly fold
Mine eyes His glory shall
behold;
Then, while His arms around
me twine,
I'll cry for joy, "I know He's
mine!"

393

1 There's sunshine in my soul
to-day,
More glorious and bright,
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

Chorus

*Oh, there's sunshine,
blessed sunshine,
When the peaceful,
happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows
His smiling face,
There is sunshine
in my soul.*

- 2 There's music in my soul to-day.
A carol to my King,
And Jesus, listening, can hear,
The songs I cannot sing.
- 3 There's springtime in my
soul to-day,
For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in
my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.
- 4 There's gladness in my heart
to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives
me now,
For joys laid up above.

394

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

- 2 Oh, Christ He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
- 3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace -
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His outstretched hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.
- 4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory
dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

395

- 1 These things shall be:
a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath
known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in
their souls
And light of knowledge
in their eyes.

- 2 They shall be gentle, brave
and strong
To spill no drop of blood,
but dare
All that may plant man's
lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea
and air.
- 3 Nation with nation,
land with land,
Unarmed shall live as
comrades free;
In every heart and brain
shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 Man shall love man with
heart as pure
And fervent as the angel
throng
That stands before the Throne
of God
And chants His praise with
tuneful song.
- 5 New arts shall bloom of
loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill
the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

396 [D297]

- 1 The whole world was lost
in the darkness of sin;
The light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noon-day,
His glory shone in;
The light of the world is Jesus.

Chorus

*Come to the Light;
'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light
has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind,
but now I can see:
The light of the world is Jesus.*

- 2 No darkness have we
who in Jesus abide;
The light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the light when
we follow our Guide:
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 For dwellers in darkness
with sin-blinded eyes,
The light of the world is Jesus;
They'll wash at His bidding,
and light will arise:
The light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sun in the
city to come,
The light of the world is Jesus;
All nations shall walk in the
light of the Lamb:
The light of the world is Jesus.

397 [D298]

- 1 They who seek the throne
of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

- 3 When our earthly comforts
fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will always hear thy prayer,
Thou shalt have His tender care.

398

- 1 Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly
strife,
Thou the Life, the Truth,
the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever! Oh how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Father, Guardian, Heavenly
Friend,
Oh defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever! Father, keep
These Thy weak and trembling
sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever! Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord,
from earth to Heaven.

399

- 1 Though dark the way
and lonely,
I know whate'er befall,
My Father's hand is leading
In love He planned it all.

Chorus

*Then wheresoe'er He leadeth,
Whatever may befall,
My heart will still be singing;
"In love He planned it all".*

- 2 To-day the storm clouds lower,
I cannot see His face,
But still in faith I follow,
Although I cannot trace.
- 3 Though deep and dark the
valley,
No terrors can appall,
I know He chose this pathway,
In love He planned it all.
- 4 Sometimes my feet are weary,
I fain would stop and rest,
Yet, onward I am pressing,
I know His way is best.
- 5 And when I reach that country,
Where shadows never fall,
I'll sing through endless ages,
"In love He planned it all".

400

- 1 Thou art the Way;
to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the
Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth:
Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform
the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life;
the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust
in Thee
Nor sin nor death shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way,
the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life
to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

401 [D299]

1 Though all the world
my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none
beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.

2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face,
And kindness o'er Thy lips
is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of
grace,
And glory beams around
Thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace
with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful
cross;
The pleasures of the world
I flee,
And deem its treasures only
dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

402 [D300]

1 Though earth-born shadows
now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed Word can part
each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

2 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine,
And in each trial, e'en in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

3 When tempest clouds are
dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly through thy
troubled sky,
A pledge that storms shall
cease.

4 Hold on thy way, with hope
unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own His
word fulfilled -
"At eve it shall be light".

