

# **HYMNS of PRAISE**

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**THE BEREAN PUBLISHING TRUST.**

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## ***Foreword***

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AS INTEREST IN Dispensational Truth spreads, it is natural that companies of believers should seek to sing with understanding, and consequently we are under the necessity of issuing yet another edition of Hymns of Praise.

We have added, wherever possible, the name of the author. Quite a number of the hymns, it will be recognised, could only have been written by those acquainted with the results of "Right Division", as, for example, the hymn commencing with the words "Blessed be our God and Father" (41).

In the previous edition of this hymn book, suitable hymn tunes were indicated in brackets at the head of the hymn. We have repeated these references. The initials represent the following:

- |          |                           |
|----------|---------------------------|
| B:       | The Bristol Tune Book.    |
| E.H.:    | The English Hymnal.       |
| A. & M.: | Hymns Ancient and Modern. |
| M.H.B.:  | Methodist Hymn Book.      |
| M:       | Manuscript Tunes.         |

At the end of the Hymnal, for the convenience of the accompanist, the foregoing tunes have been concentrated into two hymnals: The B.B.C. Hymn Book and The Methodist Hymn Book, plus the Manuscript Tunes for the hymns in peculiar metre. Nearly always a second tune is indicated for variety. All are worthy tunes, known for the most part by Christians of all denominations.

A few well-known and well-loved hymns have been added which we trust will further enhance the usefulness of this aid to worship.

THE CHAPEL OF THE OPENED BOOK.

*1957.*

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# HYMNS OF PRAISE

---

**1**

**(167 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

"Singing and making melody in your heart unto the Lord."—**Eph. v. 19.**

**S**ING of the things which Christ hath done,  
Sing of the glories He hath won,  
Sing of His vast, eternal love,  
Sing of our living Head above.

Sing of the things your souls have felt,  
Tell how He pardoned all your guilt;  
Sing of His wondrous grace and power,  
Tell of His mercies to this hour.

Sing of the change His love has wrought,  
Tell of the truth His Word has taught;  
Sing of the freedom He has giv'n,  
Tell of the hope laid up in heav'n.

Sing of His glories in the skies,  
Sing till you to that glory rise;  
There shall you sing and there adore  
Christ your salvation evermore.

*Author Unknown.*

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. viii. 35.

**H**ALLELUJAH! who shall part  
 Christ's own church from Christ's own heart?  
 Sever from the Saviour's side  
 Those for whom the Saviour died?  
 Cast one precious jewel down  
 From Emmanuel's blood-bought crown?

Hallelujah! shall the sword  
 Part us from our glorious Lord?  
 Trouble dire, or dark disgrace  
 From His heart our names erase?  
 Famine, nakedness, or hate,  
 From our Saviour separate?

Hallelujah! life or death,  
 Powers above, nor powers beneath,  
 Satan's might, nor hell's dark gloom,  
 Things which are, nor things to come,  
 Men nor angels, e'er shall part  
 Christ's own church from Christ's own heart.

*W. Dickinson, 1846.*

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."  
 —Col. iii. 1.

**L**ORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
 O height, O depth of love!  
 In Thee we died upon the tree,  
 In Thee we live above.

Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou did'st from heaven come down;  
Of flesh and blood Thou did'st partake,  
In all our misery one.

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

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

*J. G. Deck, 1855-80.*

**4**

**(393 B.)**

**L.M.**

"As He is, so are we"—I John iv. 17.

**J**UST as Thou art, how wondrous fair,  
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are!  
A life divine to them is given,  
A long inheritance in heaven.

Just as I was I came to Thee,  
An heir of wrath and misery;  
Just as Thou art upon the throne,  
I stand in righteousness Thine own.

Just as Thou art, nor doubt, nor fear,  
Can with Thy spotlessness appear;  
O timeless love! as Thee I'm seen,  
The righteousness of God in Him.

Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,  
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,  
Till worlds on worlds adoring see  
The part Thy members have in Thee.

*Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.*

**5**

**(500 E.H.)**

**4.7s.**

"He hath chosen us in Him . . . in Whom we have redemption."  
—Eph. i. 4, 7.

**C**HOSEN by electing grace,  
Ransomed by redeeming love,  
Christian, seek your Saviour's face,  
Set your heart on things above.

Cancelled is your debt of guilt,  
Christ the Lord the price hath paid;  
For your life His blood was spilt,  
Wondrous change His love has made.

Now in lowly, humble praise  
Let us worship at His feet:  
Leave the world and all its ways,  
Find in Christ a joy complete.

*Charles H. Welch, 1906.*

**6**

**(632 E.H.)**

**4.11s.**

"Live . . . looking for that blessed hope."—Titus ii. 12, 13.

**N**O future but glory, Lord Jesus, have we,  
How bright is the prospect of being with Thee;  
O home of all homes, with the Father above,  
O wonderful dwelling of infinite love.

A moment's affliction, Lord Jesus, is light,  
And works for us glory surpassingly bright;  
While seeing not things that are but for a time.  
But objects far brighter in glory sublime.

One thing would we do, we would press to the goal,  
Thyself, Lord, in glory, the prize of our soul;  
Forget what's behind for the glad joy before,  
Since all they who know Thee would know Thee still  
more.

In heaven alone is our city and state,  
From thence, Lord, as Saviour, Thyself we await,  
Our bodies to change, and conform them to Thine,  
That we in Thine image and glory may shine.

*J. N. Darby.*

**7**

**(81 B.; 10 M.)**

**L.M.**

"All are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."—I Cor. iii. 22, 23.

**Y**EA, Thou art mine, my blessèd Lord;  
Oh, my Belovèd, Thou art mine!  
And purchased by Thy precious blood,  
My God and Saviour, I am Thine.

Thy perfectness is mine, O Lord,  
Resplendent now before the throne,  
In Thee I stand accepted there—  
In Thee, O Son of God, alone.

Thy risen life is mine; for me  
Thou did'st awake and leave the tomb;  
In me Thou liv'st, and I shall see  
My life itself, when Thou shalt come.

Thy glory, Lord, is mine; the light  
That beams upon Thy lustrous brow;  
For changed into its image bright,  
I yet shall be as Thou art now.

The Gift unspeakable is giv'n,  
The grace of God hath made Him mine,  
And now before both earth and heav'n,  
Lord, I will own that I am Thine.

*Henry Gratton Guinness, D.D., b.1835.*

**8**

**(5 B.; 13 M.)**

**S.M.**

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.

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

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

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

My life with Him is hid,  
And in His death I died,  
When Christ in glory shall appear,  
I shall be glorified.

*Horatius Bonar, D.D., 1864.*

"Waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body."—Rom. viii. 23.

**BLESSED** Lord, our souls are longing,  
Thee, our risen Head, to see;  
And the cloudless morning's dawning,  
When Thy saints shall gather'd be.

All the sorrow we are tasting  
Is but as the dream of night;  
To that blessed hope we're hasting,  
Looking for its glory bright.

True, the silent grave is keeping  
Many a seed in weakness sown;  
But the saints in Thee now sleeping,  
Raised in power shall share Thy throne.

As we sing, our hearts grow lighter;  
We are children of the day;  
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;  
Faith regards not the delay.

*Mary Peters, 1813-56.*

"To the praise of the glory of His grace."—Eph. i. 6.

**COME**, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet  
Suited to Thy matchless love;  
Sovereign grace—I'm fixed upon it,  
Grace that nothing can remove.

Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thine help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Christ did seek me when a stranger,  
Without hope, or peace, or God;  
And to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

Oh! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Yet I'll never fall away;  
By Thy Spirit, Thou did'st seal it,  
Seal my heart for that bright day.

*Robert Robinson, 1735-90.*

**11**

**(14 M.)**

**L.M.**

*"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation."—Rom. iii. 25*

SAVIOUR, 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.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.



Great Saviour of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting souls proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

*W. Cowper, 1731-1800.*

**1 2**

**(203 B.)**

**8.7.8.7**

"Ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii .3.

**S**EPARATED by the Father,  
Long before the world begun,  
Chosen by Him to salvation  
In His well-belovèd Son.

Separated to the Father,  
By the Cross the work was done,  
Made to be joint-heirs in glory  
With His well-belovèd Son.

Separated for the Father,  
Saved to serve the Holy One,  
Man-made bonds and fetters vanish  
In His well-belovèd Son.

Separated! With the Father  
Fellowship with earth is done.  
I am called into communion  
With His well-belovèd Son.

Separated from the Father?  
Not while endless ages run;  
For redemption was completed  
By His well-belovèd Son.

Separated! Heavenly Father,  
Teach me, while the race I run,  
To be looking for the Saviour,  
Waiting for the coming One.

*Charles H. Welch, 1906.*

**13**

**(205 and 503 E.H.)**

**8.7.**

"Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly."—Col. iii. 16.

**W**ORD of God! O what a treasure,  
In the written Word we find,  
Fount and source of purest pleasure  
For the weary heart and mind.

Word of God! How dark without it  
Here below our path would be;  
Safely led, we cannot doubt it,  
Since its blessèd light we see.

Word of God! Hath He then spoken,  
And shall He not make it good?  
Never can His word be broken,  
Ever faithful it has stood.

Word of God! Oh! may I ever,  
In the sacred pages see  
Christ, the living Word, and never  
Put my trust in aught but Thee.

*Charles H. Welch, 1906.*

"No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—John xiv. 6.

"Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father."—I John ii. 23.

NEARER, our God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
Through the great Sacrifice  
On Calvary!  
On Him our debt was laid,  
By Him the price was paid;  
We come, who thus are saved—  
Nearer to Thee.

No longer wanderers  
Our God are we:  
No more can darkness come  
'Twixt us and Thee;  
For Christ, the world's great Light,  
Vanquished, for ever, night,  
We come, through His great fight,  
Nearer to Thee.

Vain every Bethel now,  
Raised up to Thee;  
Vain every earthly scheme  
To set us free.  
Vain every stony grief—  
Vain woes to give relief;  
Only our heavenly Priest  
Brings us to Thee.

