

**H**OW blest are they who turn to God,  
Forsaking sinful ways;  
Renouncing haunts of worldly minds,  
And unbelieving days.

2 They make the teaching of the Lord  
Their quest and great delight;  
And to its guidance daily turn,  
With ever clearer sight.

3 Like trees they stand, so full of life,  
The living stream beside;  
They yield their fruit, and strong endure,  
No matter what betide.

4 But those who to this boasting world  
Commit their hope and trust,  
The coming Day shall drive away,  
Like worthless chaff, or dust.

5 O mighty grace, that we may stand  
Among the sons of love!  
When Christ the Lord, our coming King,  
Shall lift our souls above.

*Evangelical Psalter*

ONCE despised and scorned the name  
Of my Creator God,  
Believing every boastful claim  
Of those who spurn His Word.

2 I walked in bondage to the ways  
Of this lost world below,  
And spent my strength and passing days  
In selfishness and show.

3 Now in His Word my soul has found  
All knowledge, truth and light;  
Diffusing all my wondering mind  
With unsurpassed delight.

4 Secure in Christ, He keeps me by  
A living stream of grace,  
And turns the sorest trial or sigh  
To fruitfulness and peace.

5 Without His pardoning love would I  
No place in Heaven find,  
But be condemned, at death, to fly  
As chaff before the wind.

6 I'll trust His never-failing love  
Who knows and keeps His own;  
He guards my way to realms above  
And watches from His throne.

*Evangelical Psalter*

## 2 (1)

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### Psalm 2 Version 1

**T**HOUGH sinners boldly join  
Against the Lord to rise,  
Against His Christ combine  
Th' Anointed to despise;  
Though earth disdain,  
And hell engage,  
Vain is their rage,  
Their counsel vain.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!  
On Zion is His throne;  
The Lord's decree sustains  
His own begotten Son.  
Up from the grave  
He bids Him rise  
And mount the skies  
With power to save.

3 O serve the Lord with fear  
And reverence His command;  
With sacred joy draw near,  
With solemn trembling stand;  
Kneel at His throne,  
Your homage bear,  
His power declare,  
And own the Son.

*William Goode, 1762-1816*

**O** WHEREFORE do the nations rage,  
And kings and rulers strive in vain,  
Against the Lord of earth and Heaven,  
To overthrow Messiah's reign?

2 Their strength is weakness in the sight  
Of Him Who sits enthroned above;  
He speaks, and judgements fall on them  
Who tempt His wrath and scorn His love.

3 By God's decree His Son receives  
The nations for His heritage;  
The conquering Christ shall surely reign  
As King of kings, from age to age.

4 Be wise, you rulers of the earth,  
And serve the Lord with godly fear;  
With reverent joy confess the Son  
While yet in mercy He is near.

5 Delay not, lest His anger rise,  
And you should perish in your way;  
Lo, all that put their trust in Him  
Are blest for all eternity.

**T**HY promise, Lord, is perfect peace,  
And yet my trials still increase;  
Till fears, at times, my soul beset  
That Satan will defeat me yet.

2 Then, Saviour, must I fly to Thee,  
And in Thy strength my refuge see;  
O hear me from Thy holy hill,  
And calm, and keep, and help me still.

3 Beneath Thy care secure I sleep,  
For what can harm, when Thou dost keep?  
I'll wake and know Thee at my side,  
My omnipresent guard and guide!

4 For how can earth or hell distress,  
With God so strong, so near to bless?  
From Thee alone salvation flows,  
My only refuge and repose.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

O GOD of righteousness,  
This humble suppliant hear,  
Thou hast relieved me in distress,  
And Thou art always near:  
Again Thy mercy show,  
The peaceful answer send,  
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,  
And all my troubles end.

2 How long will godless men  
Discredit me aloud,  
My honour and my glory stain,  
And vilify my God?  
How long will they delight  
In vanity and vice,  
Against believers fiercely fight,  
And follow after lies?

3 Know, for Himself, the Lord  
Has surely set apart  
All those who tremble at His Word,  
And seek an upright heart:  
And when to Him I pray,  
He promises to hear,  
And help me in the evil day,  
And answer all my prayer.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

- LET all now stand in awe,  
And from your sin depart;  
Out of this evil world withdraw,  
And yield to God your heart.  
In thinking of His love  
Be wholly now employed,  
Be still, nor from His presence move,  
But wait upon your God.
- 2 Offer your prayer and praise,  
Which He will not despise,  
Through Jesus Christ your righteousness,  
Accepted sacrifice:  
Yield all your heart's desires,  
And trust in Him alone,  
Who *gives* the merit He requires,  
And freely saves His own.
- 3 Thou hast on us bestowed,  
All-gracious as Thou art,  
The gladness of that sovereign good  
That warms and fills the heart:  
Above all earthly bliss,  
The sense of sin forgiven,  
The hidden joy and perfect peace,  
And foretaste here of Heaven.
- 4 Of Gospel peace possessed,  
Secure in Thy defence,  
Now, Lord, within Thine arms we rest,  
And none can pluck us thence:  
Not sin, nor earth, nor hell,  
Shall ever us remove,  
When we, renewed in Christ, do dwell  
In His securest love.

**L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
To Thee lift up mine eye . . .

2 Up to the place where Christ is gone,  
My advocate on high,  
Presenting at the Father's throne,  
Each song, and every sigh.

3 O holy Lord, before Whose sight  
No evil ways shall stand,  
Who has in sinners no delight,  
Nor place at Thy right hand . . .

4 To this Thy house will I resort,  
To taste Thy mercies here;  
I'll pray within Thy holy court,  
And worship and revere.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

6 All they that love and trust Thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;  
For Thou, O Lord, wilt compass them  
With favour as a shield.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*



**G**ENTLY, gently lay Thy rod  
On my sinful head, O God;  
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,  
Lest I sink before its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;  
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;  
This my only plea I make,  
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who within the silent grave  
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?  
Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,  
Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!  
Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!  
Glory round me dawns once more;  
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**L**ORD my God, I trust in Thee,  
From despair deliver me,  
When th'accuser comes in power  
Seeking whom he may devour.

- 2 Lord our God, if we have done  
Deeds unworthy of Thy Son,  
Deeds so dark as to expose  
Our weak souls to Satan's blows . . .
- 3 If we've lost our hold above,  
Then, dear Saviour, look in love;  
Wash away our guilty stain,  
Purge us and restore again.
- 4 Or if Satan's hate unfurled,  
Scorn of men with insults hurled,  
Come because we love Thy Word,  
Vindicate Thy Truth, O Lord!
- 5 Lord, we know Thy justice will  
Soon remain no longer still,  
When the violent shall dismayed  
See Thy righteousness displayed.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** LORD, our Lord, how high, how great  
Is Thine exalted name!

The glories of Thy heavenly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold Thy works on high,  
The moon that rules the night,  
The stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace  
And love his nature so?

4 That Thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form,  
Made lower than His angels are,  
To save a dying worm!

5 Let Him be crowned with majesty  
Who bowed His head to death,  
And be His honours sounded high  
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how high, how great  
Is Thine exalted name!  
The glories of Thy heavenly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

SING to the Lord, Who here proclaims,  
His various and His saving names;  
And may they not be words alone,  
But by our sure experience known!

- 2 Our God Almighty be adored,  
Eternal, all-sufficient Lord!  
This righteous Lord for ever reigns;  
Justice and truth He still maintains.
- 3 The sovereign Judge prepares His throne,  
And will His awesome power make known  
To vindicate the righteous cause,  
If mortals dare defy His laws.
- 4 Awake our noblest powers to bless  
The God of Ages—God of Peace;  
Yet by a dearer title known—  
Father and God of Christ His Son.
- 5 Through every age His gracious ear  
Is open to His servant's prayer;  
Nor can one humble soul complain,  
That it has sought the Lord in vain.
- 6 To Thee our souls in faith arise,  
To Thee we lift expectant eyes;  
And boldly through this desert tread,  
For Thou wilt guard where Thou shalt lead.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**L**ORD, when evil times hold sway,  
Why dost Thou seem far away?  
Why do malice, greed, and pride,  
Unrestrained by Thee abide?  
Love of self and sin are rife;  
Unbelief rules every life.

2 Grievous sinners feel secure,  
Fraud and lies prevail with power;  
In their hearts is God denied,  
All Thy precepts they deride.  
Why, O Lord, is judgement stayed,  
And Thy rod of power delayed?

3 Thou hast seen it, Lord, we know,  
Thou art King of all below.  
O, arise and lift Thy hand,  
Move in power towards this land;  
Break the mighty force of sin;  
Bring a day of blessing in.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**I**N the Lord I've put my trust;  
Why, my soul, to mountains flee? . . .  
Hills of safety from unrest,  
Far from scorn and enmity;  
Hiding-places quiet and broad,  
From the battles of the Lord.

- 2 O assist me here to stand,  
Daily fervent to proclaim  
To the lost around me here  
All the wonders of Thy name,  
Telling of Thy love to me,  
Shrinking not from loyalty.
- 3 Though foundations be destroyed,  
Men no longer care or know  
Of divine and holy things,  
Seeking all their good below;  
Yet Thy power, O Lord, can still  
Stir the hearer at Thy will.
- 4 Therefore from Thy temple, Lord,  
Look upon our strivings here.  
Try our hearts and make us now  
More devoted and sincere;  
Make us know we're in Thy sight,  
And supported by Thy might.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**L**ORD, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found  
And love is waxing cold . . .

- 2 When scorners stand on every side,  
And sons of God seem few;  
When men, in vanity and pride,  
Have but themselves in view . . .
- 3 Is not Thy coming hastening on?  
Hast Thou not given this sign?  
May we not trust and lean upon  
A promise so divine?
- 4 When man is 'god', then Thou wilt rise  
And make oppressors flee;  
In power appear, to their surprise,  
And set Thy servants free.
- 5 Thy Word like silver, fully-tried,  
Through ages shall endure;  
And all who in its truth confide,  
Shall find Thy promise sure.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**O** LORD, at times my heart is cold,  
No blessing can I see;  
No warmth of Thy protecting love,  
No comfort shines on me.

2 How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face,  
And must I distant stand,  
With deep'ning sadness, and with trials  
And scorn at every hand?

3 O Lord my God, consider me,  
I fear the soul's dark sleep;  
Grant me to taste Thy power and love,  
And living feelings keep.

4 Help me my pilgrimage review,  
And praise Thee for the past;  
Reflect on all Thy love to me,  
That I may *feel* at last.

5 So may I sing, whate'er I feel,  
For all Thou art to me;  
Thy bounteous dealings, O so kind!  
Shall shame my gloom away.

*Evangelical Psalter*



**H**OW long wilt Thou conceal Thy face?  
My God, how long delay?  
When shall I feel those heavenly rays  
That chase my fears away?

- 2 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts:  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.
- 3 How would the tempter boast aloud  
If I became his prey!  
And how the sons of earth grow proud  
At Thy so long delay.
- 4 But hell shall fly at Thy rebuke,  
And Satan hide his head;  
He knows the terrors of Thy look,  
And hears Thy voice with dread.
- 5 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace  
Where all my hopes have hung:  
I shall employ my heart in praise,  
And victory shall be sung.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**T**HIS race in such corruption,  
Is steeped in evil deeds,  
Its every aspiration,  
Tainted with selfish greed!

- 2 Not one among us pleases  
The eye of God above;  
No thirsting seeker reaches  
To understand His love.
- 3 Such foolish pride, in blindness,  
Spurns God, the sovereign Lord;  
Despises all His kindness,  
And scorns His gracious Word.
- 4 Let fall Thy rod of terror,  
Then saving grace impart;  
Roll back the veil of error,  
Release the fettered heart.
- 5 O that the Lord's salvation  
Were out of Zion come;  
To save and heal our nation,  
And lead lost sinners home.
- 6 And we shall give the glory  
In gladness, Lord, to Thee,  
And praise Thee for the story  
Of captive souls set free.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**L**ORD Jesus, near to Thee I'd be  
In fellowship and love,  
A faithful servant close to Thee,  
An heir of things above.

- 2 O make me kindly and sincere,  
No evil in my mouth,  
That none may hurtful slanders hear,  
But only grace and truth.
- 3 O guide my loyalties, that I  
Shall love the friends of God,  
And form no servile, hurtful tie  
With haters of the Word.
- 4 In all my paths may I disown  
Self-interest, love of gain;  
May all I do for Thee be done  
Not heeding loss or pain.
- 5 Such graces flow from Thee on high,  
O work them all in me,  
And draw me closer still, that I  
Be never moved from Thee.

*Evangelical Psalter*

- P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;  
In Thee alone is all my trust;  
No merits of my own I plead,  
Only the righteousness of Christ.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed  
How empty and how poor I am;  
My praise can never make Thee blessed,  
Nor add new glories to Thy name.
- 3 But from the saints on earth I reap  
Pleasures exceeding all below;  
Such is the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Though once I chose the sons of earth,  
Pleasures of flesh and sense were mine,  
Now I love those of heavenly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.
- 5 My Lord remains before mine eyes;  
At my right hand He stands prepared  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
My sure and everlasting Guard.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**EAR, O my Lord, regard my cry,  
My prayer from lips sincere;  
Send Thine approval from on high,  
To make my standing clear;  
And, greatly as my heart is tried,  
O may I not have turned aside.

- 2 Lord, I resolve with firm desire  
No wrong to speak or do;  
Thy path alone I choose for mine,  
To walk with purpose true;  
I cry for help, O Lord, to Thee,  
Assured that Thou wilt answer me.
- 3 O keep me, Lord, may I be found  
The apple of Thine eye;  
With deadly foes arrayed around  
To Thee alone I cry:  
My only trust and refuge be;  
And let Thy wings o'ershadow me.
- 4 Guard me from those whose joy and pride  
And portion is below;  
Who, with life's treasures satisfied,  
No better purpose know;  
Who, with earth's stores of wealth content,  
Must leave them all when life is spent.
- 5 When, clothed in righteousness at last,  
Thy glorious face I see,  
When all this weary night is past,  
And I awake with Thee  
To view the glories that abide,  
Then—how I shall be satisfied!

WHAT sinners value, I resign:  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;  
I shall behold Thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 Life is a dream, an empty show;  
But that bright world to which I go  
Has joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake in wonder there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,  
Then burst its chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

WHOM should we love like Thee,  
Our God, our Guide, our King,  
The tower to which we flee,  
The rock to which we cling?  
O for a worthy tongue to show  
The countless mercies that we owe.

2 The storm upon us fell,  
The floods around us rose;  
The depths of death and hell  
Seemed on our souls to close;  
To God we cried in strong despair,  
He heard, and came to help our prayer.

3 He came, the King of kings,  
He cleaved the darkened sky;  
And on the tempest's wings  
Rode glorious down from high;  
The earth before her Maker shook,  
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

4 Above the storm He stood,  
And awed it to repose;  
He drew us from the flood,  
And scattered all our foes;  
He set us in a spacious place,  
And there upholds us by His grace.

5 Whom should we love like Thee,  
Our God, our Guide, our King,  
The tower to which we flee,  
The rock to which we cling?  
O for a worthy tongue to show  
The countless mercies that we owe.

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

- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when Thy Truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy Truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgements right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy Word my guide to Heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**G**OD'S precepts are righteous and just,  
Rejoicing the heart and the mind;  
And all His commandments are pure,  
Enlight'ning the eyes of the blind.

2 The fear of the Lord is most clean,  
For ever unmoved has it stood;  
His judgements are perfect and true,  
In all things most righteous and good.

3 Such treasure no gold can supply,  
Such sweetness no honey afford;  
And they who its warnings obey,  
Shall find an abundant reward.

4 O who can his errors discern?  
From hidden faults, Lord, keep me free;  
Let pride never reign in my heart,  
And clear of great sin I shall be.

5 I pray that my words and my thoughts  
May all with Thy precepts accord,  
And ever be pleasing to Thee,  
My Rock, my Redeemer, my Lord.

**T**HE Lord will hear when troubles come,  
When trials and griefs oppress;  
Our covenant God will never fail  
His people in distress.

2 By prayer He'll strengthen faith and love  
To bless the means of grace,  
And by the Word our waiting souls  
Shall feel His strong embrace.

3 He'll grant us all our soul's desire  
To trust Him in that hour;  
Infusing every needed aid  
Of wisdom, help and power.

4 Our grateful hearts shall not forget  
The details of His love;  
How all our pleas were surely met  
By rescue from above.

5 Thus proved, our infant faith shall grow  
Into conviction sure;  
And leaning less on human aid,  
We'll trust Him all the more.

*Evangelical Psalter*

WHEN pain and weakness bowed His head,  
Our loving Saviour, glorious King,  
Numbered Himself among the dead,  
Taking the weight of all our sin.

- 2 Jesus was given His heart's desires,  
To bring salvation-blessings down;  
Now raised above, all Heaven admires  
His well-deserved eternal crown.
- 3 A life of everlasting years,  
Through which His saving glories shine,  
Repays Him for His groans and tears,  
And fills His soul with joy divine.
- 4 O coming Judge and sovereign Lord,  
No foe shall stand, no hate endure,  
No sin shall spoil the coming world  
When purging fire has made it pure.
- 5 All human schemes to end Thy cause,  
Undo Thy Word, eclipse Thy name,  
Thy throne usurp and spurn Thy laws,  
Must fall to that devouring flame!
- 6 Be Thou exalted, King of kings,  
In Thine own strength to reign on high!  
While every saint rejoicing sings,  
And longs to share the triumph nigh.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**N**OW let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When He cried out in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of His God.

- 2 The crowds beheld Him thus, forlorn,  
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn:  
'He rescued others from the grave,  
Now let Him try Himself to save.'
- 3 Such cruel people! hostile eyes!  
They gaze with hate and savage cries,  
As lions roaring to devour,  
When God had left Him in their power.
- 4 The wound His head, His hands, His feet,  
Till streams of blood run down and meet;  
By lot His garments they divide,  
And mock the pains in which He died.
- 5 But God, His Father, heard His cry:  
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;  
The nations learn His righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste His grace.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

SUCH grief was Thine, such deep distress,  
Such pain, O Christ, intense and real,  
Subject to all the pangs of death,  
And such forsakenness to feel.

2 The powers of darkness hem Thee round,  
Malice with rage and hatred roar,  
And human nature melts like wax,  
As life and strength to death outpour.

3 No sorrows more, no greater hurt,  
No more humiliation sore,  
No greater judgement, heavier stroke,  
Has ever been, nor evermore.

4 For Thou hast borne a host of hells  
To raise our souls to life above;  
That we may glorify Thy name  
And feed upon Thy glorious love.

5 Such sorrows never shall be mine!  
My Lord has borne them all away;  
O may this heart to all declare  
Thy lovingkindness every day.

*Evangelical Psalter*

COME, ye that fear the Saviour,  
Your voices gladly raise;  
Come, stand in awe before Him,  
And sing His glorious praise.  
Ye lowly and afflicted  
Who on His Word rely,  
Your hearts shall live for ever,  
The Lord will satisfy!

- 2 All kindreds of the nations  
To Christ the Lord shall turn,  
Through earth's remotest regions  
Salvation's lamp shall burn;  
Dominion, power, and glory  
Belong to Him alone;  
And He shall call the peoples  
To bow before His throne.
- 3 Both high and low shall worship;  
The strong, the weak shall bend;  
A faithful church shall serve Him  
Till generations end.  
His praise shall be recounted  
To people yet to be;  
The glories of the Gospel  
Shall childre's children see.

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

- 2 My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill:  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

**M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is His name;  
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back  
When I forsake His ways:  
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay;  
A word of Thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows;  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may Thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**M**Y Shepherd is the Lord Who knows my needs,  
And I am blest;  
By quiet streams, in pastures green, He leads  
And makes me rest.  
My soul He saved, and for His own name's sake,  
He guides my feet the paths of right to take.

- 2 Though in death's vale and shadow be my way  
I fear no ill,  
For Thou art near, Thy rod and staff my stay  
And comfort still.  
My table Thou dost spread before my foes,  
My head Thou dost anoint, my cup o'erflows.
- 3 Goodness and mercy which have every day  
Upon me shone,  
Shall surely follow me through all the way  
Till life is done;  
And evermore Jehovah's house shall be  
My dwelling-place through all eternity.

**J**ESUS the good Shepherd is;  
Jesus died the sheep to save;  
He is mine, and I am His;  
All I need in Him I have,  
Life, and health, and rest, and food,  
All the plenitude of God.

- 2 Jesus loves and guards His own;  
Me in verdant pastures feeds;  
Makes me quietly lie down,  
By the streams of comfort leads:  
Following Him where'er He goes,  
Silent joy my heart o'erflows.
- 3 He in sickness makes me whole,  
Guides into the paths of peace;  
He revives my fainting soul,  
Stablishes in righteousness;  
Who for me agreed to die,  
Loves me still—I know not why!
- 4 Love divine shall still embrace,  
Love shall keep me to the end;  
Surely all my happy days  
I shall in Thy temple spend,  
Till I to Thy house remove,  
My eternal home above!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since He is mine, and I am His,  
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim;  
And guides me in His chosen way,  
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd will be there.

5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy anoints my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

**T**HE spacious earth is all the Lord's  
And all that dwell therein;  
He raised the lands above the seas,  
Their history to begin.

- 2 But there's a better world on high—  
The palace of the Lord;  
Who shall ascend the sacred hill  
To dwell so near to God?
- 3 They who, with pardoning love endowed,  
Whose hearts and hands are clean,  
Shall have the blessing of the Lord,  
Salvation from their sin.
- 4 God's saints are they, His special race,  
Who seek the blissful sight  
Of their Redeemer's lovely face  
In everlasting light.
- 5 Raised from the dead in power and might  
Our Lord has gone before,  
To lift for us, the saints He loved,  
Heaven's everlasting door.

*Evangelical Psalter*

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

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And mighty angel voices say:  
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 3 Roll back the bounds of mortal sight,  
And wide unfold the heavenly scene;  
He claims those mansions as His right:  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 'Who is the King of Glory, Who?'  
The Lord Who all His foes o'ercame;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 'Who is the King of Glory, Who?'  
The Lord of glorious power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too:  
God over all, for ever blessed!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

LIFT my soul to Thee,  
My trust is in Thy name;  
O let me not forsaken be  
Nor ever put to shame.

2 Remember all Thy grace,  
And lead me in Thy Truth;  
Forgive the error of my ways,  
And foolish sins of youth.

3 Thou, Lord, art just and kind;  
The meek shall learn Thy ways,  
And every humbled sinner find  
The methods of Thy grace.

4 To saints, Lord, Thou dost show  
The secrets of Thy love:  
Of covenant wonders shining so,  
And future things above.

5 Their souls shall dwell at ease;  
Their Saviour's smiling face  
Shall give their seed the promises  
Of all-surpassing grace.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**M**INE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
I love to plead His promises,  
And rest upon His Word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God,  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wandering feet have trod?

3 The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe;  
My spirit languishes: my heart  
Is desolate and low.

4 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame;  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait  
To see Thy face again;  
Believing that Thy blood-bought saints  
Shall never trust in vain.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**L**ORD, I delight to find my place  
Among Thy people saved by grace.  
This house where heavenly kindness dwells  
All earthly power and pomp excels.

- 2 Here, where Thy saints Thy glory see,  
Make firm my rest; my dwelling be;  
Nor take me from such people dear,  
For Thou Thyself art present here.
- 3 Here then my feet shall loyal stand,  
And prove the goodness of Thy hand,  
And shall my voice in sweet accord  
Praise Thee, my ever-gracious Lord.

*William Goode, 1762-1816†*



**T**HE Lord my Saviour is my light,  
What power against my soul shall fight?  
While God, my strength, to me is near,  
What foe can harm, whom shall I fear?

- 2 The greatest joy my heart desires,  
And for which all my soul aspires,  
Is in God's house to spend my days,  
My life devoted to His praise.
- 3 This do I seek with ceaseless care,  
And God attends my earnest prayer;  
Here may my soul His beauties trace,  
And know the wonders of His grace.
- 4 When troubles rise, my guardian God  
Will hide me safe in His abode!  
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,  
Sustained by His almighty hand.
- 5 Should every earthly friend depart,  
Or should I lose my parents' heart,  
Then God on Whom my hopes depend,  
Will still be Father, Guide and Friend.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78‡*

**L**ORD, my Rock, to Thee I prayed,  
‘Hear me! leave me not dismayed.  
If denied Thy power to save,  
I shall perish in the grave.

- 2 ‘Draw me not in wrath away  
With the wicked in that day;  
They who their Creator spurn;  
Hearts and hands to evil turn.’
- 3 Blessèd be the Lord on high!  
Who has heard my plaintive cry;  
He, my strength, my shield, my song,  
He will help me all along.
- 4 Therefore shall this heart rejoice;  
For the Lord has heard my voice;  
So my trust shall greater be  
In the Lord Who cared for me.
- 5 Save Thy people from distress,  
And Thy flock for ever bless;  
Feed us with a Shepherd’s care,  
Till we come Thy Heaven to share.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power,  
Ascribe due honours to His name,  
And His eternal might adore.

2 O the immense, the amazing height,  
The boundless grandeur of our God;  
Who treads the world beneath His feet,  
And sways the nations with His rod.

3 The Lord proclaims His strength aloud,  
Upon the oceans and the land,  
Speaking above the threatening cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at His command.

4 Where'er He turns His powerful voice,  
There shall the strongest cedars break,  
Mountains shall tremble at the noise,  
And valleys roar, and deserts quake.

5 Sovereign above the mighty flood,  
The Saviour reigns forever King;  
But makes His church His blest abode,  
Where we His glorious praises sing.

6 In gentler language, here, the Lord  
The counsels of His love imparts;  
Amid the raging storm, His Word  
Speaks peace and blessing to our hearts.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**I**N God's own house the loftiest praises sing,  
And own the Lord, of majesty the spring,  
For all His blessings now His homage own,  
Adoring fall before His awesome throne.

- 2 His sovereign voice restrains the swelling floods;  
He rolls the thunder through the darkened clouds;  
His power confines to bounds the raging sea,  
And nature's laws His ruling word obey.
- 3 His mighty voice commands, and all around—  
The greatest cedars—tremble at the sound!  
The Lord, for ever King, though tempests rave,  
Enthroned so high above the seething wave.
- 4 With reverent fear, His sacred name adore;  
In troubling times, His powerful help implore;  
Be Thou, O God, Thy people's sure defence,  
And on our lives Thy kindest peace dispense.

*Elizabeth Tollet, 1694-1754*

I WILL extol Thee, Lord on high,  
At Whose command diseases fly;  
Who but the Lord can speak, and save  
From the dark border of the grave?

- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,  
And tell how great His goodness is;  
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,  
While you record His holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;  
His love is life and length of days;  
Though grief and fears the night employ,  
The morning soon restores our joy.
- 4 Firm was my strength, my day was bright;  
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Proudly I said within my heart,  
'Pleasure and peace shall not depart.'
- 5 But I forgot 'twas Thine arm strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;  
Soon as Thy face began to hide,  
My health and strength, and comforts died.
- 6 'Hear me, O God of grace,' I prayed,  
'And bring me from the edge of death.'  
Thy word removed the pains I felt,  
And pardoning love absolved my guilt.
- 7 Now all my powers shall aid my tongue  
To raise a loud and thankful song;  
Thy praise shall sound through earth and Heaven,  
For sickness healed and sins forgiven.

I WILL extol Thee, Lord, my God,  
My life is raised on high;  
My soul is healed by Jesus' blood,  
And I shall never die.

- 2 My heart in grateful praise shall sing,  
Remembering that blest hour,  
When nights of sorrow over sin  
Gave way to life and power.
- 3 Though for a while Thine anger warned  
Of hell and judgement due,  
Soon pardon, joy and favour dawned,  
And all my life was new.
- 4 Should I again grow confident  
In what I am, and do,  
My Lord shall over me repent,  
And hide His face from view.
- 5 Prevent it, Lord, O keep me near,  
Lest I should worthless prove;  
Cause me to walk in humble fear,  
With songs of thankful love.

*Evangelical Psalter*

THE Saviour Who redeemed our souls  
From death and endless woe,  
Whose wisdom each event controls,  
From Whom all mercies flow . . .

- 2 He has decreed that even here  
His faithful sons shall prove,  
Through good or ill, 'midst toil and fear,  
The riches of His love.
- 3 But then—when life's brief term is o'er,  
And Heaven reveals her gates—  
What mighty blessings are in store,  
What endless glory waits!
- 4 Praise, then, your Saviour, all His saints,  
To Him devote your hearts;  
He hears and pities your complaints,  
And strength and joy imparts.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

**I**N God alone we put our trust,  
O Saviour, leave us never;  
Our Lord, our righteousness and rock,  
Defend and guide us ever.  
Alert our minds to this world's snares,  
Its vanities and lying,  
And keep us, ransomed by Thy love,  
Upon Thy Truth relying.

- 2 Though once confined in earth's dark cell,  
Blind slaves in Satan's kingdom,  
We've come into the largest place  
Of life and light and freedom;  
And yet, for all these mercies, Lord,  
Our joy still turns to crying,  
For troubles strike, and sin dismays,  
And triumph yields to sighing.
- 3 O raise us up and cleanse our sin,  
Restore our strength and gladness;  
Remember us when we are wronged  
And slandered by the godless;  
O grant us as Thy servants here  
Thy glorious help and measure  
Of boldness, power and grace to speak;  
Of certainty and pleasure.
- 4 How great Thy goodness, gracious Lord,  
Laid up for them that fear Thee,  
For those who represent Thy trust,  
Before a world ungodly;  
O blessed be Thy holy name,  
We love and we adore Thee;  
We see Thy marvellous kindness here,  
The pledge of endless glory!



**H**OW blest are we if God the Lord  
No more imputes our sin,  
But washed in the Redeemer's blood,  
Our garments are made clean.

- 2 Happy beyond description, we  
Whose debts are thus discharged;  
Set from our guilt and bondage free,  
We feel our souls enlarged.
- 3 While inward guilt remained suppressed  
No comfort could we find,  
Unease lay burning in the breast  
And troubles plagued the mind.
- 4 Then we confessed our hidden thoughts,  
Those secret sins revealed;  
Thy pardoning grace forgave our faults,  
And grace our pardon sealed.
- 5 How shall we dare delay to pray,  
When like a raging flood,  
Temptations rise to take away  
Our hold from our dear Lord?
- 6 Our hiding-place and peace Thou art,  
Our strength in Satan's hour,  
The guardian of the faltering heart,  
And source of keeping power.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*

**H**OW blest are they whose trespass  
Has freely been forgiven,  
Whose sin is wholly covered  
Before the sight of Heaven.

- 2 So let the godly seek Thee  
In times when Thou art near;  
No whelming floods shall reach them,  
Nor cause their hearts to fear.
- 3 'I graciously will teach thee  
The way that thou shalt go,  
And with Mine eye upon thee  
My counsel make thee know.
- 4 'But do not be unruly,  
Or slow to understand,  
Be not perverse, but willing  
To heed My wise command.'
- 5 Then in the Lord be joyful,  
In song lift up your voice;  
Be glad in God, ye ransomed,  
Rejoice, give thanks, rejoice!

**B**LESSÈD are they, supremely blest,  
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,  
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,  
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

- 2 Blessèd are they to whom the Lord  
No more imputes iniquity,  
Whose spirit is by grace restored,  
And from all lies and guile set free.
- 3 But while, through pride, I held my tongue,  
Nor owned my helpless unbelief,  
My being languished all day long,  
And conscience roared without relief.
- 4 Resolved, at last, to God I cried,  
'I will my evil ways confess,  
No more evade, or seek to hide  
My depth of shameful sinfulness.'
- 5 For this shall every child of God,  
Thine all-surpassing love declare,  
And take the grace on all bestowed,  
Who pray the contrite sinner's prayer.
- 6 Blessèd are they, supremely blest,  
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,  
Who find in Jesus' wounds their rest,  
And see the smiling face of Heaven.

COME, ransomed souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise deserves your voice;  
Sing to His name, His Word, His ways,  
Great works of nature and of grace;  
Great is your theme: your song is new,  
How wise and holy, just and true!

- 2 Justice and truth He ever loves,  
And the whole earth His goodness proves,  
Formed by the utterance of His mouth,  
From east to west, from north to south;  
His Word the perfect planet made,  
And all the stars in order spread.
- 3 Our mighty Lord, Who caused their birth,  
Controls the powers of sky and earth;  
He holds in check the mighty seas,  
And keeps them bound within their place;  
E'en the vast regions of the deep,  
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore  
A God of such resistless power;  
Nor dare disdain the sacred page  
Of Him Who rules from age to age;  
Vain are our thoughts, and weak our hands,  
But His eternal counsel stands!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**B**LEST is the church, where God the Lord  
Has fixed His gracious throne;  
Where He reveals His heavenly Word,  
To those He calls His own.

- 2 His eye, with infinite survey  
Beholds the sons of men;  
He formed us all of equal clay,  
And knows our every sin.
- 3 No king is rescued by the force  
Of armies, from the grave;  
Nor power nor swiftness of a horse  
Can the best rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men  
To hope for safety thence;  
Repentant souls alone obtain  
A certain, sure defence.
- 5 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,  
And bless us from Thy throne,  
For we have made Thy Word our choice,  
And trust Thy grace alone.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

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

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

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

4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who in His mercy trust.

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

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

*Nahum Tate, 1652-1715,  
Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726*

**B**EHOLD the love, the generous love,  
That gracious David shows:  
See how his strong emotions move  
For his afflicted foes.

2 When they are sick his soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart;  
The spirit of the Gospel reigns,  
And melts his kindly heart.

3 How did his strong concerns condole  
As for a loved one dead!  
And fasting mortified his soul,  
While for their life he prayed.

4 O glorious type of heavenly grace!  
Thus Christ the Lord appears;  
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with tears.

5 He, Son of David, Zion's King,  
Blessed and beloved of God,  
To save us rebels (dead in sin)  
Paid His own dearest blood.

**P**LEAD my cause, O Lord, I pray,  
Earth and hell obstruct my way;  
See against my soul they strive,  
Seek my hurt, and plots contrive.

2 Shield and buckler are with Thee,  
Grant protection, Lord, for me,  
'I am thy salvation,' say,  
Strengthen me to keep Thy way.

3 Inbred sin my soul annoys,  
Unbelief my peace destroys,  
Fiery darts the tempter flings,  
Each new day a battle brings.

4 Jesus, when on earth He dwelt,  
Sharpest pangs of conflict felt;  
All the powers of darkness warred  
With our great anointed Lord.

5 He has vanquished all His foes  
For Himself, and all He chose;  
His salvation is complete,  
All shall worship at His feet.

6 Plead my cause and I shall be  
Kept in strength and liberty;  
I shall sing aloud Thy praise  
Daily speaking of Thy ways.

*Joseph Irons, 1785-1852†*



**H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy Truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,  
Thy judgements are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are still Thy special care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
From which our hopes and comforts spring!  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house  
We shall on Truth eternal dine;  
Here mercy like a river flows,  
Bearing us pleasures all divine.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy Word.

THY mercy and Thy Truth, O Lord,  
Transcend the lofty sky;  
Thy judgements are a mighty deep,  
And as the mountains high.

2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast;  
Since Thou art ever kind,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings  
We may a refuge find.

3 With the abundance of Thy house  
We shall be satisfied,  
From rivers of unfailing joy,  
Our thirst shall be supplied.

4 The fountain of eternal life  
Is found alone with Thee,  
And in the brightness of Thy light  
We clearer light shall see.

5 From those that know Thee may Thy love  
And mercy not depart,  
And may Thy righteousness protect  
And bless the upright heart.

WHY should I so fretful be,  
Fearful, envious, bowed by care?  
Workers of iniquity  
Soon shall be no longer there.  
Why, my soul, distrusting be,  
Seldom resting patiently?

- 2 Help me, Lord, to feel and know  
Just how greatly I offend  
When I envy men below,  
Making earthly gain my end,  
Sharing thus the aims of those  
Who are Thy determined foes.
- 3 Help me to believe Thy Word,  
Yielding all my ways to Thee,  
Trust Thee as a *living* Lord,  
Free from base anxiety;  
May my greatest pleasures be  
All those things which come from Thee.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** LORD, the steps of all Thy saints  
Are ordered by Thy will;  
Though they should fall, they rise again;  
Thy hand supports them still.

- 2 A heavenly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home;  
Fed here below, and made the heirs  
Of blessings yet to come.
- 3 Those haughty sinners, we have seen,  
Not fearing man nor God,  
Just like the bay tree, fair and green,  
They spread themselves abroad.
- 4 But, lo! they vanish from the ground,  
Destroyed by hand unseen;  
No root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.
- 5 But mark the people of God's grace,  
Their steps of life attend:  
True pleasure runs through all their ways,  
And peaceful is their end.

**R**EBUKE me not in anger, Lord,  
O chasten me no more,  
For peace and health have left my soul,  
And shame makes conscience sore.

2 I pant and groan for sense of Thee,  
I long to see Thy light;  
My dearest friends seem far away,  
The bonds of kinship slight.

3 I live as one who cannot hear,  
Or speak, or sense, or know  
The glorious kindness of my God,  
Nor of His saints below.

4 Thus broken-hearted I draw near,  
And all excuses fall;  
Now deep, abiding sorrow reigns;  
O Saviour, hear my call!

5 I will be sorry for my sin,  
And all Thy will obey;  
Forsake me not, but draw me near;  
In mercy bless today.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**I**N Thy wrath and hot displeasure,  
Chasten not Thy servant, Lord;  
Let Thy mercy, without measure,  
Help and peace to me afford.

- 2 Heavy is my tribulation,  
Sore my punishment has been;  
Broken by Thine indignation,  
I am troubled by my sin.
- 3 With my burden of transgression,  
Heavy-laden, overborne,  
Humbled low I make confession,  
For my folly now I mourn.
- 4 Weak and wounded I implore Thee,  
Lord, to me Thy mercy show;  
All my prayer is now before Thee,  
All my trouble Thou dost know.
- 5 Lord my God, do not forsake me,  
Let me know that Thou art near;  
Under Thy protection take me,  
As my Saviour now appear.

**M**Y soul, the final hour will come,  
Quickly it hastens on,  
To bear this body to the tomb,  
And thee to scenes unknown.

- 2 My frame, from striving here with woes,  
Shall sigh and sink away,  
And you, my eyelids, then shall close  
On this world's long-loved ray.
- 3 Where—in that hour—shall I receive  
Relief for all my pain?  
Though all earth's rulers were my friends,  
They all would help in vain!
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace,  
To Thee my spirit flies  
From the deep pangs of death's distress  
Before Thy pitying eyes.
- 5 O seal me by that mighty power,  
Which to Thy love belongs;  
May darkness veil my eyes no more,  
And sight be turned to songs.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**W**HEN tried, O Lord, with grief and woe,  
I will not vent my sad complaints,  
But guard my ways and keep my tongue,  
Before those who are not Thy saints.

- 2 Yet will I not hold back from prayer,  
But all my case to Thee present,  
Lest inner griefs be stirred to fire,  
From brooding long in discontent.
- 3 Empty and lone though I may feel,  
Wearied by labour's small reward,  
Teach me that nothing is in vain,  
With Christ my Saviour and my Lord.
- 4 Silence my faithless murmurs now,  
May I be humbled, awed to dust;  
Build and restore my flagging hope,  
And make Thy sovereign plan my trust.
- 5 Strengthen me now, my gracious Lord.  
How can I still a stranger be,  
When I have tasted, O so much,  
Of friendship, light, and love from Thee?

*Evangelical Psalter*



**M**Y end, Lord, make me know,  
My days how soon they fail;  
And to my thoughtful spirit show  
How weak I am and frail.

2 To Thine eternal thought  
My days are but a span,  
To Thee my years appear as nought;  
A breath—at best—is man.

3 O Lord, regard my fears,  
And answer my request,  
Turn not in silence from my tears,  
But give the mourner rest.

4 I am a stranger here,  
Dependent on Thy grace,  
A pilgrim as my fathers were,  
With no abiding place.

5 O spare me and forgive,  
Ere this short life is past,  
That I may serve Thee here, and live  
With Thee in Heaven at last.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,  
Teach me the measure of my days,  
Make me to know how frail I am,  
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 Vain the ambition, noise and show!  
The cares which rack the human mind!  
Heaping up treasures, mixed with woe,  
We die and leave them all behind.

3 O make a nobler portion mine!  
My God, I bow before Thy throne;  
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,  
And fix my love on Thee alone.

4 Save me, by Thine almighty arm,  
Forgive my waywardness and sin,  
May guilt and folly no more harm,  
As I a life renewed begin.

5 O spare me, and my soul restore,  
Before remaining years shall flee,  
And when my days on earth are o'er  
Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

- I** WAITED for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear;  
At length to me He did incline,  
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit  
And from the miry clay,  
And on a rock He set my feet,  
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify;  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessèd is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies,  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.
- 5 O Lord my God, full many are  
The wonders Thou hast done;  
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far  
Above all thoughts are gone.
- 6 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me  
O do Thou not restrain;  
Thy lovingkindness, and Thy Truth,  
Let them me still maintain.

THE offering on the altar burned  
Gives no delight to Thee;  
The hearing ear, the willing heart,  
Thou, Lord, hast given to me.

- 2 Then, O my God, I come, I come  
Thy purpose to fulfil;  
Thy law is written in my heart,  
'Tis joy to do Thy will.
- 3 Before the people I will now  
Thy righteousness proclaim;  
Thou knowest, Lord, I will not cease  
To praise Thy holy name.
- 4 Thy tender mercies, O my Lord,  
Withhold not, I implore;  
But let Thy kindness and Thy Truth  
Preserve me evermore.
- 5 Let all who seek Thee now rejoice,  
And glad in Thee abide;  
Let such as love salvation say,  
'The Lord be magnified!'

**H**APPY are they whose tender care  
Extends to those distressed;  
When troubles compass them around,  
The Lord shall give them rest.

- 2 If they, in sad and suffering state,  
Oppressed with sickness lie,  
The Lord will ease and bless their bed,  
And inward strength supply.
- 3 Secure in this, they look to God,  
And earnest prayers address,  
'Lord, in Thy mercy, heal my soul,  
Though I do much transgress.'
- 4 God's tender care secures our life  
From danger and disgrace;  
His promise stands: to set us still  
Before His glorious face.
- 5 Let such a Saviour as our God  
From age to age be blessed,  
And all His people's praises sound,  
With loud amens expressed.

*Nahum Tate, 1652-1715*

**A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, Who will employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I  
Like one forgotten mourn?  
Forlorn, forsaken and exposed  
To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

*Nahum Tate, 1652-1715,  
Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726*

AS pants the deer for streams of life,  
So thirsts my soul for Thee,  
O Lord, to feel, and taste, and know,  
Thy presence near to me.

2 Though trials should night and day endure,  
And press me to despair,  
And scornful, unbelieving minds  
Surround me everywhere . . .

3 Before my God will I recall  
The joy of blessings past,  
And ask my soul—‘Why such despair?  
My Saviour’s love must last!’

4 I’ll call to mind His mighty deeds,  
Those times of answered prayer,  
When lost in failure and defeat  
My Saviour met me there.