403 [D301]

- 1 Though troubles assail
and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail
and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us,
whatever betide;
The promise assures us,
"The Lord will provide".
- 2 The birds, without barn
or storehouse, are fed;
From them, let us learn to trust
for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall
ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
"The Lord will provide".
- 3 When Satan appears to stop
up our path
And fills us with fears,
we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise,
"The Lord will provide".
- 4 He tells us we're weak,
our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek
we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions
our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,
"The Lord will provide".
- 5 No strength of our own,
nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on
Jesus' dear name:
In this, our strong tower,
for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,
"The Lord will provide".

- 6 When life sinks apace,
and death is in view,
The word of His grace
shall comfort us through;
Not fearing nor doubting
with Christ on our side,
We're sure to die knowing,
"The Lord will provide".

404 [D302]

- 1 Thou hast said, Oh blessed Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me".
'Tis because Thou wouldst
have us
Reign for evermore with Thee.
Lord, I'll take it;
Help me so to follow Thee.
- 2 While this water now surveying,
Fitting emblem of the grave,
Thee I'd follow, humbly praying;
Life itself I would not save.
So I'll enter.
As Thou enteredst Jordan's
wave.
- 3 Solemn sign, which thus
reminds me,
Saviour, of Thy love for me,
And the covenant which
binds me
In its lasting bonds to Thee.
Oh, what pleasure
In this fellowship with Thee!
- 4 Though it rend some fond
affection,
Though I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection-
I am now where Jesus was -
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

405

1 Thou knowest, Lord,
 Thou knowest all about me.
 And all the winding way my
 feet have trod;
 And now Thou know'st I cannot
 go without thee,
 To guide me onward through
 the swelling flood.

2 Thou know'st my way - how lone
 how dark, how cheerless
 If Thy dear hand I fail in all
 to see:
 Bright with Thy smile of love,
 my heart is fearless
 When in my weakness I can
 lean on Thee.

3 Give me Thy presence!
 Go Thou, Lord, before me,
 Make a plain path where all
 is rough and drear;
 So let me trust the love that
 watches o'er me,
 And in the shadows still believe
 Thee near.

406 [D303]

1 Thou, my everlasting portion,
 More than friend or life to me,
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour let me walk with Thee.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly
 pleasure,
 Not for fame my prayer
 shall be;
 Gladly would I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 Gladly would I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me through the vale
 of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
 Then, the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 Then the gate of life eternal
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

407 [D304]

1 Thou Refuge of my soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of
 trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell my grief;
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet
 relief
 For every pain I feel.

3 Dear Lord, where should I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave
 to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

- 1 Thou ever present aid,
In suff'ring and distress,
The mind which still on Thee
is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.
- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults
to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing suff'rer's
moan
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every
loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my needs fulfil;
That though created streams
are dry,
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly
friend,
I find them all in One;
And peace and joy which
never end
Abound in Christ alone.

- 1 Through the night of doubt
and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
- 2 Clear before us through the
darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding
light;
Brother clasps the hand of
brother,
Stepping fearless through
the night.
- 3 One the Lamb, so pure and
spotless,
One the all-atoning blood,
Ent'ring in the veil most holy,
Opening up the way to God.
- 4 One the Light of God's own
Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and
terror,
Brightening all the path we
tread:
- 5 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking
forward,
One the hope our God inspires:
- 6 One the strain that lips of
brethren
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

7 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty
Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

410

- 1 Thy kingdom come, Oh God,
Thy rule, Oh Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.
- 2 When is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?
- 3 When comes the promised
time
That war shall be no more
And lust, oppression, crime
Shall flee Thy Face before?
- 4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.
- 5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
- 6 O'er nations near and far
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, Oh morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

411 [D306]

- 1 Thy presence, gracious
God, afford;
Prepare us to receive
Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage
our ear;
Lord, speak, and let Thy
servant hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and
cares remove,
And fix our hearts and
hopes above;
With heavenly truth may we
be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
And may it give new energy;
Oh, may we in Thy faith
and fear,
Be profited by what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us Thyself reveal;
Help us to learn and do Thy will;
Thy heavenly grace in us display,
And guide us to the realms
of day.