Our every waking thought  
Round Him must cling.  
Ours were the lives He bought,  
Saved from death's sting.  
This is no dream of man,  
But Thine own purposed plan,  
Laid down e'er time began  
With Christ the Word.

When our last call shall come,  
Our God from Thee,  
When our last duty's done,  
And we are free;  
Angels will stand aside,  
No one, but Christ beside,  
Can be our heavenly Guide,  
Father, to Thee.

*Mrs. E. Endres.*

**15**

**(602 and 234 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

**H**OW shall we sing the love that sought?  
Its breadth and length, its depth and height,  
Its fulness passes all our thought,  
As mid-day sun surpasses night.

Its breadth takes all in its embrace,  
The middle wall no longer stands:  
To Gentiles now of every race  
God's grace is preached in many lands.

What shall for us its length define?  
No measure can to this extend:  
The love that died to make us Thine  
Has no beginning and no end.

What terms its soundless depths can tell?  
True bottomless abyss, wherein,  
Deeper than lowest depths of hell,  
Lies buried all Thy people's sin.

Its height no angel wing can soar,  
Far, far above all power and might;  
Yet such His grace, for us in store,  
To share the Holiest in the light.

*A Friend.*

**16**

**(61 B.)**

**L.M.**

"That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—**Eph. iii. 19.**

**FILLED** with all fulness, can it be  
For Gentile strangers such as we?  
We who the paths of sin have trod,  
As aliens from the life of God.

Yes, 'tis for us, for Christ has died,  
Now quickened, risen, glorified;  
Seated with Him at God's right hand;  
Complete in Him, by faith we stand.

May the same mighty power to save,  
That brought our Saviour from the grave,  
Strength to our inward man impart,  
That Christ may dwell within our heart.

Then with all saints in every land  
We'll in some measure understand  
The love of Christ, that shoreless sea,  
That saves and keeps eternally.

*A Friend.*

"God, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love."—Eph. ii. 4.

O LORD, for Thy mercy our praises we sing,  
In grateful devotion our tribute to bring,  
That mercy so free, and that mercy so sure,  
That mercy for ever and aye shall endure.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy mercy so free,  
Which flows from the Saviour to sinners as we,  
That in our death's darkness, the life-light displays,  
Of mercy which ever shall lighten our ways.

O Lord, if Thy mercy be holden from me,  
No hope should I have of Thy glory to see;  
Thy mercy alone makes salvation secure,  
That mercy for ever and aye shall endure.

O grace all sufficient, O mercy replete,  
Atonement is finished, in Christ I'm complete;  
The mercy which saved me will all things ensure,  
And mercy for ever and aye shall endure.

*Charles H. Welch, 1906.*

"Through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father."  
Eph. ii. 18.

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.

There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

'Tis there our gracious Saviour sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

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

*Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865.*

**19**

**(52 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while."—**Mark vi. 31.**

**H**OW sweet the hour! when from the world  
We rest apart with God's own Word,  
To search the wonders of His will,  
Which by His Spirit are revealed.

Past, present, future, all unite,  
And pass before our wondering sight:  
Christ is their centre, subject, scope,  
And He the seal of all our hope.

Chosen in Him, before the earth  
Through Satan's pride came under curse;  
Destined in ages yet to come  
To dwell in heaven's highest home.

That hour of thought is past too soon,  
Yet shall its light, full as the noon,  
Brighten our desert pathway here,  
Till we with Christ in light appear.

*Jack E. Mills.*

"The Name which is above every name."—Phil. ii. 9.

THY Name, O Lord, I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest sound on earth.

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

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

This Name shall shed its fragrance still,  
Along the thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

Lord Jesus! Name I love so well,  
The Name I love to hear;  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

*Frederick Whitfield, 1855.(?)*

"The bond of peace."—Eph. iv. 3.  
"The bond of perfectness."—Col. iii. 14.

HAPPY bond of sacred union,  
Head and members all are one;  
Kept in sweet and close communion,  
This is heaven on earth begun.



*Refrain—*

Nothing here this bond can sever :  
Nothing here God's peace destroy;  
God is ours, and that for ever,  
This should fill our hearts with joy.

Tribulation must attend thee,  
'Tis the children's portion here;  
But thy God will still defend thee,  
And in every strait appear.

Nothing here this bond can sever :  
Nothing here God's peace destroy;  
God is ours, and that for ever,  
This should fill our hearts with joy.

Sing we then our Father's praises,  
While in thorny paths we tread;  
He will soon to glory raise us,  
Through our risen, glorious Head.

Nothing here this bond can sever :  
Nothing here God's peace destroy;  
God is ours, and that for ever,  
This should fill our hearts with joy.

*A Friend.*

" Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit."—Eph. iv. 3.

SEATED above all heavens,  
We see our glorious Head,  
A bond of peace He's given,  
We're by the Spirit led.  
Up from the grave He's risen,  
Sat down in majesty,  
And to the hosts of Satan  
Declared His victory.

We have been made One Body,  
One Hope, One Faith, have we:  
One Baptism, One Spirit,  
Who forms our Unity.  
One Lord, the glorious Centre;  
One Head, for great or small;  
One God, who is the Father,  
Above, through, over all.

We wait for resurrection,  
When Christ our Lord shall come;  
Transfigured in His likeness,  
Made meet for our bright home;  
Shall be called up in glory,  
In unity complete;  
Made righteous, clean and spotless,  
With Him to take our seat.

*A Friend.*

"I bow my knees unto the Father."—Eph. iii. 14.

FATHER, we would in spirit now,  
In Christ's Own Name appear,  
Before Thy throne in meekness bow,  
And claim Thy willing ear.

We thank Thee for that primal grace,  
Those counsels long unknown,  
Which chose us for the first-born's place  
In Him, upon the throne.

Rejoicing in this favour, Lord,  
This place of rest and power,  
We seek the help Thou canst afford  
In this responsive hour.

In fullest confidence we would  
Roll all our cares on Thee;  
They work together for our good,  
Whate'er those cares may be.

O God of majesty and might,  
All evil counsels stay;  
Out from our darkness bring Thy light,  
And turn our night to day.

Do Thou Who knowest best our need,  
Thy Spirit's aid impart,  
Our full petitions now to lead,  
And bring them from our heart.

*James Smorthwaite.*

"Worship God in the Spirit."—**Phi. iii. 3.**

FATHER, we now in simple faith draw near  
Unto Thy throne;  
Thou has removed our load of guilt and fear,  
Through Christ alone:  
Cleansed and redeemed and purchased by His blood,  
In Him made nigh, we worship Thee our God.

To us the sacred secret now made known—  
In Him to be  
Holy, and without blame, before the throne,  
Perfect as He.  
Quickened with Christ our Head, Thy praise we bring;  
Before Thee bow, and worship while we sing.

We once were far away, nor cared we aught  
For Thy dear Son;  
Rebels at heart, we only evil wrought—  
By sin undone:  
But Thou has caused our eyes to look on Him,  
Whose precious blood now covers all our sin.

Blessèd, for ever, be Thy peerless Son,  
Our gracious Lord;  
Who bore the Cross, the battle nobly won,  
By heaven adored!  
Impelled by love, He bled and suffered thus.  
With joy we own this was His love to us,

Father, we thank Thee for Thy gift divine,  
Thy Sacrifice,  
So full, so free, so wondrously sublime,  
Thine own device.  
No more our conscience charges us with sin,  
We're justified by grace, through faith in Him.

*John Smorthwaite.*

**25**

**(320 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

"Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord."—II Cor. iii. 18.

**L**ORD Jesus Christ, we seek Thy face;  
Within the veil we bow the knee:  
Oh! let Thy glory fill the place,  
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

We thank Thee for the precious blood  
That purged our sin and brought us nigh  
All cleansed and sanctified to God,  
Thy holy Name to magnify.

Shut in with Thee, far, far above  
The restless world that wars below,  
We seek to learn and prove Thy love,  
Thy wisdom and Thy grace to know.

The brow that once with thorns was bound,  
Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see;  
Draw near, Lord Jesus, glory crowned,  
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

*A. Stewart,*

“Rightly dividing the Word of truth.”—II Tim. ii. 15.

O GRACIOUS Father, lead our minds this night,  
Thy holy Word we would divide aright;  
Lead us that we may all Thy purpose see,  
And know Thy holy will in certainty.

Guide us, O Lord, that we may all perceive  
The wondrous plan our Father did conceive;  
Grace, wondrous grace, vouchsafed to fallen man,  
Long, long before the world or time began.

Help us, by grace, that we may walk in love,  
And manifest the life in Christ above;  
From all dividing strife, Lord, keep us free;  
Keep us in peace and holy unity.

Then shall we live and sing unto the praise  
Of Christ, our living Head, whom Thou didst raise  
Far, far above all rule, and power, and might,  
Pleasing the Lord, and walking in the light.

*A Friend.*

“How sweet are Thy words unto my taste.”—Psa. cxix. 103.

OUR Father, Who in heaven dost hear  
Thy children when they pray;  
We would approach Thee without fear,  
Oh! warm each heart, unstop each ear;  
Turn not our prayer away.

We know that in the holy Name  
Of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
With boldness to the mercy-seat  
We may draw near, and at Thy feet  
Pray, teach us in Thy Word.

Thy Word is like a precious mine,  
Where jewels buried lie;  
Some gem bestow, of heavenly worth,  
Unsullied by corrupted earth,  
Which others have passed by.

Or like a tree, whose luscious fruit,  
Inviting to the gaze,  
Yet hangs so high, we cannot reach,  
Do Thou now pluck, and give to each  
What mostly Thee shall praise.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost give  
This appetite, that Thou,  
Thyself, each taste might satisfy,  
As we for growth on Thee rely,  
Oh! come and feed us now.

To Thee, our Father, rich in grace;  
And Thou, His only Son;  
Whom with the Spirit we adore,  
Ascribe we glory evermore,  
While endless ages run.

*C. Humphries.*

"Chosen in Him before the overthrow of the world."—Eph. i. 4.