5 As surging waves, desponding thoughts  
Still break across my way,  
Yet Jesus will command His love  
And keep me day by day.

6 O why, my soul, let dark despair  
Make Satan’s lies seem real?  
Trust all your God has done and said,  
And all His kindness feel!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** SEND Thy light forth and Thy Truth,  
Let them be guides to me,  
And bring me to Thy holy hill,  
Thy dwelling-place to see.

- 2 Then will I to God's altar go,  
To God my boundless joy;  
Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise  
My harp I will employ.
- 3 Why art thou then cast down my soul?  
What should discourage thee?  
And why with vexing thoughts art thou  
Disquieted in me?
- 4 Hope thou in God; His praise shall yet  
My thankful lips employ;  
He is the spring of all my health,  
My God, my boundless joy.



**O** THOU, my strength, with heart oppressed,  
I come dismayed to Thee;  
Despondent now: as one cast off,  
So far from victory.

2 Subdued within a godless world,  
Where unbelief surrounds;  
Where millions fall to vain deceit,  
And enemies abound . . .

3 O bless my soul with light divine,  
Make me to understand  
Thy perfect plans and certain ways,  
Thy sovereign, powerful hand.

4 Inspire my heart with faith and love  
To trust and feel and sing;  
To find in Thee my greatest joy,  
My ever-present King!

5 If Thou my heavenly Friend draw near,  
I shall no more repine,  
This happy heart shall praise Thy name,  
For Thou art surely mine!

*Evangelical Psalter*

- O** LORD, we have heard, for the Scriptures have told,  
What wonders were wrought in those great days of old,  
When rebels were judged and expelled by Thy hand,  
Cast out that Thy people might dwell in the land.
- 2 Thy people gained not by the power of the sword,  
For mere human strength could no conquest afford;  
But Thy right hand saved, and the light of Thy face,  
Because of Thy favour and wonderful grace.
- 3 Our God will not go with the confident hosts,  
Nor bless when His people are full of vain boasts;  
He'll turn us away from the foe in dismay,  
And spoilers—who hate us—shall make us a prey.
- 4 Like sheep to the slaughter the churches are given,  
Dispersed and obscured, among nations are driven;  
Now silenced, and captive, and counting for nought,  
Their schemes and endeavours no increase have brought.
- 5 No trust shall we place in our strength to defend,  
On nothing of ours shall we dare to depend;  
All proud self-reliance will bring us to shame,  
We'll trust in Thy way, and go forth in Thy name.
- 6 O pour down Thy Spirit, empower Thy Word,  
Grant zeal and obedience and love for Thee, Lord;  
Once more, by Thy might, we shall triumph and sing,  
And souls shall be gathered for Jesus our King.

THE battles of the Lord,  
Of which our ears have heard,  
Were won by Thine almighty arm,  
Thy presence and Thy Word.

- 2 But Zion soon despised  
The ways of her great King,  
Assumed the methods of her foes,  
Her victory to bring.
- 3 Forgive us, Lord, if we  
Like them have disobeyed,  
And grieved the Holy Ghost away,  
By trusting worldly aid.
- 4 Rejected by our God,  
Our labours all in vain,  
The world around is left untouched  
And holds us in disdain.
- 5 Come, search our hearts, O Lord,  
Help us our sin to own,  
And see where carnal strength and ways  
And trusts have brought us down.
- 6 Arise, our gracious God,  
And be our shield and tower,  
Our only source of light and life  
And strong converting power.

*Evangelical Psalter*

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!  
Thy power unconquerable take;  
Thy strength put on, assert Thy right,  
And triumph in the present fight.

2 Why dost Thou tarry, mighty Lord?  
Why slumbers in its sheath Thy sword?  
Arise, Lord, for Thine honour's sake;  
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!

3 Behold what numbers still withstand  
Thy sovereign rule and just command,  
Reject Thy grace, Thy threats despise,  
And hurl defiance at the skies.

4 O come, but come not to destroy;  
Mercy is Thine—Thy crown, Thy joy!  
Their hatred quell, their pride remove,  
Come, melt with grace, subdue with love.

5 Why dost Thou from the conquest stay?  
Why dost Thy saving power delay?  
O how we plead—hell's kingdom shake,  
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!

*Henry March, 1791-1869*

WITH hearts in love abounding,  
Prepare we now to sing  
A lofty theme, resounding  
Thy praise, almighty King;  
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,  
Redeemed the human race;  
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,  
Breathe words of truth and grace.

- 2 In majesty transcendent,  
Gird on Thy conquering sword;  
In righteousness resplendent,  
Ride on, incarnate Word.  
Ride on, O King Messiah!  
To glory and renown;  
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,  
Be every foe o'erthrown.
- 3 So reign, O Lord in Heaven,  
Eternally the same,  
And endless praise be given  
To Thine almighty name.  
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,  
Thy church on earth behold,  
In robe of purest whiteness,  
In raiment wrought in gold.
- 4 And let each Gentile nation  
Contribute to her throng,  
To share her great salvation,  
And join her grateful song:  
Then ne'er shall note of sadness  
Awake the trembling string;  
One song of joy and gladness  
The ransomed world shall sing.

**H**AIL, mighty Jesus! how divine  
Is Thy victorious sword!  
The strongest rebel must resign  
At Thy commanding word.

- 2 Deep are the wounds Thine arrows give,  
They pierce the hardest heart;  
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh,  
Ride with majestic sway,  
Go forth, blest Prince, triumphantly,  
And make Thy foes obey.
- 4 And when Thy victories are complete,  
When all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of glory meet,  
To sing Thy conquering grace . . .
- 5 O may my humble soul be found  
Among that favoured band!  
And I with them Thy praise will sound  
Throughout Emmanuel's land.

*Benjamin Wallin, 1711-82,  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

NOW be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Saviour-King,  
He comes with blessings from above,  
To win the nations to His love.

*The Church of Jesus Christ:*

- 2 At His right hand our eyes behold  
A queen arrayed in purest gold;  
All shall admire her heavenly dress,  
Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like His own;  
He calls and seats her near His throne,  
And makes her raptured heart forget  
The idols of her native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee—the favourite of His choice,  
Let Him be loved and yet adored  
As thy Redeemer, Friend and Lord.
- 5 O happy hour when we shall rise  
To His fair palace in the skies,  
And all our sons in numerous train,  
Each as a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown His head,  
And every age His praises spread;  
And our exulting praise approve  
The condescension of His love.

LET us sing the King Messiah,  
King of righteousness and peace!  
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,  
Never let His praises cease:  
Ever hail Him,  
Never let His praises cease.

- 2 How transcendent are Thy glories,  
Fairer than the sons of men;  
While Thy blessed mediation  
Brings us back to God again:  
Blest Redeemer,  
How we triumph in Thy reign!
- 3 Majesty, combined with meekness,  
Righteousness and peace unite  
To ensure Thy blessed conquests,  
On, great Prince, assert Thy right!  
Ride triumphant,  
All around the conquered world!
- 4 Blessed are all that touch Thy sceptre,  
Blessed are all that own Thy reign:  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
Rescued from its galling chain:  
Saints and angels,  
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825*



**M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs  
Its glorious matter to declare!  
Of Him I make my loftier songs,  
I cannot from His praise forbear;  
My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
The glories of my heavenly King.

- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
Perfect in comeliness Thou art;  
Replenished are Thy lips with grace,  
And full of love Thy tender heart;  
God ever blessed! we bow the knee,  
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.
- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,  
And take to Thee Thy power divine;  
Stir up Thy strength, Almighty Lord,  
All power and majesty are Thine:  
Assert Thy worship and renown;  
O all-redeeming God, come down!
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,  
And let Thy glorious toil succeed;  
O spread the victory of Thy Cross,  
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed!  
Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
And reign in every heart alone.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

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

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,  
That all our raging fears controls:  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His Truth, and armed with power.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**G**OD is our refuge and our strength,  
Our ever-present aid,  
And, therefore, though the earth remove,  
We will not be afraid;  
Though hills amidst the seas be cast,  
Though foaming waters roar,  
And though the mighty billows shake  
The mountains on the shore.

- 2 A river flows whose streams make glad  
The city of our God,  
The holy place wherein the Lord  
Most High has His abode;  
Since God is in the midst of her,  
Unmoved her walls shall stand,  
For God will be her early help,  
When trouble is at hand.
- 3 'Be still and know that I am God,  
O'er all exalted high;  
The subject nations of the earth  
My name shall magnify.'  
The Lord of hosts is on our side  
Our safety to secure;  
The God of Jacob is for us  
A refuge strong and sure.

COME, praise the Lord with sacred song,  
The Lord our sovereign King;  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our Lord ascends on high;  
His witnesses around  
Attest Him rising through the sky,  
And preach the joyful sound.

3 Repeat His praise with awe profound,  
And understanding song!  
Nor mock His name by giving sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 Jesus the Lord holds righteous sway,  
O'er every time and place,  
And all must face our King one day  
As Judge, or Prince of Grace!

5 May every island be the Lord's!  
And may His love be known,  
As powers and princes, shields and swords  
Submit before His throne.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**G**LORIOUS is the Lord Most High,  
Awesome is His majesty;  
He His sovereign sway maintains,  
King o'er all the earth He reigns.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,  
Takes His seat above the sky:  
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,  
Echoing to the trump of God.
- 3 Sons of earth the triumph join:  
Praise Him with the host divine;  
Emulate the heavenly powers;  
Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 4 Power is all to Jesus given,  
Power o'er hell, and earth, and Heaven;  
Power He now to us imparts;  
Praise Him with believing hearts.
- 5 Wonderful in saving power,  
Him let all our hearts adore;  
Earth and Heaven repeat the cry—  
'Glory be to God Most High!'

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**G**REAT is the Lord; O greatly praise,  
Proclaim His power, His name confess  
Within the city of His grace,  
Zion, the mount of holiness.

- 2 Zion—the home of pardoning love;  
Joy of her sons in every land;  
City of Christ, the Saviour-King,  
In the last day supreme to stand.
- 3 Within her dwellings all are blessed;  
Here is God's living presence known,  
And hostile powers are moved away,  
Driven as ships by tempest blown.
- 4 Wonders of Truth and stores of grace,  
As we have heard, so have we seen  
Here in the City of our God,  
For ever safe, secure, serene!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**W**E join to praise our God,  
We think of mercies past,  
And moved with thankful praise,  
We know that they shall last.

- 2 Mount Zion's city fair:  
Blest figure of God's love;  
Blest picture of Christ's Church,  
And of His Heaven above.
- 3 We walk about her towers,  
Her palaces adore;  
Such riches never thought,  
Secure for evermore.
- 4 We mark, and learn, and love;  
O feed our souls so well  
That all may swell the song  
And of her treasures tell.
- 5 And bless our children, Lord,  
That youthful eyes may see  
These glorious wonders too,  
And love and honour Thee.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**H**UMBLE us, Lord, before Thy Word,  
All needy souls alike to Thee;  
As gracious wisdom now is heard,  
Impress our minds to hear and see.

- 2 Quell our vain trust in rank and wealth,  
Our moral helplessness lay bare;  
For who can buy a place in Heaven,  
Or give a ransom to be there?
- 3 How costly is the soul's release  
From death's eternal agony!  
A price that none can pay, but One  
Who came and died to set us free.
- 4 The foolish and the wise alike,  
Must forfeit all they hold so dear;  
And, though they sweep aside the thought,  
Submit to death's decisive hour.
- 5 O bless us *now*, lest we should spurn  
The light of grace, the saving Word;  
And through self-adulation go,  
Stripped of all good, to meet our God.
- 6 Lord, stir our souls, lest we should be  
Judged with the lost when death shall fall;  
O may we taste converting grace,  
And hear and love the Gospel call.

*Evangelical Psalter*



LET all the listening world attend,  
And wise instruction hear;  
Let high and low, and rich and poor  
With joint consent give ear.

- 2 People who all their hope and trust  
In wealth and riches place,  
And boast and triumph when they see  
Their treasure's great increase . . .
- 3 Are yet unable from the grave  
Their dearest friends to free;  
Nor can their force of bribes reverse  
Almighty God's decree.
- 4 Their best endeavours all are vain,  
Their pride is held too high;  
No sum can purchase such a grant,  
That one should never die.
- 5 Their fame is vanished soon away  
No matter once how great,  
Their memory, and they, with beasts,  
Shall share a common fate.
- 6 For every child of man here born,  
Unless, by God made wise,  
Lives as a beast upon the earth  
And as a beast then dies.

**D**UST to dust each mortal dies,  
Both the foolish and the wise,  
Noe for ever can remain,  
Each must leave his hoarded gain.

2 Though in life they wealth attained,  
Though the praise of men they gained,  
They shall join those gone before,  
Where the light shall shine no more.

3 All their beauty turned to dust,  
Over them shall rule the just,  
But my God my soul shall save,  
He will raise me from the grave.

4 Crowned with honour though they be,  
Highly gifted, strong or free,  
If they be not truly wise,  
All are as a beast that dies.

**T**HE God of glory sends His summons forth,  
Calls southern nations, and awakes the north;  
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead;  
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

- 2 No more shall atheists mock His long delay;  
His vengeance sleeps no more—behold the Day!  
Behold the Judge descends, His guards are nigh;  
Tempest and fire attend Him from the sky.  
When He appears, all nature shall adore Him,  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.
- 3 ‘Here,’ saith the Lord to angels, ‘spread their thrones,  
And near Me seat My favourites and My sons.’  
‘Come, My redeemed, possess the joys prepared  
Ere time began; ’tis your divine reward.’  
When Christ returns, arise with exultation,  
Sing ransomed saints, He comes for your salvation.
- 4 Sinners awake! O foolish ones, be wise!  
Awake before this awesome morning rise.  
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works amend,  
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend;  
Then with the ransomed join in adoration,  
When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.

THE mighty God has spoken,  
And called the earth to hear;  
Displaying lovingkindness  
When we, in faith, draw near;  
But He shall come in judgement,  
And all who name His name  
Yet walk as the ungodly,  
Shall suffer final shame.

- 2 O God, so full of mercy  
When worship is sincere,  
Come, fill our hearts with reverence,  
With love and godly fear;  
Lest we should come before Thee  
Unwilling to obey,  
And cast Thy words behind us,  
And live the worldly way.
- 3 O seal us as Thine own, Lord,  
Safe—when the day shall rise—  
When righteous wrath shall banish  
Hypocrisy and lies.  
O help us so to seek Thee,  
And yield Thee all our ways,  
That we may know Thy kindness  
Through everlasting days.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**T**HE mighty God, the Lord, has called,  
To all our human race,  
Proclaiming through His church below  
The riches of His grace.

- 2 Our God shall come with purging fire  
To vindicate His name,  
And all who feign their love for Him,  
He'll send away in shame.
- 3 How could my soul claim love for Him,  
And yet resist His Word?  
Or by unworthy deeds and lusts  
Deny a heavenly Lord?
- 4 O great, all-seeing God on high,  
Increase my humble awe,  
That I shall fear to slight Thy power,  
Or trifle with Thee more.
- 5 I'll honour now my vows to Thee,  
And seek my Saviour's face,  
Live to His glory and obey,  
And bring Thee worthy praise.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**G**OD be merciful to me,  
On Thy grace I rest my plea;  
Plenteous in compassion Thou,  
Blot out my transgression now;  
Wash me, make me pure within;  
Cleanse, O cleanse me from my sin.

- 2 My transgressions I confess,  
Grief and guilt my soul oppress;  
I have sinned against Thy grace,  
Long provoked Thee to Thy face;  
I confess my judgement just,  
Only in Thy mercy trust.
- 3 I am evil, born in sin,  
Thou desirest truth within;  
Thou alone my Saviour art,  
Teach, restore and take my heart;  
Make me pure, Thy grace bestow,  
Wash me whiter than the snow.
- 4 Broken, humbled to the dust  
By Thy wrath and judgement just,  
Make this contrite heart rejoice,  
And in gladness hear Thy voice;  
From my sins, O hide Thy face,  
Blot them out in boundless grace.

**G**OD of unfathomable love,  
Whose stores of deep compassion move  
To Adam's fallen race:  
Here, at Thy feet, a sinner see,  
In tender mercy look on me,  
And all my sins efface.

2 Thee, Holy God, have I defied;  
In judgement Thou art justified;  
Why should I be forgiven?  
I long abused Thy patient grace,  
And long provoked Thee to Thy face;  
I dared the wrath of Heaven.

3 O let Thy love to me o'erflow,  
Thine all-surpassing kindness show:  
Abundantly forgive;  
Remove my vile and guilty load,  
Blot out my sin with Jesus' blood,  
And bid this sinner live.

4 Take the strong power of sin away,  
Nor let me in its bondage stay;  
My inmost soul convert;  
O wash me from my ugly stain,  
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,  
Create me pure in heart.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

LOOK upon me, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting sinner live;  
By all Thy mercies large and free,  
I come, dear Lord, to trust in Thee.

- 2 Great is my sin—but high above  
Towers the great mercy of Thy love;  
Such grace and kindness know no bound  
Where'er repentant souls are found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
For on my heart the burden lies,  
And my offences pain my eyes.
- 4 With shame I all my sin confess,  
Sins against law and truth and grace;  
And if my soul condemned should be,  
That would be just and right for me.
- 5 Yet save a worthless sinner, Lord,  
For I believe Thy gracious Word,  
And trust the words of promise there,  
That Thou wilt surely hear my prayer.

*Based on Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy and unclean;  
One of the race whose guilty fall  
Rendered it base; corrupting all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 So, now I fall before Thy face,  
My only refuge is Thy grace;  
No outward forms can make me clean;  
The force of sin lies deep within.
- 4 No sacrifice of bird or beast;  
No ritual known, nor earthly priest;  
No works of mine can serve to pay,  
Or wash this guilty stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, Thy blood alone  
Has power sufficient to atone;  
Thy Cross secures my pardon free,  
Ransoms, and draws me close to Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**O** THOU Who hears when sinners cry,  
Though all my sins before Thee lie,  
Hide not Thy gracious face from me,  
Blot out all my iniquity.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin;  
Let Thy blest Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 A broken spirit, O my King,  
Is all the offering that I bring;  
Thou, Saviour God, will ne'er despise  
A contrite heart as sacrifice.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns Thy righteous sentence just;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue;  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**I**N vain the powers of darkness try  
To work the church's ill,  
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,  
And checks them at His will.

2 Though evil in their hearts may dwell,  
And on their tongues deceit,  
A word of His their pride shall quell,  
And all their aims defeat.

3 My trust is in His grace alone;  
His house shall be my home,  
How sweet His mercies past to own,  
And hope for more to come.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**I**S there glory found in cunning,  
Or in power to have our way?  
Or in strength to cut and humble  
Others by the things we say?

2 Such will God destroy for ever,  
Root them from this present life,  
Take away their vaunted riches,  
Send them to eternal strife.

3 Grant me, Lord, a tender nature,  
Useful in the house of God,  
Growing up in lovingkindness,  
Waiting for my coming Lord.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**F**OOLS in their hearts still say,  
‘There is no God on high!’  
In thought and word and deed corrupt,  
They all God’s laws defy.

2 God looks upon our race,  
And reads the heart’s desire,  
To see if any understand,  
Or to His Heaven aspire.

3 But all have turned aside;  
Not one, not one is found  
Who from the heart will hear and love  
The Gospel’s welcome sound;

4 Till God in mercy moves,  
To make us feel our need  
Of life and light and pardoning love,  
Such hearts will never heed.

5 O that His saving power  
May through the church be known;  
That captive sinners may be freed,  
And to the Saviour drawn!

6 Lord, bless as Zion waits,  
And grant reviving grace,  
That joyful babes in Christ may stand  
With us to sing Thy praise.

*Evangelical Psalter*

SAVE me by Thy glorious name,  
Vindicate and own me, Lord.  
Help from Thee I humbly claim,  
By the Spirit and the Word,  
Strengthen me and hear my voice,  
Calm, and bid my heart rejoice.

2 Foes of Christ oppose my way,  
Press my soul to yield and bend;  
Satan tracks me all the way;  
How I need my mighty Friend!  
But with Christ to make me strong,  
Foes can never triumph long.

3 When He comes to take my part,  
All my anxious strivings cease,  
And, in praise, my grateful heart  
Blesses loud the Prince of Peace,  
'Christ Himself has set me free!'  
I shall ever worship Thee.

*Evangelical Psalter*

- O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries;  
Behold my trials and tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 I long for freedom as a dove,  
For liberty and wings  
To fly away and soar above  
These present, painful things.
- 3 O let me to some refuge go,  
And find a peaceful home,  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
And trials never come.
- 4 Vain hope and false aspirings all!  
To thwart the devil's arm,  
The mighty God on Whom I call,  
Will save me where I am.
- 5 He shall preserve my soul from fear,  
And shield me when afraid;  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If He command their aid.
- 6 I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all;  
My faith shall rest upon His word  
That saints shall never fall.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*

**G**OD counts the sorrows of His saints,  
Attends to all their prayers;  
Tenderly follows our complaints,  
And still records our tears.

- 2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry,  
Then devils fear and flee,  
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 3 In Thee, most holy, just and true,  
I have reposed my trust;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
Mere offspring of the dust.
- 4 As Thou hast vowed to bless me, Lord,  
To Thee I'll yield my praise;  
How good, how faithful is Thy Word;  
How kind are all Thy ways.
- 5 Thou hast secured my soul from death;  
Now free from sin I'd be,  
That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employed for Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**M**Y God, in Whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,  
Till these calamities are gone.

- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;  
The Lord will my desires perform;  
He sends His mercy from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land Thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to Thy name;  
Awake my tongue, send forth my praise,  
With all the fervour of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His Truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

(David's indictment of godless rulers  
constitutes a prayer for lands  
closed to the Gospel)

**R**ULERS who make themselves as gods,  
Trample on righteousness and law;  
Scheme and encourage things unjust,  
Authorise violence, hate and war . . .

- 2 Such do oppose the God of Heaven;  
Poison of falsehood is their way;  
Doctrines of demons they impose;  
Striving against the Gospel's ray.
- 3 Silence them, Lord, remove their power;  
May they go melting from the scene;  
Their weapons take, their influence end,  
As if their birth had never been.
- 4 Thus, in an instant may they go;  
Sweep them away by strength divine;  
So shall Thy people all rejoice,  
Responsive to the gracious sign.
- 5 Cause Thou our feet to enter yet  
Those darkened realms, so long deprived  
Of the glad tidings freely spread—  
*There* may a witness be revived.
- 6 Then shall the people hear Thy Word,  
Sinners shall taste a second birth,  
Millions shall cry aloud and sing:  
'God is the Judge of all the earth!'

*Evangelical Psalter*

I AM hated, Lord, by those  
Who Thy holy Truth despise;  
Save me from my evil foes,  
Lord of hosts, arise, arise!

2 Thou my rock and my defence!  
Mighty tower unto Thy saints!  
Thee I make my confidence,  
Thee I'll trust, though nature faints.

3 Glad Thy mercies will I sing,  
All Thy power and love confess;  
Thou hast been, O heavenly King,  
My safe refuge in distress!

4 Songs with every morning's light,  
Lord, shall rise up to Thy throne;  
All Thy saints shall praise Thy might,  
And Thy mercy shall make known.

*William Allen, 1784-1868*

**I**N times of weakness and of blight,  
O turn to us again;  
Renew our blessedness and light,  
And purge away our sin.

- 2 When punished sore and put to shame  
Beneath Thy chastening rod,  
We grieve for slighting Thy great name  
And failing such a God.
- 3 Bind up our wounds and show Thy face;  
Restore our service, Lord.  
Help us again display Thy grace,  
The banner of Thy Word.
- 4 Let all the regions of our land  
Submit to Jesus' reign,  
That multitudes may take their stand  
Within Thy house again.
- 5 We'll Satan's strongholds storm and take,  
Our Saviour to make known;  
And by Thy power shall souls awake,  
And fall before Thy throne.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**W**HEN overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart in sorrow lies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief:  
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock  
Of gracious, kindly aid;  
And make the covert of Thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou mighty tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

4 With all who fear Thy name,  
My heritage is sure;  
An undeserved and blessed life  
In Heaven for evermore.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

WHEN dangers press and fears invade,  
O let us not rely  
On man, who in the balance weighed,  
Is light as vanity!

- 2 Riches have wings and fly away;  
Health's glow must soon grow pale;  
All strength and vigour shall decay,  
And worldly wisdom fail.
- 3 But God, our God, is still the same  
As at that solemn hour  
When thunders spoke His awful name,  
His majesty and power.
- 4 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard,  
Proclaiming from above  
That good and gracious is the Lord,  
And all His works are love.
- 5 Then trust in God, and God alone,  
On Him by faith rely;  
For man, and all his works, are known  
To be but vanity.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

**M**Y spirit looks to God alone;  
My rock and refuge is His throne;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, His saints, in all His ways;  
Pour out your souls before His face;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 People of low or high degree  
Are both alike in vanity;  
Laid in the balance all appear  
Lighter than vapour in the air.

4 Make not increasing wealth your trust,  
Nor set your heart on earthly dust;  
Listen to God's transcendent voice,  
And in His power and wealth rejoice.

5 His sovereign power reigns not alone,  
Grace is a partner of His throne:  
And pardoning grace with endless love  
Is our sublime reward above.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I come to seek Thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without Thy cheering grace.

- 2 So travellers in the desert sand  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
Lest they should faint and die.
- 3 Thy glory, I have seen, and power,  
Within Thy temple shine;  
O Lord, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That blessing so divine.
- 4 Not all the pleasures of a feast  
Could please my soul so well,  
As when Thy richer grace I taste,  
And in Thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best feelings move;  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As Thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Lift my exulting heart to pray,  
My fervent voice to sing.



**O** GOD, Thou art my God alone,  
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;  
A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
A thirsty land, where springs are dry.

2 Oft, in the past, I blessed have been  
When praying in the holy place;  
Thy power and glory I have seen,  
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.

3 When in the watches of the night  
I Thee remember on my bed,  
Thy presence makes the darkness light,  
Thy guardian wings surround my head.

4 Better than life itself Thy love,  
Dearer than all beside to me;  
For whom have I in Heaven above,  
Or what on earth compared with Thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
For all Thy mercy I will give;  
My soul shall still in God rejoice;  
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**H**EAR, O Lord, our supplication;  
Let our souls on Thee repose!  
Be our refuge, our salvation,  
'Mid a host of threatening foes.

- 2 Lord, Thy saints face false inventions,  
Spread by those who Thee have spurned;  
O expose their vile intentions,  
To their shame their tongues be turned.
- 3 Cunning are the foes' devices,  
Bitter are their words of gall;  
Sin on every side entices:  
Lord, conduct us safe through all.
- 4 Be our foes by Thee confounded,  
Let the world Thy goodness see,  
While, by might and love surrounded,  
We rejoice, and trust in Thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*

**P**RAISE, Lord, for Thee, in Zion waits;  
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;  
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

- 2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:  
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!  
How surely kept! how richly fed!  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in Thee!
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And all the earth Thy power displays.
- 5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;  
The moral waste within restore;  
O, let Thy love our springtide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

LET all the earth revere the Lord,  
Sing praises to His name;  
With heart and voice and joy record  
His honours and His fame.

- 2 Say to the God Who shakes the sky,  
How mighty, Lord, art Thou!  
Before Thy presence sinners fly,  
Or at Thy feet they bow!
- 3 O bless our God and never cease;  
How much ought we to praise!  
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
And guides us in our ways.
- 4 Using affliction's evil day,  
He makes our graces shine;  
As burns the furnace dross away  
The silver to refine.
- 5 Through waters deep and trying ways,  
We march at Thy command;  
Led to possess the promised place,  
By Thine unerring hand.
- 6 O, let His faithful servants tell,  
How by redeeming love  
Their souls are saved from death and hell  
To share the joys above.

**A**LL thanks to the Lamb, Who calls us to meet!  
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat;  
We own Him our Jesus, continually near  
To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

- 2 In Him we have peace, in Him we have power,  
Preserved by His grace throughout the dark hour.  
In all our temptation He keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone,  
Through water and fire in Him we went on;  
The world and the devil through Him we o'ercame,  
Our Saviour from evil, for ever the same.
- 4 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above!  
The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness give,  
Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 5 Come, Jesus, and loose the hesitant tongue,  
And teach every one the spiritual song;  
Let us without ceasing give thanks for Thy grace,  
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**G**OD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face;  
Shine upon us, Saviour shine,  
Fill Thy church with light divine;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man His blessing give;  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy and light and love.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

AS Thy chosen people, Lord,  
Once oppressed, in numbers few,  
Trusted to Thy steadfast Word,  
And a mighty nation grew;  
So Thy church on earth begun,  
By Thy blessing shall increase,  
While the course of time shall run,  
Till Messiah's reign of peace.

- 2 Soon shall every scattered tribe,  
One, in Heaven, be restored;  
Every heart and tongue ascribe  
Praise and glory to the Lord;  
Militant awhile below,  
Rest and joy shall soon be given;  
When in rapturous strains shall flow  
Her triumphant song in Heaven.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

**L**ORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye  
Beneath Thy fatal tree,  
And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,  
And think, 'What love to me!'

2 Dwell on the sight, my stony heart,  
Till every pulse within,  
Shall into contrite sorrow start,  
And hate the thought of sin.

3 Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave  
The scorn and scourge and gall,  
The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,  
While I deserved them all?

4 O help me some return to make,  
To yield my heart to Thee,  
And do and suffer for Thy sake,  
As Thou hast done for me.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*



COME, let us join with reverent fear  
And thoughtful hearts to sing  
The sufferings of our great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;  
How high His trials rise!  
While to His heavenly Father's ear  
He sends those touching cries.
- 3 They tread His honour in the dust,  
With scorn and deep disdain;  
Their sharp, incessant slanders add  
New anguish to His pain.
- 4 The fearful stroke for mortal sin,  
The scandal and the shame,  
Combine to break His bleeding heart,  
And crush His sacred frame.
- 5 Our Lord and Saviour rose again  
To His eternal throne;  
From triumph over death's domain,  
To reign in worlds unknown.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

COME, O our God, our souls to bless,  
Be our Deliverer, Lord and Friend,  
Hear every one in deep distress,  
Pardon, relief and comfort send.

- 2 Come, when we call on Thee to save,  
For time is short, and death is nigh;  
Lest, in our sin, we reach the grave,  
And with the lost for ever lie.
- 3 Come, though our trust and faith be low,  
And some oppose our seeking Thee,  
Come in Thy mercy, be not slow,  
Forgive our sin and set us free.
- 4 Then shall we bring our heartfelt praise;  
Thy matchless kindness magnify;  
Marvel at all Thy gracious ways,  
And know we have a Friend on high.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** HASTEN, Lord, my soul to bless,  
My only Saviour Thou!  
Relieve my soul in deep distress,  
O turn and help me now!

2 Deny the accuser, by Thy power,  
His triumph o'er my name;  
Confound him in this very hour,  
And turn him back in shame.

3 My God, when I am poor and low,  
And Satan mocks my tears,  
Thy promises and comforts show,  
And lift me from my fears.

4 Then shall these needy, plaintive cries  
Give way to songs of praise,  
This grateful heart its blessings prize,  
And magnify Thy grace.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**M**Y Saviour and almighty Friend,  
When I begin to praise,  
It seems Thy mercies have no end!  
I'm overwhelmed by grace.

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew Thy kindness first,  
I speak Thy praises more.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated year by year;  
I view the days that yet remain,  
And trust them to Thy care.
- 4 I'll sound Thy praises all the length  
Of this my pilgrim road,  
And speak with boldness in Thy strength  
Of my Redeemer God.
- 5 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
And life's last trials arise;  
But round me make Thy glory shine  
Till this Thy servant dies.
- 6 Awake, my soul, thy fervent powers,  
To such a glorious song,  
Which floods with joy the darkest hours,  
And moves thee all day long.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,  
On Thee my hopes remain;  
And when the day of trouble comes,  
I shall not trust in vain.

- 2 In early days Thou wast my guide,  
And of my youth the friend:  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in Whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean;  
He will my Saviour ever be,  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, Who gave me cause to hope  
When life began to beat,  
And as a stranger in the world  
Has led my wandering feet.
- 5 He will not cast me off when age  
And evil days descend;  
Nor ever leave me in despair  
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,  
In death I will adore;  
And after death I'll sing Thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

*Michael Bruce, 1746-67*

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest;  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring  
Distinctive honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed;  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

- 2 Anointed One, and Saviour!  
He comes to those in need;  
And mercy, peace and favour  
Descend their souls to feed;  
He gives them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turns to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
Love, joy, and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing:  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end;  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
Till time itself has run.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest,  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is—Love!

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*



HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall Thy majesty obey.

- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 3 As when soft and gentle showers  
Fall upon the thirsty plain,  
Springing grass and smiling flowers  
Clothe the wilderness again . . .
- 4 So Thy Spirit shall descend,  
Softening every stony heart,  
And His sweetest influence lend,  
All that's lovely to impart.
- 5 Time shall sun and moon obscure,  
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,  
But His reign shall still endure,  
Endless as the days of Heaven.
- 6 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,  
Ever praise His glorious name,  
All His mighty acts record,  
All His wondrous love proclaim.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
Ever to murmur, mourn and pine,  
Envyng those who, placed on high,  
Now in their pride and honour shine.

2 But in the house of God, their end  
Dawned on my mind and stirred my shame;  
In slippery places how they stand!  
How brief their fortunes and their fame!

3 Their vaunted joys, how fast they flee,  
Just as a dream when one awakes;  
All their best bliss and harmony,  
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 What if they boast how high they rise?  
I'll never envy them again,  
For scornful lips and haughty eyes  
Face everlasting loss and pain.

5 Such mighty grace has made me Thine,  
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,  
My life, my portion and my God!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**I**N close communion, Lord, with Thee  
I constantly abide:  
My hand Thou holdest in Thine own  
To keep me near Thy side.

2 Thy counsel through my earthly way  
Shall guide me and control,  
And then to glory afterward  
Thou wilt receive my soul.

3 Whom have I, Lord, in Heaven but Thee,  
To Whom my thoughts aspire?  
And having Thee, on earth is nought  
That I can yet desire.

4 Though flesh and heart should faint and fail,  
The Lord will ever be  
The strength and portion of my heart,  
My God eternally.

5 To live apart from God is death;  
His face is all I seek;  
My trust is in the living God,  
And all His works I'll speak.

**H**OW long, eternal God, how long  
Shall human pride blaspheme?  
How long shall saints subdue their song  
And bear reproach and shame?

2 How long shall we who love Thee hear  
Thy holy name profaned?  
How long will power divine forbear  
And Thou withhold Thy hand?

3 Such great deliv'rance hast Thou shown  
In ages long before;  
And still no other Lord we own,  
No other God adore.

4 Is not the world of nature Thine—  
The darkness and the day?  
Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,  
And mark the sun its way?

5 And shall the sons of earth and dust  
That sacred power blaspheme?  
Will not Thy hand that formed them first  
Avenge Thine injured name?

6 Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
And make our hope their jest:  
Plead Thine own cause, Almighty Lord,  
And make Thy children blest.

- O** LORD our God, arise,  
The cause of Truth maintain,  
And wide across the peopled world  
Extend Thy Gospel reign.
- 2 Come, Prince of Life, arise,  
Nor let Thy blessings cease;  
Spread far the conquests of Thy grace,  
Give pardon, life and peace.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, arise,  
Expand Thy quickening wing,  
And from this dark and ruined world  
Let light and glory spring.
- 4 Come, let Thy Church arise,  
To God the Saviour sing,  
From shore to shore, from earth to Heaven,  
Let echoing anthems ring.

*Ralph Wardlaw, 1779-1853†*

THAT God the Lord is ever nigh,  
Though veiled in awesome majesty,  
His mighty works declare!  
His hand the universe upholds,  
His eye the peopled world beholds  
With providential care.

2 The Lord sets up; the Lord pulls down;  
To Him the monarch owes his crown,  
The conqueror his wreath;  
In Him all creatures live and move;  
He reigns supreme in Heaven above,  
And in the earth beneath.

3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
Whose hand chastises and rewards,  
Thee only we adore;  
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise,  
In hallelujahs to the skies,  
When time shall be no more.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

**A**MONG His people, God is known,  
Present in all His might and grace;  
He calls the church His very own,  
Her courts of prayer His dwelling-place.

- 2 When God the righteous Judge appeared,  
To save His church from wrong and shame,  
The powers of earth stood still and feared  
As from the heavens their judgement came.
- 3 All foes shall yield to Jesus' sway,  
Bound even now by His decree,  
Restrained from following all their way,  
To vent their worst hostility.
- 4 So let us all our praises bring,  
Loved by the One, Whom earth shall fear;  
The Judge of every prince and king  
Is He to Whom the saints draw near!

*Evangelical Psalter*

- I**N Judah God of old was known:  
His name in Israel great;  
In Salem stood His royal throne,  
And Zion was His seat.
- 2 From Zion went His awesome word,  
Which broke the threatening spear,  
The bow, the arrow and the sword,  
And crushed th'oppressor's war.
- 3 What power can stand before His sight  
When once His wrath appears?  
When He reveals His power and might  
The earth lies still and fears.
- 4 The wrath of man shall work His praise  
In God's delivering hour,  
For in conspicuous saving ways  
He shows superior power.
- 5 Yield to the Lord, and tribute bring,  
You rulers—fear His frown;  
His judgements shake the proudest king,  
And bring his armies down.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*



**T**O God will I direct my prayer,  
And He will make my needs His care;  
I'll trust Him still through times of grief,  
Though troubles seem without relief.

- 2 At times when trials and sorrows fall,  
When faithless fears and doubts appal,  
I ask in fear and bitterness:  
Will God forsake me in distress?
- 3 Has God forgotten to be kind?  
Shall I His promise faithless find?  
Will He cast off, and nevermore  
His favour to my soul restore?
- 4 Recalling times when faith was bright,  
And songs of gladness cheered each night,  
Those blessed joys of long ago  
Make deeper still my present woe.
- 5 These doubts and fears which trouble me  
Are born of my infirmity;  
Though I am weak, God is most high,  
And on His goodness I'll rely.
- 6 I'll fix my gaze on things above  
And meditate upon Thy love;  
Recounting all Thy works and ways  
Until my heart responds in praise.

HAS God cast off for ever?  
Can time His Truth impair?  
His tender mercy never  
Shall I presume to share?  
Has He His lovingkindness  
Shut up in endless wrath?  
No; this is my own blindness,  
That cannot see His path.

- 2 I call to recollection  
The years of His right hand;  
And, strong in His protection,  
Again through faith I stand:  
Thy deeds declare Thy wonder;  
Holy are all Thy ways;  
The mighty voice of thunder  
Shall utter forth Thy praise.
- 3 Thy way is in great waters,  
Thy footsteps are not known;  
Let Adam's sons and daughters  
Confide in Thee alone:  
Through the wild sea Thou leddest  
Thy chosen flock of yore;  
Still on the waves Thou treadest,  
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

O PRAISE our great and gracious Lord,  
And call upon His name;  
To strains of joy tune every chord,  
His mighty acts proclaim.  
Tell how He led His chosen race  
To Canaan's promised land;  
Tell how His covenant of grace,  
Unchanged shall ever stand.

2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day,  
The moving fire by night;  
To guide His children on their way,  
He made their darkness light.  
We also have a sure retreat,  
A Saviour ever nigh;  
And clearest light to guide our feet,  
A Word from God on high!

3 We, too, have manna from above,  
The bread that came from Heaven;  
And Jesus, from His hand of love,  
Has living waters given.  
A Rock we have, from which a spring  
In rich abundance flows;  
'That Rock is Christ,' our Priest, our King,  
Who life and health bestows.

4 O Lord, we lean upon Thy Word,  
And Thee our heavenly Guide;  
So shall we find death's fearful flood  
Serene as Jordan's tide;  
And safely reach that happy shore,  
The land of peace and rest,  
Where we shall worship and adore,  
In God's own presence blest.

- G**IVE ear to the Lord,  
Attend to His Word,  
In parables clear  
The Truth shall be heard;  
For God has commanded  
That all He has done  
To all generations  
Must surely be known.
- 2 The story be told,  
To warn and restrain,  
Of hearts that were hard,  
Rebellious and vain;  
But God, in compassion,  
Reluctant to slay,  
Forgave them, and oft turned  
His anger away.
- 3 They limited God,  
The Most Holy One,  
And hindered the work,  
His grace had begun;  
The hand that was mighty  
To save they forgot;  
Their day of redemption  
Remembering not.
- 4 Shall we thus rebel?  
And tempt our dear Lord?  
Unfaithfully turn  
To 'idols' abhorred?  
That God in His anger  
Should bless us no more,  
And leave us defenceless  
And chasten us sore.

5 O keep us, our God,  
And seal every heart,  
That we may be true  
And never depart;  
May Jesus our Shepherd  
Be loved and adored,  
Obeyed with devotion  
As our only Lord.

*Based on The Psalter, 1912*

- THOU gracious God, and kind,  
O cast our sins away,  
Nor call our former guilt to mind,  
Thy justice to display.
- 2 Thy tenderest mercies show,  
Thy richest grace prepare,  
Lest by our guilty fears laid low,  
We perish in despair.
- 3 Save us from guilt and shame,  
Thy glory to display,  
And for the great Redeemer's name,  
Wash all our sins away.
- 4 So we Thy flock, Thy choice,  
The people of Thy love,  
Through life shall in Thy care rejoice,  
But praise Thee best above.

*William Goode, 1762-1816*

**O** SHEPHERD of the church, give ear,  
Lord above highest angels—hear;  
Thou Who didst lead Thy chosen sheep  
Safe through the desert and the deep.

- 2 Lord, Thou hast planted with Thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands;  
How did those spreading branches shoot  
And bless the nations with their fruit!
- 3 But now its beauty is defaced,  
And foes have laid her fences waste;  
Return, O God! How long! Return!  
Nor let Thy failing vineyard mourn.
- 4 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou gavest strength and glory too;  
Kept it through years from numerous foes  
Until the Branch of promise rose.
- 5 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root,  
Our Saviour came to Israel's land,  
Down from His throne at Thy right hand.
- 6 O for His sake attend our cry,  
Shine on our churches lest they die,  
Turn us to Thee, revive, restore,  
We shall be saved and blessed once more.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

S AVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation  
Unless Thou return again.  
Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely, once Thy garden flourished,  
Every part looked strong and green;  
Then Thy Word our spirits nourished,  
Happy seasons we have seen!  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, Thy help is sorely needed;  
Help can only come from Thee.

3 Where are those devoted leaders,  
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?  
Older pilgrims, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth!  
Some, in whom we once delighted,  
Are no longer here below;  
Others, sadly, now are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Let our mutual hopes be fervent,  
Make us earnest in our prayers;  
Let each one who is Thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive Thy work afresh.



**J**ESUS, Lord, our strength and Saviour,  
All our praise and love we bring,  
And, in mighty grace rejoicing,  
Glorious hymns of worship sing.

2 Jesus, Thou hast surely saved us,  
And from sin's dark bondage freed;  
Open we our mouths with longing,  
Bless and meet our every need.