412

- 1 Thy way, not mine, Oh Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine
Else I must surely stray.

3 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

413 [D307]

1 Thy will be done! I will not fear
The way provided by Thy love;
Though clouds and darkness
shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of heaven are
shining on,
Though these frail eyes
are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed
are gone
But are not ours th' eternal
years?

3 Father, forgive the heart
that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things
of time;
And bid my soul, on soaring
wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 Oh let not doubts disturb its
trust,
Nor sorrows dim its heav'nly
love;
Nor these afflictions of the dust
My inmost calm and peace
remove.

414 [D308]

1 "'Tis finished!" So the
Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head
and died.
'Tis finished! Yes, the work
is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry
won.

2 'Tis finished! This that
Heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our
view,
That holy prophets never
new.

3 'Tis finished! Son of God,
Thy power
Hath triumphed in the awful
hour;
Thy life for ours the ransom
paid,
And free from death shall we
be made.

4 'Tis finished! Let the joyful
sound
Be heard through all the
nations round;
'Tis finished! Let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of
the skies!

414A

- 1 Oh come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, Oh come ye
to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels:

Chorus

*Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Oh come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.*

- 2 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens
of heaven above,
Sing ye, "All glory
To God in the Highest".
- 3 Yea, Lord we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning:
Jesu, to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing:

415 [D309]

- 1 To the work! To the work!
Oh ye 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.

Chorus

*Toiling on, toiling on,
toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope and trust;
let us watch and pray,
And labour till the work
is done.*

- 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!
- 3 To the work! To the work!
There is labour for all;
Soon the kingdom of darkness
and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah
exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus,
Salvation is free!
- 4 To the work! To the work!
In the strength of the Lord;
And the smile of His face
shall our labour reward.
When as kings and as priests
over earth we shall be
Making known unto all
that Salvation is free!

416 [D310]

- 1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and
the dead!
Though humbled long, awake
at length,
And gird thee with thy
Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put all thy beauteous
garments on,
And let thine excellence
be known.
Decked in the robes of
righteousness,
The world thy glory shall
confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean
invade,
And fill thy hallowed courts
with dread;
No more shall sin's defiling
host
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows,
boast.
- 4 God, from on high, has heard
thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch
cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 5 Yea, soon astonished men
shall see
The laurels of thy victory;
And Thou, with grace and
glory crowned
May'st lavish blessings all
around.

417

- 1 Trusting in Jesus I find
sweetest rest,
Just simply trusting, Oh how
I am blest;
Never a danger and never
a fear,
Now can affright me since
Jesus is near.

Chorus

*Trusting in Jesus
by night and by day,
Oh, how His presence
illumines my way;
Knowing He loveth
and careth for me,
Why should my heart
ever sorrowful be?*

- 2 Trusting when rough seems
the path to my feet,
Trusting when life is with
gladness replete;
Trusting though friends all
forsake here below,
Still my Redeemer doth love
me, I know.
- 3 Trusting for guidance where
I cannot see,
Knowing His wisdom sufficient
for me;
Trusting in weakness His
wonderful might,
Looking in darkness to Him
for the light.
- 4 Trusting, yes trusting still
to the end,
Trusting in Him my
unchangeable friend;
Trusting until with the
ransomed above,
Singing the praise of His
wonderful love.

418 [D311]

- 1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
For, as it hastens, ev'ry age
Fulfils its prophecies divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year the truth shall soar;
And, as it soars, its blessed light
Shall scatter darkness more and more.
- 3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
Shall Truth's fair banner be unfurled,
Until in strength, from pole to pole,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world.
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

419 [D312]

- 1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all thou callest good!
To my Lord I would be true,
Who bought me with His blood.
All thy vanities must go;
I have no pleasure in thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Christ to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
And ever in His faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Oh that all would now unite
This saving truth to prove;
See the length, and breadth,
and height,
And depth of Jesus' love.
Fain I would to all men show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

420 [D313]

- 1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord;
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His Word:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be".
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be".
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be".