WHAT wondrous gospel have I heard?  
Whence this unutterable bliss?  
To learn from God's unfailing Word,  
That He elected me to this:

Oh! tell me, tell me, is it true  
That e'er the world was overthrown,  
The mystic Christ God then foreknew,  
And as a member I was known?

Oh! will this Body, called on high,  
Complete in all its members fair,  
Joined to its Head (none else so nigh),  
Be manifested with Him there?

And may I hope that by His grace,  
That love, ineffable, divine,  
I, even I, have there a place  
Assigned by Him, securely mine?

Ah! surely this is bliss supreme,  
How full, I may not comprehend,  
That God should choose, and Christ redeem  
Poor fallen man to such an end!

Then, Lord, to Thee I must resign  
My willing soul, I yield Thee all;  
Oh! take me, take me, I am Thine,  
Just waiting for the Upward Call!

*C. Humphries.*



"Forgetting . . . reaching forth . . . I press . . . toward the prize."  
—Phil. iii. 13, 14.

**E**ARTH'S weary trials oppress my soul,  
For tribulations have no end;  
Yet press I to the heav'nly goal,  
And pause for neither foe nor friend.

Though deepest depths of dark despair  
Engulf me now, and hold me fast;  
Yet will I trust Jehovah there,  
And trusting, hold Him till the last.

And if He tread me in the dust,  
While prostrate there His love I'll sing;  
E'en though He slay me, still my trust  
Unbroken to His Word shall cling.

For nothing from the love of God  
Shall separate a blood-bought child;  
Meekly I'll bow and kiss the rod  
That curbs my will and passions wild.

And when my proving is complete;  
When broken down is all my pride;  
How sweet the joy, my Lord to meet,  
Who once for sin was crucified!

*C. Humphries.*

"Of His fulness have all we received."—John i. 16.

**T**HERE is fulness of freedom, no fetters can bind  
The soul that the Spirit of Truth has set free;  
When the light of God's Word has illumined the mind,  
There is full, unalloyed, and complete liberty.

There is fulness of pardon and cleansing from sin,  
For the blood of our Saviour removes every stain;  
In Christ we are holy, without and within,  
No spot, not a wrinkle nor blemish remain.

There is fulness of knowledge, in which we may grow  
In His fulness of love, as its ground and its root,  
While in fulness of blessing our hearts overflow,  
And praise of our lips yields acceptable fruit.

There is fulness of riches our needs to supply;  
There is fulness of grace every trial to meet;  
Till our hope is fulfilled when He calls us on high,  
To share in His fulness of glory complete.

Then His fulness of kindnesses yet will be shown,  
In the fulness of time, in the ages to come;  
For His fulness of love can ne'er fully be known,  
No words ever written can measure the sum.

*A Friend.*

**31**

**(393 E.H.)**

**8.7.D.**

**Romans i.**

**S**ING we now the happy tidings,  
God's good news about His Son,  
Promised in the Holy Writings,  
He the mighty task has done.  
Woman's seed so long predicted,  
Who should bruise the Serpent's head,  
He the fatal blow inflicted,  
Rose in triumph from the dead.

He who took the seed of David,  
Was as God's own Son proclaimed;  
Power of God to sinners savèd,  
Though by sinners still defamed.  
Now in risen power and glory,  
Yet on earth to be adored:  
Israel shall bow down before Thee—  
David's Son and David's Lord.

Blessed gospel of salvation,  
Who of such would be ashamed?  
Power of God in every nation,  
Where the gospel is proclaimed.  
Righteousness of God revealèd,  
Faith its source and faith its goal;  
He is faithful, and has sealèd  
All whose faith has made them whole.

*F. Bartlett.*

**32**

**(393 B.; 167 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

**Romans iii. and iv.**

**WHEN** Abraham God's Word believed,  
Straightway the blessing he received;  
Father of nations he became,  
Though all around him seemed the same.

So faith believes what God has said,  
And trusts in Him that raised the dead;  
For things that are not, yet will be,  
Faith laughs and gains the victory.

We rest upon God's faithfulness,  
Through Christ, the Lord, our righteousness;  
When all mankind in sin had failed,  
God sent His Son, and He prevailed.

A spotless life He lived to God,  
And then for sinners shed His blood;  
Raised from the dead He left the grave,  
Endued with mighty power to save.

His Name alone we magnify,  
For God in Him doth justify;  
His righteousness to us imputes,  
And Satan's every charge refutes.

Strong in His strength to do the right,  
His resurrection life our might;  
Saved by His life, in Him we live,  
To Him the glory we would give.

*F. Bartlett.*

**33**

**(228 E.H.)**

**8.7.8.7.8.7.**

**Romans v.**

**J**USTIFIED by faith in Jesus  
Through Him we have peace with God,  
And rejoice in hope of glory,  
Joy, indeed, doth this afford;  
In the midst of tribulation  
We can glory in the Lord.  
Tribulation worketh patience,  
Wonderful experience;  
Hope sustains us in affliction,  
Though the trial be intense,  
And of love a deeper knowledge  
Brings the sufferer recompense.

While, as sinners, still we wandered,  
Christ for the ungodly died;  
For His enemies He suffered,  
For our sins was crucified;  
Raised by the Father's glory,  
In Him we are justified.

God's great love thus manifested,  
Inward joy and peace imparts,  
And this love, through Holy Spirit,  
Kindles love within each heart.  
Love that links us with the Father,  
Never more from Him to part.

*F. Bartlett.*

**34**

**(139 E.H.)**

**C.M.**

“Much more.”—Rom. v.

IF by His death Christ, justified,  
Rose Victor from the strife;  
Much more now living, glorified,  
He saves us by His life.

If one man's sin involved the race,  
And brought death in its train;  
Much more shall we, through gift of grace,  
In life eternal reign.

What triumph in those words of grace:  
“Much more did grace abound!”  
Where sin abounded, there much more  
The grace of God is found,

Much more we would Thy glory show;  
Much more Thy Name confess;  
Much more exhibit here below  
Thy grace and righteousness.

*F. Bartlett.*

**35**

**(47 B.)**

**C.M.**

*Romans vi.*

OUR Lord in grace did undergo  
Death's dark and fearful hour,  
That we, baptized in death with Him,  
Might share His risen power.

The glory of the Father raised  
Our Saviour from the dead,  
That we in His new life should live  
To Him, our risen Head.

Delivered from the reign of sin,  
Freed from its strain and stress,  
We would henceforth our members yield,  
To serve in righteousness.

Made free from sin, since grace doth reign,  
In holy liberty;  
May Thy great love, O Christ, constrain  
To serve and honour Thee.

*F. Bartlett.*

**36**

**(249 B.)**

**4.10s.**

*Romans viii.*

“NO condemnation,” thus hath said God's Word,  
What consolation doth this truth afford;  
We in our Lord from sin and death are free,  
His Spirit gives us life and liberty.

"No separation," sons of God are we,  
The whole creation waits our liberty;  
Though the creation groaneth in her pain,  
She shall be free when Christ shall come again.

"No condemnation," God has justified,  
We've full salvation, for the Saviour died;  
Nought can divide us from the love of God,  
Nor life, nor death; we're resting in His Word.

"No separation," safely in His hand  
Are all His sons, none can His will withstand,  
All things together work for his foreknown  
Unto their good, until He claims His own.

*F. Bartlett.*

**37**

**(369 E.H.)**

**C.M.**

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."  
—Rom. xii. 1.

**L**ORD, since Thy mercy set us free  
At such a heavy price;  
We would our bodies yield to Thee,  
A living sacrifice.

Not to this evil age conformed,  
We would Thy servants be;  
With hearts and minds renewed, transformed,  
Acceptable to Thee.

As members of One Body framed,  
May we all find our place;  
Then each to his own office named,  
May use Thy gifts of grace.

Purged from all pride of earth's estate,  
In lowliness of mind;  
Returning ever love for hate,  
At peace with all mankind.

So shall we prove Thy perfect will,  
And evil overcome;  
In patient hope rejoicing till  
Our Lord shall call us home.

*F. Bartlett.*

**38**

**(337 E.H.)**

**C.M.**

"He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law."—Rom. xiii. 8.

LOVE is the standard of our life,  
'Tis love the law fulfils;  
It leaves no room for earthly strife,  
But peace and joy distils.

It frees from darkness of the night,  
It worketh no man ill;  
Who most has love, He most has light  
To know God's perfect will.

Our God Himself is Love and Light,  
His armour we would don;  
So shall our Lord's reflection bright  
Shine forth from every one.

Thus love shall be the link to tie  
Our hearts and minds in one,  
Our Father God to glorify  
Through His belovèd Son.

*F. Bartlett.*



"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass."—I Cor. xiii. 1.

OUR God, in this our hearts rejoice,  
Of all Thy gifts, the one most choice  
Can never, never pass away,  
But grows more precious every day.

Gifts without love are empty show;  
Though every secret we may know.  
Apart from love, they cannot bless:  
Love is the bond of perfectness.

All gifts are given to this end,  
To this great goal all things must tend,  
That earth beneath and heaven above  
May know the fulness of Thy love.

*A Friend.*

"So run, that ye may obtain."—I Cor. ix. 24.

TO win a fleeting crown,  
What things will men endure;  
How many things lay down,  
To make the prize secure;  
What earnest efforts they will make,  
Yet only one the prize can take.

Much more should Christians seek  
Their passions to subdue;  
Give up what makes them weak,  
That they may strength renew:  
Their bodies and their minds to train,  
A more enduring crown to gain.

Help us this race to run,  
With patience to endure;  
For not alone to one  
This heavenly prize is sure,  
But all who love Thee, in that day,  
Receive a crown that lasts for aye.

*F. Bartlett.*

**41**

**(565 B.)**

**8.7.8.7.7.7.**

**Ephesians 1.**

**BLESSED** be our God and Father,  
Who such wondrous love hath shown,  
Choosing us in Christ our Saviour,  
Ere the world was overthrown;  
We shall see Him face to face,  
Praise the glory of His grace.