3 When Thy people will not hearken,  
Neither yield their ways to Thee,  
Thou shalt stay Thy gracious kindness,  
And Thine anger they shall see.

4 Help us ever to obey Thee,  
Gladly walking in Thy ways,  
So shalt Thou, our foes subduing,  
Grant us victories of grace.

5 To our hungering souls, the finest  
Of the wheat of life supply;  
Light and grace and peace providing  
Which shall more than satisfy.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**T**HE kings of earth are in the hands  
Of God Who reigns on high;  
Above their thoughts and acts He stands,  
And none escape His eye.

- 2 Though rulers cruel oppressors prove,  
To tread the godly down,  
And law and justice all remove,  
The Lord retains His crown.
- 3 Though filled with arrogance and pride  
They rule, as gods, the land,  
From God the Judge they cannot hide,  
Nor counter His command.
- 4 When God at last removes their breath,  
They'll cower before His throne;  
And in that awful hour of death  
Know Who is God alone!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**S**PEAK in Thy power, our mighty God!  
For men conspire Thy church to harm;  
How proudly do they scorn Thy Word;  
O rend the heavens, make bare Thine arm!

- 2 As once the Canaanites of old  
Joined to oppose Thy will in wars,  
So unbelievers now make bold  
To fight against the Gospel cause.
- 3 Sharing no other ties beside,  
Against Thy Truth their ranks unite  
To keep souls from the Crucified  
And to eclipse His saving light.
- 4 Come rushing wind, the stubble chase;  
Come sacred fire, the forest burn;  
Come Holy Ghost, in conquering grace,  
Rebellious hearts to Jesus turn.
- 5 Move us the more His love to tell;  
Grant countless souls a saving view;  
Expose, refute the lies of hell,  
And show from Heaven—Thy Word is true!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**H**OW honoured, how dear,  
That sacred abode,  
Where Christians draw near  
Their Father and God!  
'Mid worldly commotion,  
My wearied soul faints  
For the house of devotion,  
The home of Thy saints.

2 O happy the choirs  
Who praise Thee above!  
What joy tunes their lyres!  
Their worship is love.  
Yet safe in Thy keeping  
And happy they be  
In this world of weeping,  
Whose strength is in Thee.

3 Though rugged their way,  
They draw as they go  
From springs that convey  
New life as they flow:  
The God they rely on  
Their strength shall renew,  
Till each, brought to Zion,  
His glory shall view.

4 Thou hearer of prayer,  
Still grant me a place  
Where Christians repair  
To the courts of Thy grace:  
More blest, beyond measure,  
One day so employed  
Than years of vain pleasure  
By worldlings enjoyed.

5 The Lord is a sun,  
The Lord is a shield;  
What grace has begun,  
With glory is sealed.  
He hears the distressed,  
He succours the just:  
And they shall be blessed  
Who make Him their trust.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

**L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples, are!  
To Thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy those who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in Heaven appears;  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!
- 4 To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts,  
I love it more  
To keep the door  
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow  
On Jesus' race  
Distinctive grace  
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves:  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
Renewed and ransomed souls:  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**M**Y soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts!  
'Tis Heaven to know His smiling face  
Here in His earthly courts.

- 2 For here the God of earth and skies  
His saving power displays;  
And light breaks in on mortal eyes  
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 And here the quickening, heavenly Dove,  
Descends to fill the place,  
While Christ makes known His mighty love  
And sheds abroad His grace.
- 4 Here, Lord, to me Thy Word declare,  
The secrets of Thy will;  
And help me seek all fulness here,  
And sing Thy praises still.
- 5 To spend one day within the place  
Where my dear Lord has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of earth's most vaunted sin.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*



**H**OW lovely are Thy dwellings fair,  
O Lord of hosts, how dear!  
How precious is the house of prayer  
Where Thou art felt so near.

- 2 How happy they who thus reside  
In this Thy house of praise;  
They who for strength in Thee abide,  
And greatly love Thy ways.
- 3 They pass the sad and thirsty vale  
Of this world's barren ground  
As though it were a fruitful dale  
Where springs and showers abound.
- 4 They journey on from strength to strength,  
With joy and grateful cheer,  
Till all before our God at length  
In Zion shall appear.
- 5 For God the Lord, our sun and shield,  
Gives grace and glory bright;  
No good from them shall be withheld  
Whose ways, with Him, are right.

*John Milton, 1608-74†*

**S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;  
And grace descending from on high,  
Pardon and glory shall afford.

- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from Heaven;  
By His obedience, so complete,  
Justice is pleased and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and righteousness may live,  
And faith shall dwell on earth again;  
And every blessing God shall give  
To all who yield to Jesus' reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us access to our God;  
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,  
But mark His steps, and keep His road.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

WHAT God th' Almighty Lord will speak,  
Will we draw near to hear;  
For to His people He'll speak peace,  
In kindness will appear.

- 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed,  
In Christ have truly met;  
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,  
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth through Him shall flower,  
Shall bud and blossom here,  
And righteousness from Heaven's bower  
Look down to draw us near.
- 4 The Lord will come and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot stray,  
Before Him righteousness shall go,  
The herald of His way.

*John Milton, 1608-74†*

**T**O my humble prayer,  
Lord, give ear and hear;  
Save Thy servant, be my helper,  
Be alone my hope and Saviour;  
By Thy livening ray,  
Lift my soul this day.

2 Lord, my sin forgive,  
Bless, and bid me live;  
Grant to me from mercy's treasure  
All Thy kindness without measure;  
Saviour over all,  
Be my All-in-all!

3 Take self-will away,  
Help me to obey;  
Heavenly Teacher, by Thy kindness  
Light my dullness, guide my blindness;  
That my steps may tread  
Where Thy Word shall lead.

*Joseph Bryan, c 1620‡*

**G**OD in His earthly kingdom lays  
Foundations for His heavenly praise;  
Each of His saints He loves so well,  
Yet in His church He loves to dwell.

2 Truly in each believing home,  
The presence of the Lord is known,  
But He prolongs with power His stay,  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories are described of old!  
What wonders are of Zion told!  
The glories of the church below  
Did the surrounding nations know.

4 Zion, where life anew is found  
By people all the world around,  
Here is the place of power and love,  
Lifting our souls to God above.

5 When God reveals the last account  
Of citizens of Zion's mount,  
O may we on that day appear  
Among those born and nourished there!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!

He Whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode:  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See! the stream of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.
- 4 Saviour, if of Zion's city,  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy name:  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show!  
Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
None but Zion's children know.

**L**ORD God of my salvation,  
To Thee alone I cry;  
O let my supplications  
Be heard by Thee on high;  
For troubles gather round me,  
And life draws near the grave;  
O come in love and mercy,  
Descend, my soul to save.

2 Thine anger lies upon me,  
Thy billows o'er me roll,  
My friends all seem to shun me,  
And foes beset my soul,  
Where'er on earth I turn me,  
No comforter is near;  
Wilt even Thou, Lord, spurn me?  
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 Though banished, Lord, and broken  
My soul still clings to Thee;  
Thy promise Thou hast spoken  
Shall still my refuge be.  
These present ills and terrors  
Shall future joy increase,  
And scourge me from my errors,  
To duty, hope, and peace.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**M**Y song for ever shall record  
The tender mercies of the Lord;  
Thy faithfulness will I proclaim,  
And every age shall know Thy name.

- 2 I sing of mercies that endure,  
For ever builded firm and sure,  
Of faithfulness that never dies,  
Established changeless in the skies.
- 3 Behold God's Truth and grace displayed,  
For He has faithful covenant made,  
And sworn that David's greater Son  
Shall ever sit upon His throne.
- 4 Who in the heavenly dwellings fair  
Can with the Lord Himself compare?  
Or who among the mighty shares  
The likeness that our Saviour bears?
- 5 God's promise is for ever sure,  
The Saviour's people shall endure;  
His throne for ever firm shall stay  
When sun and moon have passed away.



- O** WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise?  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
The weakest believer who rests upon Him.
- 2 How happy are they whose heart is set free,  
The people who can be joyful in Thee!  
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face,  
Rejoicing, and talking of Jesus' great grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy name;  
They shall, as their right, Thy righteousness claim.  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast, their glory, and power;  
And I also trust to see the glad hour:  
My soul's new creation, alive from the dead,  
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;  
I trust in His Word; none plucks me from thence;  
Since I have found favour, He all things will do,  
My King and my Saviour will make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own;  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

**M**Y song shall be of mercy;  
Come all who love the Lord,  
Who know that He is gracious,  
Who trust His faithful Word:  
Tell out His works with gladness,  
With me exalt His name,  
Whose love endures for ever,  
To endless years the same.

2 My song shall be of judgement;  
All who His chastenings feel,  
O faint not, nor be weary:  
He wounds that He may heal.  
Come, bless the hand that smites you,  
And in your grief confess  
That all His ways are wisdom  
And truth and righteousness.

3 Of mercy and of judgement  
To Thee, O Lord, we sing;  
O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Our great, eternal King;  
For only Thou art holy,  
For Thou art God alone;  
And mercy still and judgement  
Are pillars of Thy throne.

*Henry Downton, 1818-85*

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

O GOD the Rock of Ages  
Who evermore hast been,  
While life's brief tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene;  
Before the world's creation,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations,  
The everlasting Thou.

- 2 Our years are like the shadows  
On sunny hills that lie,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die:  
A sleep, a dream, a story  
By strangers briefly told,  
An unremaining glory  
Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou Who cannot slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fail;  
And may we find and know Thee,  
Thy kindness and Thy ways;  
And Thou our Guide and Friend be,  
The Lord of all our days.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour,  
With glory and with grace,  
Till, clothed in light for ever,  
We see Thee face to face;  
A joy no language measures,  
A fountain brimming o'er,  
An endless flow of pleasures  
In Christ for evermore.

THERE is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace,  
O! be that refuge mine!

2 The least, the feeblest there may hide  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
They rest secure in God.

3 The angels watch them on their way,  
And aid with friendly arm;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 They feed in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and Truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honoured life, a peaceful end,  
And Heaven to crown it all!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**H**E who has made his refuge God  
Shall find a most secure abode,  
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,  
And there, at night, shall rest his head.

- 2 Then will I say, 'My God, Thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower:  
I, that am formed of feeble dust,  
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.'
- 3 Thrice happy one! my maker's care  
Shall keep me from the tempter's snare;  
The tempter, Satan, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord  
To strike His saints among the rest,  
Even the pains of death are blest!
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire;  
From sins and sorrow set them free,  
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy Truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:  
No earthly cares shall here molest;  
O, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of festive sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His Word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

*The eternal 'Sabbath':*

- 4 Soon shall I share a glorious part  
When grace has well refined my heart,  
And new supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**T**HE Lord of glory reigns; He reigns on high,  
His robes of state are strength and majesty;  
This wide creation rose at His command,  
Built by His Word and stablished by His hand.  
Long stood His throne ere He began creation,  
And His own Godhead is His firm foundation.

2 God is the eternal King: His foes in vain  
Raise their rebellions to confound His reign;  
In vain their storms, in vain their floods arise  
To roar, and toss their waves against the skies;  
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild commotion,  
But Heaven's high arches scorn that swelling ocean.

3 Tempests shall rage no more, and floods be still,  
And this mad world submit to Jesus' will.  
Built on His Truth, His Church shall ever stand,  
Firm are His promises and strong His hand.  
Daughters and sons when you appear before Him,  
Bow at His footstool, reverence and adore Him!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



CAN guilty man, indeed, believe  
That God Who made and knows the heart,  
Shall not the sinner's crimes perceive  
Nor see into the inmost part?

2 Shall He Who, with transcendent skill,  
Fashioned the eye and formed the ear;  
Who modelled nature to His will,  
Shall He not see? Shall He not hear?

3 Shall He, Who framed the human mind,  
And bade its vital life to glow,  
Who all its varied powers combined,  
Shall He not see? Shall He not know?

4 Surely His eye at once surveys  
All that intrudes creation's space;  
He sees our thoughts, and marks our ways,  
He knows no bounds of time and place.

5 Lord, as we bow beneath Thine eye,  
How dark our hearts, how wrong within;  
Hear our repentant, pleading cry,  
Pardon and cleanse away our sin.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862†*

COME, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise:  
To God our sovereign King—rehearse  
His glories in exalted verse.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who formed our nature with His word;  
He is our Shepherd, we the sheep,  
He doth our souls in safety keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear His voice today,  
The counsels of His love obey;  
Nor let our hardened hearts renew,  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 They saw His mighty works of grace,  
Tempted and tried Him to His face;  
Forgot His power, abused His love,  
False to their guardian God above.
- 5 Seize we Thy promise while it waits,  
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;  
Believe and take Thy promised rest,  
To be Thine own, for ever blest.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

SING to the Lord through all the lands,  
People of every clime and tongue;  
Redeeming love and grace demand  
A grateful heart and worthy song.

- 2 Say to the nations—‘Jesus reigns!  
God’s own almighty Son is King!’  
And He Whose power the world sustains  
Doth pardoning love and kindness bring!
- 3 Great is the Lord and greatly praised,  
All idols are as nothing worth;  
Before His splendour, fall amazed,  
Tremble before Him all the earth.
- 4 Ascribe to Him the glory due,  
Ascribe all wisdom, strength and love;  
Come, pledge your days, your vows renew,  
Revere and serve our King above.
- 5 Let Heaven be glad and earth rejoice,  
Our Saviour King to earth has been;  
Let every grateful heart give voice,  
And on His saving merits lean.
- 6 Soon by His voice the dead shall rise,  
For Christ our King shall come again;  
And all the earth, before His eyes  
Shall go to final judgement then.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**H**E reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns!  
Praise Him in earnest, noblest strains,  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

- 2 In robes of righteousness He comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs,  
Before Him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 3 The Lord is come, the heavens proclaim  
His birth; the nations learn His name,  
And the bright armies of the skies  
Worship where Christ the Saviour lies.
- 4 Come all that love His holy name,  
Hate every work of sin and shame;  
He guards the souls of all His friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 5 Immortal light and joys unknown  
Are for the saints in darkness sown,  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And their bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 6 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord;  
None but the soul that feels His grace,  
Can triumph in His holiness.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**OY to the world! the Lord is come;  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And Heaven and nature sing.

- 2 To our almighty Saviour, God,  
New honours be addressed:  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blessed.
- 3 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;  
Let us our songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 Let the whole earth His love proclaim  
With all her differing tongues,  
And spread the honours of His name  
In melody and songs.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

UNTO God our Saviour  
Sing a thankful song:  
Marvellous are His doings,  
For His arm is strong.  
He has wrought salvation,  
He has made it known;  
And before the nations  
Is His justice shown.

2 Joyful, all ye people,  
Sing before the Lord:  
Shout and sing His praises  
Now in glad accord;  
Sweetest heartfelt music  
Grateful praises bring;  
Come, rejoice before Him,  
God the Lord, your King.

3 Waves of mighty oceans,  
Earth with fulness stored,  
Floods and fields and mountains,  
Sing before the Lord;  
For He comes with justice,  
Evil to redress,  
And to judge the nations  
In His righteousness.

REVERE the Lord as King,  
His name, exalted, own,  
Observe His righteousness and power  
And worship at His throne.

2 Revere the God of right,  
Whose justice shall hold sway,  
To judge the thoughts and ways of all  
In that great coming Day.

3 Revere the God of love,  
Whose mercy is so kind,  
That they who call upon His name,  
A pardoning welcome find.

4 Revere the Saviour God,  
Who saves and guides His own;  
Preparing them in holiness  
To live around His throne.

5 We worship Thee, O Lord,  
And ask Thy help and power,  
That we may worthily revere  
And love Thee in this hour.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awesome throne  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay and formed us men,  
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

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

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

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,  
alt John Wesley, 1703-91*



**L**ORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,  
To Whom all praise belongs,  
Thy justice and Thy love shall be  
The subject of my songs.

- 2 Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,  
To lead my steps aright,  
And make Thy perfect law my guide,  
Thy service my delight.
- 3 All sinful ways I will abhor,  
All evil men forsake;  
And only those who love Thy law  
My chief companions make.
- 4 Lord! that I may not go astray,  
Thy constant grace impart;  
And ever come to point my way,  
And seal my roving heart.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877*

**H**EAR me, O Lord, nor hide Thy face,  
When I in troubles lie,  
Hast Thou not made a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days, like smoke, are wasted, vain,  
Dispersing in the air;  
My strength is dried, my heart in pain,  
And sinking in despair.

3 I am deprived of former joy,  
And conscious of Thy frown;  
Thy hand advanced me once so high,  
But now has cast me down.

4 But Thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God!  
In days to come I'll love Thy name  
And speak Thy works abroad.

5 Thou wilt arise and show Thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,  
That set and certain day.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**M**Y soul, repeat His praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide,  
And when His strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;  
And His forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

**O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Has sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord has judgements for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known;  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His beloved Son.

**P**RAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;  
To His feet your tribute bring!  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing!  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4 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!

5 O measureless might!  
Ineffable love!  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

*Robert Grant, 1779-1838*

VAST are Thy works, Almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon Thy word,  
And every race of creature stands  
Waiting their portion from Thy hands.

- 2 But when Thy face is turned, they mourn,  
And dying to the dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are Thine.
- 3 Yet Thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men,  
A word of Thy creating breath,  
Repairs the waste of time and death.
- 4 At Thy mere touch the mountains smoke,  
And earth stands trembling at Thy stroke!  
Yet humble hearts may seek Thy face,  
And trust their needs to sovereign grace.
- 5 In Thee our hopes and wishes meet,  
O make our meditations sweet,  
Praises shall all our hearts employ  
Till they translate to endless joy.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**L**ORD, if one moment Thou Thy face shouldst hide,  
Or cloud Thy glory, or Thy smile deny,  
Then would all nature veil her mournful eyes,  
And vent her grief in universal cries:  
Then certain death, with all its dismal train,  
Would o'er the nations spread its tragic reign.

- 2 See all creation, in such splendour born,  
Now, with her hosts to native dust return;  
But when again Thy glory is displayed,  
She shall revive and lift her radiant head;  
New rising forms Thine order shall obey,  
And life rekindle at Thy stirring ray.
- 3 United thanks replenished nature pays,  
And Heaven and earth resound their Maker's praise!  
When time shall in eternity be lost,  
And ageing nature languish into dust;  
For ever young, new marvels shall remain,  
Vast as Thy Being, endless as Thy reign.
- 4 When, at Thy word, my soul excursive flies  
Through earth and air into Thy regal skies,  
From world to world, new wonders shall I find,  
As all the Godhead dawns upon my mind!  
To Thee, my soul shall endless praises pay:  
Joined with the angels in eternal day.

*Thomas Blacklock, 1721-91*

**G**IVE thanks to God, invoke His name,  
And tell the world His grace;  
Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,  
That all may seek His face.

- 2 A seed will make the nations blest,  
The children of God's choice;  
And Canaan's land shall be their rest,  
A type of heavenly joys.
- 3 The Lord Himself directs their way,  
And makes their journey right;  
A leading cloud He gave by day,  
A guide of fire by night.
- 4 They thirst, and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow,  
And following all the way they take,  
Run all the desert through.
- 5 O wondrous stream and precious type  
Of ever-flowing grace!  
So Christ our Rock maintains our life  
Through all this wilderness.
- 6 So let the world forbear its rage,  
The church renounce her fear,  
For she must live in every age  
Triumphant in God's care.

- G**OD of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways!  
And yet how oft did Israel prove  
The constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw great wonders wrought,  
And then God's praises sang;  
But soon those works of power forgot,  
And cried with murmuring tongue.
- 3 How they believe His Word  
While rocks with rivers flow!  
But soon their lusts provoke the Lord  
To frown, and bring them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn their faults,  
He listens to their prayer,  
And moved with all a Father's thoughts,  
Extends again His care.
- 5 So let us bless the Lord,  
For all His faithful ways  
To those who keep His holy Word  
And give Him all their praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- O** GIVE thanks unto the Lord,  
Praise His name with one accord;  
Tell the wonders of His power,  
Praise His goodness every hour.
- 2 Let His ransomed church begin,  
Whom He has redeemed from sin,  
Gathered from the east and west,  
North and south, to enter rest.
- 3 Through the wilderness they stray,  
In a solitary way;  
Hungry, thirsty, tried and faint;  
God attends to their complaint.
- 4 Led by Him from day to day,  
Though by a mysterious way,  
To His city shall they come,  
To their final rest, and home.
- 5 O that we would praise the Lord,  
And His goodness now record;  
All His wondrous works rehearse,  
Who redeems us from the curse.

*Joseph Irons, 1785-1852*

FROM age to age exalt His name,  
God and His grace are still the same,  
The hungry soul He loves to bless,  
And lifts the fainting from distress.

2 But when our hearts rebel, and rise  
Against the God that rules the skies,  
When we reject His heavenly Word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord . . .

3 Then will He surely bring us down,  
To suffer loss beneath His frown,  
Wander through life with grief and tears,  
Approaching death through wasted years.

4 But if to God we raise our cries,  
He'll make the dawning light arise,  
Scatter the ignorance of night,  
Reveal His love and saving might.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
And lets rejoicing prisoners through,  
Removes the pall of guilt and grief  
And gives the seeking soul relief.

6 O may the people now record  
The lasting goodness of the Lord;  
How great His works, how kind His ways!  
Let every tongue proclaim His praise.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**M**Y heart is fixed, O God,  
A grateful song I raise,  
Awake, my heart, in joyful strains,  
Awake, my soul, to praise.

2 Among the nations, Lord,  
To Thee my song shall rise;  
Thy Truth is high above the heavens,  
Thy mercies reach the skies.

3 Stretch forth Thy mighty hand  
In answer to our prayer,  
And let Thine own beloved ones  
Thy great salvation share.

4 The holy God has said,  
'All lands shall own My sway;  
My people shall My glory tell,  
The heathen shall obey.'

5 O who will lead our cause,  
To triumph o'er the foe,  
If Thou wilt not stay near us, Lord,  
Nor with our armies go?

6 The help of man is vain,  
Be Thou our helper, Lord;  
Through Thee we shall do valiantly,  
If Thou Thine aid afford.

**S**TRANGER and pilgrim here below,  
I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee,  
Aware of every want and woe,  
Relieve my trials, and rescue me.

2 Now, Lord, in love and kindness speak,  
Sustain and cheer my sinking soul;  
Low as I am, and poor, and weak,  
One word of Thine can make me whole.

3 Help, Lord! may all my foes perceive,  
I have a heavenly strength and stay;  
With Thee to bless me and relieve,  
I can endure the hardest way.

4 Now make my soul with joy arise,  
Thy sheltering wings around me cast;  
Cause all that now afflicts or tries,  
To work my good, O Lord, at last.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*

- F**ATHER, Son and Holy Spirit  
Joined, the coming Son to ordain,  
By divine decree anointed,  
Jesus came on earth to reign;  
Our Creator! Prince and Saviour!  
Born His people to regain.
- 2 Thus He came, a Priest for ever,  
Only name 'twixt God and man;  
By His death our bands to sever,  
Bearing all our sin and pain;  
Our Redeemer! Lord and Saviour!  
Died our pardon to obtain.
- 3 Glorious Author of salvation,  
Seated at the Father's side;  
Every age and land and nation  
Shall Thy ransomed host provide;  
Our Deliverer! Healer, Saviour!  
Make Thy Word in conquest ride.
- 4 When the day of grace is over,  
Jesus, Thou as Judge shalt stand;  
All who spurn Thee shall discover  
Final judgement is at hand.  
Then, as Victor, blessed for ever,  
Take us to Thy promised land!

*Evangelical Psalter*



**P**RAISE the Lord with exultation,  
My whole heart my Lord shall praise;  
With the ransomed congregation  
Worthy hallelujahs raise.

- 2 All His works are great and glorious,  
Saints review them with delight;  
His redemption all victorious  
We remember day and night.
- 3 Strength He gives to those who fear Him,  
Of His covenant mindful still;  
Wise they are who much revere Him,  
And rejoice to do His will.
- 4 For His grace stands fast for ever,  
His decrees the saints secure;  
From His oath He turneth never,  
Every promise standeth sure.
- 5 Therefore be His praise unceasing,  
Be His name for ever blest;  
And with confidence increasing,  
Let us on His promise rest.

*Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92*

WITH all my heart I'll praise the Lord,  
Amid the ransomed throng;  
Rejoice in all His works and Word,  
And worship Him in song.

- 2 His works surpass our highest thought,  
Worthy of God on high!  
They speak of One Who may be sought:  
The God Who draws us nigh.
- 3 He showed His saints His works of old,  
That they should trust His care,  
And see the promises unfold,  
And read their future there.
- 4 He is a God of saving ways,  
And of possessing love;  
A God of mercy and of grace,  
Poured freely from above.
- 5 Fear of the Lord will move the heart  
To seek for wisdom's way;  
O Lord, in mercy now impart  
That fear to me this day.
- 6 Grant me a soul renewed and clean,  
An understanding mind,  
A stronger faith with which to lean  
On all the Truth I find.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**H**OW blest are they who fear the Lord,  
Love His commands and trust His Word;  
Riches divine their days attend,  
And blessings to their seed descend.

- 2 Love and compassion fill their mind,  
To gracious deeds are they inclined,  
Willing and kind in works of aid,  
And seeking not to be repaid.
- 3 When trials and troubles rage around,  
Unmoved, do they maintain their ground,  
Armed in their hearts against all fears,  
For God – with all His power—is theirs!
- 4 Faith which is fixed upon the Lord,  
Draws strength and courage from His Word,  
And in the darkness light shall rise,  
To cheer the heart and guide the eyes.
- 5 They shall dispense their means abroad  
To spread the Gospel of their Lord;  
So righteous fruits shall with them stand,  
For ever in their heavenly land.

*Based on Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**A**LL who delight to serve the Lord,  
The honours of His name record;  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
Its rising beams and setting rays:  
Let every land God's power confess,  
His sacred name for ever bless.

2 Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
Can give His vast dominion bounds;  
Let no created greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare;  
Armed with His uncreated might,  
The skies are far below His height.

3 He bows His gracious eye to view  
What His created beings do;  
His hand provides the sinner's needs,  
The hungry soul He richly feeds:  
Bending His care to mortal things,  
He lifts us high as heirs and kings.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**W**HEN forth from Egypt's trembling hand,  
The tribes of Israel sped,  
And Jacob in that foreign land  
Triumphant ensigns spread . . .

- 2 The One, amidst their tent array,  
His royal dwelling made,  
And all along their desert way  
His guiding power displayed.
- 3 The sea beheld, and moved to obey,  
She rolled her waters back;  
And Jordan swift to make a way,  
Revealed their destined track.
- 4 What caused thee, O thou mighty sea,  
Why moved thy waves in dread?  
What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee,  
To bare thy river bed?
- 5 O earth, before the God of grace,  
Be moved and tremble still;  
He makes the waste a watered place,  
The rocks, a gushing rill.
- 6 O Lord, amidst our churches stand,  
Thy royal presence show;  
And all along this desert land  
Thy guiding presence go.

*George Burgess, 1809-66†*

**L**ORD, Thou alone art merciful and true!  
Not to *our* worthless names is glory due;  
Thy power and grace, Thy love and justice claim  
Immortal honours to Thy sovereign name.  
Shine through the earth, from Heaven Thy blest abode,  
Nor let the godless say, 'Where is your God?'

- 2 Heaven in the highest is Thy royal throne,  
And through the universe Thy will is done;  
Thou art Creator, Lord and King of kings,  
Yet fallen creatures worship earthly things:  
A kneeling throng with reverent eyes behold  
Saints cast in silver, saviours made of gold.
- 3 Vain are all man-made objects of our trust,  
Powerless are they, and lifeless as the dust;  
With helpless hands, and feet that cannot move,  
They have no words nor thoughts nor power to love.  
Yet mortals look for solace and for aid,  
To the deaf idols human hands have made.
- 4 O trust the Saviour God Who hears and sees,  
Who knows our sorrows and restores our peace;  
Worship of Him doth mighty comforts yield,  
He is our help and our eternal shield.  
Saved by His grace let thankful songs be raised;  
Eternally shall He be loved and praised.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

I LOVE the Lord Who heard my cry  
And granted my request;  
In Him Who hears and answers prayer  
My trust through life shall rest.

2 With deadly sorrows compassed round,  
My heart was full of grief;  
Then to the Lord I made my prayer,  
That He would send relief.

3 The Lord is just and merciful,  
And gracious to the meek;  
He saved me when I cried to Him,  
Though I was poor and weak.

4 Return unto your rest, my soul,  
No longer troubled be.  
The Lord's sustaining love has dealt  
Most graciously with me.

5 Before my Saviour I will live;  
From death He saved my soul,  
My eyes from tears, my feet from falls,  
And He has made me whole.

6 In my affliction this I found,  
That human help deceived;  
But ever faithful was the Lord  
In Whom my soul believed.

**F**OR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what will you give?

- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin;  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make  
For all He has bestowed;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I should owe Him most.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



**R**EDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,  
My soul restored, and gone my tears,  
What can I do, O love divine,  
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,  
But from Thy hands new blessings seek?  
A heart to feel my mercies more,  
A soul to know Thee and adore.

3 O! teach me at Thy feet to fall,  
And yield Thee up myself, my all;  
Before Thy saints my debt to own,  
And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart!  
Expand, and raise, and fill my heart;  
So may my life begin to be  
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

WHAT shall I render to my God,  
For all His kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit Thine abode,  
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,  
My offerings shall be paid:  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessèd God!  
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!  
How great Thy grace to me!  
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,  
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move!  
Thy hand has loosed my bands of pain,  
And bound me with Thy love.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**A**LL the nations, praise the Lord,  
All the lands, your voices raise;  
Heaven and earth with loud accord,  
Praise the Lord, for ever praise:

- 2 For His Truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be;  
Like the years of His right hand,  
Like His own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, all who know His love;  
Praise Him from the depths beneath;  
Praise Him in the heights above;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

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

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal Truth attends Thy Word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- O** PRAISE the Lord, for He is good,  
His mercies ne'er decay:  
That His kind favours ever last,  
Let thankful Zion say.
- 2 Their sense of His eternal love  
Let ransomed souls express:  
And that it never fails let all  
Who fear the Lord confess.
- 3 'Tis better far to trust in God,  
And have the Lord our Friend,  
Than on the greatest human power  
For safety to depend.
- 4 Joy fills the dwellings of the just,  
Whom God will save from harm:  
For wonders great are brought to pass  
By His almighty arm.
- 5 God will not suffer such to fall,  
But still prolongs their days,  
That by declaring all His works,  
They shall advance His praise.

**B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And for eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God; to sinners dear,  
Is Jesus' precious name;  
We rest our whole salvation here,  
Nor shall we suffer shame.

3 Those ancient builders, scribe and priest,  
Rejected with disdain  
The One in Whom the Church would trust,  
And never trust in vain.

4 Though all the powers of hell withstood,  
His Church did surely rise,  
The house of our dear Saviour-Lord,  
So marvellous in our eyes.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**T**HIS is the day the Lord has made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let Heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 Today He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
Today the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

3 All praises to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
O help us, Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to man  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**OW blest are they who keep God's Word,  
And follow His commands;  
With all their heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve Him with their hands.

2 O that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep His statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do His will!

3 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy Word the only power imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

4 My lips with boldness shall declare  
Thy statutes and Thy name;  
I'll speak Thy Word that all may hear  
Of Thy great saving fame.

5 To think upon Thy precepts, Lord,  
Shall be my sweet employ:  
My heart shall not forget Thy Word—  
My chief and precious joy.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748‡*



**H**OW shall the young direct their way?  
What light shall be their perfect guide?  
Thy Word, O Lord, will safely lead,  
If in its wisdom they confide.

- 2 Sincerely I have sought Thee, Lord,  
O let me not from Thee depart;  
To know Thy will and keep from sin,  
Thy Word I cherish in my heart.
- 3 O blessèd Lord, teach me Thy law,  
Thy righteous judgements I declare;  
Thy testimonies make me glad,  
For they are wealth beyond compare.
- 4 Upon Thy precepts and Thy ways  
My heart will meditate with awe;  
Thy Word shall be my chief delight,  
And I will not forget Thy law.

THY servant, saved by Thee, shall live,  
And keep Thy Word with awe;  
Lord, open Thou my eyes to see  
The wonders of Thy law.

2 A pilgrim on this earth am I,  
Thy will to me reveal;  
To know Thy Truth my spirit yearns,  
Possessed with ardent zeal.

3 Thou dost rebuke the proud, O Lord,  
Who scorn Thy holy name;  
But since I keep Thy gracious Word,  
Deliver me from shame.

4 I on Thy statutes meditate,  
Though worldly minds deride;  
This faithful Word is my delight,  
My counsellor and guide.

**M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust,  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires and every lust,  
O turn these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of Thy grace  
To speed me in Thy way,  
Lest I should linger in the race,  
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When I have learned Thy glorious will,  
I'll teach the world Thy ways:  
These thankful lips, inspired with zeal,  
Shall sound aloud Thy praise.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are the great pillars of my hope,  
And there I base my praise.
- 5 O send Thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart!  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.
- 6 I chose the path of heavenly Truth,  
And glory in that choice;  
Not all the riches of this earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

**T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy way of Truth,  
And from it I will not depart;  
That I may steadfastly obey—  
Give me an understanding heart.

2 In Thy commandments make me walk,  
That in Thy law my joy shall be;  
Give me a heart that loves Thy will,  
From discontent and envy free.

3 Turn Thou from vanity my eyes  
Let no corrupt and base design,  
Nor covetous desire arise  
In this unstable heart of mine.

4 Keep me from falling into sin,  
Boldly may I Thy cause embrace;  
O may Thy Word to me again  
Bring light, and life, and joy, and peace.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**M**AY Thy mercies rest upon me,  
Lord, Thy promised blessing send;  
Thus I'll tell the lost around me  
Of my saving God and Friend;  
May such words of witness never  
By my life be brought to shame,  
Keep me free from sin's dominion,  
Make Thy perfect will my aim.

2 May Thy promises sustain me,  
Thou hast made me hope in Thee;  
This my comfort in affliction—  
That Thy Word has quickened me.  
If derided by the worldling,  
Still to Thy commands I'll cleave,  
And, recalling former mercies,  
Help and comfort I'll receive.

3 When the godless spurn and scorn Thee  
How my anguished heart is stirred!  
For on this my pilgrim journey  
All my joys are from Thy Word;  
Here I dwell on Thy perfections,  
All the attributes divine;  
Stores of wisdom and of knowledge  
In this Word, O Lord, are mine.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**T**HOU art my portion, O my God,  
I'm pledged to keep Thy way,  
To willingly obey Thy Word,  
And act without delay.

- 2 If I should wander from Thy path,  
I'll think upon my ways,  
Then turn my steps to Thy commands  
And seek Thy pardoning grace.
- 3 At night, when duty's clamour dies,  
I'll call Thy works to mind;  
Bid thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And Thine acceptance find.
- 4 All they who own Thy saving ways  
Shall my companions be;  
With them I'll join in prayer and praise,  
In fear and love of Thee.
- 5 Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord;  
How good Thy works appear!  
Open my eyes to know Thy Word,  
And love Thy wonders there.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748‡*

**O** HOW I love Thy holy Word,  
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!  
It guides me in the peaceful way,  
I think upon it all the day.

- 2 Long unafflicted, undismayed,  
In pleasure's path secure I strayed,  
Then did I feel Thy chastening rod,  
Which turned me unto Thee, my God.
- 3 Although it pierced my stubborn heart,  
I'll bless the Hand that caused the smart;  
It taught my tears awhile to flow,  
But saved me from eternal woe.
- 4 If Thou hadst left me unchastised,  
Thy precepts would be still despised;  
And still the snare by Satan laid  
Had my unwary soul betrayed.
- 5 I love Thee, therefore, O my God,  
And look towards Thy dear abode;  
Where in Thy presence fully blest,  
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

**M**Y life was fashioned by Thy hand,  
My service is Thy due;  
O make Thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

- 2 Then those that love and fear the Lord,  
Shall see me and rejoice,  
For I have trusted in Thy Word,  
And made it all my choice.
- 3 Thy judgements, Lord, are right and pure,  
Though they may seem severe;  
The sharpest sufferings we endure,  
Flow from Thy faithful care.
- 4 Grant me sweet fellowship, I pray,  
With those who love Thy name;  
And seal my heart on Thee to stay,  
And guard my soul from shame.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*



**F**OR ever, Lord, Thy Word shall stand,  
Unchanging Word of Thine!  
Sealed in the Heavens by Thy hand;  
Unfailing law divine!

- 2 Had not Thy Word been my delight  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk amongst the dead.
- 3 Thus I shall love Thy Gospel more,  
And not forget Thy Word,  
For I have felt its quickening power  
To draw me near the Lord.
- 4 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,  
O keep Thy servant, Lord:  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in Thy Word.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**L**ET all the world's fair writers join  
To form a perfect book,  
If once compared, O Lord, to Thine,  
How weak their notions look!

2 Not the most careful rules they gave,  
Could gain one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead one step beyond the grave,  
Nor give one hope of Heaven.

3 We see an end to all we call  
'Perfection' here below;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
To God they cannot go!

4 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our years,  
And brings our virtues down so far,  
To sink in guilt and fears.

5 Our faith, our love, and every grace,  
Fall far below God's Word;  
For perfect Truth and righteousness,  
Come only from the Lord.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** HOW I love Thy law,  
My teacher every day:  
In all the woes of life,  
My wisdom and my stay.

2 What understanding broad  
Expands my willing mind:  
So far beyond all else  
That in this world I find.

3 How sweet the words of God,  
Revealing from above  
Such views of things divine,  
Such grace, and power, and love.

4 A lamp to guide my feet,  
A light upon my way:  
This perfect Word will I  
With all my heart, obey.

5 In dangers and in trials,  
Its promises I prove;  
Hold fast its counsels sure  
With gratitude and love.

*Evangelical Psalter*

- VAIN and futile are the thoughts  
Of this present, passing world,  
But the depths of glorious Truth  
Are within God's Word unfurled.
- 2 Here the Saviour's finished work  
Is to thirsting souls revealed:  
Calvary's atoning love—  
Only hiding-place and shield.
- 3 Hold me, Lord, that I may give  
All my hours and days to Thee,  
Unensnared by godless minds,  
Kept from subtle errors free.
- 4 High and holy, Lord, art Thou!  
Thus my heart is prone to fear  
When I contemplate the dawn  
When as Judge Thou shalt appear.
- 5 O, forgive and cleanse away  
All my falsehood, all my sin;  
Thou my hiding-place divine—  
Happy is the soul within!

**D**ECEIT and falsehood we abhor,  
But, Lord, we love Thy holy law;  
Thou art the glorious God of grace,  
Our only shield and hiding-place!

- 2 From evildoers we'll keep apart,  
And yield to Thee a loyal heart;  
If any should pervert Thy Word  
We will not greet them 'in the Lord'.
- 3 In keeping mercy show Thy power  
To hold us up in this dark hour;  
And when our spiritual foes oppress,  
Then, Lord, look down, protect and bless.
- 4 Draw near, O God, in this our day,  
Expose the false, the evil way;  
O, vindicate Thy Truth sublime,  
Surely, this is an urgent time!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** HOW the wonders of Thy law  
My soul to rapt obedience awe!  
These streams of purest knowledge yield  
The Truth, in full display, revealed.

- 2 With growing thirst, my spirit yearned,  
And with an opening mind I turned  
To Thy great precepts, wise and true,  
And life-imparting grace I drew.
- 3 By these do souls untaught before  
To heights of heavenly wisdom soar;  
What depths and heights Thy saints can know!  
Such grace on me, great God, bestow.
- 4 Thy dictates to my soul convey,  
And to them all conform my way;  
Redeem from error's lore my mind,  
Leaving no falsehood there behind.
- 5 Lord, save me from oppression's hand,  
Make me obey Thy wise command;  
O may Thy love upon me shine,  
And make those paths of knowledge mine.

*James Merrick, 1720-69*

CONSIDER all my troubles, Lord,  
And guardian blessings send;  
My soul for Thy deliverance faints,  
O bid my sorrows end.

2 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,  
And Thou a faithful God?  
O grant me now a warmer zeal  
To run the heavenly road.

3 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,  
And long to see Thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move,  
Without enlivening grace!

4 Thy Word is everlasting Truth;  
How pure is every page!  
This book divine shall guide our youth,  
And richly bless our age.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THEY hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
Because I fear my God;  
They hate to see me love Thy laws,  
And reverence Thy blest Word.

- 2 Lord, when my spirit takes its fill  
Of some good word of Thine,  
No mighty men that share the spoil  
Have joy compared to mine.
- 3 Hour after hour I lift my prayers,  
And pay my thanks to Thee,  
For Thy great hand o'er my affairs,  
And kindness, Lord, to me.
- 4 Great is their peace who love Thy law,  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor shall a great temptation draw  
Their strengthened hearts aside.
- 5 O Lord, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For Thine appearing still;  
Thy Word is ever my delight,  
And to obey Thy will!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748‡*



**I**N trouble and distress I cry,  
‘Deliver me, I pray,  
From hostile deeds and lying words  
Of those who shun Thy way.’

- 2 What fitting end shall be the due  
Of hateful, bitter hearts?  
Of minds and tongues employed with skill  
In persecuting arts?
- 3 Thy people here must dwell too long  
Among such hearts as these—  
Who will not quench the fires of hate  
Nor bid their malice cease.
- 4 But, by Thy help, to them I’ll speak  
Thy reconciling Word;  
And represent with utmost zeal  
My dear, forgiving Lord.

*Evangelical Psalter*

- J**ESUS! how my heart is pained,  
How it mourns for souls deceived,  
When I hear Thy name profaned,  
When I see Thy Spirit grieved!
- 2 Mourning thus I long had been,  
When I heard my Saviour's voice,  
'You have cause to mourn for sin,  
But in Me you must rejoice!'
- 3 This kind word dispelled my grief,  
Put to silence my complaints,  
Though of sinners I am chief,  
He has ranked me with His saints.
- 4 Though constrained to dwell awhile  
Where the wicked strive and brawl,  
Let them rage, but He will smile;  
Heaven will make amends for all.
- 5 Let us, then, the fight endure,  
See our Saviour looking down,  
He will make the conquest sure,  
And bestow the promised crown.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

UNTIL the hills around do I lift up  
My longing eyes,  
O! whence for me shall my salvation come,  
From whence arise?  
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,  
From God the Lord, Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved;  
Safe shalt thou be.  
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,  
Who keepeth thee.  
Behold our God, the Lord, Who slumbers ne'er,  
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,  
Thy changeless shade,  
Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand  
Himself hath made.  
And thee, no sun by day shall ever smite,  
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,  
From every sin;  
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,  
Thy coming in.  
Above thee watching, He, Whom we adore,  
Shall keep thee henceforth, and for evermore.

*James Douglas Sutherland Campbell, 1845-1914*

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid;  
The God Who built the skies  
And earth and nature made:  
He is my tower,  
To which I fly,  
Whose grace is nigh  
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide  
Or fall to Satan's snares,  
While God my guard and guide  
Defends me from my fears:  
Those watchful eyes  
That never sleep  
His children keep  
When dangers rise.