421 [D314]

- 1 Wake the song of jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised
hour;
Jesus reigns with sov'reign
power.
Hark! The desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! The whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of Kings!
- 2 Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Let it sound from shore
to shore;
Jesus reigns for evermore!
He shall reign from pole
to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like
a scroll,
Thrones and kingdoms
pass away.

422 [D315]

- 1 Walk in the light!
So shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light!
And thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light
enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

- 3 Walk in the light!
And thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath
on thee shone
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light!
Thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell
in thee,
And God Himself is light.

423 [D316]

- 1 Watchman, tell me,
does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark
its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes! Arise!
Look 'round thee!
Light is breaking in the skies!
Gird thy bridal robes around
thee;
Morning dawns! Arise! Arise!
- 2 Watchman, is the light
ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year?
Are the voices now portending
That the Kingdom's very near?
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath its cloudless
skies.

3 Pilgrim, see! The land
 is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and
 flowers!
 On! Just yonder -
 Oh how cheering!
 Bloom for ever Eden's bowers.
 Hark! The choral strains are
 ringing,
 Glory to the Lamb of God!
 Blessings to mankind He's
 bringing,
 Even though with chastening
 rod.

424 [D317]

1 Watchman, tell us of the night -
 What its signs of promise are.
 Trav'ler o'er yon mountain's
 height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beautiful
 ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day -
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course
 portends.
 Watchman, will its beams
 alone
 Gild the spot that gave them
 birth?
 Trav'ler, ages are its own;
 See, its glory fills the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, will earth's sorrows
 cease,
 And God's will on earth be
 done?
 Trav'ler, yes, the Prince of
 peace,
 Earth's appointed King,
 has come!

425

1 We bless Thee for Thy peace
 Oh God,
 Deep as th' unfathomed sea,
 Which falls like sunshine
 on the road
 Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose,
 Which comes from outward
 rest,
 If we may have through all
 life's woes
 Thy peace within our breast;

3 That peace which suffers
 and is strong,
 Trusts where it cannot see,
 Deems not the trial way too
 long,
 But leaves the end with Thee;

4 That peace which flows serene
 and deep,
 A river in the soul,
 Whose banks a living verdure
 keep -
 God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 Oh Father, give our hearts
this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall
cease,
And we go home to Thee.

425A

- 1 Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 And through all His wondrous
childhood
He would honour and obey;
Love and watch the lowly
maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all should be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 3 For He is our childhood's
pattern,
Day by day like us He grew.
He was little, weak and
helpless,
Tears and smiles like us
He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
As He shareth in our gladness.

426

- 1 We plough the fields
and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:

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

Chorus

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord,
Oh thank the Lord,
For all His love.*

- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower
He lights the evening star,
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.
- 3 We thank Thee then, Oh Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

427 [D319]

- 1 We praise Thee, Oh God,
for the Son of Thy love,
Who died for our sins
and ascended above.

Chorus

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

2 We praise Thee, Oh God,
for the Spirit of light
That shines on Thy pages
and scatters our night.

3 We praise Thee, Oh God,
that the Kingdom is near,
That the Saviour has come,
and will shortly appear.

427A

1 "From glory unto glory",
Be this our joyous song
As on the King's own highway
We bravely march along.
"From glory unto glory",
Oh word of stirring cheer
As dawns the solemn
brightness of
Another glad New Year.

2 "From glory unto glory".
What great things He hath
done;
What wonders He hath
shown us,
What triumphs He hath won!
We marvel at the record of
The blessings of the year,
But sweeter than the Christmas
bells
Rings out His promise clear.