Blessèd be our Lord Christ Jesus,  
God's own well-belovèd Son,  
Who from sin and bondage frees us,  
Shares the glories He hath won;  
With Him in the highest place,  
Praise the glory of His grace.

Blessèd be the Holy Spirit:  
Love, joy, peace, and life, and light,  
All the blessings we inherit  
Reach us through the Spirit's might;  
Men of every clime and race  
Praise the glory of His grace.

Threefold cord, that nought can sever  
Father's love, and Saviour's grace,  
Spirit's might, in one endeavour  
Saves our fallen human race.  
And of sin leaves not a trace,  
Praise the glory of His grace.

*This hymn was written by a member of the congregation after hearing an exposition of Eph. 1:3-14. "The Will of the Father," "The Work of the Son," "The Witness of the Spirit."*

**42**

**(M. 8; M. 7)**

**Ephesians 1.**

**SING** of the wonderful story, sing of the word of His  
grace,  
Unto the praise of His glory, He giveth poor sinners a  
place,  
Now blessed with all blessings in Christ Who is seated  
above,  
Accepted in the Belovèd, holy and blameless in love.

Sing of God's wonderful purpose, which in His Word is  
made known,  
Chosen in Christ unto sonship, before the world was  
o'erthrown;  
Oh! wonderful glory, angels might envy the place  
Given to us Gentile sinners, saved and made meet by  
His grace.

Sing of the wonderful glory, God hath decreed for His  
Son,  
Under the Lordship of Jesus, heaven and earth shall be  
one.  
Oh! wonderful counsel, working all things to His will  
Unto the praise of His glory, He will His purpose fulfil.

*F. Bartlett.*

**43**

**(M. 8; M. 7)**

**Ephesians 1.**

**S**ING of the Spirit of promise with which the believer  
is sealed,  
Token of perfect redemption, foretaste of glory revealed;  
Praise, praise to the Father, to Him let our voices be  
raised,  
Through Jesus, our Lord and our Saviour, His Name  
shall for ever be praised.

Sing of the Spirit of wisdom, the Father of glory imparts,  
Unto the hope of His calling, He opens the eyes of our  
hearts.

Oh! riches of glory, there in the heavenly height,  
Far above princes and powers, name and dominion and  
might.

Sing of the might of His power, that quickened our Lord  
from the dead;

Sing of the Church, the One Body, with Christ over all  
as its Head,

Partaking His fulness, sharing His power and love,  
Changed to His glorious likeness, when He shall call us  
above.

*F. Bartlett.*

## Ephesians ii.

SING of the grace that has saved us, children of wrath  
as we were;

Walking as bondslaves of Satan, prince of the power of  
the air.

But God, rich in mercy, loved us when dead in our sin,  
Made us alive in our Saviour, planting His Spirit within.

Sing of the grace that exceedeth, from glory to glory  
we'll grow,

When in the yet future ages, His kindness to us He will  
show.

To Him be the glory, boasting in self cannot be,  
Walking and working to please Him, saved for His glory  
are we.

Sing of the peace that He brought us; sing of the enmity  
slain;

While we were far off He sought us, made one new man  
of the twain.

No wall of partition, far-off ones now are made nigh,  
Unto the Father in glory, we have the access on high.

Sing of the wonderful building, with Christ as the Chief  
Corner Stone;

Living stones fitted together, framed by His power alone;  
Bright temple of glory, its splendour will ne'er pass  
away,

Dwelling of God through the Spirit, lasting for ever and  
aye.

*F. Bartlett.*

SING of the great revelation, the secret now fully made  
known,  
Wonderful new dispensation of grace abounding alone.  
God's riches of mercy, shown unto every race,  
Unto the praise of His glory, wonderful glory of grace.

Sing the unsearchable riches given to us as our dower,  
Riches of kindness and mercy, majesty, glory and power,  
God's riches of mercy, riches exceeding in grace,  
In ages to come without ceasing, His love and His  
kindness we'll trace.

Sing of the love that surpasseth, the love that will ever  
unfold,  
Its breadth and its length are unbounded, its depth and  
its height are untold.  
Oh! fathomless, boundless, measureless love of the  
Lord,  
We would know more of its fulness, now in our hearts  
shed abroad.

Sing unto Him that is able to do in His fulness of power  
Above all our asking or thinking, keeping us hour by  
hour.  
To Him be the glory, let us our thanksgiving raise,  
We of His fulness receiving, yield unto Him all the  
praise.

*F. Bartlett.*

**WORTHY** of our high calling, help us, dear Lord,  
that we  
In lowliness and meekness, in love may follow Thee,  
In bonds of peace united with all who love Thy Name,  
We pray Thee that Thy power may guard from sin and  
shame.

One Body and one Spirit, one glorious hope we share;  
In one Lord's Name we worship, and by one faith we  
dare,  
In that one Name baptizèd, upon one God we call,  
This one God is our Father, in all and over all.

O fill us with the fulness of what Thy scripture saith  
Of Christ, till we arrive at the unity of faith,  
That we may grow in knowledge as in Thy Word we  
scan,

Until we reach the fulness that marks the perfect man.

Henceforth no longer children by sleight of men  
deceived,

But truth in love now speaking, as each one has received;  
From Christ our Head in glory, each member draws his  
part,

And thus the Body groweth in love from heart to heart.

Thus may the truth in Jesus, our hearts and minds  
renew,

And, putting off the old man, may we put on the new;  
So that our every action may true and holy be,  
Until Thy glorious likeness, reflected, men may see.

*F. Bartlett.*



## Ephesians v.

**H**ELP us, Lord, to walk in love,  
Set our hearts on things above.  
Thou Thyself for us did'st give;  
By Thy Spirit we would live.

Cleansed from all that doth defile,  
May our speech be free from guile.  
Saved from darkness of the night,  
We would walk as sons of light.

May the Spirit's blessèd fruit  
Spring from love, its ground and root.  
Goodness righteousness and truth,  
Shall for sinners be reproof.

Bid the sleeping ones awake;  
Evil friends and haunts forsake.  
In these days of sin and ill  
Make us wise to know Thy will.

Filled in Spirit may we be,  
In our hearts make melody;  
Psalms and hymns of praise to sing,  
Giving thanks for everything.

Freed from all domestic strife,  
Husband, father, child or wife,  
Master, servant, may we live;  
Each to each due honour give.



May our strength be in Thy power,  
May Thy might in danger's hour  
Guard us in the evil day,  
Clad in armour for the fray.

*F. Bartlett.*

**48**

**(81 B.)**

**L.M.**

*Ephesians vi.*

**A**RMOUR of God, our sure defence  
Against the Devil's cunning snare;  
What though the struggle wax intense,  
We have a certain refuge there.

Thy truth shall gird our loins with strength,  
Lest we should stumble in the fight;  
Our breastplate shall be righteousness,  
And faith and love shall keep it bright.

With feet well shod with gospel peace,  
Prepared to tread the heavenly way;  
The shield of faith shall guard us safe,  
When Satan's fiery darts dismay.

Salvation's helmet nought can pierce,  
With Christ in God is hid our life;  
The Word of God, the Spirit's sword,  
Shall overcome in every strife.

All prayer shall give us strength to wear  
The armour and to wield the sword;  
We cannot fail, we must prevail,  
Clad in the armour of the Lord.

*A Friend.*

"Who, being in the form of God . . . took upon Him the form of a servant."—*Phil. ii. 6, 7.*

**WE** love our Saviour's steps to trace  
Redemption's path along,  
Beginning at the highest place  
Above the heavenly throng.

To take archangel's place would be  
A condescension great,  
For Him, Who heaven and earth and sea,  
Yea, all things did create.

Then what must be the love and grace  
That stoops to fallen man?  
Then takes the condemned sinner's place,  
Fulfilling thus God's plan.

Exalted by the Father now,  
All heaven doth acclaim,  
Before Him every knee shall bow,  
As Lord confess His name.

O may we in our measure show  
The same unselfish love,  
Have fellowship with Him below,  
Then share His reign above.

*A Friend.*

"I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."—Phil. iii. 8.

**W**HAT strength in Christ is found,  
 To cheer His weary saint;  
 Who though in prison bound,  
 Looks up, and will not faint:  
 Bids one and all, with pen and voice,  
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

In Christ all love of self  
 Is now at last laid down:  
 All pride of race and wealth,  
 All fear of tyrant's frown:  
 Thus heedless of his prison's chains,  
 He gladly counts, in Christ, his gains.

For knowledge of his Lord  
 He counts all things but dross,  
 Well knowing his reward  
 Will far outweigh his loss:  
 In fellowship with Christ to grow,  
 His resurrection power to know.

*A Friend.*

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding."—Phil. iv. 7.

**W**E bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
 Deep as the unfathomed sea;  
 Which falls like sunshine on the road,  
 Of those who trust in Thee.

A peace that suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see;  
Nor deems the trial way too long,  
That leads us home to Thee.

A peace that flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul;  
Whose banks a living verdure keep—  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

We ask not, Father, for repose  
That comes from outward rest,  
If we may have throughout life's woes,  
Thy peace within our breast.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee.

*Anonymous.*

**52**

**(M.H. 122 (2); M. 6)**

**11.10.11.10.**

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son."—Col. i. 13.

**OUT** from the darkness we have been translated  
Into the kingdom of God's own dear Son:  
He Who the heavens and earth had created,  
Shed His own blood for the sins we had done.

He has redeemed us, our sins are forgiven;  
Now, as His members, One Body are we:  
Bondage is past, all our fetters are riven,  
None can enslave whom the Son has set free.

Seated in glory, all fulness possessing,  
Head of the church, first-born from the dead,  
Risen with Him, we inherit all blessing,  
Members must share in the life of the Head.

While we were enemies, far from Him straying,  
He made the peace through the blood of His Cross,  
God's mighty love for the world thus displaying,  
Bearing our shame, and redeeming our loss.

Holy, unblemished, and purged from sin's leaven,  
Now we are reconciled, free from all blame:  
All things on earth, yea, and all things in heaven  
He will yet reconcile; praise to His Name.