3 No trial of night or day—  
Temptation dark or fair—  
Shall steal my soul away  
If God be with me there;  
Lord of all power—  
I lean on Thee  
To strengthen me  
Through every hour.

4 For Thou hast given Thy Word,  
To guide my soul right through;  
And I can trust my Lord  
To save and keep me too;  
Whate'er betide,  
Thy sovereign will  
Shall draw me still  
To Jesus' side.

**H**OW pleased and blest was I  
To hear the people cry,  
'Come, let us seek our God today!'  
Yes, with a cheerful zeal  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round:  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray and praise, and hear  
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son  
Has fixed His royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgement there:  
He bids the saints be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait,  
To bless the soul of every guest:  
The man that seeks thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
'Peace to this sacred house!'  
For there my friends and kindred dwell;  
And, since my glorious God  
Makes thee His blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

OUR special day, O Lord, has come  
That calls us to Thy earthly home,  
Thy glories to proclaim;  
With joy the summons we attend,  
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,  
And call upon Thy name.

- 2 We see with faith's enraptured eyes  
The Heaven-built towers of Zion rise,  
The works of God survey;  
We think of mansions that contain  
Angels and saints, a glorious train,  
Shining with cloudless day.
- 3 There from the earth's remotest end,  
All the redeemed of God ascend,  
Their triumph-song to sing;  
There, crowned with everlasting joy,  
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
They hail the immortal King.
- 4 There in Thy house not made with hands  
May we amid the heavenly bands  
Thy glorious name adore;  
There all Thy works of grace resound  
When of *this* house no trace is found,  
And time shall be no more.

*James Merrick, 1720-69,  
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*

UNTUNTO Thee I lift my eyes,  
Thou that dwellest in the skies;  
At Thy throne I meekly bow,  
Thou canst save, and only Thou.

- 2 As a servant marks his lord,  
As a maid her mistress' word,  
So I watch and wait on Thee,  
Till Thy mercy visit me.
- 3 Let Thy face upon me shine,  
Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine;  
Poor and lowly though I be,  
I have all in having Thee.
- 4 Here Thy children's common lot  
Is to be despised, forgot;  
But with Thee to make it up,  
Lord, I ask no better cup.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**H**AD not the Lord, my heart may cry,  
Had not the Lord been on my side;  
Had He not brought deliverance nigh,  
Then must my helpless soul have died.

- 2 Had not the Lord been on my side,  
I to this day enslaved would be,  
Swallowed by sin's relentless tide,  
Destined to hell's captivity.
- 3 Had not my Saviour loved so well,  
My just deserts would o'er me roll;  
Soon floods of wrath and depths of hell,  
Would overwhelm my anguished soul.
- 4 As from the snare with broken hasp,  
The bird escapes on eager wings,  
The soul set free from Satan's grasp  
Bursts forth to freedom, mounts and sings.
- 5 I'll sing the Lord my Saviour's praise,  
Maker of all below, above;  
Here and in Heaven my voice I'll raise,  
To speak His saving power and love.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825†*



**W**HO in the Lord confide,  
And feel His sprinkled blood,  
In storms and hurricanes abide  
Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast and fixed and sure,  
His Zion cannot move;  
His faithful people stand secure,  
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem  
The hills defensive rise,  
So God protects and covers them  
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,  
And for His Zion cares;  
And safe in His almighty hands  
Their souls for ever bears.

5 But let them still abide  
In Thee, all gracious Lord,  
Let every one be sanctified,  
And perfectly restored.

6 All those of heart sincere  
Continue to defend;  
And do them good, and save them here,  
And love them to the end.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**W**HEN God revealed His gracious name,  
And changed my lost estate,  
I seemed transported in a dream,  
The grace appeared so great!

2 When those around me saw the change  
Pervading all my ways,  
They owned a work of power strange,  
And mused upon Thy grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
And give us day for night,  
Cause tears of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.

4 Though Gospel seed lies long in dust,  
Our prayerful hopes remain;  
That living Word can ne'er be lost,  
Nor ever preached in vain.

5 Let all who sow in longing, wait,  
Till Thy sure blessings come;  
For soon shall we, with sheaves so great,  
Return rejoicing home.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

VAIN the toiling of the builder  
Where a home knows not the Lord;  
Vain the watching over loved ones  
Where there is no help from God.

- 2 Vain are all the years of labour,  
Times of trial and distress,  
And, without God's love and favour,  
Vain the talents we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hopes of Heaven  
That on human strength rely;  
But to them shall help be given  
Who in humble faith apply.
- 4 Let us seek the Lord's Anointed,  
And His pardon, life and peace;  
Souls are never disappointed  
Who, through Christ, their prayer address.
- 5 May our lives bring light and blessing  
And redemption to the young;  
May they, Jesus' love confessing,  
Swell the everlasting song.

*Harriet Auber, 1773-1862*

**H**OW blest are they who fear the Lord  
And walk by His unerring Word;  
Their labours meet with great success,  
And all their days see happiness.

- 2 Family blessings will be found  
With those who love the Gospel's sound;  
Kindred shall bow their hearts to grace,  
And taste God's mercy, power and peace.
- 3 O may our homes and lives abide  
Beneath the smile of our dear Guide;  
To serve His cause let us aspire,  
Be this our first and best desire.
- 4 Within His kingdom shall the Lord  
Bless with the comforts of His Word,  
Grant us—and ours—to see and know  
The good of Zion here below.
- 5 On shall we go from strength to strength,  
Till Heav'n's bright morning breaks at length,  
And calls to that sublime reward:  
How blest are they who fear the Lord!

*Evangelical Psalter*

**M**ANY times since days of youth  
(May believers say),  
Foes devoid of love and truth  
Hurt us day by day.

2 Yet they never can prevail  
God defends us still;  
Jesus' power can never fail,  
Saving from all ill.

3 God has Zion set apart,  
For His dwelling-place.  
Sons of wrath and cunning art,  
Never see His face.

4 For His own the Lord doth fight,  
So on Him depend.  
Christ shall keep us day and night,  
Till our troubles end.

*John Beaumont, c 1834‡*

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,  
Lord, hear my voice of pleading;  
Bend down Thy gracious ear, I pray,  
Thy humble servant heeding.  
If Thou remember each misdeed,  
And of each thought and word take heed,  
Who shall abide Thy presence?

- 2 Thy pardon is a gift of love,  
Thy grace alone must save us,  
Our works will not our guilt remove,  
The strictest life would fail us.  
Let none in their own merits boast,  
But let us own the Holy Ghost  
Alone can make us righteous.
- 3 Though great our sins and sore our woes  
His grace much more aboundeth;  
His helping love no limit knows,  
Our utmost need it soundeth.  
Our kind and faithful Shepherd He,  
Who shall set all His people free  
From all their sin and sorrow.

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78‡*

FROM sorrow's depths I cry, O Lord, to Thee:  
Lord, hear my call;  
I love Thee, Lord, for Thou dost heed my plea,  
Forgiving all;  
If Thou shouldst mark our sins, who then could stand?  
But grace and mercy dwell at Thy right hand.

2 I wait for God, the Lord, and on His Word  
My hope relies;  
My soul still waits, and looks unto the Lord,  
Till light arise;  
I look for Him to drive away my night,  
Yea, more than watchmen look for morning light.

3 Hope in the Lord, as praying saints, and He  
Will well provide;  
For mercy and redemption full and free  
With Him abide;  
From sin and evil, mighty though they seem,  
His arm almighty will His saints redeem.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart;  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art;  
Make me as a weanèd child,  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt today provide  
Let me as a child receive;  
What tomorrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone,  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.



LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
LORD Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.

- 2 From the time that Thee I know,  
Nothing shall I seek below,  
Aim at nothing great or high,  
Lowly both in heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Awed into a little child;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 4 Father, fix my soul on Thee;  
Every evil let me flee;  
Nothing want, beneath, above,  
Happy only in Thy love!
- 5 O that all might seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined!  
Him let Zion still adore,  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

WHERE shall we go to seek and find  
The habitation of our God?  
The dwelling of the eternal mind  
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

- 2 God, our Creator, chose the hill  
Of Zion for His ancient rest,  
He keeps His earthly dwelling still:  
The church is with His presence blest.
- 3 Here has He fixed His gracious throne,  
To reign in every age as Lord;  
Here is His power and love made known,  
Through the unfolding of His Word.
- 4 Here will He meet the hungry poor,  
To fill their souls with living bread;  
And all who wait before this door,  
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 People unable to contain  
Their inward joys shall loudly sing;  
The promised Saviour here shall reign,  
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 6 Jesus shall see a numerous seed  
Born to uphold His glorious name;  
His crown shall flourish on His head  
While all His foes are clothed with shame.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

HOW pleasant here to see  
Kindred and friends agree,  
And each fulfil their part  
With sympathising heart,  
To one another look, and move  
In all the cares of life, and love.

2 How like the ointment shed  
On Aaron's priestly head,  
That spread its rich perfume,  
And pleasure filled the room:  
Divinely rich, divinely sweet,  
The place where zeal and friendship meet!

3 Like fruitful showers of rain  
That water all the plain,  
Such streams of pleasure roll  
Through every friendly soul:  
Descending from the neighbouring hills,  
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**OW beautiful the sight!  
Believers who agree  
In friendship to unite,  
With bonds of charity.  
'Tis like the precious ointment shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill  
The cups of Hermon's flowers,  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
Bright with the drops of showers,  
When mingling fragrances abound,  
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands  
Blessings, a boundless store,  
From His unsparing hands,  
With life for evermore;  
Thrice happy they who meet above  
To spend eternity in love.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

WHEN all are sweetly joined,  
True followers of the Lamb,  
All one in heart and mind,  
Who think and speak the same:  
When such in love together dwell  
The comfort is unspeakable.

2 Where fellowship takes place,  
The joys of Heaven we prove;  
This is that Gospel grace,  
The unction from above:  
The Spirit on believers shed,  
Descending down from Christ our Head.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
For us the gift received,  
For us, and all the rest  
Who have in Him believed:  
Forth from our Head the blessing goes  
And over true disciples flows.

4 E'en now our Lord doth pour  
This bounty from above,  
A kindly, gracious shower  
Of heart-reviving love;  
The former and the latter rain,  
The love of God and love of man!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**B**LESS the Lord, His servants,  
Ministers of God,  
Privileged to serve Him,  
Bearers of the Word.

2 Think not on the sorrows,  
Nor in trials sigh;  
Think upon the blessings  
Poured out from on high.

3 Bless your God and Saviour,  
Source of life and power;  
Surely He will help you  
Serve Him every hour.

4 Seek His kindly favour,  
Praise Him night and day;  
Gratitude sustains you  
In your Master's way.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,  
Sing of the attributes divine:  
Holiness, wisdom, power, and love—  
Unchanging God—all these are Thine.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for He is good;  
To praise His name is sweet employ,  
He from of old His Church has loved,  
And makes her still His special joy.
- 3 The Lord Himself still leads His saints,  
And treats His servants as His friends;  
Hears all their cries and knows their trials,  
And, in His time, deliverance sends.
- 4 O praise the Lord! from this blest house  
For such a wealth of life and light;  
Dwellers within His royal courts  
Sing of His kindness, grace and might.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**G**IVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown;  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save  
From guilt and darkness and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,  
And leads us to His heavenly seat:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.



**G**IVE thanks to God Most High,  
The universal Lord;  
The sovereign King of kings,  
And be His love adored;  
His power and grace  
Are still the same;  
So let His name  
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is His hand!  
What wonders He has done!  
He formed the earth and seas,  
And spread the skies alone.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides Thy Word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun  
To bless the day with light;  
The moon and numerous stars  
To cheer the hours of night.  
His power and grace  
Are still the same;  
So let His name  
Have endless praise.

4 He saw the nations lie  
All perishing in sin,  
And pitied the lost state  
This ruined world was in.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides Thy Word.

- 5 He sent His only Son  
To save us from our woe,  
From Satan, sin and death,  
And every hurtful foe.  
His power and grace  
Are still the same;  
So let His name  
Have endless praise.
- 6 Give thanks aloud to God,  
The Lord our heavenly King;  
Let all upon the earth  
His works and glories sing.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides Thy Word.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**A**RISE, despondent saints,  
Your hymns of worship take,  
And loud in praise of mighty love  
Bid every note awake.

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

3 His grace will, to the end,  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Not present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench His light divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,  
And lose the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our Lord,  
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control;  
His lovingkindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

6 Wait till the shadows flee;  
Wait the appointed hour;  
Wait till the guardian of your soul  
Reveals His sovereign power.

7 The people of His choice  
God will not cast away,  
And they who wait upon the Lord  
Shall their salvation see.

FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Saviour's side,  
I often long that He would come  
That I may there abide.

2 Upon the willows, long,  
My harp has silent hung;  
How can I sing a worthy song  
Till Heav'n inspires my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,  
There would I long to be,  
My heart looks up, desires and yearns  
That home of love to see.

4 Homeward I therefore press,  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass this wilderness  
To reach my Lord's abode?

5 Lord of my life, draw near,  
On Thee my hopes I cast:  
O guide me through this desert drear,  
And bring me home at last!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*

**W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
May nothing mar the song I raise,  
Nor earthly idols steal Thy praise.

- 2 I'll sing Thy Truth and mercy, Lord,  
And the great wonders of Thy Word;  
Not all Thy works on earth below,  
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 To Thee I cried in my distress,  
In mercy Thou didst hear and bless,  
And did my doubts and fears control,  
Imparting strength through all my soul.
- 4 The King of Heaven maintains His state,  
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;  
But from His throne descends to know  
Repenting sinners here below.
- 5 Troubled by numerous snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;  
Thy comforts keep my soul alive,  
And bid my downcast heart revive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins;  
The work our Saviour undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*

**L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh and all my powers.  
My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known.

2 Within Thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find Thy hand:  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
Thy power surrounds me still, O Lord!  
Amazing knowledge! vast and great!  
Far as all length and breadth and height!

3 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin while Thou art there!  
Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit Thy service and Thy love?

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**L**ORD, Thou hast searched me, and dost know  
Where'er I rest, where'er I go;  
Thou knowest all that I have planned,  
And all my ways are in Thy hand.  
My words from Thee I cannot hide;  
I feel Thy power on every side.

2 O wondrous knowledge, awful might,  
Unfathomed depth, unmeasured height!  
Where can I go apart from Thee,  
Or whither from Thy presence flee?  
In Heaven?—it is Thy dwelling fair;  
In death's abode?—lo, Thou art there.

3 If I the wings of morning take,  
And far away my dwelling make,  
The hand that leads me, still is Thine,  
And my support Thy power divine;  
If deepest darkness cover me,  
The darkness hideth not from Thee.

4 To Thee both night and day are bright,  
The darkness shineth as the light.  
All that I am I owe to Thee;  
Thy wisdom, Lord, has fashioned me;  
I give my Maker humblest praise,  
Whose wondrous works my soul amaze.

ALL that I am I owe to Thee,  
Thy wisdom, Lord, has fashioned me;  
I give my Maker humblest praise,  
Whose wondrous works my soul amaze.

- 2 Ere into being I was brought,  
Thine eye did see, and in Thy thought  
My life in all its perfect plan  
Was ordered, ere my days began.
- 3 Thy thoughts, O God, how manifold,  
More precious unto me than gold!  
I muse on their infinity;  
Awaking, I am still with Thee.
- 4 Search me, O God, my heart discern,  
Try me, my inmost thought to learn;  
And lead me, if in sin I stray,  
To choose the everlasting way.



WHEN I in awe and wonder stand  
My being to survey,  
I marvel, Lord, and own Thy hand,  
That formed my human clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and soul possessed  
When unborn nature grew;  
Thy wisdom all my features traced,  
And all my members drew.

3 My life in awe and wonder stands  
The product of Thy skill;  
And hourly blessings from Thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

4 Lord, when I count Thy mercies o'er,  
I'm humbled in surprise;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.

5 These, on my heart, by night I keep,  
How kind, how dear to me!  
O may the hour of my last sleep  
Find all my thoughts with Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**B**ELIEVERS, like their Lord of old,  
Must bear with foes and trials here:  
Yet may the weakest saint be bold,  
With such a Friend as Jesus near.

- 2 The lion's roar need not alarm,  
O Lord, the weakest of Thy sheep;  
The serpent's venom cannot harm,  
While Thou art near to watch and keep.
- 3 Before, when dangers round me spread,  
I cried to my almighty Friend;  
He covered my defenceless head;  
So now I'll trust Him to the end.
- 4 O refuge of the poor and weak,  
Regard Thy suffering people's cry;  
Humble the proud, uphold the meek,  
And bring us safe to Thee on high.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**O** LORD, accept my prayers, my vows,  
Earnest and sweet in morning hours,  
And let my nightly worship rise  
Fragrant as evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From every rash and heedless word,  
Nor let my heart incline to rove  
Into the sins that worldlings love.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
See and reprove my wandering way;  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall only heal and cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold *them* pressed with grief,  
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove,  
How much I prize their faithful love.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

- I** CRIED unto the Lord my God,  
I raised my voice in prayer,  
I showed Him all my troubled paths,  
Who for my soul did care.
- 2 My spirit overwhelmed with grief,  
Was more than I could bear,  
But in this world I knew of none  
Who for my soul could care.
- 3 I turned from vanities of earth,  
And pleasures light as air,  
And asked the Lord to be my God,  
And for my soul to care.
- 4 ‘O be my refuge from all guilt,  
And lift me from despair;  
Be Thou my only portion here,  
And for my lost soul care.
- 5 ‘A weak and helpless sinner I,  
Held in the tempter’s snare;  
O bring me out of bondage, Thou  
Who for my soul can care.’
- 6 A life so new and so divine,  
With blessings high and fair,  
Descended from my pardoning God,  
Who for my soul did care!

*Evangelical Psalter*

WHEN Satan my accuser  
Has so oppressed my heart,  
That all my joys are smitten  
And sacred hopes depart;  
And when I dwell in darkness,  
As those whose souls are dead,  
And sorrows overwhelming  
Invade and rule my head . . .

- 2 Then in my desolation  
I muse on days gone by:  
Review God's gracious blessings,  
His power from on high,  
His hand of lovingkindness  
That saved a wretch like me,  
And brought me out of bondage  
The path of life to see.
- 3 Reflecting on the goodness  
And mercies of the Lord,  
Then tracing all the wonders  
Discovered in His Word;  
And thinking of the trials  
Once brought to Him in prayer,  
And all His answering kindness,  
I feel, once more, His care!
- 4 How can I doubt my Saviour?  
I stretch my hands again,  
And thirst for further tokens  
Of my eternal gain;  
O Lord, I'll trust Thy promise,  
Thy faithfulness and love;  
Come, lead me ever onward  
To Thy dear land above.

**B**LEST be the Lord, our strength, our tower,  
Our Saviour full of saving power,  
And source of wondrous love;  
A shield and hiding-place for all  
Who, needing life and pardon, call  
For blessing from above.

2 Lord, what is man to gain Thine eye?  
That Thou dost follow from on high  
His moments and his ways?  
To Thee our lives are but a breath,  
A shadow fleeting fast to death,  
Of brief and sinful days.

3 O bow the heavens and descend;  
In mercy save us and defend  
Against eternal foes;  
From Satan's strong and subtle lies,  
And hell's alluring, sinful ties—  
An endless tide of woes!

4 May needy sinners turn to Thee,  
A rising generation see  
The saving love of God.  
Our garners fill with wheat divine,  
And blessedness upon us shine,  
Our ever-living God.

*Evangelical Psalter*

**O** LORD, Thou art my God and King,  
And I will ever bless Thy name,  
I will extol Thee every day,  
And evermore Thy praise proclaim.

2 The Lord is greatly to be praised;  
His greatness is beyond our thought;  
From age to age His people shall  
Speak of the wonders God has wrought.

3 The Lord our God is rich in grace,  
Most tender and compassionate,  
His anger is most slow to rise,  
His lovingkindness is so great.

4 Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord,  
For ever strong and ever sure;  
While generations come and go  
Still Thy dominion shall endure.

5 The Lord upholds the faltering feet,  
And makes the weak securely stand,  
The burdened ones, bowed down with grief,  
Are helped by His most gracious hand.

6 The Lord is just in all His ways,  
In all His works the Lord is kind,  
And all that call on Him in truth,  
In Him a present helper find.

**L**ONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,  
My King, my God of love;  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,  
And let His praise be great:  
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
Many who hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,  
And children learn Thy ways,  
Ages to come Thy Truth proclaim,  
And nations sound Thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall through the world be known;  
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,  
With public splendour shown.

6 This world is governed by Thy hands,  
Thy saints are ruled by love;  
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.



- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I place in man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:  
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,  
Their thoughts are gone within an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy are they whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
His Truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 The Lord has eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace:  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

**O** PRAISE the Lord, 'tis good to raise  
The grateful heart to God in praise;  
When fallen, raised; when lost, restored;  
O, it is good to praise the Lord!

- 2 Great is His power, divine His skill,  
His love diviner, greater still;  
The sinner's Friend, the mourner's stay,  
He sends no seeking soul away.
- 3 The lions roar to Him for bread,  
The ravens by His hand are fed;  
And shall His chosen flock despair?  
Shall they mistrust their Shepherd's care?
- 4 His Church is precious in His sight;  
He makes her glory His delight,  
His treasures on her head are poured;  
O Zion's children, praise the Lord.
- 5 Such wonders of His love and grace  
Are given to His chosen race;  
To those He loves He shows His Word;  
O, it is good to praise the Lord!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*

**P**RAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise,  
Our hearts and voices in His praise:  
His nature and His works invite  
To make this service our delight.

- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
Eternal wisdom knows no bound:  
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 He bids the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food His hand supplies,  
And hearkens to a thousand cries.
- 4 What is the creature's skill or fame?  
Or features of our human frame?  
The vaunted mind, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for Him.
- 5 But saints are lovely in His sight,  
He views believers with delight;  
He sees their hopes, and knows their fear,  
And owns and loves His image there.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**P**RAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore Him;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord, His name confessing,  
Young and old, before His throne,  
Worship, honour, power and blessing  
Render to the Lord alone.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:  
Never shall His promise fail;  
God has made His saints victorious;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

LET every creature join and sing  
To praise the eternal God;  
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound His name abroad.

- 2 He made the sun and stars above,  
And fixed their ordered frame;  
By His command they stand or move,  
And ever show His name.
- 3 By all His works below, above,  
His honours are expressed,  
But they who taste His saving love  
Should sing His praises best.
- 4 Wonder and awe by all be shown,  
His power and love to raise;  
God is the Lord, His name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.
- 5 Let nature's myriad works of art  
The hand divine attest;  
But they who live so near His heart,  
Must sing His praises best.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**O** PRAISE ye the Lord  
With heart and with voice;  
His mercies record,  
And round Him rejoice.  
O children of Zion,  
Your Saviour adore!  
And learn to rely on  
His grace evermore.

2 Repose on His arm,  
Ye sheep of His fold;  
What terror can harm  
With Him to uphold?  
His saints are His treasure,  
Their peace will He seek;  
And pour without measure  
His gifts on the meek.

3 Go on in His might,  
All saints of the Lord;  
His Word be your light,  
His promise your sword.  
The King of salvation  
His foes will subdue;  
And their degradation  
Bring glory to you.

**P**REPARE a new song,  
Your maker to praise  
Amidst the great throng,  
His honours to raise,  
O Zion, with praises  
Your Saviour adore,  
Exulting in Jesus,  
Your King evermore!

- 2 Surrounding His throne  
With sacred delight,  
Let Jesus alone  
Your praises invite:  
Your voices combining  
Touch every sweet string,  
In harmony joining,  
The Saviour to sing!
- 3 Ye saints of the Lord,  
As round Him you stand,  
His two-edged sword,  
His Word, in your hand,  
To sound His high praises  
Your voices employ!  
To victory He raises,  
And crowns you with joy.
- 4 In vengeance He comes;  
The nations draw near;  
His throne He resumes;  
His judgements appear:  
There kings fall before Him,  
No princes rebel,  
And sinners before Him  
Sink trembling to hell.

5 Then, raised from the dust,  
His Church shall proclaim,  
Thy judgements are just,  
And faithful Thy name;  
This honour for ever  
His saints shall attend;  
Let praise to the Saviour  
In triumph ascend!

*William Goode, 1762-1816*



**O** PRAISE ye the Lord!  
Praise Him in the height;  
Rejoice in His word,  
Ye angels of light;  
Ye heavens, adore Him  
By Whom ye were made,  
And worship before Him  
In brightness arrayed.

2 O praise ye the Lord!  
Praise Him upon earth,  
In tuneful accord,  
Ye sons of new birth;  
Praise Him Who has brought you  
His grace from above;  
Praise Him Who has taught you  
To sing of His love.

3 O praise ye the Lord!  
His mighty acts sound;  
Let triumphant chord  
Re-echo around;  
His power and His glory  
Forth tell in deep tone,  
And sweet voice the story  
Of what He has done.

4 O praise ye the Lord!  
Thanksgiving and song  
To Him be outpoured  
All ages along:  
For love in creation,  
For Heaven restored,  
For grace of salvation,  
O praise ye the Lord!

COME, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise;  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy Word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, Who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

4 To the Great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence evermore:  
His sovereign majesty,  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

**W**E give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And better hopes above.  
He sent His own eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with His blood  
From everlasting woe;  
And now He lives and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live.  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honours done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One.  
Where reason fails, with all her powers,  
There faith prevails and love adores.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,  
O God! on all assembled here:  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.

- 2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!  
May we Thy true disciples be;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me.'
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of Truth! and fill the place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,  
One true eternal God confessed,  
May nought in life or death divide  
The saints in Thy communion blessed.
- 5 With Thee and Thine for ever found,  
May all the souls who here unite,  
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,  
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

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

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

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

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

*Ann Gilbert, 1782-1866*

**T**O Him that chose us first,  
Before the world began;  
To Him that bore the curse  
To save rebellious man;  
To Him that formed our hearts anew,  
Is endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs;  
We bring to God the Son  
The praises of our tongues;  
Our lips address the Spirit's name  
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever bless and love  
The sacred Three in One:  
Thus Heaven shall raise His honours high,  
When earth and time grow old and die.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**F**ATHER of Heaven, Whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls has found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son!  
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

*Edward Cooper, 1770-1833*

**G**OD is in His temple,  
 The almighty Father,  
 Round His footstool let us gather:  
 Him with adoration  
 Serve, the Lord most holy,  
 Who has mercy on the lowly;  
 Let us raise  
 Hymns of praise  
 For His great salvation:  
 God is in His temple!

- 2 Christ comes to His temple:  
 We, His Word receiving,  
 Are made happy in believing.  
 Lo! from sin delivered,  
 He has turned our sadness,  
 Our deep gloom, to light and gladness!  
 Let us raise  
 Hymns of praise,  
 For our bonds are severed:  
 Christ comes to His temple!
- 3 Come and claim Thy temple,  
 Gracious Holy Spirit!  
 In our hearts Thy home inherit:  
 Make in us Thy dwelling,  
 Thy high work fulfilling,  
 Into ours Thy will instilling,  
 Till we raise  
 Hymns of praise  
 Beyond mortal telling,  
 In the eternal temple.



THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love.  
Jehovah, great I AM!  
By earth and Heaven confessed;  
We bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At Whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand;  
We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
And Him our only portion make,  
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide us all our happy days,  
In all our ways:  
He is our faithful Friend;  
He is our gracious God;  
And He will save us to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

4 Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way  
At His command.  
That heavenly land we see,  
With peace and plenty blessed;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
Our endless rest.

- 5     There dwells the Lord our King,  
       The Lord our Righteousness!  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
       The Prince of Peace.  
       On Zion's sacred height,  
       His kingdom He maintains;  
And glorious with His saints in light,  
       For ever reigns!
- 6     The whole triumphant host  
       Give thanks to God on high:  
       'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'  
       They ever cry.  
       Hail, Abraham's God and ours!  
       We join the heavenly lays;  
And celebrate with all our powers  
       His endless praise.

*Thomas Olivers, 1725-99*

- H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,  
That infinite Unknown?  
Who can ascend His high abode,  
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! He dwells  
Concealed in dazzling light;  
But His all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,  
Survey the world around;  
His wisdom is a boundless deep,  
Whose depths we cannot sound.
- 4 He knows no shadow of a change,  
Nor alters His decrees;  
Firm as a rock His Truth remains,  
To guard His promises.
- 5 Justice upon an awesome throne  
Maintains the rights of God;  
While mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 6 Now to my soul, immortal King,  
Speak Thy forgiving word,  
That it may be my joy to sing  
The mercies of my Lord.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** EVERLASTING Light,  
On our dark souls now shine,  
Flood hearts and minds, and give us sight  
To look on things divine.

2 O everlasting Truth,  
Truest of all that's true,  
Sure Guide of erring age and youth,  
Lead us, and teach us too.

3 O everlasting Health,  
From Whom all healing springs;  
Our happiness, our bliss, our wealth,  
To Thee our spirit clings.

4 O everlasting Love,  
Fountain of grace and peace,  
Pour down Thy fulness from above,  
Bid all contention cease.

5 O everlasting Strength,  
Uphold us in the way;  
Bring us through trials all at length  
To the eternal day.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89†*

**B**EGIN my tongue a heavenly theme,  
Of boundless wonders sing:  
The mighty works and holy name  
Of our eternal King!

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His love abroad;  
Sing of the promises of grace,  
And the fulfilling Lord!
- 3 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 He Who can dash the stars to death,  
And make them as He please;  
He speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfils His great decrees.
- 5 O, might I hear His heavenly tongue  
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my Heaven secure!  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

**W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God,  
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad:  
All nations bow before Thy throne,  
And Thee the eternal Father own.

- 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim:  
The heavens and all the powers on high  
With rapture constantly do cry—
- 3 ‘O holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Thou God of hosts, by all adored;  
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,  
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.’
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng  
And swell the loud immortal song;  
Prophets enraptured hear the sound  
And spread the hallelujahs round.
- 5 Victorious martyrs join their praise  
And sing the omnipotence of grace,  
While all Thy Church through all the earth  
Acknowledge and extol Thy worth.
- 6 Glory to Thee, O God most high!  
Father, we praise Thy majesty,  
The Son, the Spirit, we adore:  
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

*(Te Deum Laudamus, first part)*  
*Gell's Collection, 1815*

- G**REAT God! how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee!
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Long after empires fade.
- 3 All time and nature open lie  
To Thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning Day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in Thy view;  
To Thee there's nothing old appears—  
And Lord, there's nothing new!
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While Thine eternal will moves on  
Unchanging through the years.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art Thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to Thee!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**OW shall I sing that majesty  
 Which angels do admire?  
 Let dust in dust and silence lie  
 While sings the heavenly choir.  
 Thousands of thousands stand around  
 Thy throne, O God most high;  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
 Thy praise; but who am I?

- 2 Thy brightness unto *them* appears;  
 Whilst *I* Thy footsteps trace  
 A sound of God comes to my ears,  
 But *they* behold Thy face.  
 They sing because Thou art their sun;  
 Lord, send a beam on me;  
 For where Heaven is but once begun  
 There hallelujahs be.
- 3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,  
 In flame it with love's fire;  
 Then shall I sing and bear a part  
 With that celestial choir.  
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,  
 With all my fire and light;  
 Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,  
 Lord, treasure up my mite.
- 4 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,  
 Which doth all beings keep!  
 Thy knowledge is the only line  
 To sound so vast a deep.  
 Thou art a sea without a shore,  
 A sun without a sphere;  
 Thy time is now and evermore,  
 Thy place is everywhere.



**E**TERNAL Power! Whose high abode  
Befits the grandeur of our God—  
Unending space beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face beneath his wings,  
And throngs of shining ones around,  
Fall worshipping upon the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,  
And we have learned to speak Thy name;  
But O, the glories of Thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in Heaven, and we below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few!  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
While awe and wonder rule our tongues.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**T**HE Lord is King! lift up your voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice;  
From world to world the joy shall ring:  
‘The Lord omnipotent is King!’

- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just;  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns:  
And He is at the Father’s side,  
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;  
He will present them at the throne;  
And angel bands are waiting there  
His messages of love to bear.
- 6 One Lord and Saviour all secures;  
He reigns, and life and death are yours,  
Through earth and Heaven one song shall ring,  
‘The Lord omnipotent is King!’

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

CAN mortals understand or find  
The perfect, uncreated Mind?  
And can the greatest human thought  
Measure and search God's nature out?

- 2 'Tis high as Heaven, and deep as well;  
What can mere mortals know or tell?  
His glory spreads beyond the sky  
And all the starry worlds on high.
- 3 God is a King of power unknown;  
Firm are the orders from His throne;  
If He resolves—who dare oppose,  
Or ask Him why, or what He does?
- 4 Man has a soul of vast desires,  
And burns within with restless fires;  
In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind.
- 5 Where can I fix my hopes secure?  
Lord, on Thy Word, which shall endure;  
Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,  
My mental darkness turns to day.
- 6 Here, through the veil of flesh I see,  
And sacred wonders dawn on me;  
I see the God of power and grace,  
And look into my Saviour's face.

*Cento from Isaac Watts, 1674-1748‡*

**B**RIGHT the vision that delighted  
Once the sight of Judah's seer;  
Sweet the countless tongues united  
To entrance the prophet's ear:

*'Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven;  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!'*

- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn:
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Saints take up the angels' cry,  
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,  
'Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high':
- 4 With His seraph-train before Him,  
With His ransomed church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we now our praises flow:

*Richard Mant, 1776-1848*

**H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

*Reginald Heber, 1783-1826*

**W**AIT, O my soul, your Maker's will:  
Tumultuous passions, all be still,  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise:  
His ways are just, His counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs His work, the cause conceals;  
And, though His footsteps are unknown,  
Judgement and truth support His throne.
- 3 In Heaven and earth, in air and seas,  
He executes His wise decrees:  
And by His saints it stands confessed,  
That what He does is always best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
With reverence bow before His seat;  
And even though He shows His rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*

COME, humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For He is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all His ways.

- 2 All nature owns His guardian care,  
In Him we live and move;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of His love.
- 3 He gave His Son, His only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
'Tis here He makes His goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies:  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard  
The souls that trust in Thee;  
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to Thine almighty love,  
What honours shall we raise?  
Not all the raptured songs above  
Can render equal praise.

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

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born:  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*



**G**REAT God of wonders! all Thy ways  
Display the attributes divine;  
But countless acts of pardoning grace,  
Beyond Thine other wonders shine:

*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?*

2 Such dire offences to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And in the honour none shall share:

3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
We take the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,  
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:

4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,  
This matchless miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise  
And all the angelic choirs above:

*Samuel Davies, 1723-61*

**O** LOVE of God, how strong and true!  
Eternal and yet ever new;  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

- 2 O Love of God, how deep and great!  
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;  
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,  
Changeless, eternal, infinite.
- 3 We read Thee in the flowers, the trees,  
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,  
The songs of birds upon the wing,  
The joy of summer and of spring.
- 4 We read Thee best in Him Who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame,  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 5 We read Thy power to bless and save  
E'en in the darkness of the grave;  
Still more in resurrection light,  
We read the fulness of Thy might.
- 6 O Love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way;  
Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blest!

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

**O** HEAVENLY King,  
Look down from above!  
Assist us to sing  
Thy mercy and love:  
So sweetly o'erflowing,  
So plenteous the store,  
Thou still art bestowing,  
And giving us more.

2 Our Father and Lord,  
Almighty art Thou;  
Preserved by Thy Word,  
We worship Thee now;  
The bountiful giver  
Of all we enjoy,  
Our tongues to Thine honour,  
And lives we employ.

3 But O! above all,  
Thy kindness we praise,  
From sin and from hell  
It saves the lost race;  
Thy Son Thou hast given  
The world to redeem,  
And bring us to Heaven  
Whose trust is in Him.

4 Of such boundless love  
We sing and rejoice,  
With angels above  
We lift up our voice:  
Thy love each believer  
Shall gladly adore,  
For ever and ever,  
When time is no more.

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,  
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

- 2 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;  
'Twas Jesus, in mercy, Who hung on the tree,  
And opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;  
O'ercome by Thy goodness, pride falls to the ground,  
And awe fills my soul at the mercy I've found.
- 4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day,  
To souls poor and needy, who knock by the way;  
Not one is rejected of all those who came,  
Appealing for mercy in Jesus' dear name.
- 5 Great Father of mercies! Thy goodness I own,  
The covenant love of Thy crucified Son;  
All praise to the Spirit, Whose whisper divine  
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

*Joseph Stocker, pub 1776*

**P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To Him that earth's foundation laid;  
Praise to the God Whose strong decrees  
Sway all creation as He please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules His people by His Word;  
And has, as sure as His decrees,  
Set forth the kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words the Scriptures give,  
Sweet words on which God's children live:  
Here is the very voice of God  
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
Believing all the Lord has said!  
Owning the message of His Son,  
Making the joys of Heaven our own.
- 5 Then, though the earth's foundations shake,  
And all the powers of nature break,  
Our steadfast souls shall fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the present, changing skies,  
Where the eternal Builder reigns  
Who, risen souls, in joy, sustains.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**P**RAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;  
O my soul, praise Him, for He is your health and salvation;  
With joy and fear  
To God your Saviour draw near,  
Praise Him in glad adoration.

- 2 Praise to the Lord, Who so prospers your work and defends you;  
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend you;  
Ponder anew  
What the Almighty can do,  
If with His love He befriends you.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, Who, when darkness and sin are abounding,  
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,  
Sheds forth His light,  
Chasing the terrors of night,  
Saints with His mercy surrounding.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!  
All that has life and breath, come now with praises before Him!  
Let the Amen  
Sound from His people again:  
For evermore we'll adore Him.

*Joachim Neander, 1650-80†*

‘GREAT is Thy faithfulness,’ O God my Father,  
 There is no shadow of turning with Thee;  
 Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;  
 As Thou hast been Thou for ever wilt be.

*‘Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!’  
 Morning by morning new mercies I see;  
 All I have needed Thy hand has provided—  
 ‘Great is Thy faithfulness,’ Lord, unto me!*

2 Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,  
 Sun, moon and stars in their courses above,  
 Join with all nature in manifold witness  
 To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

3 Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
 Thy own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
 Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
 Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside!

*Thomas O. Chisholm, 1866-1960*

**O** WHAT matchless condescension  
The eternal God displays,  
Claiming our supreme attention  
To His boundless works and ways;  
His own glory  
He reveals in Gospel days.

- 2 In the Person of the Saviour  
All His majesty is seen;  
Love and justice shine for ever;  
And without a veil between,  
We approach Him,  
And rejoice in His dear name.
- 3 Would we view His highest glory:  
Here it shines in Jesus' face;  
Sing and tell the pleasing story,  
O ye sinners saved by grace;  
And with pleasure,  
Bid the guilty Him embrace.
- 4 In His highest work, redemption,  
See His brightest glory blaze;  
Nor can angels ever mention  
One that more of God displays.  
Grace and justice  
Here unite to endless days.
- 5 O what high and solemn pleasure,  
God to view in Christ the Lord;  
Here He smiles, and smiles for ever;  
May my soul His name record,  
Praise and bless Him,  
And His wonders spread abroad.



**I** SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.
- 4 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 5 His mighty wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn my eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze into the sky.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He guides me with His eye;  
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,  
Whose love is ever nigh?

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** GIVE thanks to Him Who made  
Morning light and evening shade:  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food:  
Quickener of our wearied powers;  
Guard of our unconscious hours.

- 2 O, give thanks to nature's King,  
Who made every breathing thing:  
His, our warm and sentient frame,  
His, the mind's immortal flame:  
O how close the ties that bind  
Spirits to the eternal Mind!
- 3 O, give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship,  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father's love to Man?
- 4 O, give thanks to Him Who came  
In a mortal, suffering Frame—  
Temple of the Deity—  
Came for rebel man to die!  
O astounding love that thus  
He should give Himself for us!

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

**H**AST thou not known, hast thou not heard,  
That firm remains on high  
The everlasting throne of Him  
Who formed the earth and sky?

2 Art thou afraid His power shall fail  
When comes thy evil day?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom as in power  
The Rock of Ages stands;  
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace  
The working of His hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart;  
And courage in the evil hour  
From Heaven He doth impart.

5 Mere human power shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease;  
But they who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.

6 They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life divine,  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,  
in Scottish Paraphrases, 1781*

ALL praise to God Who reigns above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of wonders, power and love,  
The God of our salvation:  
With healing balm my soul He fills,  
The God Who every sorrow stills—  
To God all praise and glory!

2 What God's almighty power has made  
His gracious mercy keepeth;  
By morning glow or evening shade  
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;  
Within the kingdom of His might,  
His wisdom governs all things right—  
To God all praise and glory!

3 I cried to Him in time of need,  
Lord God, O hear my calling!  
For death He gave me life indeed  
And kept my feet from falling.  
For this my thanks shall endless be,  
O thank Him, praise our God with me—  
To God all praise and glory!

4 The Lord forsaketh not His flock,  
His chosen generation;  
He is our refuge and our rock,  
Our peace and our salvation.  
As with a mother's tender hand,  
He leads His own, His chosen band—  
To God all praise and glory!

*PTO*

5 Then come before His presence now  
And banish fear and sadness;  
To your Redeemer pay your vow  
And sing with joy and gladness:  
Though great distress my soul befell,  
The Lord, my God, did all things well—  
To God all praise and glory!

*Johann Jakob Schutz, 1640-90,  
tr Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812-97*

**S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies!  
Ever gracious, ever wise!  
All my times are in Thy hand,  
All events at Thy command.

- 2 He that formed me in the womb,  
He shall guide me to the tomb;  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by His wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;  
Times of poverty and wealth;  
Times of trial and of grief;  
Times of triumph and relief;
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove;  
Times to taste a Saviour's love:  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly,  
Till He bids I cannot die:  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love thinks fit.
- 6 O Thou gracious, wise and just,  
In Thy hands my life I trust:  
Thee, at all times, will I bless;  
Having Thee, I all possess.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825*

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with ample warmth,  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my thankful heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.

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

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

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

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

7 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
For O, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

ALL my hope on God is founded;  
He doth still my trust renew,  
Me through change and chance He guideth,  
Only good and only true.  
God unknown,  
He alone  
Calls my heart to be His own.

- 2 Pride of man and earthly glory,  
Sword and crown betray his trust;  
What with care and toil he buildeth,  
Tower and temple, fall to dust.  
But God's power,  
Hour by hour,  
Is my temple and my tower.
- 3 God's great goodness lasts for ever,  
Deep His wisdom, passing thought:  
Splendour, light, and life attend Him,  
Good He bringeth out of naught.  
Evermore  
From His store  
Pleasures spring unknown before.
- 4 Daily will the almighty Giver  
Bounteous gifts on us bestow;  
His desire our soul delighteth,  
Blessing leads us where we go.  
Love doth stand  
At His hand;  
Joy will flow at His command.



5 Still from man to God eternal  
Sacrifice of praise be done,  
High above all praises praising  
For the gift of Christ His Son.  
Christ doth call  
Sinners all:  
They who follow shall not fall.