3 In full and glad surrender
We give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.
Oh Son of God, Who lovest us,
We will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

428 [D320]

1 We shall meet beyond the river
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over
By and by, by and by;
When the toilsome journey's
done
And the victory is won,
We shall shine forth,
as the sun,
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of
glory
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's
story
By and by, by and by.
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus
By and by, by and by;
To Himself He will receive us
By and by, by and by.
Then with joy we shall fulfil
All God's blessed, holy will,
And adore and praise Him still
By and by, by and by.

4 Yes, our tears shall all cease
flowing
By and by, by and by;
And with power we shall
be showing -
By and by, by and by -
All the wealth of grace divine,
All the depth of wisdom's mine,
Making truth and virtue shine,
By and by, by and by.

429 [D318]

- 1 We've been watching,
we've been waiting,
For the bright, prophetic day;
When the shadows, weary
shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

Chorus

*We are waking,
for 'tis morning,
And the beauteous day
is dawning;
We are happy,
for 'tis morning;
See! The shadows flee away.
Lo! He comes!
see the King draw near!
Zion, shout! The Lord is here.*

- 2 We've been watching,
we've been waiting,
For the star that brings the day;
For the night of sin to vanish
And the mists to roll away.
- 3 We've been watching,
we've been waiting,
For the beauteous King of day,
For the chiefest of ten
thousand,
For the Light, the Truth,
the Way.
- 4 We begin to see the dawning
Of the bright Millennial day;
Soon the shadows, weary
shadows,
Shall for ever pass away.

430 [D321]

- 1 What a friend we have
in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to Him in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often
forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we
bear!
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to Him 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.

431

- 1 Whate'er the righteous Lord
decrees
Shall stand for ever sure:
The settled purpose of
His heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy, then, are they
to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom He from all the world
besides
Has chosen for His own.

3 Our soul on God with
patience waits,
Our help and shield is He.
Then, Lord, let still our hearts
rejoice
Because we trust in Thee.

4 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want
or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

432 [D322]

1 What poor, despised company
Of travellers are those,
Who walk in yonder narrow
way,
Beset by many foes?

2 Ah, they are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of eternal life divine,
And lo! For joy they sing!

3 Why do they, then, appear
so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because, of their rich robes,
unseen,
The world is not apprised.

4 But why keep they that
narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Ah, that's the way their
Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

433

1 What shall I render to my God
For all His mercy's store?
I'll take the gifts He hath
bestowed,
And humbly ask for more.

2 The sacred cup of saving
grace
I will with thanks receive,
And all His promises embrace,
And to His glory live.

3 My vows I will to His great name
Before His people pay,
And all I have and all I am,
Upon His altar lay.

4 Thy hands created me,
Thy hands
From sin hath set me free,
The mercy that hath loosed
my bands
Hath bound me fast to Thee.

5 The God of all-redeeming
grace,
My God I will proclaim,
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
And call upon His name.

6 Praise Him, ye saints,
the God of love,
Who Hath our sins forgiven,
Till gathered with His Church
above,
We sing the songs of Heaven.

434

- 1 What shall I wish thee?
Treasures on earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A happy new year?
- 2 What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine,
All the year round?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A happy new year?
- 3 Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light,
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A happy new year!
- 4 Peace in thy Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance,
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A happy new year!

435 [D323]

- 1 What various hindrances
we meet
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth
of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest
cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder
Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith
and love;
Brings every blessing
from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease
to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's
armour bright;
And Satan trembles when
he sees
The weakest saint upon
his knees.

436 [D324]

- 1 When all Thy mercies,
Oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view,
I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Oh, how can words with
equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my inmost
heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise.
And my eternal joy shall be
To herald wide Thy praise,

437 [D325]

- 1 When I survey the wondrous
cross
On which my blessed Saviour
died,
All earthly gain I count but loss;
How empty all its show
and pride!
- 2 I would not seek in earthly bliss
To find a rest apart from Thee,
Forgetful of Thy sacrifice
Which purchased life and
peace for me.
- 3 I'm not my own, dear Lord -
to thee
My every power, by right,
belongs:
My privilege to serve I see,
Thy praise to raise in tuneful
songs.
- 4 And so, beside Thy sacrifice,
I would lay down my little all.
'Tis lean and poor,
I must confess;
I would that it were not
so small.
- 5 But then I know Thou dost
accept
My grateful off'ring unto Thee;
For, Lord, 'tis love that doth it
prompt,
And love is incense sweet
to Thee.