*James Smorthwaite.*

**53**

**(9 Appendix E.H.)**

**11.10.11.10.**

"I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep,  
that ye sorrow not, as others which have no hope."—I Thess. iv. 13.

**W**HEN saints of old in their sorrow distressing,  
Mourned for beloved ones fallen asleep,  
God sent a message of comfort and blessing,  
Bade them, as hopeless, no longer to weep.

They on the Saviour's own promise relying,  
Waited for Him to return for His own;  
But while He tarried their dear ones were dying,  
Now for their comfort the truth is made known.

Jesus, Who died for their sins and transgressions,  
Rose from the dead at the Father's own hour;  
He has the keys of the grave in possession,  
All will be raised by the same mighty power.

Loved ones now parted, in joyfulness meeting,  
Caught up together, with Him to abide.  
How the heart thrills at the thought of His greeting,  
All the heart's longing at last satisfied.

*A Friend.*

**54**

**(205 E.H.)**

**8.7.8.7.**

"Who . . . brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."  
II Tim. i. 10.

LIFE in Christ, O promise glorious!  
Death abolished evermore;  
We shall hear His shout victorious,  
All our dead He will restore.

Saved and called with holy calling,  
Not by works which we have done;  
By His grace we're kept from falling,  
He the victory has won.

On His Word by faith relying,  
By the Spirit we are sealed;  
Precious promise satisfying,  
Life in Christ to us revealed.

God His purpose now hath taught us,  
Planned ere ages had begun;  
Grace has saved us, love has bought us,  
Made us one in His dear Son.

*A Friend.*

"If a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully."—II Tim. ii. 5.

SEEKING not the things that please us,  
Saviour, help us to endure,  
Strong in grace, in Thee, Lord Jesus,  
We shall be from foes secure.

One straight course for ever steering,  
May we keep the rules laid down;  
That we may at Thy appearing,  
All receive the promised crown.

In the sight of friend and neighbour,  
May we suffer for Thy sake;  
They who in the harvest labour  
Shall the first ripe fruits partake.

Joy and peace our hearts elating,  
May we seek, by truth to bless:  
For the coming glory waiting,  
Trusting in Thy faithfulness.

Rightly all Thy Word dividing,  
May we students ever be;  
Workmen skilled, in truth abiding,  
Unashamed, approved of Thee.

Thus shall we be saved from swerving  
From the truth, by lies ensnared;  
But as honoured vessels serving,  
For the Master's use prepared.

*F. Bartlett.*



"God, Who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past . . .  
hath spoken by His Son."—Heb. i. 1, 2.

**G**OD spake in days of old,  
In divers times and ways,  
His purpose to unfold,  
By prophets to His praise.  
Now He Who spake, and it was done,  
Hath spoken to us in His Son.

By symbol and by sign,  
Our God His mind made known,  
By messengers divine,  
His ways to men were shown;  
Now He Who spake, and it was done,  
Hath spoken to us in His Son.

No longer now in signs,  
But in our Lord's dear Face,  
In undimmed splendour shines  
The glory of His Grace;  
For He Who spake, and it was done,  
Hath spoken to us in His Son.

Breathe on the written Word,  
O Comforter Divine!  
That we may see our Lord  
Within its pages shine;  
Shine in our hearts, until each one  
Reflects the glory of His Son.

*Anonymous.*



"Who being the brightness of His glory . . . purged our sins."—**Heb. i. 3.**

**H**OW shall we sing Thy glory, Lord?  
 Its splendour who can know?  
 Earth can no similes afford  
 Comparison to show.

The blazing sun is dim besides  
 The brilliance of Thy light;  
 The stormy winds, the ocean tides,  
 Faint shadows of Thy might.

Not burnished gold, nor jewel rare,  
 Not flaming sun or star,  
 Nor angel can with Thee compare;  
 All these Thy creatures are.

Above the heaven's highest height,  
 Beneath the lowest deep,  
 Beyond the distant stars of night,  
 Thine arm all things doth keep.

Then what the glory of Thy grace?  
 O theme all themes above,  
 That stooped to take the sinner's place,  
 To show the Father's love.

*Anonymous.*

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."  
**Heb. iii. 1.**

**L**ORD and Saviour, we remember,  
 In Thine hour of shame,  
 Thou to God Thyself did'st render—  
 Praise Thy Name!

Blessèd Saviour, we remember  
Thou did'st meet our foe,  
When the darkness gathered round Thee,  
And the woe.

Holy Saviour, we remember  
Bitter was Thy cry,  
When, for sin, by God forsaken,  
Wrath was nigh.

Glorious Saviour, we remember  
Thou did'st overcome;  
Through Thy vict'ry we, once captive,  
Are brought home.

Lord and Saviour, we remember,  
And would prize Thy love;  
All its fulness do Thou teach us  
From above.

*Anonymous.*

**59**

**(489 E.H.)**

**7.6.D.**

"Looking for that blessed hope."—Tit. ii. 13.

MAN'S day is fast receding,  
The day of God will come,  
And ling'ring feet are needing  
Oft to be speeded home;  
We need to stir affection,  
Dull conscience to awake,  
Faith's shield for our protection  
With firmer grasp to take.

The world hath many a wonder,  
And many a 'witching snare;  
But see the glory yonder—  
What can with that compare?  
The Lord a crown is keeping  
For all who faithful stand,  
Who 'midst a world that's sleeping,  
Watch for the day at hand.

Our labour and our pleasure  
Be this—to do His will;  
To fill our little measure  
With loving service still:  
The cup of water given  
For Him, will find reward,  
Both now, and soon in heaven,  
Remembered by the Lord.

Lord, may Thy love constrain us  
Through all the "little while,"  
Nor fear of man restrain us,  
Nor love of praise beguile;  
Then at Thy glorious coming,  
Enough, O Lord, if we  
Shall hear Thy voice approving  
Aught we have done for Thee.

*Anonymous.*

**60**

**(897 B.)**

**12.12.12.10**

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy."—**Rev. v. 9.**

**W**ORTHY, worthy, worthy Thou of adoration,  
Glory in the highest, glad praise we offer Thee,  
Crowned with glory, honour—worthy coronation—  
Thee on the Throne, O Son of God, we see.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, Lamb of God most holy,  
Blessèd all Thy footprints from Bethlehem to the tree;  
Without spot or blemish, ever meek and lowly,  
Perfect Thy life—God found repose in Thee.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, perfect our salvation,  
Costly was our ransom, once paid in blood by Thee;  
We are with Thee risen—past our condemnation,  
No longer bondmen—through Thy death we're free.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, Lord of life and glory,  
Love divine our portion—ours to eternity.  
Now we sing Thy praises, theme of sacred story,  
Soon in the glory, we shall reign with Thee.

**61**

**(471 E.H.; 24 B.)**

**C.M.**

“Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth.”—Col. iii. 1.

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

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

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

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Joy to confess Thy blessèd name,  
The virtues of Thy blood,  
And to the wearied heart proclaim,  
“ Behold, the Lamb of God! ”

*James George Deck, 1855.*

**62**

**(220 B.)**

**8.8.6.8.8.6**

“ All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen.”—II Cor. 1. 20.

**WE** bless Thee, O Thou great Amen,  
Jehovah's pledge to sinful men,  
Confirming all His Word.  
Doubtful no promises remain  
For all are Yea, and all Amen,  
In Thee, the faithful Lord.

How great the grace of God to bless  
By Thee, the Lord, our righteousness,  
By Thee, we say again :  
For to us all things thus are sure,  
Through life, in death, and evermore,  
By Thee, the Great Amen.

O faithful Witness of our God,  
Who cam'st by water and by blood,  
In Thee, the Holy One,  
God's record doth for ever stand,  
Of life eternal, from His hand,  
To all in Thee, the Son.

Gladly His promises we hear,  
For God's Amen dispels all fear,  
His faithfulness it proves :  
And while such grace from God is shown,  
To His Amen we add our own,  
For our Amen He loves.

*Robert Hawker, 1753-1827.*

**63**

**(608 B.)**

**8.8.8.8.8.8.**

"The love of Chirst, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

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

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

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

*Anonymous.*

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God."—Rom. v. 1.

A MIND at perfect peace with God:

Oh! what a word is this!

A sinner reconciled through blood;

This, this indeed is peace.

By nature and by practice far,

How very far from God.

Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,

Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So near, so very near to God,

I cannot nearer be;

For in the person of His Son,

I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,

More dear I could not be;

The love wherewith He loves the Son,

Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever anxious be,

Since such a God is mine?

He watches o'er me night and day,

And tells me "thou art mine."

*Cateshy Paget.*

"Who is the image of the invisible God."—Col. i. 15.

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

In Thee most perfectly expressed,  
The Father's glories shine,  
Of the full Deity possessed,  
Eternally divine—

True image of the Infinite,  
Whose essence is concealed:  
Brightness of uncreated light,  
The heart of God revealed—

But the high myst'ries of Thy name  
An angel's grasp transcend;  
The Father only (glorious claim!)  
The Son can comprehend.

Yet loving Thee, on whom His love  
Ineffable doth rest,  
Thy members all, in Thee above,  
As one with Thee are blest—

Throughout the universe of bliss,  
(The centre Thou, and Sun),  
The eternal theme of praise is this,  
To heaven's beloved One—

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.*



"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—Phil. ii. 5.

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

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

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

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

One with Thyself; may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace which spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

*Sir Edward Denny, 1839.*

"He ever liveth to make intercession."—Heb. vii. 25.

O LORD, Who now art seated,  
Above the heav'ns on high;  
The gracious work completed  
For which Thou cam'st to die.  
To Thee our hearts are lifted  
While pilgrims wand'ring here,  
For Thou art truly gifted  
Our every weight to bear.

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

O let Thy love constrain us  
To yield ourselves to Thee;  
Let nothing henceforth pain us  
But that which paineth Thee;  
Our joy, our one endeavour,  
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame,  
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
And magnify Thy name.