*Joachim Neander, 1650-80,  
tr Robert Seymour Bridges, 1844-1930†*

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

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

NOW thank we all our God,  
With hearts and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things has done,  
In Whom this world rejoices;  
Who, from our mothers' arms,  
Has blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours today.

2 O, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever-joyful hearts  
And His own peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him Who reigns  
With Them in highest Heaven;  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and Heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78*

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

2     Arrayed in mortal flesh  
       The Covenant Angel stands,  
       And holds the promises  
       And pardons in His hands;  
Commissioned from His Father's throne  
To make His grace to mortals known.

3     I love my Shepherd's voice;  
       His watchful eye shall keep  
       My wandering soul among  
       The thousands of His sheep:  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
And gently bears the tender lambs.

4     Be Thou my counsellor,  
       My pattern, and my guide;  
       And through this desert land  
       Still keep me near Thy side:  
O, let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

5     Now let my soul arise,  
       And tread the tempter down:  
       My Captain leads me forth  
       To conquest and a crown:  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

*PTO*

6     Should all the hosts of death,  
          And powers of hell unknown,  
          Put their most dreadful forms  
          Of rage and malice on,  
I shall be safe; for Christ displays  
Superior power and guardian grace.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

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

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

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

4 To my dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws:  
Behold my soul at freedom set!  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

5 My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows His ears  
And lays His sentence by:  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn His heart and love away.

6 My Saviour and my Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King!  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power: behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- J**ESUS! the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky:  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to Heaven.
- 3 Jesus! the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace;  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving grace proclaim;  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I might but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death:  
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*



AT the name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of Glory now.  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word:

- 2 Mighty and mysterious  
In the highest height,  
God from everlasting,  
Very Light of light,  
In the Father's bosom,  
With the Spirit blest,  
Love, in Love eternal,  
Rest, in perfect rest.
- 3 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces,  
All the hosts of light;  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders  
In their great array.
- 4 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came;  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed.

5 One day this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of Glory now.

*Caroline Maria Noel, 1817-77*

LIGHT of the world, for ever, ever shining,  
There is no change in Thee;  
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,  
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

- 2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou declinest never;  
Today shines as the past;  
All Thou hast been, Thou art, and shalt be ever,  
Brightness from first to last.
- 3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;  
Day fills up all its blue,  
Unfailing beauty and unfaltering gladness,  
And love for ever new.
- 4 Light of the world, undimming and unsetting,  
O shine each mist away!  
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;  
Be our unchanging day.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

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

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

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

4 Could we bear from one another  
What He daily bears from us?  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
Loves us though we treat Him thus;  
Though for good we render ill,  
He accounts us brethren still.

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

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 closely twine  
 Those ties which nought can sever,  
 For I am His, and He is mine,  
 For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, 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.

3 I've found a Friend, O, such a Friend!  
 All power to Him is given  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to Heaven;  
 The eternal glories gleam afar  
 To nerve my faint endeavour:  
 So now to watch, to work, to war,  
 And then to rest for ever!

4 I've found a Friend, 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, or earth, or hell?  
 No, I am His for ever!

**O** NOW, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend Who all your misery bore:  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

- 2 Jesus for you a body takes,  
Your guilt assumes, your fetters breaks,  
Discharging all your dreadful debt;  
And can you e'er such love forget?
- 3 Renounce your works and ways with grief,  
And fly to this most sure relief;  
Nor Him forget Who left His throne,  
And for your life gave up His own.
- 4 Infinite Truth and mercy shine  
In Him, and He Himself is thine:  
And can you then, with sin beset,  
Such matchless attributes forget?
- 5 Ah! no; till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And, praising Him, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah! no; when all things else expire,  
And perish in the general fire,  
This name all others shall survive,  
And through eternity shall live.

*Krishna Pal, 1764-1822,  
tr Joshua Marshman, 1768-1837*

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

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus.'

'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For He was slain for us.'

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

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

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

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- T**IS the Church triumphant singing,  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Heaven throughout with praises ringing,  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Thrones and powers before Him bending,  
 Odours sweet with voice ascending  
 Swell the chorus never ending,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 Every kindred, tongue and nation—  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Join to sing the great salvation;  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Loud as mighty thunders roaring,  
 Floods of mighty waters pouring,  
 Prostrate at His feet adoring,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding,  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Mighty grace o'er sin abounding;  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 By His blood He dearly bought us,  
 Wandering from the fold He sought us,  
 And to glory safely brought us:  
 Worthy the Lamb!
- 4 Sing with blest anticipation,  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Through the vale of tribulation,  
 Worthy the Lamb!  
 Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,  
 On the theme for ever dwelling,  
 Still untold, though ever telling,  
 Worthy the Lamb!



**G**LORY to God on high!  
Let earth to Heaven reply,  
Praising His name:  
Angels His love adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore;  
And saints cry evermore,  
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

2 All they around the throne  
Cheerfully join in one,  
Praising His name:  
We, who have felt His blood  
Sealing our peace with God,  
Spread His dear fame abroad;  
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

3 Join, all the ransomed race,  
Our Lord and God to bless:  
Praising His name:  
In Him we will rejoice,  
Making a cheerful noise,  
Singing with heart and voice,  
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

4 Though we must change our place,  
Yet shall we never cease  
Praising His name;  
To Him our love we’ll bring,  
Hail Him our glorious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
‘Worthy the Lamb!’

*PTO*

5 Then let the hosts above,  
In realms of endless love,  
    Praise His dear name;  
To Him ascribed shall be  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity,  
    ‘Worthy the Lamb!’

*James Allen, 1734-1804*

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Touch my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**T**HOU art the Way, to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

- 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm:  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win  
Whose joys eternal flow.

*George Washington Doane, 1799-1859*

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

THOU art the everlasting Word,  
The Father's only Son;  
God manifestly seen and heard,  
And Heaven's belovèd One:

*Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou  
That every knee to Thee should bow.*

- 2 In Thee most perfectly expressed  
The Father's glories shine;  
Of the full Deity possessed,  
Eternally divine:
- 3 True image of the Infinite,  
Whose essence is concealed;  
Brightness of uncreated light;  
The heart of God revealed:
- 4 But the high mysteries of Thy name  
An angel's grasp transcend;  
The Father only—glorious claim!  
The Son can comprehend:
- 5 Throughout the universe of bliss,  
The centre Thou, and sun;  
The eternal theme of praise is this,  
To Heaven's belovèd One:

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart now sings for joy;  
And praise I must, for Christ is mine,  
Christ shall my song employ.

2 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King:  
My Prophet full of light,  
My great High Priest before the throne,  
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He is truly Lord of lords,  
And He the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness  
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,  
For me He gave His blood;  
As my atoning sacrifice,  
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,  
My comfort and my love,  
My life below; and He shall be  
My glory-crown above.

*John Mason, c 1646-94*

**A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing your great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His lovingkindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His lovingkindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along;  
His lovingkindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His lovingkindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But, though I have Him oft forgot,  
His lovingkindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His lovingkindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me rise and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise,  
His lovingkindness in the skies.



**I**MMORTAL honours rest on Jesus' head;  
My God, my portion, and my living bread;  
In Him I live, upon Him cast my care;  
He saves from death, destruction and despair.

- 2 He is my refuge in each deep distress;  
The Lord my strength and glorious righteousness;  
Through floods and flames He leads me safely on,  
And daily makes His sovereign goodness known.
- 3 My every need He richly will supply,  
Nor will His mercy ever let me die;  
In Him there dwells a treasure all divine,  
And matchless grace has made that treasure mine.
- 4 O, that my soul could love and praise Him more,  
His beauties trace, His majesty adore;  
Live near His heart, upon His bosom lean;  
Obey His voice, and all His will esteem.

*William Gadsby, 1773-1844*

LET us love and sing and wonder,  
Let us praise the Saviour's name!  
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,  
He has quenched mount Sinai's flame;  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord Who bought us,  
Pitied us when enemies,  
Called us by His grace and taught us,  
Gave us understanding eyes:  
He has washed us with His blood,  
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us *wonder*: grace and justice  
Join and point to mercy's store;  
When by grace in Christ our trust is,  
Justice smiles and asks no more;  
He Who washed us with His blood,  
Has secured our way to God.

4 Let us *praise* and join the chorus  
Of the saints enthroned on high,  
They who trusted Him before us  
With their praises fill the sky:  
'Thou hast washed us with Thy blood,  
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!'

5 Hear the name of Jesus sounded  
Loud by untold tongues above!  
Shamed are we and so confounded—  
Faint our praises, cold our love!  
We are washed in Jesus' blood!  
Stir our hearts and songs, O God.

LET earth and Heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and Heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given  
By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came our souls to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and liberty;  
New songs do then his lips employ,  
And leaps his gladdened heart for joy.

4 O all-surpassing love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst Thou move  
To save a fallen race:  
What shall I do to make it known  
What Thou for lost mankind hast done?

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst His Father's throne;  
Prepare new honours for His name  
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into Thy secret will?  
Who but the Son shall take that book,  
And open every seal?
- 3 He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,  
The Son deserves it well;  
Lo! in His hand the sovereign keys  
Of Heaven, and death, and hell.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on Thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath Thy power;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,  
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On Whom my hopes of Heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

*Joseph Grigg, c 1728-68,  
alt Benjamin Francis, 1734-99*

**N**OW in praise let us arise,  
Sing the Saviour's sacrifice;  
All the names that love could find,  
Jesus in Himself has joined;  
All the forms that love could take,  
Our lost souls His own to make.

- 2 Equal He with God Most High,  
Mild, He laid His glory by;  
He, the eternal God, was born,  
Object of His creatures' scorn;  
Man with men He came to appear,  
Pleased a servant's form to wear.
- 3 Hail! Thou everlasting Lord,  
Hail! divine, incarnate Word;  
Thee let all our powers confess,  
With angelic choirs to bless;  
Thee our every breath proclaim,  
Our beloved Emmanuel's name!
- 4 Thus He left His throne above,  
Moved by everlasting love;  
Whom the heavens could not contain,  
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,  
Came on earth for us to appear,  
By His own rejected here.
- 5 Hail our dear Redeemer-King!  
All Thy wondrous love we sing;  
Never shall Thy triumphs end,  
Jesus, Lord, the sinner's Friend!  
Hail derided majesty!  
Friend of sinners—and of me!

**N**OW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all His boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Has all His mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;  
And Thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in His looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of Thy hands;  
The radiant lustre of His eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;  
Let angels dwell upon the sound,  
And heavens reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place  
Where He unveils His glorious face;  
There all His beauties to behold,  
And sing His name to harps of gold!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

'TIS to Thee we owe allegiance,  
God, our Saviour and our King:  
May we render true obedience,  
Every day our tribute bring;  
And with rapture  
Of Thy love and glory sing.

- 2 May we bow to Thy dominion,  
Yielding to Thy righteous sway;  
Careless of the world's opinion,  
May we all Thy will obey;  
Saviour, lead us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
- 3 Thine is greatness never wasting,  
High Thou art, with glory crowned;  
Thine a kingdom everlasting,  
Grace and truth Thy throne surround;  
While all others,  
Vanish, and no more are found.
- 4 Happy they whom Thou dost govern!  
Great their peace, their honour great;  
Thee beholding, Thee their Sovereign,  
Thee enthroned in royal state;  
Happy people!  
Who before Thee ever wait.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*



SING the theme of Jesus' love,  
Sweeter than all themes above;  
Love unmerited and free,  
Our triumphant song shall be.

- 2 Love, so vast it knows no end;  
Love, too deep to comprehend;  
Love, which made the Lord of all  
Drink the wormwood and the gall.
- 3 Love, which led Him to the cross,  
Bearing there unuttered loss;  
Love, which brought Him to the gloom  
Of the cold and darksome tomb.
- 4 Love which made Him thence arise  
Far above the starry skies,  
There with tender, loving care,  
All His people's griefs to share.
- 5 Love, which will not let Him rest  
Till His chosen all are blest;  
Till they all for whom He died  
Live rejoicing by His side.

*Albert Midlane, 1825-1909*

**N**OW to the Lord, Who makes us know  
The wonders of His dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in His precious blood:  
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus our exalted King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on clouds our Saviour comes,  
And every eye shall see Him move;  
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,  
Now He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the Day;  
Come, Lord: nor let Thy promise fail,  
Nor let Thy coming long delay.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- 6 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of Thy name.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**W**E sing the praise of Him Who died,  
Of Him Who died upon the cross;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, 'God is love':  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes the terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love;  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in Heaven above.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

LET Zion in her songs record  
The honours of her dying Lord,  
Triumphant over sin;  
How sweet the song there's none can say,  
But those whose sins are washed away  
And feel that grace within.

- 2 We claim no merit of our own,  
But self-condemned before Thy throne,  
Our hope on Jesus place;  
Though once in heart and life depraved,  
We now can sing as sinners saved,  
And praise redeeming grace.
- 3 We'll sing the same while life shall last,  
And when, at the last trumpet's blast,  
Our sleeping dust shall rise,  
Then in a song for ever new,  
The glorious theme we'll still pursue  
Throughout the eternal skies.
- 4 Prepared of old, at God's right hand  
Bright everlasting mansions stand  
For all the blood-bought race;  
And till we reach those seats of bliss,  
We'll sing no other song but this—  
Salvation all of grace.

*John Kent, 1766-1843*

- I WILL sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ Who died for me;  
How He left His home in glory,  
For the cross on Calvary.  
I was lost: but Jesus found me—  
Found the sheep that went astray;  
Threw His loving arms around me,  
Drew me back into His way.
- 2 I was bruised; but Jesus healed me—  
Faint was I from many a fall;  
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me:  
But He freed me from them all.  
Days of darkness still come o'er me;  
Sorrow's paths I often tread:  
But the Saviour still is with me,  
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 3 He will keep me till the river  
Rolls its waters at my feet:  
Then He'll bear me safely over,  
Where the loved ones I shall meet.  
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ Who died for me;  
Sing it with the saints in glory,  
Gathered by the crystal sea.

*Francis Harold Rawley, 1854-1952*

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

- 2 He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the darkness of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And Heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy belovèd name.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**E**ARTH was waiting, spent and restless,  
With a mingled hope and fear;  
And the faithful few were sighing,  
‘Surely, Lord, the day is near;  
The Desire of all the nations,  
It is time He should appear.’

- 2 In the sacred courts of Zion,  
Where the Lord had His abode,  
There the money-changers trafficked,  
And the sheep and oxen trod;  
And the world by earthly wisdom  
Knew not either Lord or God.
- 3 Then the Spirit of the Highest  
On a virgin meek came down,  
And He burdened her with blessing,  
And He pained her with renown;  
For she bare the Lord’s Anointed,  
For His cross and for His crown.
- 4 Earth for Him had groaned and travailed  
Since the ages first began;  
For in Him was hid the secret  
That through all the ages ran—  
Son of Promise, Son of David,  
Son of God, and Son of Man.

*William Chalmers Smith, 1824-1908*



ANGELS from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light:
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations;  
You have seen His natal star:
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending  
In His temple shall appear:
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains:

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

LET us all, with grateful praises,  
Join to bless the glorious morn,  
When the Lord, the loving Jesus,  
Into human flesh was born.

2 When the heavenly host, assembled,  
Gazed with wonder from the sky,  
Angels joyed, and devils trembled,  
Neither knowing fully why.

3 Long had Satan reigned imperious,  
Till the woman's promised Seed,  
Born a babe, by birth mysterious,  
Came to bruise the serpent's head.

4 Now, our Lord, we fall before Thee,  
Saviour, God, we all adore;  
To Thee—kingdom, power and glory  
Be ascribed for evermore.

5 Glory to our God be given,  
In the highest heights, and then  
Peace on earth—proclaimed by Heaven—  
Peace and great goodwill to men.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68†*

ONCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,  
Where a mother laid her baby  
In a manger for His bed.  
Mary was that mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.

- 2 He came down to earth from Heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all;  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall:  
With the poor and mean and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
- 3 And through all His wondrous childhood  
He would honour and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly mother  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern:  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in Heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
    With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him, but in Heaven,  
    Set at God's right hand on high,  
When, like stars, His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

*Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95*

THE race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious light;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

- 2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
And all the hosts of Heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored;  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know:  
Justice shall guard His throne above,  
And peace abound below.

*John Morison, 1749-98*

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate, of the virgin's Son.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day has God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire;  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
'Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.'
- 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe Who has retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to Heaven's almighty King.

**O** COME, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant;  
 O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;  
 Come and behold Him,  
 Born the King of angels:

*O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!*

2 God of God,  
 Light of Light,  
 Lo, he abhors not the virgin's womb;  
 Very God,  
 Begotten, not created:

3 Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing in exultation,  
 Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;  
 'Glory to God  
 In the highest;'

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
 Born this happy morning,  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
 Word of the Father,  
 Now in flesh appearing:

*Latin, before 18th century,  
 tr Frederick Oakley, 1802-80, et al*

ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word:  
With God He was; the Word was God,  
And must as God be here adored.

2 By His own power were all things made;  
By Him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at His command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars;  
His generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of His years?

4 But see, He leaves His home above,  
A body takes on earth below,  
That He may show His glorious love,  
And save us from our guilt and woe.

5 Mortals with joy beheld His face,  
The eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of Truth! how full of grace!  
When through His eyes the Godhead shone!

6 Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Emmanuel.



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

*Hark! the herald angels sing,  
‘Glory to the new-born King!’*

- 2 Christ, by highest Heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin’s womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail, the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
  
- 3 Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

*PTO*

4 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home:  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head!  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore,  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88,  
George Whitefield, 1714-70,  
Martin Madan, 1726-90,  
alt John Wesley, 1703-91*

THOU Who wast rich beyond all splendour,  
All for love's sake becamest poor;  
Thrones for a manger didst surrender,  
Sapphire-paved courts for stable floor.  
Thou Who wast rich beyond all splendour,  
All for love's sake becamest poor.

2 Thou Who art God beyond all praising,  
All for love's sake becamest man;  
Stooping so low, but sinners raising  
Heav'nwards by Thine eternal plan.  
Thou Who art God beyond all praising,  
All for love's sake becamest man.

3 Thou Who art love beyond all telling,  
Saviour and King, we worship Thee.  
Emmanuel, within us dwelling,  
Make us what Thou wouldst have us be.  
Thou Who art love, beyond all telling,  
Saviour and King, we worship Thee.

*Frank Houghton, 1894-1972*

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

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

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

4 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its sun, which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.

**B**RIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
For to us a Child is born;  
From the highest realms of Heaven  
Unto us a Son is given.

- 2 On His shoulders He shall bear  
Power and majesty—and wear  
On His vesture, and His thigh,  
Names most awesome, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He;  
The incarnate Deity,  
Lord of Ages ne'er to cease;  
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at His feet,  
Yield to Christ the homage meet;  
From His manger to His throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

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

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:  
'Flee from woe and danger;  
Turn and come: from all that grieves you,  
You are freed: all you need  
I will surely give you.'

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;  
Here let all, great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder;  
Love Him Who with love is yearning;  
Hail the star that from far  
Bright with hope is burning.

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

5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;  
Draw Thou me close to Thee;  
Pardon and restore me;  
Come in Thy converting power,  
And I'll rest, fully blest,  
From this very hour.

6 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,  
Live for Thee, and with Thee  
Dying, shall not perish,  
But shall dwell with Thee for ever  
Far on high, in the joy  
That can alter never.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78‡*

**N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,  
To emulate the angels' songs;  
For mortals may address their King  
With songs that angels cannot sing!

2 They praise the Lamb Who once was slain,  
But we must praise in higher strain;  
Not only sing, 'He suffered thus,'  
But, that He suffered all *for us!*

3 Jesus, Who passed the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;  
And still He makes it His abode;  
As man, He fills the throne of God.

4 Our next of kin, our Brother now,  
Is He to Whom the angels bow;  
They join with us to praise His name,  
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But O, how faint our praises rise!  
This is the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share His richest love,  
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,  
When we from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the God Who died for man,  
And praise Him more than angels can.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



LET earth and Heaven combine,  
Angels and men agree,  
To praise in songs divine  
The incarnate Deity;  
Our God contracted to a span,  
Incomprehensibly made man.

2 He laid His glory by,  
He wrapped Him in our clay;  
Unmarked by human eye,  
The latent Godhead lay;  
Infant of days He here became,  
And bore the mild Emmanuel's name.

3 Unsearchable the love  
That has the Saviour brought;  
Such grace is far above  
Mankind's or angel's thought:  
Suffice for us that God, we know,  
Our God, is manifest below.

4 He deigns in flesh to appear,  
Widest extremes to join;  
To bring our vileness near,  
And make us all divine:  
And we the life of God shall know,  
For God is manifest below.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

‘**T**O you this night is born a Child,  
Of Mary, chosen virgin mild;  
This little Child, of lowly birth,  
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

- 2 ‘These are the tokens you shall mark:  
The swaddling clothes and manger dark;  
There you shall find the infant laid  
By Whom the heavens and earth were made.
- 3 ‘Tis Christ our God, Who far on high  
Has heard your sad and bitter cry;  
He will your sure salvation be;  
He from your sin will make you free.’
- 4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,  
Through Whom the sinful world is blest!  
Here come to share my misery!  
What thanks shall I return to Thee?
- 5 This happy heart for joy shall leap,  
My lips no more will silence keep:  
I too must raise with joyful tongue  
That sweetest, ancient cradle song—
- 6 ‘Glory to God in highest Heaven,  
Who unto man His Son has given!’  
With all my heart I’ll join the throng  
Of those who understand this song.

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78*

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

- 2 'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David's line,  
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace;  
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin and never cease.'

**M**IGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,  
 May a mortal sing Thy name?  
 Lord of men as well as angels,  
 Thou art every creature's theme!  
 Lord of every land and nation,  
 Ancient of eternal days,  
 Sounded through the wide creation  
 Be Thy just and lawful praise . . .

- 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,  
 For created works of power,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:  
 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
 Shining o'er the ages long—  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression—  
 Who can sing *that* awesome song?
- 3 The archangels sang Thy coming,  
 And the shepherds sang their lays,  
 And shall I remain ungrateful?  
 Shall this tongue refuse to praise?  
 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
 Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,  
 Sing the Lord Who came to die . . .
- 4 From the highest throne in glory,  
 To the cross of deepest woe;  
 All to ransom guilty captives:  
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow!  
 O, return, immortal Saviour,  
 Glorious on Thy risen throne,  
 Come, return, and reign for ever:  
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.

ALL glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored!  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord!  
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to Thy creatures return,  
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

- 2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,  
All nature acknowledged Thy birth;  
Arrived the acceptable year,  
And Heaven was opened on earth;  
Receiving its Lord from above,  
The world was united to bless  
The Giver of mercy and love,  
The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O come, and to us be made known!  
Again, in the Spirit, descend.  
Set up in the hearts of Thine own  
A kingdom that never shall end.  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make rebel sinners obey;  
Now bid human enmity cease,  
And bow countless souls to Thy sway.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

- W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home  
In that despisèd Nazareth;  
But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.
- 2 We saw Thee not upon the wave,  
When Thou the stormy sea did bind,  
Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave  
To lame and sick, to deaf and blind;  
But we believe the Fount of light  
Could give the darkened vision sight.
- 3 We were not with the faithful few  
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,  
Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,  
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;  
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side,  
But we believe that Thou hast died.
- 4 We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way;  
But we believe that angels said,  
'Why seek the living with the dead?'
- 5 We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld Thee rising to the skies.

6 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
Watching our lives to save and bless,  
Though to the finite, human eye,  
No radiant view doth sense impress,  
Yet we believe that Thou art there,  
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

*John Hampden Gurney, 1802-62*

WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
In His heart compassion reigned;  
Sympathy He loved to show,  
Nor the meanest case disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,  
Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed;  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely blessed.

3 He could make the leper whole;  
Thousands at a meal He fed;  
Winds and waves could He control;  
By a word He raised the dead.

4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give;  
Hungering, sick, and faint, I come;  
Let me in Thy presence live,  
Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,  
Be Thy grace by me possessed;  
Touch me, and I shall be healed;  
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825*



**M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in Thy Word;  
But in Thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

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

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down:  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

HOW willing was Jesus to die,  
That we rebel sinners might live!  
The life they could not take away,  
How ready was Jesus to give!

2 They pierced through His hands and His feet,  
His body He freely resigned;  
The pains of His flesh were so great!  
But greater the pangs of His mind!

3 Such wrath as would kindle a hell  
Of never-abating despair  
For millions of sinners—then fell  
On Jesus, and spent itself there.

4 'Twas justice that fell in that hour  
On Jesus our Saviour's dear head;  
Divinity's indwelling power  
Sustained Him till nature was dead.

5 No nearer we venture to gaze  
On sorrow so deep, so profound;  
But tread with amazement, and praise  
And reverence such hallowed ground.

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96†*

**M**ORE marred than any man's  
The Saviour's visage see;  
Was ever sorrow like to His  
Endured on Calvary?

2 O, hear that piercing cry!  
What can its meaning be?  
'My God! my God! O, why hast Thou  
In wrath forsaken me?'

3 The sum of all our sins  
On Him by God were laid;  
He Who Himself had never sinned,  
For sinners, sin was made.

4 Thus sin He put away  
By His one sacrifice,  
Then, victor over death and hell,  
He mounted to the skies.

5 Let every sinner know  
That God is satisfied;  
And all who in the Saviour trust,  
Through Him are justified.

*William Russell, 19th century*

- ‘**M**AN of Sorrows!’ what a name  
For the Son of God, Who came  
Ruined sinners to reclaim!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
In my place condemned He stood,  
Sealed my pardon with His blood:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we:  
Spotless Lamb of God was He;  
‘Full atonement!’—can it be?  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 ‘Lifted up’ was He to die,  
‘It is finished!’ was His cry;  
Now in Heaven exalted high:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we’ll sing:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

*Philip Bliss, 1838-76*

- O**N the wings of faith uprising,  
Jesus crucified I see;  
While His love, my soul surprising,  
Cries, 'I suffered all for thee!'
- 2 When, in true repentance praying,  
All my guilty sins appear,  
Then, the wounds of Christ surveying,  
I can see my pardon there.
- 3 Here I'll fix my eyes for ever  
While the balm of life I'll prove;  
Every wound is like a river  
Flowing with eternal love.
- 4 Who can think, without admiring?  
Who can hear, and nothing feel?  
See the Lord of life expiring,  
Yet retain a heart of steel?
- 5 Angels here may gaze and wonder  
What the God of love could mean,  
When He tore the heart asunder,  
Never once defiled with sin!

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96†*

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

**M**ANY woes had He endured,  
Many sore temptations met,  
Patient, and to pains inured:

But the sorest trial yet  
Was to be sustained in thee,  
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 There my Saviour faced my guilt,  
Pending judgement, unrelieved,  
And the horrors which He felt

Were too vast to be conceived.  
None can grasp the woe in thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane!

3 Sins against a holy God;  
Sins against His righteous laws;  
Sins against His love, His blood;  
Sins against His name and cause;  
Sins immense as is the sea—  
Waited in Gethsemane!

4 On His dying love alone  
I depend—with all my need,  
Deeds of righteousness I've none,  
Nothing of good works to plead.  
O, how Christ must act for me,  
Starting in Gethsemane.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One almighty God of love,  
Hymned by all the heavenly host  
In Thy shining courts above,  
We poor sinners, gracious Three,  
Bless Thee for Gethsemane.



**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for sins that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away:  
'Tis all that I can do.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**T**HE Son of God, in mighty love,  
Came down to Bethlehem for me,  
Forsook His throne of light above,  
An infant on the earth to be.

- 2 In love, the Father's sinless Child  
Sojourned at Nazareth for me;  
With sinners dwelt the Undefined,  
The Holy One in Galilee.
- 3 Jesus Whom angel hosts adore,  
Became a man of griefs for me:  
In love, though rich, becoming poor,  
That I, through Him, enriched might be.
- 4 Though Lord of all, above, below,  
He went to Olivet for me;  
He drank my cup of wrath and woe,  
And bled in dark Gethsemane.
- 5 The ever-blessèd Son of God  
Went up to Calvary for me:  
There paid my debt, there bore my load  
In His own body on the tree.
- 6 He finished all! the veil was rent;  
Salvation now is sure and free;  
I leave behind my banishment,  
O Father, to return to Thee!

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

**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.

2 ‘It is finished!’ O what pleasure  
 Do the wondrous words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord:  
 ‘It is finished!’  
 Saints, the dying words record!

3 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 this your comfort draw.

4 Saints and angels sing His praises!  
 His atoning work proclaim;  
 All on earth and all in Heaven  
 Join to praise Emmanuel’s name!  
 Hallelujah!  
 Endless glory to the Lamb!

*Jonathan Evans, 1748-1809*

**E**XTENDED on a cursèd tree,  
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,  
See there, the King of glory see!  
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this has done?  
Who would Thy sacred body wound?  
No guilt Thy spotless heart has known,  
No guile has in Thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone, have done the deed!  
'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn;  
My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,  
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 Too much to Thee I cannot give;  
Too much I cannot do for Thee;  
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,  
Grav'n on my heart for ever be!
- 5 Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,  
O'erflow my eyes, and move my breast,  
Till loosed from flesh and earth I rise,  
And ever in Thy presence rest.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

**M**Y song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me;  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.  
O, who am I,  
That for my sake  
My Lord should take  
Frail flesh, and die?

- 2 He came from His blest throne  
Salvation to bestow;  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed-for Christ would know:  
But O! my Friend,  
My Friend indeed,  
Who at my need  
His life did spend.
- 3 Sometimes they strew His way,  
And His sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King:  
Then 'Crucify!'  
Is all their breath,  
And for His death  
They thirst and cry.
- 4 They rise and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
The Prince of life they slay;  
Yet cheerful He  
To suffering goes,  
That He His foes  
From thence might free.

- 5 In life, no house, no home  
My Lord on earth might have;  
In death, no friendly tomb,  
But what a stranger gave.  
What may I say?  
Heaven was His home;  
But mine the tomb  
Wherein He lay.
- 6 Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King!  
Never was grief like Thine.  
This is my Friend,  
In Whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
Could gladly spend.

*Samuel Crossman, 1624-83*

**I**N Jesus' name, with one accord,  
Lift up a sacred hymn,  
And think what healing streams were poured  
From every bleeding limb.

2 O, who can tell what woes He bore  
When that pure blood was spilt,  
What pangs His tortured body tore  
When loaded with our guilt?

3 'Twas not the insulting voice of scorn  
So deeply wrung His heart;  
The piercing nail, the tearing thorn,  
Caused not the saddest smart:

4 But every struggling sigh betrayed  
A heavier grief within,  
When on His burdened soul was laid  
The weight of human sin.

5 O Lord, Who came to earth to bear  
Our sins' oppressive load,  
Grant us Thy righteousness to wear,  
And lead us to our God.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877*

**B**EHOLD the amazing sight!  
The Saviour lifted high;  
The Son of God, His soul's delight,  
Expires in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
Were all those sorrows borne?  
Why did He feel that piercing smart,  
And wear that crown of thorn?

3 For us in love He bled,  
For us in anguish died;  
'Twas love that bowed His sacred head,  
And pierced His precious side.

4 We see, and we adore,  
We trust that dying love;  
We feel its strong attractive power  
To lift our souls above.

5 Behold the amazing sight!  
Nor trace His griefs alone,  
But from the cross pursue our flight  
To His triumphant throne.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*



**A**WAKE, my soul, and rise  
Amazed, and yonder see,  
How hangs the mighty Saviour God,  
Upon a cursèd tree!

2 How gloriously fulfilled  
Is that most ancient plan,  
Contrived in the eternal Mind  
Before the world began!

3 Here depths of wisdom shine  
Which angels cannot trace;  
The highest rank of cherubim  
Still lost in wonder gaze.

4 Here free salvation reigns,  
And carries all before,  
And this shall for the guilty race  
Be refuge evermore.

5 Now hell in all her strength,  
Her rage and boasted sway,  
Can never snatch a wandering sheep  
From Jesus' arms away.

*William Williams, 1717-91*

- O** PERFECT life of love!  
All, all is finished now—  
All that He left His throne above  
To do for us below.
- 2 No work is left undone  
Of all the Father willed;  
His toil, His sorrows, one by one  
The Scriptures have fulfilled.
- 3 And on His thorn-crowned head,  
And on His sinless soul,  
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
That He might make us whole.
- 4 In perfect love He dies;  
For me He dies, for me!  
O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee.
- 5 In every time of need,  
Before the judgement-throne,  
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,  
Thy merits, not my own.

*Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77*

**W**E wonder at the works of God  
Displayed through all the world abroad,  
Immensely great, minutely small,  
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

2 Almighty God breathed human breath!  
The Lord of life experienced death!  
Suffering the pains of hell for those  
Who should have perished as His foes!

3 The highest heavens fall short of this!  
'Tis deeper than the vast abyss!  
'Tis more than thought could e'er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or flesh believe.

4 Blessed with this knowledge let us raise  
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise;  
Now we believe, but soon shall know  
The greatest glories God can show.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

**G**IVE me a sight, O Saviour,  
Of Thy wondrous love to me,  
Of the love that brought Thee down to earth,  
To die on Calvary.

*O make me understand it,  
Help me to take it in,  
What it meant to Thee, the Holy One,  
To bear away my sin.*

2 Was it the nails, O Saviour,  
That bound Thee to the tree?  
No, 'twas Thine everlasting love,  
Thy love for me, for me.

3 O wonder of all wonders,  
That through Thy death for me  
My open sins, my secret sins,  
Can all forgiven be!

4 Then melt my heart, O Saviour,  
Bend me and break me down,  
Until I own Thee Conqueror,  
And Lord and Sovereign crown.

*Katherine Agnes May Kelly, 1869-1942*

**W**ELL we speak of Jesus' blood,  
But how little's understood!  
Of His sufferings, so intense,  
Angels have no perfect sense.

- 2 Who can rightly comprehend  
Their beginning or their end?  
'Tis to God and God alone  
That their weight is fully known.
- 3 See the suffering Son of God,  
Sighing, groaning, sweating blood!  
Boundless depths of love divine!  
Jesus, what a love was Thine!
- 4 Though the wonders Thou hast done,  
Are as yet so little known,  
Here we rest—and comfort take—  
Jesus died for sinners' sake.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

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

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain:  
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour;  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O, make me Thine for ever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to Thee!

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

**P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We helpless sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of dawning day.

- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, O amazing love,  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from His glorious courts above  
He came to earth, and bled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And lay among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And broke our bitter chains;  
So Jesus freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O! for such love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all the host of ransomed tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 6 O, hosts above, assist our joys  
On heavenly harps of gold;  
But even with angelic powers  
His love can ne'er be told.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THERE is a green hill far away,  
Outside a city wall,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to Heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of Heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

*Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95*



NATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;  
And every labour of His hands  
Shows something worthy of our God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood and suffering lines.
- 3 Here I behold His inmost heart,  
Where grace and justice strangely join,  
Piercing His Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchased blessings mine.
- 4 He Who distributes crowns and thrones—  
The Prince of Life—resigns His breath,  
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans;  
The King of Glory bows to death!
- 5 O, the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour loved and died!  
Its noblest life my spirit draws  
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I will for ever speak His name,  
In songs to mortal ears unknown:  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at His Father's throne.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend!

- 2 Here I rest, in wonder viewing  
All my sins on Jesus laid,  
And a full redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Here I find my hope of Heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze;  
Loving much, and much forgiven,  
Let my heart o'erflow in praise.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding—  
Life deriving from His death.
- 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on Thee!  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glory see.

*William Walter Shirley, 1725-86*

**T**O Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
Our weary souls repair,  
To dwell upon Thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy:  
The peace of God within.
- 3 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,  
With cords of love divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,  
And linked our life with Thine.
- 4 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.
- 5 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,  
Responsive to our call;  
Come, take Thine ancient power, and reign  
The Heir and Lord of all.

*Edward Denny, 1796-1889*

- ‘CHRIST the Lord is risen today!’  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joy and triumph high;  
Sing, O heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love’s redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! our Sun’s eclipse is o’er,  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise;  
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 King of glory! Soul of bliss!  
Everlasting life is this:  
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
Resurrected God of love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** HUMBLE souls who seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with rapture down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;  
(Such wonders love can do!)  
Thus cold in death that body lay,  
Which throbbed and bled for you.

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

4 High o'er th'angelic bands He rears  
His once dishonoured head;  
And through unnumbered years He reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

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

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**G**OD is gone up on high  
With a triumphant noise;  
The clarions of the sky  
Proclaim the angelic joys!

*Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
Glory ascribe to glory's King.*

- 2 All power to our great Lord  
Is by the Father given;  
By angel hosts adored,  
He reigns supreme in Heaven:
- 3 High on His holy seat  
He bears the righteous sway;  
His foes beneath His feet  
Shall sink and die away:
- 4 His foes and ours are one,  
Satan, the world, and sin:  
But He shall tread them down,  
And bring His kingdom in:
- 5 Till all the earth, renewed  
In righteousness divine,  
With all the hosts of God  
In one great chorus join.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

CHRIST Jesus lay in death's strong bands  
For our offences given;  
But now at God's right hand He stands,  
And brings us life from Heaven:  
Let us give thanks and joyful be,  
And to our God sing gratefully  
Loud songs of hallelujah!

- 2 It was a strange and dreadful strife,  
When life and death contended;  
The victory was gained for life,  
The reign of death was ended:  
Stripped of its power, no more it reigns:  
An empty form alone remains;  
Its sting is lost for ever.
- 3 Let us obey the gracious call  
By which the Lord invites us;  
Christ is Himself the joy of all,  
The Sun Who warms and lights us;  
In love and mercy He imparts  
Eternal sunshine to our hearts;  
The night of sin is ended.
- 4 Let us His people feast this day  
On the true Bread of Heaven.  
The word of grace has purged away  
The old, corrupted leaven;  
Now Christ alone our souls will feed,  
He is our meat and drink indeed,  
Faith lives upon no other.

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Richard Massie, 1800-87‡*

THE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide;  
The King of glory is gone up  
Unto His Father's side.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies;  
A light still breaks upon the cloud  
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,  
And let Thy grace be given,  
That while we journey yet below,  
Our hearts may be in Heaven:
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

*Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95*



OUR great Redeemer rose;  
The Saviour left the dead,  
And o'er our ancient foes  
High raised His conquering head;  
In great dismay  
The guards around  
Fell to the ground,  
And sunk away.

- 2 Lo! the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet  
To wait His high commands,  
And worship at His feet:  
Joyful they come,  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To Jesus' tomb.
- 3 Let mortals sound His praise,  
Redeemed by Him from hell,  
And songs of triumph raise  
In loud triumphant swell;  
Transported, cry,  
'Jesus, Who bled  
Has left the dead,  
No more to die.'
- 4 All hail, victorious Lord,  
Who saves us by Thy blood!  
Wide be Thy name adored,  
Thou rising, reigning God!  
With Thee we rise,  
With Thee we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,  
*Hallelujah!*  
To His throne above the skies;  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Enters now the highest Heaven.

- 2 There for Him high triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
Christ has vanquished death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in!
- 3 Still for us He intercedes;  
His prevailing death He pleads;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
First-fruits of the human race.
- 4 There we shall with Thee remain,  
Partners of Thine endless reign;  
There Thy face unclouded see,  
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88,  
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*

**O** PRAISE the risen Prince of Light,  
Who, clothed in human clay,  
Entered into the gates of death,  
And tore those bars away!

- 2 Death is no more the king of fear  
Since our Emmanuel rose;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And banished all its woes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to His Father flies,  
With scars of honour in His flesh,  
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And pours His blessings down;  
His triumph well rewards His pains,  
And bids Him wear the crown.
- 5 Angels and saints in wonder join,  
Their sweetest voices raise;  
Let Heaven above and earth below  
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**EAVENLY choirs are sounding,  
Angel voices sing,  
Gates of pearl are opened,  
Gladly for the King;  
Christ, the King of Glory,  
Jesus, King of Love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.

- 2 He, Who came to save us,  
He, Who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory  
At His Father's side;  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die,  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Has gone up on high!
- 3 Praying for His loved ones  
In that blessed place;  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
Glories there preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

THE happy morn is come;  
Triumphant o'er the grave,  
The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Omnipotent to save:

*Captivity is captive led,  
For Jesus liveth, Who was dead.*

- 2 Who now accuses them  
For whom their Surety died?  
Who shall their souls condemn  
Whom God has justified?
- 3 Christ has the ransom paid;  
The glorious work is done;  
On Him our help is laid—  
By Him our victory won.
- 4 To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit of all grace,  
Eternal Three in One,  
Be everlasting praise.

*Thomas Haweis, 1732-1820*

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

*Hallelujah!*

- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well,  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,  
Tear us from His keeping ever.
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given:  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

*Christian Fürchtegott Geller, 1715-69,  
tr Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812-97*

- L**OOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See the Man of Sorrows now  
From the fight returned victorious!  
Every knee to Him shall bow:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, saints adore Him!  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Crown the Saviour King of kings!
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name:  
Crown Him, crown Him;  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!
- 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!  
Jesus takes the highest station:  
O, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him, crown Him  
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

**O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of overflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and lasting love  
Sit smiling on His brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.

3 Those sacred, blessèd feet of His,  
That ragged nails once tore,  
High on a throne of light they stand,  
And all the saints adore.

4 His head, that dear majestic head  
That cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around!

5 This is our Lord, the exalted Man,  
Whom we by faith adore;  
But when our eyes behold His face,  
Our hearts shall love Him more.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



REJOICE! the Lord is King:  
Your Lord and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:

*Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:  
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.*

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of Truth and love;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above:
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail:  
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given:
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall before His feet:
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope:  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home:

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above,  
And celebrate His constant care,  
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
Where angels bow around,  
And high o'er all the shining throng  
With matchless honours crowned . . .

3 The names of all His saints He bears  
Deep graven on His heart;  
Nor shall the humblest Christian say  
That he has lost his part.

4 His attributes shall still abide—  
Our everlasting trust—  
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
May Thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

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

2 The highest place that Heaven affords  
Is His by sovereign right:  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
He reigns in perfect light.

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

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

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

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

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

LAMB of God, Who now art seated  
High upon Thy Father's throne,  
All Thy gracious work completed,  
All Thy mighty victory won;  
Every knee in Heaven is bending  
To the Lamb for sinners slain;  
Every voice and harp is swelling—  
Worthy is the Lamb to reign!

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

3 Lamb of God, Thou soon in glory  
Wilt to this sad earth return;  
All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,  
All that now despise Thee, mourn:  
Then Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,  
With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;  
Thine the praise and Thine the glory,  
Lamb of God for sinners slain.

*James George Deck, 1802-84*

**H**AIL! Thou once despisèd Jesus,  
Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring:  
Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame;  
By Thy merits we find favour;  
Life is given through Thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid;  
By almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of Heaven;  
Man is reconciled to God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side:  
There for sinners Thou art pleading;  
There Thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power and blessing,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give:  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

COME, every thankful heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate His fame!  
Tell all above and all below  
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,  
He laid His robes aside,  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died:  
What He endured, O who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave He rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led:  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come,  
His chariot will not stay,  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
Then shall we see His smiling face  
And ever live in His embrace.