438 [D326]

- 1 When I view the cruel cross
Where my loving Saviour died,
All the bitter pain and loss
Borne to save His future bride,
Oh, what language can express,
Oh, what ministries can show,
All my heart's deep thankfulness,
Love which in my heart doth
glow?
- 2 How could I in earthly dross
Find a satisfaction now?
Sweeter far to share the cross
And beneath its weight to bow;
For communion sweet I find
In this straight and narrow way,
With His love and help so kind
For my comfort, strength and
stay.
- 3 Forward to the future joy
All my longing hopes aspire;
And for this world's mean alloy
I will not henceforth enquire.
Oh, the joy of that blest hour,
When, in glory, Christ I'll meet -
Raised by Him to queenly pow'r,
In His righteousness complete.
- 4 Every painful circumstance,
Every sorrow I may know,
Will that glory but enhance -
Heavenly love the brighter glow.
Love, so proved, is sweeter far,
Than the trophies won by pride;
Naught this mutual love
can mar;
Through all ages 'twill abide.

439

- 1 When peace, like a river
attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea
billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast
taught me to know,
"It is well, it is well
with my soul".

Chorus

*It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well
with my soul.*

- 2 Though Satan should buffet,
though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded
my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood
for my soul.
- 3 My sin - Oh, the bliss of this
glorious thought -
My sin - not in part but
the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and
I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise
the Lord, Oh my soul!

440

- 1 When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy weary 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 the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray: -
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs
subside,
Bring us where till 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!

441 [D327]

- 1 When the Lord from heaven
appears,
When are banished all our
fears,
When the sleepers from
the tomb
With the watchers reach
their home -

Chorus

*Then enthroned, our Lord,
with Thee,
We shall reign eternally.*

2 When our eyes the King
shall see
In His glorious majesty,
When to Him we're called
above,
Partners of His joy and love -

3 Debtors to His matchless
grace,
At His feet our crowns we'll
place;
And as ages roll along,
Still we'll sing the glad
new song.

4 Let this hope now purify
Those who on Thy Word rely;
Comfort to our hearts afford; -
Come and fill us, now, Oh Lord.

442 [D328]

1 When the storms of life
are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge,
In the shadow of God's hand.

Chorus

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

2 Though He may permit
affliction,
'Twill but make me long
for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All His chastenings will come.

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

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

443

1 When upon life's billows
you are tempest tossed,
When you are discouraged,
thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings,
name them one by one,
And it will surprise you
what the Lord hath done.

Chorus

*Count your blessings,
name them one by one,
Count your blessings,
see what God hath done,
Count your blessings,
name them one by one;
And it will surprise you
what the Lord hath done.*

2 Are you ever burdened
with a load of care?
Does the cross seem heavy
you are called to bear?
Count your many blessings,
every doubt will fly,
And you will keep singing
as the days go by.

3 When you look at others
with their lands and gold,
Think that Christ has promised
you His wealth untold;
Count your many blessings,
wealth can never buy
Your reward in heaven,
nor your home on high.

4 So, amid the conflict,
whether great or small.
Do not be disheartened,
God is over all;
Count your many blessings,
angels will attend,
Help and comfort give you
till your journey's end.

444 [D329]

1 Where two or three,
with sweet accord,
Meet in Thy name,
Oh blessed Lord!
Meet to recount Thine acts
of grace,
Oh, how Thy presence fills
the place!

2 There Thou hast promised,
Lord, to be,
To bless the little company;
And while we offer prayer
and praise,
Oh, may we learn more of
Thy ways!