*J. G. Deck, 1838.*

"Not I, but Christ."—Gal. ii. 20.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art,  
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;  
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,  
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

Thy name is Love! I hear it from Thy Cross:  
Thy name is Love! I read it in Thy tomb;  
All human love may end in tears and loss,  
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,  
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;  
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff and rod;  
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

More of Thyself, O show me, hour by hour,  
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;  
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power,  
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word.

*Horatius Bonar, 1864.*

"Neither death, nor life . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God."—Rom. viii. 38, 39.

I'VE found a Friend, O 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 closer twine  
Those ties which nought can sever;  
For I am His, and He is mine,  
For ever and for ever.

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend,  
He bled, He died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But His own self He gave me.  
Nought that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver:  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are His, and His for ever.

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend,  
So kind, and true, and tender;  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender:  
From Him Who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul can sever?  
Shall life? or death? shall earth? or hell?  
No! I am His for ever.

*James Grindley Small, 1817-88.*

**70**

**(11 M.)**

**8.8.8.4.**

"Of Thine own have we given Thee."—I Chron. xxix. 14.

**O** LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be:  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all?

For peaceful homes, and happy days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
Our God we owe Thee thanks and praise,  
Who givest all.

Thou did'st not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that blessèd One  
Thou givest all.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

As from Thyself, we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,  
O may we ever to Thee live,  
Who givest all!

*Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85.*

**71**

**(860 B.)**

**4.9s.**

“Christ is all, and in all.”—Col. iii. 11.

**R**EST of the weary, Joy of the sad,  
Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad,  
Home of the stranger, Strength to the end,  
Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.

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

When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,  
Crown of the humble, Help ever nigh;  
When my steps wander, Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

Thee, Lord, confessing, ever I'll raise  
Unto Thee blessing, glory and praise:  
All my endeavour, world without end,  
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

*J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-75.*

**72**

**(883 B.)**

**6.10s.**

"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—Psa. xxiii. 4.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;  
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
Eternal Light of light, be with us now.  
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

Thou, Who in darkness walking did'st appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;  
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,  
Be Thou our Light in life's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

*Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1863.*

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. x. 37.

O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,  
    Making life's desert places bloom and smile,  
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"  
    Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

A little while for patient vigil keeping  
    To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong.  
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,  
    Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,  
    To pace with weary step through miry ways;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
    And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while, 'mid shadow and illusion,  
    To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;  
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,  
    And hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

And He Who is Himself the Gift and Giver,  
    The future glory and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"  
    Will light the shadows of the "little while."

*Jane Crewdson (née Fox), 1809-63.*

"Come unto Me."—Matt. xi. 28.

JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

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

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

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

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.*



"I will sing of mercy."—Psalm ci. 1.

**THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without Thy rich mercy I could not live here;  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;  
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,  
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

Thy mercy is mightier far than my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;  
Dissolved by Thy goodness I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from wrath,  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders tell forth;  
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, Who hung on the tree,  
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

Great Father of mercies, Thy goodness I own;  
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son:  
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine;  
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

*J. Stocker, 1766.*

"To the praise of the glory of His grace."—Eph. i. 6.

**SONGS** of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun;  
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

When at last in Christ complete,  
For their heritage made meet:  
There, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*J. Montgomery, 1771-1859.*

**77**

**(405 E.H.)**

**C.M.**

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus."—Matt. i. 21.

**H**OW sweet Thy Name, Lord Jesus, sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

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

Dear Name, the Rock on which I build;  
My Shield and Hiding Place,  
My never failing Treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Saviour, Guardian, Friend;  
To Whom alone I cling;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

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

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

*J. Newton, 1725-1807.*

**78**

**(341 E.H.)**

**C.M.**

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."—Ps. cxix. 105.

**L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,  
Brook by the traveller's way:

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky:

Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day:  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay:

Word of the everlasting God,  
Will of His glorious Son,  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?

Lord, grant us all aright to learn,  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, child-like hearts.

*Bernard Barton, 1784-1849.*

**79**

**(578 E.H.)**

**7.6.D.**

"I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

O COMFORT to the dreary,  
O joy to the oppressed;  
Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.  
O come in all your weakness,  
Ye sons of guilt and woe;  
And learn of Him with meekness,  
Who stooped for us so low.

Ye slaves of servile error,  
Wearied with fruitless pains,  
Whose faith is doubt and terror,  
Believe, and lose your chains.  
Renounce the superstition,  
To Christ's light yoke preferred;  
And turn from vain tradition  
To His redeeming Word.

Ye who the world have courted,  
And suffered from its spite;  
Ye who with sin have sported,  
And felt its serpent-bite;  
Come learn, your follies quitting,  
That this world's gain is loss;  
To His mild rule submitting,  
Who bare for you the Cross.

O come, and make the trial,  
His service is release;  
If hard the self-denial,  
Its fruit is joy and peace.  
His grace, your souls defending,  
Shall nerve you for the strife:  
Peace all your steps attending,  
The fruit, immortal life.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.*

**80**

**(47 B.)**

**C.M.**

"God be merciful to me a sinner."—*Luke xviii. 13.*

**L**ORD, like the publican, I stand,  
And lift my heart to Thee;  
Thy pardoning grace, O God, command;  
Be merciful to me.

I smite upon my anxious breast,  
O'erwhelmed with agony;  
O save my soul by sin oppressed,  
Be merciful to me.

My guilt, my shame, I all confess,  
I have no hope or plea,  
But Jesus' blood and righteousness,  
Be merciful to me.

The chief of sinners though I am,  
And vile beyond degree,  
To die for me Immanuel came,  
Be merciful to me.

Here at Thy Cross I still would wait,  
Nor from its shelter flee,  
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,  
Art merciful to me.

*Thomas Raffles, 1788-1863.*

**81**

**(18 E.H. Appendix.)**

**8.5.8.3.**

"A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—**Luke ii. 11.**

**P**RECIIOUS Saviour! Thou did'st suffer,  
Suffer much for me:  
Rent with pain and bitter anguish  
On the tree.

Loving Saviour! Thou wast silent,  
When the cruel crowd  
Pressed upon Thee in their fury,  
Scoffing loud.

Gracious Saviour! Thou wast ever,  
Ever lowly, meek;  
Such like spirit doth the Father  
In me seek.

Blessèd Saviour: Thou has saved me,  
Saved me for Thine own;  
Thou Who now art in the glory  
On the throne.

Glorious Saviour! words can never  
Never tell the love  
Of the Father, Who did'st give Thee  
From above.

*Anonymous.*

**82**

**(4 M.)**

**11.10.11.10.**

“ Christ is all, and in all.”—Col. iii. 11.

**T**HERE is an eye that ever watches o'er us,  
An eye that never tires or seeks repose;  
There is an ear that to our faintest whisper  
Responds in love, and peace and grace bestows.

There is a place of perfect peace, a shelter  
Wherein the soul can sweetly, safe abide;  
'Tis where the weary rest in joy and gladness,  
The sure calm haven of the Saviour's side.

Thou, Lord, the joy and glory of the faithful,  
Thy heart, the fount of love and peace divine;  
Thou hast, O Lord, a love that passeth knowledge,  
We have not words which would Thy love define.

Thou hast our very inmost soul enraptured,  
Lord, blessed Lord, we pant and faint for Thee;  
O may Thy gracious eyes, in love beholding,  
Reflected in our hearts Thine image see.

*Anonymous.*

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. x. 23.

**BEGIN**, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some wondrous word;  
The mighty works, or mightier Name,  
Of our most gracious Lord.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the performing God.

Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men;  
His hand has writ the sacred Word  
With an immortal pen.

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

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

Oh! might I hear, Thy heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, "thou art mine;"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

*Dr. I. Watts, 1674-1748.*



"It is finished."—John xix. 30.

**H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:  
It is finished!  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished!—O what pleasure  
Do those gracious words afford;  
Heav'nly blessings without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
It is finished!  
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished! all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished all that God had promised;  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
It is finished!  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the glorious theme;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's Name.  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the ascended Lamb.

*Jonathan Evans, 1749-1809.*

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."—Ps. cxix. 130.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that give it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

*W. Cowper, 1731-1800.*

"Renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him."  
Co. iii. 10.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace;  
Made in the image of His Son,  
A new peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Breathes on the sons of flesh,  
Renews in them a Christ-like mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

*Dr. Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.*

**87**

**(565 B.; 15 M.)**

**8.7.8.7.4.7.**

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."  
Matt. ix. 13.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, joined with power.  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
    This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and broken by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:  
    Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

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

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68.*

**88**

**(420 E.H.)**

**L.M.**

"The righteousness which is of God by faith."—**Phil. iii. 9.**

**N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
    Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
    To trust the merits of Thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear His name,  
    What was my gain I count but loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
    And nail my glory to His Cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;  
O may my soul be found in Him,  
And of His righteousness partake.

The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before Thy throne;  
But faith can answer Thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

*Dr. I. Watts, 1674-1748.*

**89**

**(190 B.)**

**8.6.8.6.8.6.**

"Your Father knoweth what ye have need of."—Matt. vi. 8.

FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me;  
The changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

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 sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on Whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied;  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side:  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

In service which Thy love appoints,  
There are no bonds for me;  
My secret heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free:  
A life of self-renouncing love  
Is one of liberty.

*Anna L. Waring, 1850.*

**90**

**(491 E.H.)**

**6.8s.**

"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?"—Micah vii. 18.

**G**REAT God of wonders! all Thy ways  
Are worthy of Thyself—divine:  
But the bright glories of Thy grace,  
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And in the honour none may share.  
Is there a pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or is there grace so rich and free?

Pardon—from an offended God :  
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye;  
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood :  
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.  
Where is the pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or where the grace so rich and free?

O may this glorious, matchless grace,  
This wondrous miracle of love,  
Teach us to sing this song of praise,  
While journeying to our Home above.  
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

*Samuel Daires, M.A., 1723-61.*

**91**

**(61 B.)**

**L.M.**

“Made in the likeness of men.”—*Phil. ii. 7.*

**THOU** Son of God, and Son of man,  
Beloved, adored Immanuel!  
Who did'st, before all time began,  
In glory with Thy Father dwell.