*Samuel Stennett, 1727-95*

**B**EFORE the throne of God above  
I have a strong, a perfect plea;  
A great High Priest, Whose name is Love,  
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on His hands  
My name is written on His heart;  
I know that while in Heaven He stands  
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,  
And tells me of the guilt within,  
Upward I look, and see Him there  
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free;  
For God, the just, is satisfied  
To look on Him and pardon me.

5 Behold Him there! the risen Lamb!  
My perfect, spotless righteousness,  
The great unchangeable I AM,  
The King of glory and of grace!

6 One with Himself, I cannot die;  
My soul is purchased by His blood;  
My life is hid with Christ on high,  
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

*Charitee Lees Bancroft, 1841-1923*

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

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

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified.  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime!  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.



COME, let us sing the song of songs,  
The saints in Heaven began the strain,  
The homage which to Christ belongs:

‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!’

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!’

3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls, at His soul’s price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:  
‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!’

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,  
All power in Heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honour, and majesty, and might:  
‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!’

5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in Heaven with Him we reign;  
This song our song of songs shall be:  
‘Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!’

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**Y**E servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name;  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh,  
His presence we have;  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

3 ‘Salvation to God  
Who sits on the throne!’  
Let all cry aloud,  
And honour the Son;  
The praises of Jesus  
The angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces,  
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,  
And give Him His right—  
All glory and power,  
All wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above;  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

**R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns  
Among the sons of men;  
He breaks the prisoner's chains,  
And makes them free again;  
Though hell oppose God's mighty Son,  
In spite of foes His cause goes on.

2 The cause of righteousness,  
Of Truth and holy peace,  
Designed lost souls to bless,  
Shall spread and never cease;  
Gentile and Jew to Christ shall bow,  
Allegiance due—with rapture—vow.

3 The thwarted prince of hell  
In vain new efforts tries,  
Truth's empire to repel  
By cruelty and lies;  
The infernal hosts shall strive in vain,  
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

4 All power is in His hand,  
His people to defend;  
To His most high command  
Shall millions more attend:  
All Heaven with smiles approves His cause,  
And distant isles receive His laws.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825*

**H**E Who on earth as man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains,  
Now, seated on the eternal throne,  
The God of glory reigns.

- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide  
With an unerring skill,  
And countless worlds, extended wide,  
Obey His sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound His praise  
In yonder world above,  
His saints on earth admire His ways,  
And glory in His love.
- 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,  
To this almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasing shade.
- 5 How glorious He, how happy they  
In such a mighty Friend!  
Whose love secures them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Saviour of mankind appears.

- 2 He, Who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains,  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

*Michael Bruce, 1746-67*

WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
It overflows with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
Poured out His cries and tears;  
And, in His measure, feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame:  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power:  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**L**O! He cometh! countless trumpets  
Sound to raise the sleeping dead!  
Many thousand saints and angels,  
See our great exalted Head!  
Hallelujah!  
Come, O come! Thou Son of God.

2 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints, behold the Judge appear;  
Truth and justice go before Him,  
Now the joyful sentence hear!  
Hallelujah!  
Come, O come! Thou Son of God.

3 ‘Come, ye blessèd of My Father,  
Enter into life and joy!  
Banish all your fears and sorrows,  
Endless praise be your employ!’  
Hallelujah!  
Come and meet us in the skies.

4 Then shall we arise to glory,  
Jesus leading as our King;  
There, with all the hosts of Heaven,  
We eternal anthems sing:  
Hallelujah!  
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

*John Cennick, 1718-55,  
Caleb Evans' Collection, 1769*

- COME, Lord, and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
O why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?
- 2 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.
- 3 Come, and in mercy send  
A last revival now,  
Reap the great harvest of the earth;  
Sower and Reaper Thou!
- 4 Come, in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God.
- 5 Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded paradise,  
Creation's second birth.
- 6 Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*



**L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,  
Partners of His sufferings here;  
Christ to all believers precious,  
Lord of lords shall soon appear:  
Mark the tokens  
Of His heavenly kingdom near!

- 2 Close behind the tribulation  
Of the last tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation!  
See the universal blaze!  
Earth and Heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face!
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,  
Darkened into endless night,  
When with angel hosts surrounded,  
In His Father's glory bright,  
Our dear Saviour  
Shines in everlasting light.
- 4 Lo! He comes, our heart's desire,  
To exalt His Church below;  
Joins us to the heavenly choir,  
Comes to make our joys o'erflow,  
Crowns of victory  
And of glory to bestow.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**L**O! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And all the spreading skies.

- 2 From the third Heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your eternal King!'
- 4 The God of glory makes with saints  
His ever blest abode;  
We, the dear objects of His grace,  
And He our loving God.
- 5 His own dear hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye,  
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,  
And death itself shall die.
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O, how long  
Shall this great hour delay?  
Turn swiftly round, O wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King;  
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
In Thy glory all-transcendent;  
Well may we rejoice and sing.  
Coming on that certain Day,  
Long foretold but secret still,  
In Thine own appointed way,  
To fulfil Thy sovereign will.

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

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

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79‡*

**T**HE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;  
The mountains to their centre shake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same  
As once in lowliness He came;  
A silent lamb before His foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! in glorious form,  
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He Who bore His load  
A pilgrim on life's dusty road;  
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,  
The Nazarene—the Crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
'Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!'  
The saints, ascending from the tomb,  
Shall joyful sing, 'The Lord is come!'

*Reginald Heber, 1783-1826,  
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*

I AM waiting for the dawning  
Of the bright and blessed day,  
When the darksome night of sorrow  
Shall have vanished far away:  
When, for ever with the Saviour,  
Far beyond this vale of tears,  
I shall swell the song of worship  
Through the everlasting years.

2 I am looking at the brightness—  
See, it shineth from afar—  
Of the clear and joyous beaming  
Of the bright and morning Star.  
Through the dark grey mist of morning  
Do I see its glorious light;  
Then away with every shadow  
Of this sad and weary night!

3 I am waiting for the coming  
Of the Lord Who died for me;  
O, His words have thrilled my spirit,  
'I will come again for thee.'  
I can almost hear the footfall  
On the threshold of the door,  
And my heart, my heart is longing  
To be with Him evermore.

*Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925*

SEE the ransomed millions stand,  
Palms of conquest in their hand;  
This before the throne their strain,  
'Hell is vanquished, death is slain;  
Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
Are the Conqueror's native right;  
Thrones and powers before Him fall;  
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!'

- 2 Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;  
Come in glory and in power;  
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;  
Nature sighs to be renewed.  
Time has nearly reached its sum,  
All things with Thy bride say, 'Come.'  
Jesus, Whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign for evermore!

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

- TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
 In sparkling raiment bright,  
 The armies of the ransomed saints  
 Throng up the steeps of light:  
 'Tis finished, all is finished,  
 Their fight with death and sin;  
 Fling open wide the heavenly gates,  
 And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of hallelujahs  
 Fills all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
 O day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made!  
 O joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousandfold repaid!
- 3 O then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!  
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
 That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
 Then take Thy power and reign;  
 Appear, Desire of nations,  
 Thine exiles long for home;  
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

- D**AY of judgement, day of wonders,  
Hear the trumpet's awful sound;  
Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine!  
All who long for His appearing  
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!'  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that Day as Thine!
- 3 At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature shaken  
At His look, prepare to flee:  
Careless sinner  
What will then become of thee?
- 4 But to all who have confessèd,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, 'Come near ye blessèd,  
See the kingdom I bestow:  
You for ever  
Shall My love and glory know.'

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



- L**O! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain:  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Hallelujah!  
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in awesome majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the Day of God appear!
- 4 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the Day:  
Come to judgement!  
Come to judgement! come away!
- 5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
O, come quickly,  
Everlasting God, come down!

- T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before Whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear:  
Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous Day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from Heaven come down;  
The immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we thus be found  
Obedient to His Word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord!  
O may we thus ensure  
A lot among the blest;  
And watch a season to secure  
An everlasting rest.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**G**REAT God, what do I see and hear!  
The end of things created:  
The Judge of mankind shall appear,  
On clouds of glory seated:  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before:  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At that last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding;  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing:  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing:  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
Trembling they stand before His throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,  
In true repentance bending;  
O shield us through that awesome hour,  
Thy wondrous love extending.  
May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts Thy Word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

*Anonymous,  
William Bengo Collyer, 1782-1854,  
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823, et al.*

**W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come  
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless one as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?

- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,  
Though so far short I fall—  
But can I bear the solemn thought,  
What if my name should be left out,  
When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;  
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
In this accepted day;  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear!  
To calm my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see Thy smiling face;  
Then loudest of that throng I'll sing,  
When Heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With songs of sovereign grace.

- A**WAY with our fears,  
Our troubles and tears:  
The Spirit is come,  
The witness of Jesus returned to His home.
- 2 The pledge of our Lord  
To Heaven restored  
Is sent from the sky,  
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 3 Our Advocate there  
By His blood and His prayer  
The gift has obtained,  
For us He has prayed, and the Comforter gained.
- 4 Our glorified Head  
His Spirit has shed,  
With His people to stay,  
And never again will He take Him away.
- 5 Our heavenly Guide  
With us shall abide,  
His comforts impart,  
And set up His kingdom of love in the heart.
- 6 Then let us rejoice  
In heart and in voice,  
Triumphant arise,  
And walk with our God until called to the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**H**OLY Spirit! pity me,  
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee;  
Present, though from sense apart,  
Listen to a grieving heart.

- 2 Sins unnumbered I confess,  
Of exceeding sinfulness;  
Sins against Thyself alone,  
Only to Omniscience known:
- 3 Deafness to Thy whispered calls,  
Rashness 'midst remembered falls,  
Transient fears beneath Thy rod,  
Traucherous trifling with my God.
- 4 Tasting that the Lord is good,  
Pining then for poisoned food;  
At the fountains of the skies  
Craving creaturely supplies.
- 5 Worldly cares at worship time;  
Faithless aims in works sublime;  
Pride, when God is passing by;  
Sloth, when souls in darkness die.
- 6 O how lightly have I slept  
With my daily wrongs unwept,  
Sought Thy chidings to defer,  
Shunned the wounded Comforter.
- 7 Still Thy comforts do not fail,  
Still Thy healing helps avail;  
Patient Inmate of my breast,  
Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.

8 O be merciful to me,  
Now in longing, Lord, for Thee!  
Father, pardon through Thy Son  
Sins against the Spirit done!

*William Bunting, 1805-66*

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

- 2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray and praise and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light, explore  
And chase our gloom away—  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,  
In life and death, our guide:  
O Spirit of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*



**S**TAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done Thee such despite,  
Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved . . .

3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
To bar me from Thy people's rest.

4 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

**H**OLY Spirit, from on high,  
Bend on us a pitying eye;  
Animate the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart.

- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our heart's ungodliness;  
Show us every devious way,  
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Help us with repentant grief  
Humbly to implore relief,  
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,  
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,  
Sweep those empty hopes away;  
Make us know that Christ alone  
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Trained in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877*

**O** BREATH of God, breathe on us now,  
And move within us while we pray;  
The spring of our new life art Thou,  
The very light of our new day.

2 How closely Thou art with us, Lord,  
Neither in height nor depth to seek;  
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard;  
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

3 Christ is our Advocate on high:  
Thou art our Advocate within;  
O, plead the Truth, and make reply  
To every argument of sin.

4 But O, this faithless heart of mine!  
The way I know, I know my Guide:  
Forgive me, O my Friend divine,  
That I so often turn aside.

5 Be with me when no other friend  
The mystery of my heart can share;  
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,  
By Thy best name of Comforter.

*Alfred Henry Vine, 1845-1917*

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire!  
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;  
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
O may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue!  
Be anger to my soul unknown,  
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;  
In love create Thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide,  
With Christ may I be crucified,  
To Thee with my whole soul aspire.  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be Thou alone my one desire!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire!  
My consecrated heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;  
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working may I feel,  
And know that I am one with God.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

COME to our poor nature's night  
With Thy blessèd inward light,  
Holy Ghost the Infinite,  
Comforter divine.

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

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

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

5 In us 'Abba, Father!' cry,  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;  
Upwards by the heavenly road  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter divine.

*George Rawson, 1807-89*

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayers,  
And make our hearts Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come.

- 2 Come as the *light*; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the *fire*; and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the *dove*; and spread Thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.
- 5 Come as the *wind*; with rushing sound  
And all-inspiring grace;  
That needy sinners here may see  
The glory of Thy face.
- 6 Spirit divine, attend our prayers,  
Make this lost world Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come, great Spirit, come.

*Andrew Reed, 1787-1862*

COME, Holy Spirit, come;  
Let Thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete;  
Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove;  
And kindle in our hearts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know and praise and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68,  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below  
Fond of such trifling toys!  
How slow our hearts to turn and go  
To seek eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Our praise is weak upon our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we always lie  
In such a languid state?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**E**TERNAL Spirit! how we bless  
And sing the wonders of Thy grace:  
Thy power conveys Thy blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,  
Our spiritual darkness turns to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know,  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
To break the chains of reigning sin,  
Our dominating lusts subdue,  
And form our fallen hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,  
Thy pardoning words awake our joys,  
Thy work illuminates the mind,  
And lets the soul assurance find.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**D**EAR Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest  
In such a fallen heart as mine?  
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!  
Favour astonishing, divine!

- 2 Yet, the blest Comforter is nigh;  
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;  
Else would my hopes for ever die,  
And all assurance then depart.
- 3 When some kind promise lifts my soul,  
Do I not find His healing voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 4 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,  
With ardent wish my heart aspires,  
Can it be less than power divine,  
Which animates these strong desires?
- 5 What less than Thine almighty Word,  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure and my trust?

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

**S**PIRIT of faith, come down,  
Reveal the things of God;  
And make to us the Godhead known,  
And witness with the blood.  
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,  
And give us eyes to see  
Who did for guilty sinners die  
Has surely died for me.

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

3 Inspire the living faith,  
Which whosoe'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes;  
The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move,  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**C**REATOR Spirit! by Whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every waiting mind,  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And give us grace to hear and see.

- 2 With Thy rich grace descend from high  
Perfect in power and energy;  
The strength of His almighty hand,  
Whose power does Heaven and earth command;  
Refine and purge our earthly parts,  
And stamp Thine image on our hearts.
- 3 Create us new, our wills control,  
Subdue the rebel in our soul;  
Chase from our minds the fear of woe,  
And peace and love and faith bestow:  
And lest again we go astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

*Latin, 7th century,  
tr John Dryden, 1631-1700‡*

**E**NTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,  
The Holy Ghost send down:  
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,  
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous signs impart,  
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,  
Thy heavenly influence give:  
Enliven souls—born from above—  
That we in Christ may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal  
The Saviour's glorious grace;  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of His face.

5 His love in us now shed abroad,  
An ever-springing well;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

*Thomas Haweis, 1732-1820*

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
Let us Thine influence prove,  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke;  
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the key,  
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
On our disordered spirits move,  
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know  
If Thou within us shine,  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above:  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of Truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray;  
Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to Heaven that we may share  
Fulness of joy for ever there;  
Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest.

*Simon Browne, c 1680-1732*

**O** SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all the fulness of Thy grace,  
Where'er the foot of man has trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptise the nations; far and nigh,  
The triumphs of the Cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*



WHEN shall I hear the inward voice  
Which only faithful souls can hear?  
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys  
Come by the promised Comforter;  
I cannot rest in sins forgiven,  
Where is the earnest of my Heaven?

2 Where is the sure and certain seal  
That ascertains the kingdom mine?  
The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
The signature of love divine:  
O shed it in my heart abroad,  
Fulness of love, of Heaven, of God!

3 Come, O Thou Comforter, O come!  
Nor visit as a passing guest,  
But make in me Thy constant home,  
And take possession of my breast,  
O say that righteousness divine,  
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

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

- 2 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.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And thirsting souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near:  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

**O** HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice!  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far,  
Than east or west unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are,  
Than all the stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy days,  
Riches of soul, with honours joined  
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young with light and grace  
The heavenly path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the aged head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,  
So her rewards increase:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

*Michael Bruce, 1746-67†*

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

- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky.
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,  
Our anchor and our stay.
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without Thee how could earth be trod?  
Or Heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn  
With simple, childlike hearts.

*Benjamin Barton, 1784-1849*

**G**OD, in the Gospel of His Son,  
Makes His eternal counsels known;  
Here, love in richest mercy shines,  
And Truth is shown in noble lines.

- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame,  
May taste His grace and learn His name,  
And see in characters of blood  
The mercy of a pardoning God.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes,  
A brighter world above the skies;  
Here shines the light which guides our way,  
From earth, to realms of endless day.
- 4 Here wisdom all her light imparts,  
To teach our minds and move our hearts;  
Such influence bids the sinner live,  
And makes the burdened soul revive.
- 5 O grant us grace, our Saviour God,  
To understand Thy holy Word;  
With meekness, all its Truth receive,  
And by its light, for ever live.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95,  
Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*

COME, Saviour Christ, our only Lord,  
Thou great Interpreter divine,  
Explain Thine own transmitted Word,  
To teach and to inspire is Thine:  
Thou only canst Thyself reveal,  
Open Thy book, and loose its seal.

2 Whate'er the ancient prophets spoke  
Concerning Thee, O Christ, make known;  
Chief subject of the sacred book,  
Thou fillest all, and Thou alone:  
Yet there our Lord we cannot see  
Unless Thy Spirit give the key.

3 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove—  
The folly of our darkened heart;  
Unfold the wonders of Thy love,  
The knowledge of Thyself impart:  
Our ears—our inmost souls we bow,  
Speak, Lord, to us Thy servants now.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

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

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun:  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

**B**REAK Thou the Bread of Life,  
Dear Lord, to me,  
As Thou didst break the loaves  
Beside the sea;  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek Thee, Lord,  
My Spirit longs for Thee,  
O living Word!

2 Thou art the Bread of Life,  
O Lord, to me,  
Thy holy Word the Truth  
That saveth me;  
Give me to eat and live  
With Thee above,  
Teach me to love Thy Truth,  
For Thou art love.

3 O send Thy Spirit, Lord,  
Now unto me,  
That He may touch my eyes,  
And make me see:  
Show me the Truth concealed  
Within Thy Word,  
And in Thy book revealed  
I see Thee, Lord.

4 Bless Thou the Truth, dear Lord,  
Now unto me,  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee:  
Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall,  
And I shall find my peace,  
My All-in-all!



**I**NSPIRER of the ancient seers,  
Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,  
Kept through the long succeeding years  
For us in our benighted age:  
The message of that Word impart  
And break its life into our heart.

- 2 While now the text divine we read,  
With earnest prayer and strong desire,  
O may a work in us proceed  
Our souls to quicken and inspire;  
Our dullness help, our blindness chase,  
And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 The sacred lessons of Thy ways,  
Transmitted through Thy Word, repeat;  
And train us up to themes of grace;  
And make us in Thy will complete;  
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan  
And bring us to a perfect man.
- 4 So furnished from Thy treasury,  
O may we always ready stand  
To help the souls redeemed by Thee  
In what their various states demand;  
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,  
And build them up in serving love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

THE volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my thirst assuage;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
In almost every page.

- 2 This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown;  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 3 Here consecrated water flows  
To purge my love of sin;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows:  
No danger dwells therein.
- 4 Here is the judge that ends all strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life  
Through all this earthly vale.
- 5 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command,  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to Thy right hand.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given;  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to Heaven.

2 Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
Here shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

3 I'll read the histories of Thy love,  
And keep Thy laws in sight;  
While through Thy promises I'll rove  
With ever fresh delight.

4 Here is a land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise;  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

5 The sole relief that mourners have,  
This makes our sorrows blest;  
Our glorious hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817,  
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**N**OW may the Gospel's conquering power  
Be felt by all assembled here;  
So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
And God's own arm of strength appear.

- 2 Lord! let Thy mighty voice be heard;  
Speak through the Word, and speak with power;  
So shall Thy glorious name be feared  
By those who never feared before.
- 3 O pity those who sleep in sin,  
Preserve them from the sinner's doom;  
Show them the kingdom, draw them in,  
And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall Thy people joyful be,  
And angels shall more loudly sing,  
And both ascribe the praise to Thee,  
To Thee, the everlasting King!

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

ALL thanks be to God,  
Who scatters abroad,  
Throughout every place,  
By word of His servants, the Gospel of grace!

2 He opened a door  
To penitent poor,  
And rescued from sin,  
Admitting the harlots and publicans in;

3 They heard the glad sound,  
An liberty found—  
Through the blood of the Lamb—  
With love and forgiveness in Jesus' dear name.

4 His arm He has bared,  
And people prepared  
His glory to show  
And speak of the power of His passion below.

5 O that we might know  
This mercy below,  
Our Saviour confess,  
Embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

6 O Lord over all,  
Effectually call  
To Jesus—'the Way',  
And draw a great multitude near in this day.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

**O** CHRIST, our true and only Light,  
Shine upon those who sit in night;  
Make needy souls now hear Thy voice,  
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

- 2 All who have strayed afar from Thee,  
O gently seek! Thy healing be  
To every wounded conscience given,  
And let them also share Thy Heaven.
- 3 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,  
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,  
Who dare not yet the faith avow,  
Though secretly they hold it now.
- 4 Shine on the wayward and the cold,  
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;  
Those now unite who walk apart,  
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 5 So they with us may evermore  
Such grace, with wondering thanks, adore;  
And endless praise to Thee be given  
By all Thy Church in earth and Heaven.

*Johann Heermann, 1585-1647,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78*

- H**OW long hast Thou bestowed Thy care  
On our ungrateful, rebel land?  
For of the nations far and near  
Few know such blessings from Thy hand.
- 2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,  
The glorious Gospel brightly shone;  
And oft our enemies have felt  
That God has made our cause His own.
- 3 But Heaven and earth have clearly heard  
Our vile rejection of that love.  
We, though like children kindly reared,  
Rebels against Thy goodness prove.
- 4 Thy grace despised, Thy power defied,  
And legions of the foulest crimes,  
Profanest sins of lust and pride  
All greatly mark the present times.
- 5 Lord, hear Thy people everywhere,  
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray:  
The nation and Thy churches spare,  
And let Thy wrath be turned away.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord!  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead  
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smouldering embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the Bread of Life,  
O may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
And bless to all Thy Word!  
And may its pure and saving Truth  
In living faith be heard.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

6 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

*Albert Midlane, 1825-1909*



LORD of the reapers, hear our lowly pleading,  
Thine are the fields that stand all harvest-white,  
Thine is the love that human souls are needing,  
Ere falls the dusk that deepens into night.

2 Oft have we prayed, with longing and beseeching,  
Fruit for our toil and glory for Thy Cross;  
Yet slow the reaping, slow the task of reaching  
Far distant souls whose distance is their loss.

3 Oft have we asked for some rewarding token,  
Only to know our toil was not in vain,  
And for a patient love to lead the broken  
Lives of the lost to an eternal gain.

4 Soon o'er our harvest field the twilight stealeth,  
Low on its margin stands the solemn sun;  
Rising to Thee the reapers' prayer appealeth,  
'Grant us full sheaves before the day is done.'

5 So when Thy morning floods the land with glory,  
Good will it be to meet and see Thee then!  
Learn all the triumphs of Thy love's sweet story,  
Lord of the reapers! Hope of sinful men!

*Frederic Goldsmith French, 1867-1947*

**T**HE Saviour calls; let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
May doubting souls dismiss their fear;  
Hope smiles reviving round.

- 2 For every thirsting, longing heart,  
Here streams of blessing flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To Thee let sinners fly,  
And seek the bliss Thy love imparts,  
And take and never die.
- 4 May sinners hear Thy mercy's voice,  
Thy gracious call obey;  
May hearts be turned to heavenly joys,  
And come without delay.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

LORD of the harvest, hear  
Thy needy servants' cry;  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;  
Our wants are in Thy view:  
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;  
The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more  
Into Thy church abroad;  
And let them speak Thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel word,  
The word of glorious grace;  
Thee let them preach, the only Lord  
And Saviour of our race.

5 O let them spread Thy name,  
Their mission fully prove,  
Thy condescending grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**S**OW in the morn your seed,  
At eve hold not your hand;  
To fear and doubting give no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 We know not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious seed alive  
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,  
In living beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

4 We cannot toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,  
The Day of God is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, 'Harvest home.'

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

THY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive Thy Word:  
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

*Open our hearts, O Lord, and bless,  
And crown Thy Gospel with success.*

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our minds and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred Word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
So may we, moved in faith and fear,  
Take to our case the things we hear;
- 4 Father, to us, Thy Son reveal,  
Teach us to know and do Thy will,  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817*

\*Bethesda's Pool, *John 5:2*

**B**ESIDE the Gospel pool,\*  
Appointed for the poor,  
Has many a helpless, seeking soul  
Come hoping for a cure.

2 How often have we seen  
The healing waters move,  
And needy sinners stepping in,  
Converting kindness prove.

3 But some unsaved remain,  
They feel the very same,  
As full of guilt, and doubt, and pain,  
As when at first they came.

4 And often some have thought,  
'Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I?'

5 But where else can they go?  
There is no other pool  
Where streams of love and mercy flow  
To make a sinner whole.

6 O bless them here today,  
In trust may they apply;  
O Saviour, hear lost sinners pray,  
Nor suffer them to die.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

\*Bethesda's Pool, *John 5:2*

**H**ERE at the Gospel pool,\* the poor,  
The withered, lame and blind,  
With waiting hearts expect a cure,  
And free admission find.

- 2 Here streams of sovereign mercy flow,  
To heal the sin-sick soul,  
To wash the guilty white as snow,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 3 The dumb break forth with songs of praise,  
The blind their sight receive,  
The cripple walks in wisdom's ways,  
The dead revive, and live!
- 4 Yet numbers oft-times here apply  
Who meet with no relief;  
Though help is here, they pine and die  
In hopeless unbelief.
- 5 Why should such souls refuse to bathe,  
And yet attend the pool?  
But none can ever find the faith  
While love of sin bears rule.
- 6 Dear Saviour, come and interpose,  
Our stubborn wills constrain,  
Or else for us the water flows  
And grace is preached in vain.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

- B**EHOLD the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow,  
'Up to the hill of God,' they'll say,  
'And to His house we'll go.'
- 3 The Word that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
Our Saviour-King shall teach His ways,  
And countless hearts command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge,  
And into Truth shall guide;  
He many people shall rebuke,  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 His subjects shall be filled with love  
To harvest souls these years;  
To ploughshares they shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 6 His own, among the nations set,  
All racial hate disown,  
And national pride subordinate  
To serve the eternal throne.
- 7 O 'House of Jacob', called of God,  
Elect from every land,  
O come and walk in His great light,  
Beneath His mighty hand.



FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer;  
We plead for those who plead for Thee;  
Successful pleaders may they be!

- 2 Clothe them with energy divine,  
And let their words be truly Thine;  
To them Thy sacred Truth reveal;  
Suppress their fear, increase their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed:  
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
And feel Thy new-creating power.
- 5 Break, Lord, the sinners' massive chains,  
Make souls distressed forget their pains;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And converts praise their glorious Head.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95†*

**B**LESS Thy servants, Lord, uphold them,  
Called in other lands to sow;  
Guide, protect, inspire and help them,  
O assure them as they go;  
Be Thou with them:  
All Thy comforts may they know.

- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command;  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land;  
O be with them:  
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 When no fruit appears to cheer them,  
And they seem to toil in vain,  
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
Then their sinking hopes sustain:  
Thus supported,  
Let their zeal revive again.
- 4 In the midst of opposition,  
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:  
When success attends their mission,  
Let Thy servants humble be:  
Never leave them,  
Till Thy face in Heaven they see . . .
- 5 There to reap in joy for ever  
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;  
There to be with Him, Who never  
Ceases to preserve His own,  
And with triumph  
Sing the Saviour's grace alone.

**S**OUND, sound the Truth abroad,  
Bear now the Word of God  
Through the wide world;  
Tell what our Lord has done;  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from his lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.

- 2 Speed on the wings of love!  
Jesus, Who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly:  
They who His message bear,  
Should neither doubt nor fear,  
He will their Friend appear,  
He will be nigh.
- 3 When on the mighty deep,  
He will their spirits keep  
Stayed on His Word;  
When in a distant land,  
No other friend at hand,  
Jesus will by them stand—  
Jesus, their Lord.
- 4 They who, forsaking all,  
At their dear Master's call,  
Comforts resign,  
Soon will their work be done,  
Soon will the prize be won,  
Brighter than yonder sun,  
Then shall they shine.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

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

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

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

4 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.

5 Saints and angels joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of Heaven  
Sweetly echo with His name!  
O such mercy!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The message of the Gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Come now all hungry, starving souls  
Who feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly things  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-converting feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
His rich provisions taste.
- 4 Come, all who long for living streams  
Of life that cannot die,  
Here you may quench your aching thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Saviour, the treasures of Thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The door of pardoning love and grace  
Stands open night and day;  
Lord, we have come to seek supplies,  
Deal now with us, we pray.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

COME, all souls by sin afflicted,  
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down;  
By the broken law convicted,  
Through the Cross behold the crown.  
Look to Jesus—  
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Sweet as home to exiles weary;  
Light to newly-opened eyes;  
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the life that Christ supplies;  
All who taste it  
Shall to life immortal rise.

3 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him;  
Blest the ears that hear His voice:  
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him,  
And in Him alone rejoice;  
His commandments  
Then become their happy choice.

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96*

‘COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.’  
O gracious voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed;  
It tells of free forgiveness,  
Of pardon, life, and peace,  
Of joy that has no ending,  
And love which cannot cease.

2 ‘Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light.’  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night;  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way;  
But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

3 ‘And whosoever cometh  
I will not cast him out.’  
O welcome voice of Jesus  
Which drives away our doubt:  
Which calls us, wayward sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

SEEK ye first, not earthly pleasure,  
Fading joy and failing treasure;  
But the love that knows no measure:  
Seek this first.

- 2 Seek ye first, not earth's aspirings,  
Ceaseless longings, vain desirings;  
But your precious soul's requirings:  
Seek this first.
- 3 Seek ye first God's peace and blessing—  
You have all if this possessing;  
Come, your need and sin confessing:  
Seek Him first.
- 4 Seek Him first; then, when forgiven,  
Pardoned, made an heir of Heaven,  
Let your life to Him be given:  
Seek this first.
- 5 Seek this first: His promise trying—  
It is sure, all need supplying.  
Heavenly things—on Him relying—  
Seek ye first.

*Georgiana Mary Taylor, 1871-1953*



COME to the Saviour now!  
His mercy calleth thee;  
In true repentance bow,  
Before Him bend the knee.  
He waiteth to bestow  
Salvation, peace and love,  
True joy on earth below,  
A home in Heaven above.

2 Come to the Saviour: view  
The Lamb of Calvary;  
For in His merits you  
Have an unfailing plea.  
No vain excuses frame,  
For feelings do not stay;  
None who to Jesus came  
Were ever sent away.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,  
Whate'er your guilt may be;  
Hear now His loving call—  
'Cast all your care on Me.'  
Come, and for every grief,  
In Jesus you will find  
A sure and safe relief,  
A Friend and Saviour kind.

4 Come to the Saviour now,  
All who have wandered far;  
Come make your solemn vow,  
For His by right you are.  
Come like poor wandering sheep  
Returning to His fold;  
His power will safely keep,  
His love will ne'er grow cold.

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

2 For what we have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father has punished for us His dear Son;  
The Lord on that day  
Of atonement did lay  
Our sins on the Lord, and He bore them away.

3 He died to atone  
For sins not His own,  
Our debt He has paid and our work He has done,  
So we may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession—‘My Father forgive.’

4 For sinners like me  
He prayed on the tree,  
Through His intercession the sinner goes free,  
That sinner am I  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

5 His death is my plea  
My Advocate see!  
And hear the blood speak that has answered for me:  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, Thou know’st He has died in my place!

**H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred Word,  
'Come, all despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,  
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my All.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

SURELY Christ our griefs has borne,  
Contrite soul, no longer mourn;  
View Him bleeding on the tree,  
Bearing utmost agony:  
There your every sin He bore;  
Weeping soul, lament no more.

- 2 Cast your guilty soul on Him,  
Find Him mighty to redeem;  
At His feet your burden lay;  
Look your doubts and cares away;  
Now by faith the Son embrace,  
Plead His promise, trust His grace.
- 3 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,  
Ere I can by faith be healed;  
Since I scarce can look to Thee,  
Cast a gracious eye on me!  
At Thy feet myself I lay;  
Shine, O shine my fears away!

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul  
Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One hand alone, a piercèd hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When conscience rends the burdened heart  
And tears of sorrow flow,  
One heart alone, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When deep remorse has wept in vain  
Ashamed of some foul sin,  
One stream alone, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the stain.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that purges guilt,  
His power shall bring relief;  
The Lord, alone, offence removes,  
And takes away our grief.

5 Uplift Thy pardoning hand, O Lord,  
Unseal Thy cleansing tide;  
We have no shelter from our sin,  
But in Thy wounded side.

*Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95‡*

‘SINNERS Jesus will receive’;  
Say this word of grace to all  
Who the heavenly pathway leave,  
All who linger, all who fall;  
This can bring them back again,  
‘Christ receiveth sinful men.’

2 Sick, and sorrowful, and blind,  
I, with all my sins, draw nigh;  
O my Saviour, Thou canst find  
Help for sinners such as I;  
Speak that word of love again,  
‘Christ receiveth sinful men.’

3 Now my soul is comforted,  
For Thy blood has washed away  
All my sins, though crimson-red;  
And I stand in white array,  
Purged from every spot and stain;  
‘Christ receiveth sinful men.’

4 ‘Christ receiveth sinful men’:  
Even me, with all my sin;  
Opens Heaven to me again;  
With Him I may enter in:  
Death has no more sting nor pain;  
‘Christ receiveth sinful men.’

*Erdmann Neumeister, 1671-1756,  
tr Emma Frances Bevan, 1827-1909*

**J**ESUS, Thy message speaks within:  
The mercy which Thy words reveal  
Refines the heart from flesh and sin,  
And stamps its own authentic seal.

- 2 The guilty soul who trusts Thy blood,  
Finds peace and pardon at the cross:  
The sinful heart, averse to God,  
Loves and believes the Father's laws.
- 3 The doubting mind gives up its strife,  
When God's converting mercies shine;  
The voice that calls the dead to life,  
Must be almighty and divine!
- 4 'Tis God's inimitable hand  
That moulds the heart and mind anew;  
Cynics no longer should withstand,  
But bow and own the doctrine true.
- 5 Questions and doubts are heard no more,  
Christ and His joy is all our theme;  
His Spirit seals the Gospel sure  
To every soul that trusts in Him.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**H**APPY the man who finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy beyond description he  
Who knows: The Saviour died for me!  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer  
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise,  
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,  
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are life and peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy who his guest retains;  
He owns, and shall for ever own:  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*



THE sinner that truly believes,  
And trusts in the crucified God,  
A pardon at once then receives,  
Redemption in full through His blood;  
The faith that unites to the Lamb,  
And brings such salvation as this,  
Is more than mere notion or name:  
The work of God's Spirit it is.

- 2 A principle, active and young,  
That lives under pressure and load,  
This faith makes the fearful more strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.  
It says to the mountains, 'Depart!'  
That stand between God and the soul;  
It binds up the broken in heart,  
And makes wounded consciences whole.
- 3 It treads on the world, and on hell;  
It vanquishes death and despair;  
And what is still stranger to tell,  
It overcomes Heaven by prayer:  
Permits a vile worm of the dust  
With God to commune as a friend,  
To live in devotion and trust,  
And walk in His love to the end.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

**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.

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

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

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

5 These, these prepare us for the sight  
Of majesty above;  
The sons of ignorance and night  
Can dwell in the eternal Light,  
Through the eternal Love.

*Thomas Binney, 1798-1874*

**O** PRECIOUS words that Jesus said!—  
‘The soul that comes to Me,  
I will in no wise cast him out,  
Whoever he may be.’

2 O precious words that Jesus said!—  
‘Behold, I am the Door;  
And all that enter in by Me  
Have life for evermore.’

3 O precious words that Jesus said!—  
‘Come, weary souls oppressed,  
Come, take My yoke and learn of Me,  
And I will give you rest.’

4 O precious words that Jesus said!—  
‘The world I overcame;  
And they who follow where I lead  
Shall conquer in My name.’

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1823-1915*

OUR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs,  
He pardons every day,  
Almighty to protect our souls,  
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are!—  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with His blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,  
We bless Thy faithful care,  
Our Advocate before the throne,  
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart,  
Here wait, my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

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

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

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

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

**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.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

**A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed;  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest!
- 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name!
- 6 ‘Poor soul, now tempest tossed, be still,  
My promised grace receive.’  
’Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**H**EAL us, Emmanuel! we are here,  
Waiting to feel Thy touch;  
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust Thy Word;  
But wilt Thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief:  
'Lord, I believe,' with tears he cried,  
'O help my unbelief!'
- 4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, 'Daughter, go in peace;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.'
- 5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,  
To touch Thee, if we may;  
O send us not despairing home,  
Send none unhealed away.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*



**D**EPTH of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?  
I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls:  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 2 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;  
God is love, I know, I feel,  
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.  
Why to me this waste of love?  
Ask my Advocate above.  
See the cause in Jesus' face,  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 3 If I rightly read Thy heart,  
If Thou all compassion art,  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;  
Pardon and accept me now.  
Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament:  
Now my foul revolt deplore;  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

I NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord:  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

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

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

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

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

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

*Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1835-1918*

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;  
O God! be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed:  
Christ and His Cross my only plea;  
O God! be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see;  
O God! be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee;  
O God! be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me.

*Cornelius Elven, 1797-1873*

LORD, I confess to Thee  
Sadly my sin;  
All I have done and said,  
All I have been.  
Purge Thou my sin away,  
Wash Thou my soul this day,  
Lord, make me clean.

2 Faithful and kind art Thou,  
Forgiving all;  
Low at Thy piercèd feet,  
Saviour, I fall.  
O, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Wash o'er my soul!

3 All is then peace and light  
This soul within:  
Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
Saviour unseen;  
Leaning on Thee, my God,  
Guided along the road,  
Nothing between.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

O THOU Who hast redeemed of old,  
And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,  
And be at peace with Thee;  
Help me Thy benefits to own,  
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,  
O dying Lamb, for me.

2 O grant the eye of faith to see  
The Man once pierced on Calvary,  
To know Thee Who Thou art—  
The one eternal God and true!  
And let the sight affect, subdue,  
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
Reveal the charity divine  
That suffered in my stead;  
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,  
And quenched in death those gracious eyes,  
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;  
And by Thy manifested love,  
And by Thy sprinkled blood,  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get Thyself the victory,  
And bring me back to God.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

COME, my soul, your plea prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid you pray,  
Therefore will not turn away.

- 2 You are coming to a King;  
Large petitions with you bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith;  
Let me die Thy people's death.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

O THE bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,  
‘All of self, and none of Thee.’

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,  
Heard Him pray, ‘Forgive them, Father!’  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
‘Some of self, and some of Thee.’

3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and O! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
‘Less of self, and more of Thee.’

4 Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;  
Grant me now my soul's desire,  
‘None of self, and all of Thee!’

*Theodore Monod, 1836-1921*

**G**OD made me for Himself, to serve Him here,  
With love's pure service and in filial fear;  
To show His praise, for Him to labour now;  
Then see His glory where the angels bow.

- 2 All needful grace was giv'n through His dear Son,  
Whose life and death has full salvation won;  
Grace that can bring the soul to life and power,  
And take to glory when this life is o'er.
- 3 And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;  
Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;  
As if no Christ had shed His precious blood,  
As if I owed no homage to my God.
- 4 O Holy Spirit, with Thy fire divine,  
Melt into tears this sinful heart of mine;  
Teach me to love what once I seemed to hate,  
And live to God before it is too late.

*Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77‡*



**T**O whom, Lord, shall we go  
When burdened, sick, and faint?  
To whom could we our troubles show,  
And pour out our complaint?

2 The Saviour bids us come:  
O why do we delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from Him we stray.

3 What is it holds us back,  
From which we cannot part,  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of the heart?

4 Now, Lord, the hindrance show,  
Which we so fear to see:  
O let us all consent to know  
What keeps our soul from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy saving power display,  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And draw me to Thy way.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O**UT of my bondage, sorrow, and night,  
Jesus, I come: Jesus, I come.  
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of my sickness into Thy health,  
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,  
Out of my sin and into Thyself,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
Jesus, I come: Jesus, I come.  
Into the glorious gain of Thy Cross,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,  
Out of life's storm and into Thy calm,  
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

3 Out of unrest and arrogant pride,  
Jesus, I come: Jesus, I come.  
Into Thy perfect will to abide,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,  
Out of despair into raptures above,  
Upward for aye on wings like a dove,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,  
Jesus, I come: Jesus, I come.  
Into the joy and light of Thy home,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.  
Out of the depths of ruin untold,  
Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,  
Ever Thy glorious face to behold,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

**J**ESUS, my All, to Heaven is gone,  
He Whom I rest my hopes upon,  
His way I see, and I'll pursue  
That heavenward way, till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll take: for all His paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
No lover of the world and sin;  
This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not.
- 4 My grief and burden long have been,  
Because I could not cease from sin,  
Until I heard my Saviour say,  
'Come, soul, to Me! I am the Way!'
- 5 Gladly I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,  
Shall bring me to Thee, as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say, 'Behold the way to God!'

**B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand—  
The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
    Within a weary land:  
A home within the wilderness,  
    A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat,  
    And the burden of the day.

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

3 There lies beneath its shadow,  
    But on the farther side,  
The darkness of an awful grave  
    That gapes both deep and wide;  
And there between us stands the cross,  
    Two arms outstretched to save,  
Like a watchman set to guard the way  
    From that eternal grave.

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

5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,  
For my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
The sunshine of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss—  
My sinful self my only shame,  
My glory all the Cross.

*Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830-69*

- T**HOU God of glorious majesty,  
To Thee, O Judge of all, to Thee,  
A worm of earth, I cry;  
A wandering, foolish child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die!
- 2 Here on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Yet so insensible!  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss to ensure;  
Thy pardoning love on me bestow,  
That I may find Thee here below,  
And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this earth to live  
And reign with Thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**L**ORD, I was blind, I could not see  
In Thy marred visage any grace;  
But now the beauty of Thy face  
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear  
The thrilling music of Thy voice;  
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,  
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak  
The grace and glory of Thy name;  
But now, as touched with living flame,  
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;  
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,  
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
The dead to live; and so, I break  
The chains of my captivity.

*William Tidd Matson, 1833-99*



- N**OT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.
- 2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears  
Can bear my awful load.
- 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.
- 4 Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of sin's dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.
- 5 Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak;  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can sin's sore bondage break.
- 6 I bless the Christ of God,  
I rest on love divine,  
And with unfaltering lip and heart  
I call this Saviour mine.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
May God, th'Unsearchable, be found?  
Will He appear to me?