3 Oh, fill our hearts with
Heavenly love,
And may we at its impulse
move,
That all around may clearly see
That we have been, dear Lord,
with thee.

445 [D330]

1 Who in the Lord confide,
And in His precious blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As 'round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers
them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His almighty hands,
Their soul for ever bears.

446 [D220]

1 Who trusts in God's Word
has the sweet hope of life,
An end of confusion and
error and strife.
Its grace it imparts to the
truth-seeking soul,
Who humbly submits to its
righteous control.

Chorus

*Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest!
In the gospel of grace
There is sweet, blessed rest.*

2 On that sacred page,
Oh what glory now shines!
As God's holy Spirit illumines
its lines,
Displaying His plan in which all
may rejoice,
And praise Him for ever with
heart and with voice.

3 Rest! Rest! Oh how blessed
this sweet rest at last!
Like music at even when
labour is past;
Like dawn after darkness,
like health after pain;
Like sunshine of gladness
that follows the rain.

447 [D331]

1 Whom have I, Lord,
to help but Thee?
None but Thee!
None but Thee!
And this my song through
life shall be,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He hath for me the
pathway trod;
He hath redeemed me
by His blood;
He reconciled my soul
to God.
Christ for me! Christ for me!

2 I envy not the rich their joys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
I covet not earth's glittering
toys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Earth can no lasting bliss
bestow;
"Fading" is stamped on all
below;
Mine is a joy no end can know.
Christ for me! Christ for me!

3 Though poor and humble
be my lot,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He knoweth best; I murmur not!
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Though vine and fig-tree
blight assail,
The labour of the olive fail;
And death o'er flocks and
herds prevail,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

4 Though I am now on hostile
ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And foes beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battle
wage,
And foes against my soul
engage,
Strong in His strength, I'll
stand their rage;
Christ for me! Christ for me!

448

1 Will your anchor hold
in the storms of life?
When the clouds unfold
their wings of strife;
When the strong tides lift
and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift,
or firm remain?

Chorus

*We have an anchor
that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while
the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock
which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep
in the Saviour's love.*

2 Will your anchor hold
in the straits of fear?
When the breakers roll
and the reef is near;
While the surges rage,
and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves then
your barque o'er-flow?

3 Will your anchor hold
in the floods of death,
When the waters cold
chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can
never fail,
While your anchor holds
within the veil.

4 Will your eyes behold
thro' the morning light
The city of gold, and the
harbour bright?
Will you anchor safe by the
heavenly shore,
When life's storms are past
for evermore?

449

1 Witness for Jesus,
ye who know His pow'r;
In His great salvation trusting
ev'ry hour;
To the world around you
show by look and tone
How the precious Saviour
guides and keeps His own.

Chorus

*Witnessing, witnessing;
proving ev'ry day
That the Master's with us
all along the way,
Witnessing, witnessing,
faithful be and true,
Telling, gladly telling,
what He is to you.*

2 Witnesses for Jesus,
let the cheerful face
Show the joyous temper
of the inner grace;
Let the blessed spirit
dwelling in your soul
Ev'ry word and action,
ev'ry thought control.

3 Witnesses for Jesus,
let the life of love,
Be the highest tribute
to our King above;
May the Master's image
brighten more and more,
Till we bear His likeness
on the golden shore.

450

1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly
word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His
sight,
Be worthy of His name.

3 Watch! 'Tis your Lord's
command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His
hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall His Lord with rapture
see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise the faithful servant's
head
Amidst the faithful band.