We sing Thy love, Who did'st in time  
For us humanity assume,  
To answer for the sinner's crime,  
To suffer in the sinner's room.

The ransomed church Thy glory sings;  
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey;  
And Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

A servant's form Thou did'st sustain,  
And with delight the law obey;  
Thou did'st endure amazing pain,  
While all our sorrows on Thee lay.

Blest Saviour, we are wholly Thine,  
So freely loved, so dearly bought;  
Our souls to Thee would we resign,  
To Thee subject our every thought.

*John Ryland, D.D., 1753-1825.*

**92**

**(220 B.)**

**8.8.6.8.8.6.**

"Ye are complete in Him."—Co. ii. 10.

LET us unite our songs in praise,  
To Him Who hath the power to raise  
Our souls to height above;  
To seat us with His own dear Son,  
In Him we count as being one,  
All through His gracious love.

Let love and adoration spring,  
From hearts illumed by grace, we bring  
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee;  
O may we worthy prove to be,  
In glory, Lord, Thy face to see  
In the bright realms above.

Thus as we wait in patience here,  
Teach us to walk in holy fear,  
And rev'rence Lord of Thee;  
And while we seek to know Thy will,  
Do Thou with Thine own Spirit fill,  
That we may live to Thee.

*Anonymous.*



"I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

O WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to every sinner's case  
Who hears the joyful sound.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring;  
Here Love, unchanging Love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring.

This spring with living water flows,  
And heav'nly joy imparts;  
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.

Whoever will—O gracious word,  
May of this stream partake;  
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

*Samuel Medley, 1738-99.*

"An anchor of the soul."—Heb. vi. 19.

NOW I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :  
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundation slain :  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

O Love, Thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;  
Covered is mine unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

With faith I plunge me in this sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;  
I look unto my Saviour's breast;  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,  
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;  
Though joys be withered all and dead,  
Though every comfort be withdrawn;  
On this my steadfast soul relies :  
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

*J. A. Rothe, trans. by J. Wesley, 1883.*

95

(1 M.)

6.7.s.

"Called the sons of God."—I John iii. 1.

**BLESSED** are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Christ's own blood;  
They are ransomed from the grave;  
Life eternal they shall have.  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.

They are justified by grace;  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great day.  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.

They produce the fruits of grace  
In the works of righteousness.  
Born of God, they hate all sin;  
God's pure word remains within.  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.

They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood:  
One with God, in Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.

*Joseph Humphreys, 1866.*

**96**

**(407 and 632 E.H.)**

**4.11s.**

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—**Heb. xiii. 5.**

**H**OW 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?

In every condition; in sickness, in health,  
In joy or deep sorrow, in want or in wealth,  
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

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The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I cannot, give up to its foes :  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never! no, never! no, never forsake!

*George Keith, 1787.*

**97**

**(9 M.)**

**10.10.10.8.**

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath  
blessed us."—*Eph. i. 3.*

**BLESSED** be God, our God of grace and love,  
Who gave for us His well-belovèd Son  
His Gift of Gifts, all other gifts in one—  
Blessèd be God, Blessèd be God!

What will He not freely with Him bestow,  
Who freely gave this mighty Gift unbought,  
Unmerited, unheeded and unsought,  
Blessèd be God, Blessèd be God!

He sparèd not His well-belovèd Son!  
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,  
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear,  
Blessèd be God, Blessèd be God!

'Tis God Himself, through Christ, that justifies!  
Who shall recall the pardon or the grace?  
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?  
Blessèd be God, Blessèd be God!

The victory is ours by grace divine.  
For us in might came forth the Mighty One :  
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won :  
Blessèd be God, Blessèd be God!

*H. Bonar, 1846.*

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."—Song of Sol. ii. 16.

THINE ever—loved and chosen,  
In Thy deep thoughts of grace,  
Before the world's foundation,  
Or dayspring knew its place:  
Thine only—sought and followed,  
When in the far-off land;  
Then kept, and fed, and guided,  
By Thine unwearied hand.

Thine, only Thine, Lord Jesus!  
Whom need we now beside?  
For ever in Thy presence  
Our weary souls we hide:  
All other refuge faileth,  
All other springs run dry,  
Thou, Lord, alone art changeless,  
And Thou art ever nigh.

Thine ever, Lord, Thine only,  
E'en in the glory light,  
When bursts the dawn of heaven  
Upon our raptured sight;  
One deep joy shall enfold us,  
Shall swell our highest song,  
That we are Thine, Thine only,  
'Mid all the gathered throng!

Thine only, Lord: O keep us  
More closely at Thy side!  
While here we wait and worship,  
Our hearts would there abide;  
We crave no other gladness,  
We seek no other rest,  
Till raised in Thy likeness,  
We shall with Thee be blest!

*F. Bartlett.*

**99**

**(517 E.H.)**

**6.6.8.6.8.8.**

"Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God."—I Cor. vi. 20.

O GOD of matchless grace,  
We sing unto Thy Name;  
We stand accepted in the place  
That none but Christ should claim:  
Our willing hearts have heard Thy voice,  
And in Thy mercy we rejoice.

'Tis meet that Thy delight  
Should centre in Thy Son;  
That Thou should'st place us in Thy sight  
In Him, Thy Holy One:  
Thy perfect love has cast out fear;  
Thy favour shines upon us here.

Eternal is our rest,  
O Christ of God, in Thee!  
Now of Thy peace, Thy joy possest,  
We wait Thy face to see:  
Now to the Father's heart received,  
We know in Whom we have believed.



A sacrifice to God,  
In life or death to be—  
O keep us ever, blessed Lord,  
Thus set apart to Thee:  
Bought with a price, we're not our own;  
We died, to live to God alone.

*Anonymous.*

**100**

**(127 E.H.)**

**8.7.D.**

"In Whom we have redemption through His blood . . . according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself."—Eph. i. 7-9.

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

God, in Thee His love unfolding,  
Shows how rich has been His grace;  
We are blest, with joy beholding  
All His glory in Thy face:  
In His counsel, ere creation,  
All the church He chose in Thee;  
And our Surety, for salvation,  
Thou wast then ordained to be.



When it seemed that sin must sever  
All the chosen heirs from God,  
Thou, with love which faileth never,  
Did'st redeem us by Thy blood;  
O the mercy which hath blest us,  
Purposed thus ere time began—  
Mercy which in Thee hath kept us,  
Mercy vast, like heaven's span!

*A Friend.*

**101**

**(249 B.)**

**4.10s.**

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5.

**L**ORD, be Thou near, the evening shadows fall  
Around my path, be Thou my stay, my all;  
Amid life's maze, O guide my helpless feet,  
Till in the glory, Lord, Thyself I meet.

Hold Thou my hand, then I shall have no fear,  
The dark will brightness be, if Thou art near,  
My soul will find its rest and peace in Thee,  
And all my cares and doubtings cease to be.

Keep for Thyself, O blessèd Lord divine,  
My heart, my life, my love, my all, 'tis Thine;  
Dwell Thou within, so shall I feel the power  
Which saves and keeps me every day and hour.

Strengthen my inmost heart, O gracious Lord,  
Equip me with Thyself, Thou living Word;  
That I may stand, in this the evil day,  
Till all the darksome shadows flee away.

Till I, at length, when the last hour has sped,  
Awake with likeness to my living Head;  
In the bright glory evermore to be  
With Him, I love, throughout eternity.

*A Friend.*

**102**

**(81 B.)**

**L.M.**

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."  
I John iii. 18.

**T**HE Lord receives His highest praise  
From humble minds, and hearts sincere;  
While all the loud professor says,  
Sounds but offensive to His ear.

To walk as children of the day,  
To mark the precepts' holy light,  
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
Show who are pleasing in His sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord,  
To purchase pardon for His own;  
Nor will a soul, by grace restored,  
Return the Saviour words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,  
And rich pom'granates border'd round,  
The need of holiness expressed,  
And called for fruit, as well as sound.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words and fluent speech  
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,  
Unless that grace has made him free.

*Wm. Cowper, 1731-1800.*

**103**

**(137 E.H.)**

**C.M.D.**

"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

**L**ORD, Thou did'st love us with a love,  
Pure, unalloyed, divine;  
Thou cam'st from heav'n, Thy home above,  
To save and make us Thine;  
O who can tell the height, the breadth  
Of love so wide, so great?  
Its length how measure? depth how probe?  
It doth our hearts elate.

It took this poor and worthless clay,  
And fashioned it anew;  
So that from out a shapeless mass,  
A thing of beauty grew;  
Which God Himself now takes and hides  
With Christ in His own Breast;  
Till He Who is our life appears  
With Him to manifest.

How can we ever thank Thee, Lord,  
For all that Thou hast done?  
Thou Who hast conquered sin and death,  
And hath the victory won;  
We bow the knee and worship Thee,  
Who did'st such grace afford,  
May Thy dear name all hearts inflame,  
And be for aye adored.

*F. Bartlett.*

"Now unto Him . . . be glory."—Eph. iii. 20, 21.

**A**LMIGHTY God Supreme, to Thee we bow the knee,  
To Thee, O Lord, Who wast and art, and evermore  
shalt be,

O may our praise ascend, acceptable to Thee,  
Through Christ, our Lord, Thy blessèd Son,  
Who died on Calvary.

O great Eternal God, Whose wisdom, might and love,  
Hath raised and seated us with Him, our glorious Head  
above;

With Thine own Spirit, Lord, our hearts with grace  
illumine,  
That rich in knowledge we may grow  
Of Him and Thee in love.

Father of mercies Thou, Who doeth all things well,  
Make these our hearts a fit abode, wherein Thou mayest  
dwell;

Increase our love and faith, Thy praises to forthtell,  
The mighty things which Thou hast wrought  
Through Him Who doth excel.