5 No more an exile roam;
Accept thy liberty;
God calls His faithful people
home,
Sets error's captives free.

6 Let such go up and build
The temple of our God,
And let their souls, with
courage filled,
Publish the news abroad.

7 God's temple soon shall rise,
Above the wrecks of time;
And then its finished mysteries
Shall glow in light sublime.

451 [D332]

- 1 Your harps, ye tearful saints,
Down from the willows take;
No more by Bab'lon's stream
sit down,
And weep for Zion's sake.
- 2 The Spirit of our God
Hath tuned the harp divine,
And now, in grandest harmony,
Its melodies combine.
- 3 Awake its notes of joy,
That tell of Zion's peace;
And how, through everlasting
years,
Her glory shall increase.
- 4 Take down the harp divine,
Sweep o'er its many strings;
They call to Zion, Rise and shine!
Thy God salvation brings.

452 [D333]

- 1 Zion stands with hills
surrounded
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms
combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favoured lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful
prove;
Mothers cease their own
to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last
remove,
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may
 prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth
 more bright,
But will never cease to love
 thee,
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee -
God, thine everlasting light!

452A

1 The wise may bring their
 learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their
 greatness,
And some bring strength
 and health;
We too would bring our
 treasures
To offer to the King:
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that
 love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the
 treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

453

1 *All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.
All things bright

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.
All things bright

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.
All things bright

6 He gave us eyes to see them
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.
All things bright

454

1 Father lead me day by day
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger,
make me brave;
Make me know
that Thou canst save:
Keep me safe
by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted
to do wrong,
Make me steadfast,
wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy
mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard
and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship
toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my
sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

455

1 God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth
bright,
Wherever I may go.

2 God make my life a little
flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native
bower,
Although the place be small.

3 God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be
strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4 God make my life a little staff,
Where on the weak may rest,
That so what health and
strength I have,
May serve my neighbours best.

5 God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith - that never waxeth dim
In all His wondrous ways.

456

1 God the Father, loving me
Gave His Son, my friend to be:
Gave His Son my form to take,
Bearing all things for my sake.

2 Jesus still remains the same
As in days of old He came,
As my guardian by my side,
Still He seeks my steps to guide.

3 How can I repay that love,
Lord of all the hosts above?
What have I, a child, to bring
Unto Thee, Thou heavenly King?

4 I have but myself to give:
Let me to Thy glory live;
Let me follow, day by day,
Where Thou showest me
the way.

457

- 1 Jesus, Friend of little children,
Be a Friend to me;
Take my hand,
and ever keep me
Close to Thee.
- 2 Show me what my love
should cherish,
What, too, it should shun!
Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.
- 3 Teach me how to grow in
goodness,
Daily as I grow:
Thou hast been a child,
and surely
Thou dost know.
- 4 Fill me with Thy gentle
meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.
- 5 Step by step, Oh, lead me
onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.
- 6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
For I need Thee from life's
dawning
To its end.

458

- 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd,
hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou
near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand hath
led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed
and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

459

- 1 Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, Who
lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
Oh Jesus Christ, I come
- 2 In the glad morning of my day
My life to give, my vows to pay.
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.
- 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all
my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.
- 4 Just as I am, young, strong,
and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness,
and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

460

- 1 Lover of children,
I come unto Thee;
Graciously, tenderly
look upon me:
Jesus, on me put Thy kind,
gentle hands;
Speak in such words
as a child understands.
- 2 Teacher of children,
so wise and so kind,
Oh may I ever
Thy words keep in mind;
Learning of Thee
as I grow day by day,
Doing Thy will
as a little child may.

- 3 Friend of the children,
Who always art near,
Holding Thy hand
I have nothing to fear:
Guided and guarded
by Thee I would be;
No other friend
is so precious to me.

- 4 Lover of children,
Redeemer divine,
I am so happy
to know Thou art mine;
Loving me, leading me
all through my days,
Thee will I love and
Thy name will I praise.

461

- 1 Saviour, teach me
day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

- 2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow
Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

- 3 Teach me thus Thy steps
to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love
from Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

462

- 1 Saviour while my heart
is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee
surrender.
Thine, and only Thine, to be.
- 2 Take me now, Lord Jesus,
take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.
- 3 Send me, Lord, where Thou
wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life
attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

- 4 Thine I am, Oh Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

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