Now unto Thee, our God, Who able art to give  
In rich abundance, greater far than we can e'er conceive;  
Be glory, might and power, and majesty divine,  
From age to age, and evermore,  
All glory, Lord, be Thine.

*James Smorthwaite.*

"Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places."—Eph. i. 3.

NOW blest in heavenly places  
In Christ at God's right hand;  
And filled with all His fulness  
Complete in Him to stand.  
Sing to the praise and glory  
Of Him Who thus hath shown,  
Such gracious love and mercy,  
To call us for His own.

As looking to Christ Jesus,  
In Whom we find our peace;  
Our praise and adoration,  
And love to Him increase.  
May we, who thus are looking,  
Walk worthy of the grace,  
The blessed hope and calling,  
Until we see His face.

O help us, by Thy mercy,  
The shield of faith to take;  
To walk in love and meekness,  
For our Redeemer's sake.  
Then shall we be all-pleasing,  
As we in love abound;  
To each and all forbearing,  
May we in Christ be found.

*F. Bartlett.*

"The Name which is above every name."—Phil. ii. 9.

**T**HERE is a Name, all other names excelling,  
It sounds like sweetest music in the ear,  
The name of Jesus, love and life indwelling,  
No other name in earth or heaven so dear.

There is a heart, no other heart so tender  
As the pure heart of Jesus Christ our Lord;  
To Him all thankfulness and praise we render,  
Ourselves we yield to Him with one accord.

There is a peace, like as a river flowing,  
With sweet refreshing grace and love divine;  
The light of home, with radiant glory glowing,  
Shines into every longing heart from Thine.

There is a hope, which, for a sure foundation,  
Builds upon Christ, the tried and precious Stone;  
And as we bow in love and adoration,  
To us, O Lord, Thy gracious will make known.

There is a joy, that ever is increasing,  
'Tis found in Him, Who died upon the tree;  
O may all praise and glory, never ceasing,  
Abound from hearts in union, Lord. with Thee.

*Anonymous.*



"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."—Rom. x. 17.

**T**ELL me of Jesus the Lord, and His love,  
 Tell how He left all the glory above,  
 Tell how He came poor lost sinners to save,  
 Tell how He's victor o'er death and the grave.

Tell of the wonderful power of His grace,  
 Tell how He's willing to grant us a place,  
 Tell how in heaven we with Him shall shine,  
 Tell how He sheds forth His Spirit divine.

Tell of His majesty, glory and might,  
 Tell how the angels all bow in His sight,  
 Tell of His mercy, His kindness and pow'r,  
 Tell how He keeps us from hour to hour.

Tell of the Father, all-powerful One,  
 Tell how His will is fulfilled in the Son,  
 Tell how all people His great name shall praise,  
 Tell out His goodness from age unto age.

*Anonymous.*

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."—II Cor. xiii. 14.

**M**AY the love of God the Father,  
 And the grace of Christ the Son,  
 And communion of the Spirit,  
 Rest upon us every one;  
 Let naught stay the free outflowing,  
 Or resist the boundless love,  
 Which thro' Christ, our Lord and Saviour,  
 Leads us to the rest above.

Though our lot whilst here be conflict,  
God abides, our Shield and Guide;  
And though sorrow be life's burden,  
Yet the Lord is on our side;  
What so blessed as to serve Him—  
Let our lives His love proclaim!  
What so gracious as His favour—  
Laud and magnify His name.

Ever to our God and Father,  
God and Lord of earth and heaven,  
Ever unto Christ our Saviour,  
Be all praise and glory given;  
Ever to the Holy Spirit,  
Honour and thanksgiving be—  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Praise our God eternally.

*J. Newton, 1779.*

**109**

**(689 M.H.B.)**

**L.M.**

"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."—Mark i: 32, 33.

**A**T even ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
Oh, in what divers pains they met!  
Oh, with what joy they went away!

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.



O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

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;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;  
Thou has been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide;

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.

*H. Twells.*

**110**

**(544 M.H.B.)**

**8.6.8.8.6.**

**E**TERNAL 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!

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

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

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—

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

*Thomas Binney, 1798-1874.*

**111**

**(302 M.H.B.; 73 M.H.B.)**

**C.M.**

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the blind and hungry come,  
And light and food receive;  
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,  
And taste and see and live.

Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

*Anne Steele, 1716-78.*

**112**

**(604 M.H.B.; 305 M.H.B.)**

**C.M.**

**F**ILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,  
In every part with praise,  
That my whole being may proclaim  
Thy being and Thy ways.

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:

Praise in the common things of life,  
Its goings out and in;  
Praise in each duty and each deed,  
However small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise;  
Let all my being speak  
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,  
Poor though I be and weak.

So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,  
Receive the glory due;  
And so shall I begin on earth  
The song for ever new.

So shall no part of day or night  
From sacredness be free;  
But all my life, in every step,  
Be fellowship with Thee.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.*

**1 1 3**

**(21 M.H.B. A.T.)**

**8.5.8.3.**

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee;  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

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I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79.*

**114**

**(110 M.H.B.)**

**7.7.7.7.D.**

"A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,  
While the gathering waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

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

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

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of Life the Fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

*C. Wesley.*

**115**

**(109 M.H.B.; 781 M.H.B.)**

**L.M.**

**L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down  
And writ the blessing in Thy Word.

In vain our trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair our spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Thee alone.

How well Thy blessed truths agree;  
How wise and holy Thy commands;  
Thy promises, how firm they be;  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

*Dr. Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.*

**116**

**(18 M.)**

**7.7.7.7.D.**

**L**OVED with everlasting love,  
Led by grace that love to know;  
Spirit, breathing from above,  
Thou hast taught me it is so.  
O this full and perfect peace!  
O this transport all divine!  
In a love which cannot cease  
I am His, and He is mine.

Heaven above is softer blue,  
Earth around is sweeter green;  
Something lives in every hue,  
Christless eyes have never seen:  
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,  
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,  
Since I know, as now I know,  
I am His, and He is mine.

His for ever, only His:  
Who the Lord and me shall part?  
Ah, with what a rest of bliss  
Christ can fill the loving heart!  
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,  
First-born light in gloom decline;  
But while God and I shall be,  
I am His, and He is mine.

*George Wade Robinson, 1838-77.*

**117**

**(57 M.H.B.)**

**C.M.**

**MY** Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower,  
And Shield, art Thou, O Lord;  
I firmly anchor all my hopes  
On Thy unerring Word.

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

The sacred Word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The Voice which rolls the stars along,  
Spake all the promises.

My Hiding-place, my Refuge, Tower,  
And Shield, art Thou, O Lord;  
I firmly anchor all my hopes  
On Thy unerring Word.

*Dr. I. Watts, 1674-1748.*



NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.

Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears  
Can bear my awful load.

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

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

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

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

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.*

"To know the love of Christ . . . that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee:  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee:  
My heart restores its borrow'd ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee:  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour."

O WORSHIP the King All glorious above;  
O gratefully sing His power and His love;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

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

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.

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.

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.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,  
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

*Sir Robert Grant.*

**1 2 1**

**(12 M.H.B.)**

**8.7.8.7.8.7.**

"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."

**P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King.

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;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant bow before Him,  
Gathered in from every race;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise with us the God of grace.

*Francis Henry Lyte.*

**122**

**(498 M.H.B.; 319 M.H.B.)**

**6.7s.**

“That rock was Christ.”

**R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven Side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne:  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*A. M. Toplady.*

**1 2 3**

**(244 M.H.B.)**

**C.M.**

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

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

The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.

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

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

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

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1854.*

**1 2 4**

**(76 (2) M.H.B.)**

**8.7.8.7.**

*"The Lord is my Shepherd."*

**T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His Shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

*Sir Henry W. Baker.*

**125**

**(182 M.H.B.)**

**L.M.**

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace  
By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
Be praise from all the ransomed race  
For ever and for evermore.

*Dr. I. Watts, 1674-1748.*





# Index of Tunes

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B.B.C. = B.B.C. Hymn Book.

M.H.B. = Methodist Hymn Book.

M. = Manuscript Tunes.

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*hymn 91a*

*A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use (2 Timothy ii. 21)*

**L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O 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.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL (1836-79)

1 MASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,  
 Longing for Thy gracious word,  
 Longing for Thy voice that cheereth,  
 Master, let it now be heard.  
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;  
 What hast Thou to say to me ?

2 Often through my heart is pealing  
 Many another voice than Thine,  
 Many an unwilling echo stealing  
 From the walls of this Thy shrine.  
 Let Thy longed-for accents fall ;  
 Master, speak ! and silence all.

3 Master, speak ! though least and lowest,  
 Let me not unheard depart ;  
 Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest  
 All the yearning of my heart.  
 Knowest all its truest need ;  
 Speak ! and make me blest indeed.

4 Master, speak ! and make me ready,  
 When Thy voice is truly heard,  
 With obedience glad and steady,  
 Still to follow every word.  
 I am listening, Lord, for Thee :  
 Master, speak, oh, speak to me !

5 Speak to me by name, O Master,  
 Let me know it is to me ;  
 Speak, that I may follow faster,  
 With a step more firm and free,  
 Where the Shepherd leads the flock,  
 In the shadow of the Rock !

*F. R. Havergal.*



Begone, unbelief;  
 My Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief  
 Will surely appear:  
 By prayer let me wrestle,  
 And He will perform;  
 With Christ in the vessel,  
 I smile at the storm.

2 Why should I complain  
 Of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain?  
 He told me no less;  
 The heirs of salvation,  
 I know from His word,  
 Through much tribulation  
 Must follow their Lord.

3 His love in time past  
 Forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last  
 In trouble to sink;  
 Though dark be my way,  
 Since He is my Guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey,  
 'Tis His to provide.

4 Since all that I meet  
 Shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet,  
 The medicine food;  
 Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long;  
 And then, O how pleasant  
 The conqueror's song!

John Newton (1725-1807)

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

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

3 The Lord Himself encamps around  
 The dwellings of the just,  
 Deliverance He affords to all  
 Who on His succour trust.

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

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

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