2 Would He forsake His throne above,  
Himself to us impart?  
Come, teach us from Thy Word of love,  
And move in every heart!

3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design,  
That brought the suffering Son of Man,  
To shed His blood divine.

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That we may now perceive Thee near,  
And our Redeemer know?

5 Come now, and to our souls reveal  
That dear disfigured face,  
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,  
The heights and depths of grace.

6 O Saviour, in Thy person show,  
Our Sovereign crucified!  
And then the pardoning God we'll know,  
And feel Thy blood applied.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

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

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

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

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

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

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave;  
And, though His arm be strong to smite  
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long has the night of sorrow reigned;  
The dawn shall bring us light;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him, and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.
- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground . . .
- 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

*John Morison, 1749-98*

**L**OOSSED from my God, and far removed,  
Long have I wandered to and fro,  
Through life in endless circles round,  
Not finding peace and rest below:  
To Thee, my God, at last I fly,  
O bless me, Saviour, now draw nigh.

2 Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,  
The things of earth, for Thee I leave;  
Stretch forth Thy pardoning hand of grace,  
And my lost life to Thee receive;  
Take this unstable soul of mine,  
And make it, Saviour, ever Thine.

3 Fill me with life, and love, and peace,  
Stablish and keep my settled heart;  
In Thee may all my wanderings cease,  
From Thee no more may I depart;  
Thy utmost kindness may I prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

**J**ESUS, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul,  
Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
There is none in Heaven  
Or on earth like Thee:  
Thou hast died for sinners—  
Therefore, Lord, for me.

2 Jesus, I must trust Thee,  
Pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy  
All Thine earthly days.  
Sinners gathered round Thee,  
Lepers sought Thy face:  
None too vile or loathsome  
For a Saviour's grace.

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee,  
Trust without a doubt;  
Whosoever cometh  
Thou wilt not cast out.  
Faithful is Thy promise,  
Precious is Thy blood:  
These my soul's salvation,  
Thou my Saviour God!

*Mary Jane Walker, 1816-78*

**O** MY Saviour, lifted  
From the earth for me,  
Draw me, in Thy mercy,  
Nearer unto Thee.

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

3 And I come, Lord Jesus;  
Dare I turn away?  
No! Thy love has conquered,  
And I come today.

4 Bringing all my burdens,  
Sorrow, sin and care;  
At Thy feet I lay them,  
And I leave them there.

*William Walsham How, 1823-97*

O TEACH me what it meaneth,  
That cross uplifted high,  
With One, the Man of Sorrows,  
Condemned to bleed and die!  
O teach me what it cost Thee  
To make a sinner whole;  
And teach me, Saviour, teach me  
The value of a soul!

2 O teach me what it meaneth,  
For I am full of sin,  
And grace alone can reach me,  
And love alone can win.  
O teach me, for I need Thee,  
I have no hope beside—  
The chief of all the sinners  
For whom the Saviour died!

3 O infinite Redeemer!  
I bring no other plea;  
Because Thou dost invite me  
I cast myself on Thee.  
Because Thou dost accept me  
I love and I adore;  
Because Thy love constraineth,  
I'll praise Thee evermore!

*Lucy Ann Bennett, 1850-1927*



**J**ESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,  
Lost and undone, for help I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open Thine arms and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;  
Lord, Thou alone canst make me whole;  
Into my darkened spirit shine,  
For I am lost, till Thou art mine.
- 3 At last I know it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for Thee:  
Here, then, to Thee I all resign;  
Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 4 Now, for Thyself, my life prepare;  
Transform my heart and enter there.  
Thy work alone can make me clean,  
Make all things new, and cast out sin.
- 5 What can I say Thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside,  
Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**W**EARY of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home,  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 How can a sinner tread the heavenly way?  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet, from the Lord, I hear a gracious call:  
'Repent, believe, and be released from all.'
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for me atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 There, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;  
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

*Samuel John Stone, 1839-1900*

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

I THOUGHT that I was strong, Lord,  
And did not need Thine arm:  
Though dangers thronged around me,  
My heart felt no alarm.  
I thought I needed nothing  
From Thee: no help or sight;  
And on I walked in darkness,  
Still thinking it was light.

2 But Thou hast pierced the spell, Lord,  
And roused me from my dreams;  
Thy light has burst upon me  
With bright awakening beams.  
I trust Thy blood to cleanse me,  
O tell me I'm forgiven;  
And guide me on my pathway  
Until I come to Heaven.

3 O may I know I'm Thine, Lord,  
And none shall pluck away  
This humbled soul now making  
Thine arm its only stay.  
Thy kindness and Thy favour  
Are everything to me;  
Accept me in Thy mercy,  
And keep me close to Thee.

*Derived: Joseph Denham Smith's Collection, 1860*

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek Thy face;  
Open Thine arms and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore:  
O, for Thy Truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 3 The stone to flesh do Thou convert,  
The trait of sinfulness remove;  
O speak into my wayward heart,  
And melt it down by dying love;  
This rebel heart, O now subdue,  
And make it tender, form it new.
- 4 O give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**I** BRING my sins to Thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That I now cleansed may be  
In Thy once-opened fount:  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

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

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

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

**H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner's cry!  
For I have nowhere else to fly;  
My only hope is found in Thee:  
O God, be merciful to me!

- 2 To Thee I come, a sinner poor,  
And wait for mercy at Thy door;  
For, Lord, I've nowhere else to flee;  
O God, be merciful to me!
- 3 To Thee I come, a sinner weak,  
Scarce knowing how to pray or speak;  
From fear and weakness set me free:  
O God, be merciful to me!
- 4 To Thee I come, a sinner vile,  
Upon me, Lord, be pleased to smile,  
Mercy alone I make my plea:  
O God, be merciful to me!
- 5 To Thee I come, a sinner great,  
And well Thou knowest all my state;  
Yet full forgiveness is with Thee:  
O God, be merciful to me!
- 6 To Thee I come, a sinner lost,  
Having no worth in which to trust;  
But where Thou art, Lord, I would be:  
O God, be merciful to me!

*Samuel Medley, 1738-99*

**G**REAT God, when I approach Thy throne,  
And all Thy glory see;  
This is my stay, and this alone,  
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die  
Escape the just decree?  
A vile, unworthy wretch am I,  
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,  
O how can I get free?  
No peace can all my efforts gain,  
But Jesus died for me.

4 My course I could not safely steer  
Through life's tempestuous sea,  
Unless this truth relieved my fear—  
That Jesus died for me.

5 And, Lord, when I behold Thy face,  
This must be all my plea—  
Save me by Thine almighty grace,  
For Jesus died for me.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877*



**J**ESUS! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's Friend,  
Come to my help, pronounce the word,  
And bid my troubles end.

- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,  
And life, and liberty;  
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,  
Reveal Thyself to me!
- 3 Faith to be healed, I long to have,  
O may it now be given;  
Thou canst the vilest sinners save,  
And make them fit for Heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine,  
And all-victorious prove;  
For everlasting strength is Thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy mighty Spirit shall subdue  
Unconquerable sin,  
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
And write Thy law within.
- 6 Bound fast by countless earthly ties,  
Yet let me hear Thy call;  
My fettered soul shall then arise,  
Obey and break through all.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78,  
Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**I** HEAR Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

*I am coming, Lord,  
Coming now to Thee:  
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
That flowed on Calvary.*

2    Though coming weak and vile,  
      Thou dost my strength assure;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
      Till spotless all and pure.

3    'Tis Jesus calls me on  
      To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope and peace and trust,  
      For earth and Heaven above.

4    'Tis Jesus Who confirms  
      The blessèd work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
      Where reigned the power of sin.

*Lewis Hartsough, 1828-1919*

**N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

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

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

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

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

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ESUS, if Thou art still today  
As yesterday, the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of Thy name.

- 2 Now, Lord, to Whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eye behold me fall,  
A leper at Thy feet.
- 3 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,  
How dark I am within!  
The love of God I could not see,  
Nor sinfulness of sin.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorred  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But if Thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of Thine can make me clean.
- 5 Prayerless and silent for so long,  
My voice I did not raise;  
But O, when Thou shalt loose my tongue,  
The dumb shall sing Thy praise!
- 6 If Thou, my God, art passing by,  
O let me find Thee near!  
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 7 Behold me waiting, in the way,  
For Thee, the heavenly Light;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
'Sinner, receive thy sight.'

**O** FOR a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away;  
And thaw with beams of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks may rend; the earth may quake;  
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,  
The hardest flint on earth would melt:  
But can I read each tender line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine?

4 Thy judgements, too, unmoved I hear,  
Amazing thought! which devils fear:  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this senseless heart of mine.

5 But there is One can do the deed,  
And His resistless touch I need!  
Thy Spirit can my dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known;  
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,  
And break these hearts of stone.

- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn,  
And leave at once the paths of sin,  
And to our Saviour turn!
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,  
Make this salvation's day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 4 Show us our sin and unbelief,  
And then from guilt release;  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, then wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my suffering Lord!  
Both earth and hell conspired His death,  
According to His Word.

2 O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When savage whips and rugged thorns  
His sacred body tore.

3 But my own sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
For every sin became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.

4 'Twas I that brought such judgement down  
Upon the guiltless One;  
Break, then, my heart, and weep my eyes!  
To feel what I have done.

5 Come, mighty grace, my stony heart  
Cause now to melt and flow,  
Till deep repentance draws me near,  
Thy pardoning voice to know.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*

**O** SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,  
In earth beneath or Heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need  
And Thy exceeding love.

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

*Jane Crewdson, 1809-63*



**T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love has gently led me on,  
E'en from my infant days,  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I ever knew  
Thy justifying grace.

- 2 If I have only known Thy fear,  
And followed with a heart sincere  
Thy drawings from above,  
O, now the further grace bestow,  
And let my troubled conscience know  
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,  
A stranger to the Gospel hope  
And sense of sin forgiven;  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
Without a true assurance live,  
That foretaste now of Heaven.
- 4 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love—  
My wilfulness or pride—remove,  
Thy glory to display;  
My heart of unbelief convince,  
And now forgive me all my sins,  
And take them all away.
- 5 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
How merciful Thou art:  
The secret of Thy love reveal,  
And by Thy Holy Spirit dwell  
For ever in my heart.

**P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,  
To Thee I bring my case;  
My raging malady control,  
And heal me by Thy grace.

- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,  
See how I mourn and pine;  
For never can I gain a cure  
From any hand but Thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,  
But where shall I begin?  
No words of mine can fully paint  
The picture of my sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,  
But through my life is spread;  
With deep corruption in my heart,  
And evil in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
Disfigured, weak and lame;  
And overclouds and fills my mind  
With folly, self and shame.
- 6 O Lord of mercy, hear my cry,  
And set my spirit free:  
Thou wilt not let a sinner die  
Who longs to live for Thee.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**O** LORD, from Whom there's nought concealed,  
Who sees my inward frame;  
To Thee I always stand revealed  
Exactly as I am!

2 Since I, at times, can hardly bear  
What in myself I see;  
How vile and foul must I appear,  
Most holy God, to Thee!

3 But since my Saviour stands between,  
Who shed His precious blood,  
'Tis He, instead of me is seen,  
When I approach to God.

4 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe:  
He pleads before the throne  
His life and death on my behalf,  
And calls my sins His own.

5 What wondrous love, what mysteries,  
In this appointment shine!  
My breaches of the law are His,  
And His obedience mine.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
With Whom I strive, but cannot see:  
My heart cries out for Thee alone;  
In prayer I'm left alone with Thee:  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

- 2 Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But hopeful in my self-despair;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my urgent prayer:  
O speak, and all my senses move;  
Assure me of Thy saving love.
- 3 'Tis love! that Thou hast died for me!  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Pure, undeservèd Love Thou art:  
To me do all Thy mercies move;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 4 My prayer prevails with God: the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face, and live;  
In vain I have not wept and strove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 5 I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end.  
Thy mercies never shall remove;  
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

COME and rejoice with me!  
For once my heart was poor,  
And I have found a treasury  
Of love, a boundless store.

2 Come and rejoice with me!  
I, once so sick at heart,  
Have met with One Who knows my case,  
And knows the healing art.

3 Come and rejoice with me!  
For I was wearied sore,  
And I have found a mighty arm  
Which holds me evermore.

4 Come and rejoice with me!  
My feet so wide did roam,  
And One has sought me from afar,  
And beareth me safe home.

5 Come and rejoice with me!  
For I have found a Friend  
Who knows my heart's most secret depths  
Yet loves me without end.

6 I knew not of His love;  
And He had loved so long,  
With love so faithful and so deep,  
So tender and so strong.

7 And now I know my Lord,  
Have heard and known His voice,  
And know His power from day to day—  
Can I enough rejoice?

AND can it be that I should gain  
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

- 2 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free;  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 3 No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me;  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.  
I will sing of my Redeemer!  
With His blood He purchased me,  
On the cross He sealed my pardon,  
Paid my debt and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,  
How my lost estate to save,  
In His boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.  
I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I'll tell;  
How the victory He giveth  
Over sin and death and hell.

3 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life has brought me,  
Son of God, with Him to be.  
I will sing of my Redeemer!  
With His blood He purchased me,  
On the cross He sealed my pardon,  
Paid my debt and made me free.

*Philip Bliss, 1838-76*

**O** LORD, enlarge our scanty thought  
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;  
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell  
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

- 2 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move:  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 3 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 4 Our hearts then melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified!
- 5 Firstborn of many brethren Thou;  
To Thee, lo! all our souls we bow;  
To Thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

*Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700-60,  
Johann Nitschmann, 1712-83,  
Anna Nitschmann, 1715-60,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*



**A**MAZING grace! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come:  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His Word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be  
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, Who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**I**N lovingkindness Jesus came  
My soul in mercy to reclaim;  
And from the depths of sin and shame  
By grace He lifted me.

*From sinking sand He lifted me,  
With tender hand He lifted me;  
From deepest night to glorious light,  
O, praise His name, He lifted me!*

2 He called me long before I heard,  
Before my sinful heart was stirred;  
But when I took Him at His word,  
Forgiven, He lifted me.

3 Now on a nobler plane I dwell,  
And with my soul I know it's well;  
Yet how or why, I cannot tell,  
He should have lifted me.

*Charlotte G. Homer, 1856-1932*

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
Must speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
A stream of joys untold,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the streets of gold.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

6 There shall we see His face  
And never, never sin;  
There from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when He please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas . . .

3 This awesome God is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He *shall* send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

4 And here—before we rise  
To that immortal state—  
The thought of such a world of bliss  
Should constant joy create.

5 God's saints have ever found  
Glory begun below:  
That heavenly fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** LORD, I am Thine;  
What comfort divine,  
What blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!  
In the heavenly Lamb  
Thrice happy I am,  
My heart so exalts at the sound of His name.

2 True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound;  
Whoever has found it has paradise found.  
The Saviour to know,  
And feel His blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast:  
O, that is the fulness; but this is the taste!  
And this I shall prove,  
Till with joy I remove  
To the Heaven of heavens in Jesus' great love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**I** SOUGHT the Lord, and afterward I knew,  
He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;  
It was not I that found, O Saviour true;  
For I was found by Thee.

2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;  
I walked, and sank not, on the storm-vexed sea;  
'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,  
As Thou, dear Lord, on me.

3 I find, I walk, I love, but O, the whole  
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee!  
For long beforehand Thou didst bless my soul;  
And ever hast loved me.

*The Pilgrim Hymnal, 1904*

**G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear:  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first inscribed my name  
In life's eternal book:  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb  
Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my joy o'erflow,  
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in Heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.
- 6 O let that grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine!  
May all my powers to Thee aspire,  
And all my days be Thine.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51,  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

**F**ORGIVING Lord, how kind  
Are all Thy ways to me,  
Whose once-benighted mind  
Was enmity with Thee;  
Yet now, subdued by sovereign grace  
My spirit longs for Thine embrace.

2 How precious are Thy thoughts,  
That o'er my spirit roll;  
They look beyond my faults,  
And captivate my soul;  
How great their sum, how high they rise  
Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.

3 Preserved in Jesus, when  
My feet made haste to hell;  
And there should I have gone,  
But Thou didst all things well;  
Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,  
Which from the pit delivered me.

4 A monument of grace,  
A sinner saved by blood:  
The streams of love I trace  
Up to their fountain—God!  
And in His heart of mercy see  
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

5 Before Thy hands had made  
The sun to rule the day,  
Or earth's foundations laid,  
Or fashioned Adam's clay,  
What thoughts of peace and mercy flowed  
In Thy blest Being, O my God!



'T WAS with an everlasting love  
That God His own elect embraced,  
Before He made the worlds above,  
Or earth in her position placed.

- 2 Long before sun's first brilliant ray  
Primeval shades of darkness drove,  
Saints in His arms of purpose lay,  
Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in His wonderful decrees,  
Christ and His Church appeared as one:  
Her sin, by imputation, His,  
While she in spotless splendour shone.
- 4 Such love! how high its glories swell,  
How great, immutable, and free!  
Millions of sins, deserving hell,  
Were swallowed up, no more to be!
- 5 Loved, when a wretch defiled with sin,  
At war with Heaven, in league with hell,  
A slave to every lust obscene,  
Who, living, lived but to rebel.
- 6 Believing, here my comfort stands,  
Salvation undeserved and free!  
Such everlasting love demands  
An everlasting song from me.

*John Kent, 1766-1843*

**J**ESUS, the sinner's Friend!  
We hide ourselves in Thee:  
God looks upon Thy sprinkled blood—  
It is our only plea.

2 He hears Thy precious name,  
We claim it as our own:  
The Father must accept and bless  
His well-belovèd Son.

3 He sees Thy spotless robe,  
It covers all our sin;  
The golden gates have welcomed Thee,  
And we may enter in.

4 Thou hast fulfilled the law,  
And we are justified:  
Ours is the blessing, Thine the curse;  
We live, for Thou hast died.

5 Jesus, the sinner's Friend!  
We cannot speak Thy praise:  
No mortal voice can sing the song  
That ransomed hearts would raise.

6 But when before the throne,  
Upon the glassy sea,  
Clothed in our blood-bought robes of white,  
We stand complete in Thee . . .

7 Jesus, we'll give Thee then  
Such praises as are meet,  
And cast ten thousand golden crowns  
Adoring at Thy feet!

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.’  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘I am this dark world’s Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.’  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him, my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I’ll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

'TIS not that I did choose Thee,  
For, Lord, that could not be,  
This heart would still refuse Thee,  
But Thou hast chosen me:  
Thou from the sin that stained me  
Washed me and set me free,  
And to this end ordained me,  
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,  
And taught my opening mind;  
The world had else enthralled me,  
To heavenly glories blind.  
My heart owns none above Thee,  
For Thy rich grace I thirst,  
This knowing, if I love Thee,  
Thou must have loved me first.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

**I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new wonder shocked my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His loving eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Never until my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And fell to deep despair;  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Another look He gave, which said,  
'I freely all forgive;  
This blood has for your ransom paid;  
I die, that you may live.'
- 6 Thus while His death my sin displays  
In all its ugly hue,  
Such is the wonder of His grace,  
It seals my pardon too.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been!  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,  
For ever love His name,  
Who turns my feet from all the ways  
Of folly, sin and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace  
Abounding through His Son.
- 4 'Tis by the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.
- 5 'Tis by the purchase of our God,  
Who hung and suffered thus,  
The Spirit—breathing through the Word,  
Awakens such as us.
- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ESUS, commissioned from above,  
Descends to us below,  
And shows from Whom the springs of love  
In endless mercy flow.

2 He, Whom the boundless Heaven adores,  
Whom angels long to see,  
Departed from those blissful shores,  
Ambassador to me!

3 To me, who never sought His grace,  
Who mocked His sacred Word:  
Who never knew or loved His face,  
But all His will abhorred.

4 To me, who could not even praise  
When His kind heart I knew,  
But sought a thousand devious ways  
Rather than find the true.

5 Yet this redeeming Saviour came  
So vile a worm to bless;  
And took with gladness all my blame,  
And gave His righteousness.

6 O, that my listless heart might glow  
With ardour all divine!  
And, for more love than seraphs know,  
Like burning seraphs shine!

*Ambrose Serle, 1742-1812*

**O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him Who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
Resounding to His courts above.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from the Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*



I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold:  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled:  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole:  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled,  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold!  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home!

**T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,  
My refuge, my almighty Friend,  
And can my soul from Thee depart,  
On Whom alone my hopes depend?

- 2 Whither, O whither shall I go,  
A lonely wanderer from my Lord?  
Could this dark world of sin and woe,  
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life Thy words impart;  
On these my fainting spirit lives;  
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,  
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,  
While Thou art near, in vain they call;  
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,  
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,  
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;  
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,  
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

**H**OW vast the treasure we possess!  
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!  
This world is ours, and worlds to come:  
Earth is our lodge, and Heaven our home.

- 2 All things are ours—the gifts of God,  
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;  
While the good Spirit shows us how  
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate  
For all the world calls good or great;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait Thy daily will:  
Thou shalt divide my portion still,  
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,  
Till death and Heaven reveal the rest.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**L**ET worldly minds this world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
I once admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Such things no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have gripped my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,  
And wholly live to Thee;  
O grace! that Thou dost love and own  
A worthless worm like me!
- 6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt Thy will,  
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,  
I would refuse Thee still.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**I** THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share;  
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross  
First weaned my soul from earthly things;  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
All worldly mirth, and pomp of kings.

3 I need that grace that springs from Thee,  
That quickens everywhere it flows,  
And makes a desert thorn like me,  
Please as the myrtle or the rose.

4 For of the plants around that share  
The notice of Thy gracious eye,  
None is less grateful of Thy care,  
Or yields Thee meaner fruit than I.

5 Dear Fountain of delights unknown,  
I would forsake this meaner part;  
Come, overflow, on me come down,  
Life-giving stream, O fill my heart.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800‡*

LET shallow things of earth depart,  
A better choice is mine;  
A nobler prize attracts my heart,  
A treasure all divine.

- 2 Jesus to multitudes unknown,  
O, name divinely sweet!  
Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,  
True wealth and pleasure meet.
- 3 Should all the nations at my call,  
To me their wealth consign,  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call Thee mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possessed,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever blessed.
- 5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the pledge that love inspires,  
And let me call Thee mine.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78‡*

**J**ESUS, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my soul abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

- 2 O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire  
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from Heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move,  
While Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**W**E have not known Thee as we ought,  
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power:  
The things of earth have filled our thought,  
And trifles of the passing hour:  
Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,  
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,  
Nor bowed beneath Thy watchful eye,  
Nor guarded deed and word and thought  
Remembering that God was nigh:  
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,  
And grant the grace of loving fear.

3 We have not served Thee as we ought;  
Alas! the duties left undone,  
The work with little fervour wrought,  
The battles lost, or scarcely won!  
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,  
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

4 We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee:  
Thy presence we have coldly sought,  
And feebly longed Thy face to see:  
Lord, give a pure and loving heart  
To feel and know the Love Thou art.

*Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836-96*



**S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy Gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temperance, truth and love  
Our walk of righteousness approve.
- 4 The Gospel bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearing of the Lord;  
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.

4 I rest upon Thy Word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

**W**E praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,  
Our Saviour, kind and true,  
For all the old things passed away,  
For all Thou hast made new.

- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,  
And joys Thy grace has given;  
Old ties are broken from the earth,  
New ties attach to Heaven.
- 3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,  
How much renewed must be,  
Ere we can fully stand complete  
In likeness, Lord, to Thee!
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on  
The work Thou hast begun;  
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart  
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 O leave us not; from day to day  
Revive, restore again;  
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,  
Our enemies restrain.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last  
Before Thy Father's throne;  
The blessedness for ever ours,  
The glory all Thine own!

*Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1801-59,  
tr Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1813-97*

**M**ORE gratitude give me; more trust in the Lord;  
More zeal for His glory; more hope in His Word;  
More tears for His sorrows; more pain at His grief;  
More meekness in trial; more praise for relief.

- 2 More holiness give me; more strivings within;  
More patience in suffering; more sorrow for sin;  
More faith in my Saviour; more sense of His care;  
More joy in His service; more purpose in prayer.
- 3 More purity give me; more strength to o'ercome;  
More freedom from earth-stains; more longings for home;  
More fit for the kingdom; more used I would be;  
More blessèd and holy; more, Saviour, like Thee.

*Philip Bliss, 1838-76*

**O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of Love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace,  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek, more earnestly, His face.

2 'Twas He that led me thus to pray,  
And He, I know, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,  
My Lord would answer my request,  
And would by His constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Then, with His own strong hand, He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Thwarted the fair designs I schemed,  
Withered my pleasures; laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,  
'Wilt Thou pursue my soul to death?'  
'This is the way,' the Lord replied,  
'I answer prayer for grace and faith . . .

7 'These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set you free;  
And break your schemes of earthly joy,  
That you may find your all in Me.'

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave:  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, Thy new creation:  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee:  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in Heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

\* Based on God's words to  
Solomon, *1 Kings 3:5*

**L**ORD, when our hearts perceive Thy worth,  
Desires unknown before take place,  
Our spirits cleave no more to earth,  
But long for holiness and grace.

- 2 And dost Thou say, 'Ask what thou wilt'?\*  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;  
I pray to be released from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 3 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,  
More of Thine image let me bear;  
Erect Thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 4 Give me to read my pardon sealed,  
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,  
To have Thy boundless love revealed,  
Its height, and depth, and breadth, and length.
- 5 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to Thy care the rest resign;  
Living or dying, rich or poor,  
All shall be well if Thou art mine.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,  
End of our enlarged desires;  
Stamp Thine image on our heart,  
Fill us now with heavenly fires;  
Joined in one by love divine,  
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

- 2 All our works in Thee be wrought,  
Levelled at one common aim;  
Every word and every thought,  
Purge in the refining flame:  
Lead us through the paths of peace,  
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,  
To Thy glorious life restored,  
Here regain our paradise,  
Here prepare to meet our Lord;  
Here enjoy the earnest given,  
Travel hand in hand to Heaven.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** MAY my heart by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne:  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own!

2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin  
Through my remaining days;  
And in me let each virtue shine  
To my Redeemer's praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire,  
Let warm affections rise;  
And may I wait with strong desire,  
To mount above the skies.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817*

- I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the feeling heart,  
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the glancing of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep that hour away,  
For having grieved Thy love.
- 6 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**J**ESUS, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thine, and only Thine, I am:  
Take my body, spirit, soul;  
Only Thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be;  
Let me ever cleave to Thee;  
Let me choose the better part;  
Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?  
Thee, and only Thee, I know;  
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?  
Thou art All-in-all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is Thy love:  
Who the worth of love can tell?  
Infinite, unsearchable!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**M**Y gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good;  
Nor future days or powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him Who for my ransom died;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 5 His work advancing age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love has animating power.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

THY life was given for me,  
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
That I might ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead:  
Thy life was given for me;  
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know:  
Long years were spent for me;  
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me  
More than my tongue can tell  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue me from hell:  
Thou sufferedst all for me;  
What have I borne for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me  
Down from Thy home above  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love:  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;  
What have I brought to Thee?

5 O let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent:  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me;  
I give myself to Thee!

O JESUS, I have promised,  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend:  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O, let me feel Thee near me:  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O, let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will;  
O, speak to reassure me,  
To hasten or control;  
O, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O, give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

5 O, let me see Thy footmarks,  
And in them plant mine own;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone:  
O, guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
And then in Heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend!

*John Ernest Bode, 1816-74*



**L**ORD, in the fulness of my might  
I would for Thee be strong,  
Make Thy glad service my delight  
Thy glory all my song.

- 2 I would not give the world my heart,  
And then profess Thy love;  
I would not see my strength depart  
And then Thy service prove.
- 3 I would not, Lord, with swift-winged zeal  
On this world's errands go,  
And labour up the heavenly hill  
With weary feet and slow.
- 4 O not for Thee my weak desires,  
My poorer, baser part!  
O not for Thee my fading fires,  
The ashes of my heart!
- 5 O grant me in my golden time,  
A zealous servant's part;  
For Thee the glory of my prime,  
The fulness of my heart!
- 6 I cannot, Lord, too early take  
The covenant divine;  
That happy heart shall never break  
Whose foremost love is Thine!

*Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906.†*

**G**IVE me the faith which can remove  
And sink the mountain to a plain;  
Give me the child-like praying love  
Which longs to build Thy house again;  
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,  
And fill me from this very hour.

2 I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone,  
To spend, and to be spent, for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known;  
Fully on these my mission prove,  
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

3 My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,  
Into Thy blessèd hands receive,  
And let me live to preach Thy Word,  
And let me to Thy glory live;  
My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinners' Friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine:  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a zeal like Thine;  
And lead them to Thy open side,  
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**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, 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.

3 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.

4 O, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

5 O, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

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*

NOT, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,  
Thy wonders to past ages shown,  
Make our glad spirits glow;  
Our eyes behold Thy works of might;  
On us full beam Thy wonders bright;  
The living God we know.

- 2 We joy not only to be told  
How with Thy saints and seers of old  
Thou madest sweet abode:  
We of Thy presence bright can tell;  
Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell:  
We feel the living God.
- 3 Thou settest us each task divine;  
We bless that helping hand of Thine,  
This strength by Thee bestowed:  
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,  
Thine own the cause, Thine own the might;  
We serve the living God.
- 4 Ah! soon we droop; ah! soon we tire;  
Our fainting hearts new strength require,  
Again would quickened be:  
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;  
To Thee we come for life divine,  
Thou living God, to Thee!
- 5 O, more than satisfy our need;  
Our most divine desires exceed;  
Our daily Quickener be:  
Thou living God, possess us still;  
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,  
Our blessed life in Thee!

**J**ESUS, our best beloved Friend,  
Draw out our souls in pure desire;  
Jesus, in love to us descend,  
Baptise us with Thy Spirit's fire.

- 2 On Thy redeeming name we call,  
Poor and unworthy though we be;  
Pardon and sanctify us all,  
Let each Thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign  
To fear and follow Thy commands:  
O take our hearts, our hearts are Thine,  
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,  
May we Thy blessed will obey,  
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear  
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place  
In Heaven at Thy right hand prepare;  
And till we see Thee face to face  
Be all our conversation there.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**G**O, labour on, spend, and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went,  
Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labour on: 'tis not for nought;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Go, labour on: you hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.
- 4 Go, labour on while it is day:  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight cry, 'Behold, I come!'

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

**O** THOU Who camest from above  
The pure, celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And, trembling, to its source return  
In humble love and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work and speak and think for Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me;
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love:  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,  
Always, only, for my King:  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold:  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine:  
Take my heart—it is Thine own;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store:  
Take myself, and I will be,  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*



NOW, Saviour, now Thy love impart,  
And govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for Thy will;  
Deep grounded in the truths of grace,  
Build up Thy rising church, and place  
This city on a hill.

- 2 O Lord, Thou dost Thyself inspire  
Our hearts with this intense desire  
Thy Gospel to proclaim;  
Thy glory only we intend,  
O let our deeds begin and end  
All done in Jesus' name!
- 3 Except Thou, Lord, shalt bless the plan,  
Our best conducted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed;  
We'll spend our utmost strength for nought,  
But if, in Thee our works are wrought,  
They shall be blessed indeed.
- 4 Now make our faith and love abound!  
O let our lives to all around  
With drawing lustre shine;  
That they our blessedness may see,  
And come to seek their all in Thee,  
Thou saving Light divine.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88‡*

**J**ESUS, Master, Whose I am,  
Purchased Thine alone to be,  
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
Shed so willingly for me,  
Let my heart be all Thine own,  
Let me live to Thee alone.

- 2 Other lords have long held sway;  
Now, Thy name alone to bear,  
Thy dear voice alone obey,  
Is my daily, hourly prayer:  
Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?  
Nothing else my joy can be.
- 3 Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,  
Though so feebly and so ill,  
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve  
All Thy bidding to fulfil;  
Open Thou mine eyes to see  
All the work Thou hast for me.
- 4 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use  
One who owes Thee more than all?  
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;  
Only let me hear Thy call.  
Jesus, let me always be,  
In Thy service, glad and free.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

S AVIOUR! Thy dying love  
Thou gavest me;  
Nor should I aught withhold,  
My Lord, from Thee;  
In love my soul would bow,  
My heart fulfil its vow,  
Some offering bring Thee now,  
Something for Thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,  
Pleading for me,  
My feeble faith looks up,  
Jesus, to Thee:  
Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer—  
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—  
Likeness to Thee—  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—  
Thy gifts so free—  
In joy, in grief, through life,  
O Lord, for Thee!  
And when Thy face I see  
My ransomed soul shall be  
Through all eternity  
Something for Thee.

**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.

- 2 Not for the lip of praise alone,  
Nor e'en the praising heart,  
I ask, but for a life made up  
Of praise in every part.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 So shall each fear, each fret, each care,  
Be turned into a song;  
And every winding of the way  
His praises shall prolong.
- 6 So shall no part of day or night  
From sacredness be free;  
But all my life, in every step,  
Be fellowship with Thee.

**B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord!  
I wait Thy guiding hand to feel,  
To hear and keep Thy every word,  
To prove and do Thy perfect will;  
Ready from my own works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 O may my life be fit for use,  
Meanest of all Thy creatures, me:  
The deed, the time, the manner choose,  
Let all my fruit be found of Thee;  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
By Thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, though good design,  
O'errule, or change, as seems Thee fit;  
Jesus, let all my work be Thine!  
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,  
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight;  
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to Thee Thine own I leave;  
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay;  
But let me all Thy stamp receive,  
And let me all Thy words obey,  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to Thy glory live and die.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**I**N full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only  
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God, Who loves me,  
I will be Thine alone;  
And all I have, and am, Lord,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus,  
O make my heart Thy throne;  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O, come and reign, Lord Jesus,  
Rule over everything;  
And keep me always loyal  
And true to Thee, my King.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave, and follow Thee;  
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought and hoped and known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition!  
 God and Heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue:  
 And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 It will drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
 There is not a grief can harm me,  
 While I feel Thy love to me;  
 There is not a joy can charm me,  
 If it is apart from Thee.
- 4 Take, my soul, this full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care:  
 Find in every situation  
 Joy and peace—and service there;  
 Think what Spirit dwells within me,  
 What a Father's smile is mine,  
 What a Saviour died to win me:  
 Child of Heaven, can I repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before me;  
God's own hand shall guide me there.  
Soon shall close my earthly mission,  
Swift shall pass my pilgrim days:  
Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*



**O** GOD, what offering shall I give  
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?  
My spirit, soul and flesh receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice:  
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;  
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

- 2 Send down Thy likeness from above,  
And let this my adorning be;  
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
With lowliness and purity:  
Than gold and pearls more precious far,  
And brighter than the morning star.
- 3 Arm me, Lord, with Thy Spirit's might,  
Since I am called by Thy great name;  
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be Thou the aim;  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be Thy praise.

*Joachim Lange, 1670-1744,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

**Z**EAL is that pure and heavenly flame  
The fire of love supplies;  
While that which often bears the name  
Is *self* in a disguise.

- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,  
Can pity and forbear;  
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,  
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 Zeal has attained its highest aim,  
Its end is satisfied,  
If sinners love the Saviour's name,  
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 4 But self, however well-employed,  
Has its own ends in view,  
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,  
'Come, see what I can do.'
- 5 Self may its poor reward obtain,  
And be applauded here;  
But zeal the best applause shall gain,  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 6 Dear Lord, the idol 'self' dethrone,  
And from our hearts remove;  
And let no zeal by us be shown,  
But that which springs from love.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy will on earth be done;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious Lord of earth and Heaven.

- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
May to Thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive;  
Claim me for Thy service, claim  
All I have and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's powers;  
Take my memory, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
All I think, or speak, or do;  
Take my heart, but make it new.
- 4 Now, O God, Thine own I am,  
And I give Thee back Thine own;  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame  
Consecrate to Thee alone:  
Thine I live, so happy I;  
Happier still when Thine I die.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care;  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

6 Then, having all things done,  
And every conflict passed,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing;  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe,  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing:  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing.  
You ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He.  
'The Lord of Hosts'—His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world with devils filled  
Should threaten to o'erpower us,  
We will not fear, for God has willed  
His Truth shall triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not at him!  
His rage we can endure,  
For soon his doom is sure:  
One word from God shall fell him.

*PTO*

4 God's Word, above all earthly powers  
(No thanks to them) abideth;  
The Spirit and His gifts are ours  
Through Christ, Who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also,  
The body they may kill:  
God's Truth abideth still,  
His kingdom stands for ever!

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Frederick Hedge, 1805-90*

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour;  
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye: Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore;  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit:  
For why? His doom is writ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

*PTO*

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger:  
But spite of hell, shall have its course:  
'Tis written by His finger.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small:  
These things shall vanish all;  
The city of God remaineth.

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881*



**A**RE we the soldiers of the Cross,  
The followers of the Lamb?  
And shall we fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

- 2 Must we be carried to the skies  
On peaceful beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bruising seas?
- 3 No! we must fight if we would reign;  
Increase our courage, Lord:  
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they're slain:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 5 When that illustrious Day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**W**H<sup>O</sup> is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will serve the King?  
 Who will be His helpers  
 Other lives to bring?  
 Who will leave the world's side?  
 Who will face the foe?  
 Who is on the Lord's side?  
 Who for Him will go?  
 By Thy call of mercy,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us  
 Not with gold or gem,  
 But with Thine own life-blood,  
 For Thy diadem.  
 With Thy blessing filling  
 Each who comes to Thee,  
 Thou hast made us willing,  
 Thou hast made us free.  
 By Thy grand redemption,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

*PTO*

3 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow:  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure;  
For His Truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.  
Joyfully enlisting,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful,  
For our Captain's band;  
In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold,  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true, and bold.  
Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy grace divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

WE come unto our fathers' God:  
 Their Rock is our salvation:  
 The eternal arms, their dear abode,  
 We make our habitation:  
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;  
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought  
 In every generation.

- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,  
 Still brightly shines before us;  
 The heavenly shield, around them spread,  
 Is still held high, above us:  
 The grace those sinners that subdued,  
 The strength those weaklings that renewed,  
 Still humbles and restores us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low  
 Are still our souls oppressing;  
 The tears that from their eyes did flow  
 Fall still, our shame confessing;  
 As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,  
 So our strong prayer ascends on high,  
 And gains for us Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;  
 Their song to us descendeth:  
 The Spirit Who in them did sing  
 To us His music lendeth.  
 His song in them, in us, is one;  
 We raise it high, we send it on—  
 The song that never endeth!

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,  
The same sweet theme endeavour!  
Unbroken be the golden chain!  
Keep on the song for ever!  
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,  
Rich with the same eternal grace,  
Bless the same boundless Giver!

*Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906*

LIGHT of the world, Thy beams I bless;  
On Thee, bright Sun of Righteousness,  
My faith has fixed its eye;  
Guided by Thee, through all I go,  
Nor fear the ruin spread below,  
For Thou art always nigh.

2 Not all the powers of hell can fright  
A soul that walks with Christ in light;  
He walks, and cannot fall:  
Clearly he sees, and wins his way,  
Shining unto the perfect day,  
And more than conquers all.

3 I rest in Thine almighty power;  
The name of Jesus is a tower  
That hides my life above;  
Thou canst, Thou wilt, my helper be:  
My confidence is all in Thee,  
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,  
My soul to Thy continual care  
I faithfully commend;  
Assured that Thou through life shalt save,  
And show Thyself beyond the grave  
My everlasting Friend.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

‘FORWARD!’ be our watchword,  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind:  
See the fiery pillar  
At our army’s head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking  
By our Saviour led?  
Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight:  
Jordan flows before us,  
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
Springs to glorious birth:  
Take the Word of mercy,  
Work while it is day:  
Spread through all the nations  
Love’s redeeming ray;  
Lead them out of error,  
By the Spirit’s might;  
Urge them from their darkness  
Forward into light.

*PTO*

3 Glory upon glory  
Has our God prepared,  
For the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared:  
Eye has not beheld them,  
Ear has never heard,  
Nor of them has uttered  
Thought or speech a word:  
But in future glory,  
Where the heavens are bright,  
Shall the veil be lifted  
And our faith be sight.

4 Over yon horizon,  
Rise the City's towers,  
Where our God abideth—  
That fair home is ours!  
Shining walls of jasper,  
Streets of crystal gold,  
And, of life, a river  
Shedding joys untold!  
Press, then, onward thither,  
In the Spirit's might,  
Pilgrims, to your country—  
Forward into light!

*Henry Alford, 1810-71‡*



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

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

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

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

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner;  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day:  
Ye that are His, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the Gospel armour,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
With vigour arise,  
And press to our permanent place in the skies.

2 Of heavenly birth,  
Though wandering on earth,  
This is not our place;  
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 The Saviour did call,  
We gave up our all;  
And still we forgo  
For Jesus' dear sake our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find  
For the country behind;  
But onward we move,  
And still we are seeking a country above:

5 A country of joy,  
And free from alloy,  
We thither repair:  
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 The rougher our way,  
The shorter our stay;  
The tempests that rise  
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

- N**OW 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 earth and skies are fled away.
- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
    Our scanty thought surpasses far,  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,  
    Thy arms of love still open are  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste and live.
- 3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,  
    My sins are swallowed up in Thee!  
Covered is my unrighteousness,  
    Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.
- 4 Jesus, I know, has died for me,  
    Here is my hope, my joy, my rest:  
When hell assails, to this I flee,  
    I lean upon my Saviour's breast;  
Dismissing doubt and anxious fear,  
Mercy is all that's tasted there.
- 5 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.

**A**WAKE, our souls; away, our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
Who feeds the strength of every saint,—
- 3 Thee, mighty God! Whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall faint away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,  
Shall tell its joys abroad;  
And march with holy vigour on,  
Supported by my God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,  
His hand has been my guide;  
And in that long-experienced care  
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows  
An unexhausted stream;  
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,  
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth  
These distant courts I love;  
But O, I burn with strong desire  
To view Thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,  
My soul would there adore;  
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,  
To be removed no more.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**O**MNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,  
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring:  
Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have;  
O, now let me find Thee almighty to save.

- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,  
To Thee I look up for certain relief;  
I shall be supported, no danger I'll fear,  
Nor shrink from the trial, while Thou, Lord, art near.
- 3 Yes, God is above men, devils, and sin,  
My Saviour's great love the battle shall win;  
So awesome and glorious His coming shall be,  
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 4 He all shall break through; His Truth and His grace  
Shall bring me into the plentiful place,  
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,  
Through floods of temptation and flames of desire.
- 5 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely,  
All evil before His presence shall fly;  
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,  
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**G**OD of my life, to Thee I call,  
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where, but with Thee, Whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not Thy promise still remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Bright is the lot that's cast for me;  
I have an Advocate with Thee:  
They whom the worldling praises most,  
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom God undertakes to plead.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*



**E**NCOMPASSED with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign;  
I long for the light of Thy face,  
And fear it may never be mine;  
Disheartened with waiting so long,  
I sink at Thy feet with my load;  
All plaintive I pour out my song,  
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;  
The blood of atonement apply;  
And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
The Rock that is higher than I:  
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is Thy voice,  
Thy presence is fair to behold;  
I thirst for the blessing with cries  
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 O Lord, in Thy mercy bestow  
A covenant blessing for me,  
And grant me to feel and to know  
The outcome of seeking for Thee.  
Almighty to rescue Thou art!  
Thy grace is transforming and free!  
Come, Lord, and be Lord of my heart,  
And make me live only for Thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

**S**TILL nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,  
    Show forth in me Thy saving power;  
Still be Thine arm my sure defence:  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

- 2 Still let Thy love point out my way:  
    How wondrous things Thy love has wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
    Direct my work, inspire my thought;  
And, if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that Love is near.
- 3 In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
    In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
    Jesus, in that tremendous hour,  
In death as life be Thou my guide,  
And save me, Who for me hast died.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**L**ORD, I cannot let Thee go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow;  
Do not turn away Thy face  
From an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Thou didst once a wretch behold—  
In rebellion blindly bold—  
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy:  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 3 Once a sinner near despair  
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;  
Thou didst hear and set him free;  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen;  
Yet have been upheld till now:  
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 5 Thou hast helped in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
- 6 No—I must maintain my hold,  
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;  
Thou wilt hear the pleas I make,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

CLOUDS and darkness round about Thee  
For a season veil Thy face,  
Still I trust, and cannot doubt Thee,  
Jesus full of truth and grace;  
Resting on Thy words I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

2 O rebuke me not in anger!  
Suffer not my faith to fail!  
Let not pain, temptation, langour,  
O'er my struggling heart prevail!  
Holding fast Thy Word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

3 In my heart Thy words I cherish,  
Though unseen Thou still art near;  
Since Thy sheep shall never perish,  
Why should I succumb to fear?  
Trusting in Thy Word I stand,  
None shall pluck me from Thy hand.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

**H**EAVENLY Father! to Whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie;  
Through the desert where I stray,  
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,  
Where the fiercest trials assail;  
Leave me not, in darkened hour,  
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Lord, uphold me day by day;  
Shed a light upon my way;  
Guide me through perplexing snares;  
Care for me in all my cares.
- 4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree  
Trials long and sharp for me,  
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,  
Father, glorify Thy name.
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,  
Knowing still that Thou art near;  
In the course my Saviour trod,  
Travelling home to Thee, my God!

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

**W**HY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either fly or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?
- 3 When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives, and He is nigh.
- 4 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 5 Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 6 Though faint my prayers and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 7 Against me earth and hell combine;  
But on my side is power divine;  
Jesus is all, and He is mine!

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
‘Strength shall be equal to the day,’  
Then I rejoice in all distress,  
Leaning on His sufficient grace.

- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ’s own power may rest on me;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
- 4 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there:  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While His kind hand my soul sustains.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**T**HOU hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine;  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am if Thou art mine;  
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and Heaven.

3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In war my peace, in loss my gain;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
In shame, my glory and my crown;

4 In want, my plentiful supply;  
In weakness, my almighty power;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty;  
My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
My help and stay whene'er I call;  
My life in death, my Heaven, my all.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*



- W**HEN fears arise and trials oppress  
To test our faith and love,  
'Tis sweet to think on all the grace  
That lifts our souls above.
- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sufferings paid.
- 3 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 4 Sweet on His covenant of grace,  
For all things to depend;  
Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end.
- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my end shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And take my spirit home.
- 6 There shall my disembodied soul  
Behold Him and adore;  
Be with His likeness clothed upon,  
And grieve and sin no more.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be?  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Directly, Lord, from Thee!

*From: 'When langour and disease invade,'  
Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

*\*Ebenezer* (Heb: 'stone of help') –  
a public memorial to the help of  
the Lord in *1 Samuel 7:12*

**B**EGONE, 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 Though dark be my way,  
Since He is my Guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis His to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken  
And creatures all fail,  
The Word He has spoken  
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer\*  
I have in review,  
Confirms His good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

*PTO*

- 4 Determined to save,  
He watched o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave,  
I sported with death;  
And can He have taught me  
To trust in His name,  
And thus far have brought me,  
To put me to shame?
- 5 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.
- 6 How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which He drank right up,  
That sinners might live:  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food;  
Though painful at present,  
They cease before long;  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!

- I**N the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul.
- 2 So, in darkest dispensations,  
Does my faithful Lord appear,  
With His richest consolations  
To encourage, strengthen, cheer.
- 3 In the sacred page recorded  
So the word securely stands—  
'Fear not, I'm—in trouble—near you,'  
'None shall pluck you from My hands.'
- 4 All I meet I find assists me  
In my path to heavenly joy:  
Where, though trials now attend me,  
Troubles never more shall cloy.
- 5 Blest there with a weight of glory,  
Still the path I'll not forget,  
But, exulting, say, it led me  
To my precious Saviour's seat.

*Samuel Pearce, 1766-99*

'TIS my happiness below  
To encounter many a cross,  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss:  
Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.

2 God in Zion sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain and toil;  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would overspread the soil:  
Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to His feet,  
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,  
No reproof along the way,  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a castaway?  
Some, it seems, escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

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

*On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.*

- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale  
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood  
Support me in the 'whelming flood:  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen  
O may I then be found in Him,  
Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before His throne.

*Edward Mote, 1797-1874*

\* *Ebenezer* (Heb: 'stone of help') —  
a public memorial to the help of  
the Lord in *1 Samuel 7:12*

**B**E still, my heart! all anxious cares  
Are hindrances, and thorns and snares;  
They cast dishonour on my Lord,  
And contradict His gracious Word.

- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why should I now give place to fear?  
How can I want if He provide,  
Or lose my way with such a Guide?
- 3 When first before His mercy-seat  
My all to Him I did commit,  
He gave me warrant from that hour  
To trust His wisdom, love and power.
- 4 Did trouble ever yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear my call?  
And has not He His promise passed  
That I shall overcome at last?
- 5 He Who has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers\* to His praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads me home apace to God;  
Then count all present trials small,  
For Heaven will make amends for all.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**O** WHY do mournful thoughts arise,  
And why is courage low?  
Should earthly trials, and Satan's wiles,  
Cause all our joy to go?

2 Do we forget the mighty name  
That formed the earth and sky?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And sends their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigour cease;  
But we who wait upon the Lord  
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 God's saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*



**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 has said,  
All who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

- 2 'In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;  
I, 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.
- 4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow:  
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 'The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!'

*'K'—in Dr John Rippon's Selection, 1787*

**H**OW frail and fallible am I!  
What weakness marks my changing frame!  
Yet there is strength and comfort nigh,  
For Jesus, Thou art still the same.

- 2 Thy love immortal and divine,  
No coldness damps, no time destroys;  
Through countless ages it will shine,  
Bright source of everlasting joys.
- 3 On Thy sure mercy I depend  
In all my trials, wants, and woes;  
For Thou art an unchanging Friend;  
Sweet is the peace Thy hand bestows.
- 4 Hast Thou protected me thus far,  
To leave me in the dangerous hour?  
Shall Satan be allowed to mar  
Thy work, or to resist Thy power?
- 5 O never wilt Thou leave the soul  
That flies for refuge to Thy breast!  
Thy love which moved to make me whole,  
Shall guide me to eternal rest.
- 6 Though stars be from their courses hurled,  
Though mighty ruin should descend  
Wide o'er a desolated world;  
The love of Jesus knows no end.

*William Hiley Bathurst, 1796-1877*

**T**HOUGH troubles assail,  
 And dangers affright,  
 Though friends should all fail,  
 And foes all unite,  
 Yet one thing secures us,  
 Whatever betide:  
 The Scripture assures us,  
 ‘The Lord will provide.’

- 2 The birds, without barn  
 Or storehouse, are fed;  
 From them let us learn  
 To trust for our bread:  
 His saints what is fitting  
 Shall ne'er be denied,  
 So long as 'tis written,  
 ‘The Lord will provide.’
- 3 His call we obey,  
 Like Abram of old,  
 Not knowing our way;  
 But faith makes us bold:  
 For though we are strangers  
 We have a good Guide,  
 And trust, in all dangers,  
 ‘The Lord will provide.’
- 4 When Satan appears,  
 Obstructing our path,  
 And fills us with fears,  
 We triumph by faith;  
 He cannot take from us  
 (Though oft he has tried)  
 This heart-warming promise—  
 ‘The Lord will provide.’

5 No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim;  
Yet, since we have known  
The Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tower  
For safety we hide,  
Almighty His power:  
'The Lord will provide.'

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**H**EAD of the Church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee;  
Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
Shall thirst for greater glory.

- 2 We lift our hearts and voices,  
With blest anticipation;  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 3 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing through the fire,  
Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,  
And ever brings us higher.
- 4 We lift our hands, exulting  
In Thy almighty favour;  
The love divine which made us Thine  
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 5 By faith we see the glory  
To which Thou shalt restore us,  
The world despise for that high prize  
Which Thou hast set before us.
- 6 And if Thou count us worthy,  
We each, as dying Stephen,  
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,  
To take us up to Heaven.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

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

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
'E'en let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may—
- 3 'It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He Who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.'
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

WHY should I sorrow more?  
I trust a Saviour slain,  
And safe beneath His sheltering cross  
Unmoved I shall remain.

2 Let Satan and the world,  
Ever my heart allure;  
The promises in Christ are made  
Unchangeable and sure.

3 The oath infallible  
Is now my spirit's trust;  
I know that He Who spoke the word,  
Is faithful, true, and just.

4 He'll bring me on my way  
Unto my journey's end;  
He'll be my Father and my God,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

5 So all my doubts and fears  
Shall wholly flee away,  
And every mournful night of tears  
Be turned to joyous day.

6 All that remains for me  
Is but to love and sing,  
And wait until the angels come  
To bear me to the King.

*William Williams, 1717-91,  
Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92*

**I**NCARNATE God! the soul that knows  
Thy great, mysterious power,  
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness and love  
To feeble, helpless worms,  
A buckler and a refuge prove,  
From enemies and storms.

3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,  
And bear them in their arms,  
To lift the spirit when it faints,  
And guard their life from harms.

4 The Lord Himself is ever nigh  
To them that love His name;  
Ready to save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.

5 Burdens and changes are their lot  
Throughout their sojourn here;  
But since their Saviour changes not,  
What have His saints to fear?

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



LET not God's praises grow  
On prosperous heights alone,  
But in the vales below

Let His great love be known:

Let no distress,  
Curb or control  
My thankful soul,  
And praise suppress.

2 Let not the fear or smart  
Of His chastising rod,  
Take off my fervent heart  
From praising my dear God;  
Whate'er I feel,  
Still let me bring  
This offering  
And to Him kneel.

3 Though friends I lose, and wealth,  
And bear reproach and shame,  
Though I lose ease and health  
Still let me praise God's name.  
Such fear and pain  
As would destroy  
My thanks and joy,  
O Lord, restrain.

4 Though human help depart,  
And flesh draw near to dust,  
Let faith keep up my heart  
To love my Saviour just:  
Then all my days  
Shall no dis-ease  
Cause me to cease  
His joyful praise.

**A**WAY, distrustful care!  
I have Thy promise, Lord:  
To banish all despair  
I have Thy pledge and word;  
And therefore I  
Shall see Thy face,  
And then Thy grace  
I'll magnify.

2 Though sin would make me doubt,  
And fill my soul with fears,  
Though God seem to shut out  
My daily cries and tears:  
Yet I shall rest  
Upon the word  
Of Thee, my God,  
That I am blest!

3 With Thy triumphant flock  
I soon shall numbered be;  
Built on the eternal Rock,  
His glory I shall see;  
The heavens so high  
With praise shall ring,  
And all shall sing  
In harmony.

4 The sun is but a spark  
From the eternal Light!  
Its brightest beams are dark  
To Thy most glorious sight!  
There the great choir  
With one accord  
Shall praise the Lord  
For evermore!

**O** LAMB of God, still keep me  
Close to Thy piercèd side:  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide.

2 What foes and snares surround me,  
What lusts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me  
Alone can keep me clean.

3 'Tis only in Thee hiding  
I feel myself secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure.

4 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee  
With rapture face to face;  
The half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace.

5 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

*James George Deck, 1802-84*

**G**OD of love, that hearest prayer,  
Kindly for Thy people care,  
Who on Thee alone depend;  
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,  
From the flattering tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Cut off our dependence vain  
On the help of feeble man,  
Every arm of flesh remove;  
Stay us only on Thy love.

4 Never let the world break in;  
Fix a mighty gulf between;  
To the admiring world unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.

5 Let us still to Thee look up,  
Thee, Thy Israel's strength and hope;  
Nothing know or seek beside  
Jesus and Him crucified.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before His face  
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones;  
He takes the meaning of His saints,  
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls you to His throne of grace  
To spread your sorrows there.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His Word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame:  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

- W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
As some have seemed to do,  
I hear my Lord and Saviour say,  
    'Wilt thou forsake Me too?'
- 2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,  
    Unless Thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
    And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet Thou alone hast power I know  
    To save a wretch like me:  
To whom or whither could I go,  
    If I should turn from Thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured  
    Thou art the Christ of God;  
Who hast eternal life secured  
    By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,  
    And bid my fears depart:  
No love but Thine can make me blest,  
    And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has that question stirred,  
    That I might also stray,  
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy Word,  
    I'll never go away.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**K**EEP us, Lord, O keep us ever,  
Vain our hope if left by Thee;  
We are Thine, O leave us never,  
Till Thy face in Heaven we see;  
There to praise Thee  
Through a vast eternity.

2 All our strength at once would fail us,  
If deserted, Lord, by Thee;  
Nothing then could help or save us,  
Certain our defeat would be:  
Those against us  
Then their base desire would see.

3 But we look to Thee as able,  
Grace to give in time of need:  
Heaven for us is sure and stable,  
Like the promise which we plead:  
'I will keep thee!'  
This is all our hope indeed.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*



JESUS, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;  
Take on Thee my every care,  
Let me in Thy comforts share;  
Make me know my Shepherd's voice,  
More and more in Thee rejoice,  
More and more Thy grace receive,  
Ever in Thy Spirit live.

- 2 O that I might so believe,  
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,  
On His love alone rely,  
Strong with the destroyer nigh;  
Free from sin and servile fear,  
Know my Saviour ever near,  
All His care, rejoice to prove,  
All the wonders of His love!

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88.†*

I HEAR the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty Sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!  
Sure as Jehovah's name,  
And stable as His steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,  
And storms may sweep my sky—  
This blood-sealed friendship changes not:  
The Cross is ever nigh.

4 My love is oft-times low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with Him remains the same—  
No change Jehovah knows.

5 I change, He changes not,  
The Christ can never die;  
His love, not mine, the resting-place,  
His trust, not mine, the tie.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

**P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 6 It is enough: earth's troubles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

*Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1825-1906*

**F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy wounded side;  
This all my hope and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone:  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same;  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy name!
- 3 O that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil;  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail!
- 4 He Who has made my Heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?
- 5 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee,  
I triumph and adore:  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please Thee more.

*John Ryland, 1753-1825*

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,  
And has shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—O the bliss of this glorious thought!—  
My sin, not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more:  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
- 4 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait;  
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
O trump of the angel! O voice of the Lord!  
Blessèd hope! blessèd rest of my soul!

*Horatio Gates Spafford, 1828-88*

**M**Y long rebellious heart, O Lord,  
From henceforth shall be Thine;  
And here I now my vow record,  
This pledge, these words, are mine.

- 2 All that I have, without reserve,  
I yield, O Lord, to Thee;  
All shall Thy will and honour serve  
That Thou hast given me.
- 3 Thy love, O Lord, was willing first,  
And made this heart repent;  
And having loved me at my worst,  
Thou wilt not now relent.
- 4 Now it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live:  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.
- 5 If life be long, I will be glad,  
That I may long obey,  
If short—yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?
- 6 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

*Richard Baxter, 1615-91*

**L**ORD, my times are in Thy hand,  
All my way by Thee is planned;  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.

2 Thou my daily task shalt give,  
Day by day to Thee I'll live;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, but Thy good will.

3 Vain ambitions—whisper not!  
Happy is my humble lot;  
Go, my anxious cares away!  
I'm provided for each day.

4 Day by day the manna fell:  
Help me learn this lesson well;  
So, by constant mercy fed,  
Grant me, Lord, my daily bread.

5 O, to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer;  
Strong in faith; my mind subdued,  
Full of love and gratitude.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*



**M**Y God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O, teach me from my heart to say,  
    'Thy sovereign will be done.'

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
All I possess I have made Thine;  
    Thy loving will be done.

3 Now let my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:  
    Thy gracious will be done.

4 Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
    'Thy perfect will be done.'

5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
    'Thy glorious will be done!'

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871‡*

ALL the way my Saviour leads me:  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my Guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
For I know whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me:  
Cheers each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread.  
Though my weary steps may falter,  
And my soul may thirsting be,  
Gushing from the rock before me,  
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me:  
O the fulness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above.  
When my spirit, clothed immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This my song through endless ages,  
Jesus led me all the way.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1823-1915*

**I**N heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here;  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack:  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where the dark clouds have been:  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

*Anna Letitia Waring, 1820-1910*

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

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

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

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

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God  
And portion evermore.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51,  
Scottish Revision, 1781*

**T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might:  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

4 Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Choose, Lord, for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things both great and small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

*Horatius Bonar, 1808-89*

COMMIT now all your griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure Truth and tender care,  
Who earth and Heaven commands.

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

3 Put all your trust in God,  
In duty's path go on;  
Fix on His work your steadfast eye,  
So shall your work be done.

4 No profit can be gained  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend your cause; His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Through waves and clouds and storms  
He gently clears your way:  
Wait, then, His time; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

6 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
So shall you, wondering, own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand!

7 Let us, in life and death,  
His steadfast Truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
His love and guardian care.

**M**Y heart is resting, O my God,  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.

- 2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill;  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.
- 3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies.
- 4 Now a 'new song' is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set:  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet!
- 5 I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see;  
The hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.
- 6 My heart is resting on Thy Truth,  
Who hath made all things mine;  
That draws my captive will to Thee,  
And makes it one with Thine.

*Anna Letitia Waring, 1820-1910*

AND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for Thee?  
It is but right, since Thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go! one look from Thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of honour, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compared with Thee, my sovereign Lord,  
Supremely high and dear!
- 4 Saviour of souls, should I from Thee  
A single smile obtain,  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'll glory in my gain.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*



**B**E still, my soul: the Lord is on your side;  
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;  
Leave to the Lord to order and provide;  
In every change He faithful will remain.  
Be still my soul: your best and heavenly Friend  
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

- 2 Be still, my soul: the Lord will undertake  
To guide the future as He has the past.  
Your hope and confidence, let nothing shake;  
All now mysterious shall be clear at last.  
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know  
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.
- 3 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on  
When we shall be for ever with the Lord,  
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,  
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.  
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,  
All safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

*Katharina von Schlegel, b 1697,  
tr Jane Laurie Borthwick, 1813-97*

**M**Y Father, it is good for me  
To trust and not to trace;  
And wait with deep humility  
For Thy revealing grace.

- 2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,  
And strange to mortal sense,  
I see Thee in the mystery,  
And trust Thy providence.
- 3 I cannot grasp the secret things  
In this my dark abode;  
I may not reach with earthly wings  
The heights and depths of God.
- 4 So, faith and patience! wait awhile,  
Not doubting, not in fear;  
For soon in Heaven my Father's smile  
Shall render all things clear.
- 5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,  
Its dim uncertain night;  
Bring in the grand apocalypse,  
Reveal the perfect light.

*George Rawson, 1807-89*

**L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide;  
He will be found in evil days

An all-sufficient strength and guide:  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that cannot move.

2 Only thy restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope, content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love, has sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him Who chose us for His own.

3 Trust, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully;  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shall they be fulfilled in thee:  
God never yet forsook the need  
Of those who trusted Him indeed.

*Georg Christian Neumark, 1621-81,  
tr Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78*

**G**O not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey;  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not Thou away;  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may.

2 There is no death for me to fear,  
For Christ, my Lord, has died;  
There is no curse in this my pain,  
For He was crucified;  
And it is fellowship with Him  
That keeps me near His side.

3 On Thy compassion I repose,  
In weakness and distress;  
I will not ask for greater ease,  
Lest I should love Thee less:  
It is a blessed thing for me  
To need Thy tenderness.

4 When I am feeble as a child,  
And flesh and heart give way,  
Then on Thy everlasting strength  
With passive trust I stay:  
And the rough wind becomes a song,  
The darkness shines like day.

5 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,  
My heart is strong to bear;  
I will be joyful in Thy love,  
And peaceful in Thy care:  
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
According to His prayer.

**B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go;  
Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do;  
Govern whate'er I think or say;  
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Work in me, lest I harbour pride,  
Lest I in my own strength confide;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;  
Incline my nature to obey;  
What Thou abhorrest let me flee,  
And only love what pleases Thee.

*John Cennick, 1718-55*

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

- 2 Speak to me by name, O Master!  
Let me know it is to me;  
Speak, that I may follow faster,  
With a step more firm and free,  
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,  
In the shadow of the rock.
- 3 Master, speak! though least and lowest,  
Let me not unheard depart;  
Master, speak! for O, Thou knowest  
All the yearning of my heart;  
Knowest all its truest need;  
Speak, and make me blessed indeed.
- 4 Master, speak! and make me ready,  
When Thy voice is truly heard,  
With obedience glad and steady  
Still to follow every word.  
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;  
Master, speak, O, speak to me!

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

HUSHED was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark,  
The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark:  
When suddenly a voice divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

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

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

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

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

TEACH me Thy way, O Lord,  
Teach me Thy way!  
Thy gracious aid afford,  
Teach me Thy way!  
Help me to walk aright,  
More by faith, less by sight;  
Lead me with heavenly light:  
Teach me Thy way!

2 When doubts and fears arise,  
Teach me Thy way!  
When storms o'erspread the skies,  
Teach me Thy way!  
Shine through the cloud and rain,  
Through sorrow, toil, and pain;  
Make Thou my pathway plain:  
Teach me Thy way!

3 Long as my life shall last,  
Teach me Thy way!  
Where'er my lot be cast,  
Teach me Thy way!  
Until the race is run,  
Until the journey's done,  
Until the crown is won,  
Teach me Thy way!

*B. Mansell Ramsey, 1849-1923*



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

- 2 I would not have a restive will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would a willing servant be,  
And guided where I go.
- 3 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a witness to all hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on Whom I wait.
- 4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied;  
A mind concerned with those around,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a humble place,  
If Thou be glorified.
- 5 Briars beset our daily path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
An earnest need for prayer:  
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee,  
Are happy anywhere.

6 In service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
My inmost heart is taught the Truth  
That makes Thy servants free;  
A life of self-renouncing love  
Is one of liberty.

*Anna Letitia Waring, 1820-1910‡*

**N**OW, the sowing and the weeping,  
Working hard, and waiting long;  
Afterward, the golden reaping,  
Harvest-home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,  
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:  
Afterward, the plenteous bearing  
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,  
Stone by stone to carve and bring;  
Afterward, the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
Wounded heart, unequal strife;  
Afterward, the triumph given,  
And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,  
Unexplained and tedious now;  
Afterward, the service holy,  
And the Master's, 'Enter thou.'

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

**B**LEST are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty;  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in Heaven.

- 2 Blessèd are they of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the souls that long for grace,  
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;  
They shall be well supplied and fed,  
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the saints whose hearts do move,  
And melt with sympathy and love;  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Such sympathy and love again.
- 5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
The God of spotless purity.
- 6 Blest are the sufferers, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;  
Glory and joy are their reward.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- O** JESUS Christ, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede;  
My heart be daily nearer Thee,  
From sin be daily freed.
- 2 Each day let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace;  
My darkness vanish in Thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall  
Fade every evil thought;  
That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.
- 4 More of Thy glory let me see,  
Thou holy, wise, and true;  
I would Thy living image be,  
In joy and sorrow too.
- 5 Fill me with gladness from above,  
Hold me by strength divine;  
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love  
Through my whole being shine.
- 6 Make this poor self grow less and less,  
Be Thou my life and aim;  
O, make me daily through Thy grace,  
More meet to bear Thy name.

*Johann Caspar Lavater, 1741-1801,  
tr Elizabeth Lee Smith, 1817-98*

- J**ESUS! exalted far on high,  
To Whom a name is given;  
A name surpassing every name,  
That's known in earth or Heaven:
- 2 Before Whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord;  
Before Whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that Thou art Lord.
- 3 Jesus! Who in the form of God  
Didst equal honour claim,  
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame.
- 4 O may that mind in us be formed  
Which shone so bright in Thee;  
May we be humble, lowly, meek,  
From pride and envy free.
- 5 May we to others stoop, and learn  
To imitate Thy love;  
So shall we bear Thine image here,  
And share Thy throne above.

*Thomas Cotterill, 1779-1823*

**B**EHOLD the amazing gift of love  
The Father has bestowed  
On us, the sinful sons of men,  
To call us sons of God.

- 2 Concealed as yet this honour lies,  
By this dark world unknown,  
A world that knew not, when He came,  
E'en God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess,  
But higher we shall rise;  
Though what we shall hereafter be  
Is hid from mortal eyes.
- 4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,  
Shall bear His image bright;  
For all His glory, full disclosed,  
Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great and so divine  
May trials well endure,  
And purge the soul from sense and sin,  
As Christ Himself is pure.

*Scottish Paraphrases, 1781,  
based on Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

- B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor does it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But, when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 I would no longer lie  
A slave beneath the throne;  
My faith shall, 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off all doubting fears;  
The perfect sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood secures His ransomed race  
And speaks before the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, 'Father, Abba, Father!' cry.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**H**ONOUR and happiness unite,  
To give the Christian cause for praise;  
How fair the scene, how clear the light  
That fills the remnant of his days!

- 2 A kingly character he bears,  
Unchanging priestly office knows,  
Unfading is the crown he wears,  
Coupled with joys that never close.
- 3 Adorned with glory from on high,  
Salvation shines upon his face,  
Clad in a robe of heavenly dye,  
Righteousness, dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honours he disdains,  
Nor stoops to seek applause from earth;  
The King of kings Himself maintains  
The expenses of his heavenly birth.
- 5 The noblest being seen below,  
Ordained to share the throne above,  
God gives him all He can bestow—  
His kingdom of eternal love!
- 6 The Christian marvels at the thought  
That, at the end, his soul will rise,  
Angels admire his glorious lot  
With cries of welcome to the skies!

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

**B**LESSÈD are the sons of God;  
They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
They are ransomed from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have.

- 2 God did love them in His Son,  
Long before the world begun;  
They the seal of this receive,  
When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justified by grace,  
They enjoy a solid peace;  
All their sins are washed away,  
They shall stand in God's great Day.
- 4 They have fellowship with God,  
Through the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun.
- 5 Though they suffer much on earth  
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,  
Yet they have an inward joy,  
Pleasures which can never cloy.
- 6 They alone are truly blest,  
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;  
With them numbered may we be,  
Now and through eternity.

*Joseph Humphreys, b 1720*

**H**OW blest is life if lived for Thee,  
My loving Saviour and my Lord:  
No pleasures that the world can give  
Such perfect gladness can afford.

- 2 To know I am Thy ransomed child,  
Bought by Thine own most precious blood,  
And from Thy loving hand to take  
With grateful heart each gift of good.
- 3 All day to walk beneath Thy smile,  
Watching Thine eye to guide me still,  
To rest at night beneath Thy care,  
Guarded by Thee from every ill.
- 4 To feel that though I journey on  
By stony paths and rugged ways,  
Thy blessed feet have gone before,  
And strength is given for weary days.
- 5 Such love shall ever make me glad,  
Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,  
Until I see Thee face to face,  
And in Thy light am fully blest.

L OVED with everlasting love,  
L ed 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.

2 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.

3 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;  
    Firstborn light in gloom decline;  
But while God and I shall be,  
    I am His, and He is mine.

*George Wade Robinson, 1838-77*

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;  
Thou dost with sinners bear,  
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,  
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy Truth to me,  
To every saint, abound,  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Whose depths we cannot sound.
- 4 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,  
A rock that cannot move!  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 5 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure;  
And while the Truth of God remains,  
Such goodness shall endure.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** THE deep, deep love of Jesus!  
Vast, unmeasured, boundless, free;  
Rolling as a mighty ocean  
In its fulness over me.  
Underneath me, all around me,  
Is the current of Thy love;  
Leading onward, leading homeward,  
To my glorious rest above.

2 O the deep, deep love of Jesus!  
Spread His praise from shore to shore,  
How He loveth, ever loveth,  
Changeth never, nevermore;  
How He watches o'er His loved ones,  
Died to call them all His own;  
How for them He intercedeth,  
Watcheth o'er them from the throne.

3 O the deep, deep love of Jesus!  
Love of every love the best:  
'Tis an ocean vast of blessing,  
'Tis a haven sweet of rest.  
O the deep, deep love of Jesus!  
'Tis a heaven of heavens to me;  
And it lifts me up to glory,  
For it lifts me up to Thee.

*Samuel Trevor Francis, 1834-1925*

**H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

- 2 'I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 'Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
O for grace to love Thee more!

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*



*\*Ebenezer* (Heb: 'stone of help')—  
a public memorial to the help of  
the Lord in *1 Samuel 7:12*

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 measure,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
O the vast, the boundless treasure,  
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer\*—  
Hither by Thy help I'm come,  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O 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—  
Prone to leave the God I love:  
Take my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

*Robert Robinson, 1735-90*

THERE is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth;  
It sounds like music in my ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of One Whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe;  
Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,  
It dries each rising tear;  
It tells me in a 'still, small voice'  
To trust and never fear.
- 5 This name shall lift my spirit still  
Along my pilgrim road,  
And bless me as I climb the hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the great eternal song  
Of all His love to me.
- 7 Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear!

**R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause His own;  
The hope that's built upon His Word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or fainting, shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees Him always near,  
A guide, a glory, a defence:  
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love His name  
Shall triumph in Him too.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

*\*Ebenezer* (Heb: 'stone of help') –  
a public memorial to the help of  
the Lord in *1 Samuel 7. 12*

**A** SOVEREIGN protector I have  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.  
He smiles, and my comforts abound;  
His grace as the dew shall descend,  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul he delights to defend.

2 Kind author and ground of my hope,  
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;  
My glad Ebenezer\* set up,  
And own Thou hast helped me till now.  
I muse on the years that are past,  
Wherein my defence Thou hast proved;  
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last  
A sinner so faithfully loved.

3 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,  
My all to Thy covenant care  
I sleeping and waking resign.  
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

WITH David's Lord, and ours,  
 A covenant once was made,  
 Whose bonds are firm and sure,  
 Whose glories ne'er shall fade;  
 Signed by the sacred Three in One,  
 In mutual love, ere time begun.

- 2 Firm as the lasting hills,  
 This covenant shall endure,  
 Whose powerful *shalls* and *wills*  
 Make every blessing sure:  
 When ruin shakes all nature's frame,  
 Its promises shall stand the same.
- 3 Here the vast seas of grace,  
 Of love and mercy flow,  
 More than the blood-bought race  
 On earth can grasp or know:  
 O sacred deep without a shore,  
 Who shall thy wonders here explore?
- 4 Here, when our feet shall fall,  
 Its mercy we shall see:  
 Grace to restore the soul,  
 And pardon, full and free;  
 We, with delight, shall God behold  
 As sheep restored to Zion's fold.
- 5 And when through Jordan's flood  
 Our God shall bid us go,  
 He shall our souls defend,  
 And vanquish every foe;  
 And in this covenant we shall view  
 Sufficient strength to bear us through.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who, loving, lovest to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, O, plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hours draw near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in Heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say, Thou hast washed them all away;  
Dear Saviour, plead for me.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace  
To me has been made known;  
Nor why—unworthy as I am—  
He claimed me for His own.

*But 'I know Whom I have believèd;  
and am persuaded that He is able to  
keep that which I've committed unto  
Him against that day.'*

2 I know not why this saving faith  
To me He did impart;  
Or how believing in His Word  
Wrought peace within my heart.

3 I know not what of good or ill  
May be reserved for me—  
Of weary ways or golden days  
Before His face I see.

4 I know not when my Lord may come;  
I know not how, nor where;  
If I shall pass the vale of death,  
Or 'meet Him in the air'.

*Daniel Webster Whittle, 1840-1901*

**S**OVEREIGN grace o'er sin abounding,  
Ransomed souls, the tidings swell;  
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,  
Who its breadth or length can tell?  
On its glories,  
Let my soul for ever dwell.

- 2 What from Christ the soul can sever,  
Bound by everlasting bands?  
Once in Him, in Him for ever,  
Thus the eternal covenant stands.  
None shall pluck thee,  
From the Strength of Israel's hands.
- 3 Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus  
Long ere time its race begun:  
To His name eternal praises,  
See what wonders love has done!  
One with Jesus,  
By eternal union one.
- 4 On such love, my soul, still ponder,  
Love so great, so rich, so free;  
Say, while lost in holy wonder,  
Why, O Lord, such love to me?  
Hallelujah!  
Grace shall reign eternally.

*John Kent, 1766-1843*



WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls;  
And mercy like a mighty stream  
Purging their sin divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall condemn the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead,  
All their salvation to fulfil,  
Then rose triumphant from the dead.
- 3 He lives, He lives, and sits above,  
For ever interceding there;  
Who shall divide us from His love?  
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He Who has loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith has an overcoming power,  
It triumphs in the dying hour:  
Christ is our joy, our hope, our life,  
Nor can we sink in earthly strife.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause His mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**W**HERE God begins His gracious work,  
That work He will complete,  
For round the objects of His love,  
All power and mercy meet.

2 Mortals may tire of all their aims,  
And fail in their intent;  
God is above the power of change,  
He never can repent.

3 Each object of His love is sure  
To reach the heavenly goal;  
For neither sin nor Satan can  
Destroy the blood-washed soul.

4 Satan may vex; and unbelief  
Believers may annoy;  
But they will conquer, just as sure  
As Jesus reigns in joy.

5 The precious blood of God's dear Son  
Shall not be spilled in vain;  
The soul in Christ believing, must  
With Christ for ever reign.

*Albert Midlane, 1825-1909*

**O** LORD, close to Thee we would cleave,  
And rest on Thy promise alone,  
Thy righteousness only receive,  
And never place trust in our own.

- 2 For Thou art our Shepherd divine,  
Whose word on our hearts we shall keep—  
'This flock has the Father made Mine;  
I lay down My life for My sheep . . .
- 3 'Tis life everlasting I give;  
My blood was the price My sheep cost,  
Not one that on Me shall believe  
Shall ever be finally lost.'
- 4 This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend!  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end!
- 5 'Tis Jesus the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

*(Derived from 'No prophet or dreamer of dreams'),  
Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

**A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
Of covenant mercy I sing;  
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,  
My person and offering to bring.

2 The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view.

3 The work which His goodness began,  
The arm of His strength will complete;  
His promise is Yea and Amen,  
And never was forfeited yet.

4 Things future, nor things that are now,  
Nor all things below or above,  
Can make Him His purpose forgo,  
Or sever my soul from His love.

5 My name from the palms of His hands  
Eternity will not erase;  
Impressed on His heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace.

6 Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in Heaven.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

**J**ESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great Day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
While through Thy blood absolved I am  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruined nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 When from the dust of death I rise  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
'Jesus has lived, and died, for me.'

5 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,  
Whose boundless mercy has for me,  
For me a full atonement made,  
An everlasting ransom paid.

6 O, let the earth now hear Thy voice,  
Bid, Lord, Thy waiting saints rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

*Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700-60,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

**W**HO shall condemn to endless flames  
The chosen people of our God,  
Since in the book of life their names  
Are written out in Jesus' blood?

- 2 He, for the sins of His elect,  
Has a complete atonement made;  
And justice never shall expect  
That the same debt should twice be paid.
- 3 Shall tribulation or distress,  
Or famine, peril, or the sword,  
Or persecution, nakedness,  
Separate us from Christ the Lord?
- 4 Not death, nor life, nor height, nor depth,  
Nor powers below, nor powers above,  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall change His purposes of love.
- 5 His sovereign mercy knows no end,  
His faithfulness shall still endure;  
And those who on His Word depend  
Shall find His Word for ever sure.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*

FROM whence this fear and unbelief?  
Has not the Father put to grief  
His spotless Son for me?  
And will the righteous Judge of men,  
Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

2 Complete atonement Thou hast made,  
And to the utmost limit paid  
All that Thy people owed:  
Nor will God's wrath my soul distress,  
If sheltered in Thy righteousness,  
And covered by Thy blood.

3 If Christ my discharge has procured,  
And freely in my place endured  
The whole of wrath divine—  
God will not payment twice demand,  
First at my dying Saviour's hand,  
And then again at mine.

4 Turn then, my soul, to joy and rest;  
The merits of my great High Priest  
Have bought my liberty:  
Trust in His all-sufficient blood,  
Ending my banishment from God,  
For Jesus died for me!

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78‡*

**O**BJECT of my first desire,  
Jesus crucified for me;  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in Thee:  
Thee to please, and Thee to know,  
Constitute my bliss below;  
Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
Constitute my bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live  
If Thy presence Thou deny;  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give  
'Tis no longer death to die:  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Only from Thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are Thine;  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,  
Every object teems with joy;  
May I ever walk with Thee,  
For 'tis bliss without alloy:  
Let me but Thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness:  
Perfect peace I then shall prove,  
Heaven below and Heaven above.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*



**J**ESUS my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:

*Jesus my Lord, I Thee adore;  
O make me love Thee more and more.*

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought:
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:

*Henry Collins, 1827-1919*

I COULD not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
Whose precious blood redeemed me  
At such tremendous cost;  
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea.

- 2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own;  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art All-in-all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee;  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange, deep longings,  
Interpreting its need;  
No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine.
- 4 I could not do without Thee;  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn liveness  
The river must be passed:  
But Thou wilt never leave me;  
And though the waves roll high  
I know Thou wilt be near me  
And whisper, 'It is I.'

**M**Y best-belovèd keeps His throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;  
But He descends and shows His face  
In the fair gardens of His grace.

- 2 He has engrossed my warmest love;  
No earthly charms my soul can move:  
I have a mansion in His heart,  
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.
- 3 He lifts my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where His glories are:  
No earthly poet, sage or scribe  
This heavenly rapture could describe.
- 4 O, may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till death shall seal my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my Love.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THOU hidden Love of God, Whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee:  
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see:  
O, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
O tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it has found repose in Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!'  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

- O** JESUS, Friend unfailing,  
 How dear Thou art to me!  
 Are cares or fears assailing?  
 I find my strength in Thee.  
 Why should my feet grow weary  
 Of this my pilgrim way?  
 Rough though the path, and dreary,  
 It ends in perfect day.
- 2 What fills my soul with gladness?  
 'Tis Thine abounding grace;  
 Where can I look in sadness,  
 But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
 My all is Thy providing;  
 Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
 In Thee, my refuge, hiding,  
 No good wilt Thou withhold.
- 3 Why should I droop in sorrow?  
 Thou art ever by my side:  
 Why trembling dread the morrow?  
 What ill can e'er betide?  
 If I my cross have taken,  
 'Tis but to follow Thee;  
 If scorned, despised, forsaken,  
 Nought severs Thee from me.
- 4 For every tribulation,  
 For every sore distress,  
 In Christ I've full salvation,  
 Sure help and quiet rest.  
 No fear of foes prevailing,  
 I triumph, Lord, in Thee;  
 O Jesus, Friend unfailing,  
 How dear art Thou to me!

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
Make our enlargèd souls possess,  
And learn the height and breadth and length  
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God Whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**I**T passes knowledge, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus; yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
Know more and more.

2 It passes telling, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus; yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.

3 It passes praises, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus; yet this heart of mine  
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,  
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,  
Nigh unto God.

4 But, though I cannot sing, or tell, or know  
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,  
My empty vessel I may freely bring:  
O Thou, Who art of love the living Spring,  
My vessel fill.

5 O, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love;  
Lead, lead me to the living Fount above;  
And there may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee.

6 And when my Saviour face to face I see,  
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing.

**O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,  
Here have I found a place of rest;  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While I can cling to Thee.
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove?  
With patient uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to Thee.
- 4 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied  
The souls that cling to Thee!
- 5 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near and strong to save;  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.
- 6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*



**M**Y Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first lovèd me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee in Heaven so bright;  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*Anon, London Hymn Book, 1864*

**W**H<sup>O</sup> is this loved one in distress  
Who travels through the wilderness,  
And pressed with sorrows and with sins,  
On her belovèd Lord she leans?

- 2 This is the bride of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasures of His blood;  
And all her supplications there  
Picture each saint in tender prayer.
- 3 O let my name engraven stand,  
My Jesus, on Thy heart and hand:  
Seal me upon Thine arm, and wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death Thy love is known,  
Which many floods could never drown;  
And hell and earth in vain combine  
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 Till Thou hast brought me to Thy home  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Let me Thy count'nance often see  
As daily I draw near to Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

EMPTIED of earth I long to be,  
Of sin, of self, and all but Thee;  
Wholly reserved for Christ that died,  
Surrendered to the Crucified.

- 2 Withdrawn from all the noise and strife,  
The lust, the pomp and pride of life;  
For Heaven alone my heart prepare,  
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know;  
My friend and my companion Thou!  
Lord, seize my heart, assert Thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.
- 4 All idols—tread beneath Thy feet,  
And to Thyself the conquest get:  
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,  
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.
- 5 Greater communion let me prove  
With Thee, blest object of my love;  
But O, for this no power have I;  
My strength is at Thy feet to lie.

*Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78*

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead;  
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives, triumphant from the grave;  
He lives, eternally to save;  
He lives, all glorious in the sky;  
He lives, exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with His love,  
And still He pleads for me above;  
He lives to raise me from the grave,  
And me eternally to save.

4 He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend;  
Who still will keep me to the end;  
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,  
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 He lives my mansion to prepare;  
And He will bring me safely there;  
He lives, all glory to His name!  
Jesus, unchangeably the same!

*Samuel Medley, 1738-99*

**O** LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger His love than death and hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God:  
O, that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart:  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O, that I could for ever sit,  
Like Mary at the Saviour's feet;  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my Heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**M**Y Lord, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call:  
I cannot live, if Thou remove,  
For Thou art All-in-all.

- 2 The smilings of Thy face,  
Such happiness they are!  
'Tis Heaven to rest in Thine embrace,  
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 Not all the earth or sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No fleeting touch of deeper joy,  
Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 4 Thou art the source of love  
Whence all my pleasures flow;  
The sphere in which my interests move,  
And all my hopes below.
- 5 To Thee my feelings fly  
With infinite desire;  
And yet, how far from Thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,  
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
All idols from my heart remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!  
All pain before Thy presence flies,  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Undaunted to the prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;  
And day and night be all my care  
To guard the sacred treasure there.

*Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

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

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

3 But not this robe of flesh alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kinship be.

4 Our will shall seek *Thy* life divine,  
Thine image we shall bear;  
With Thine own glory we shall shine,  
In Thine own bliss shall share.

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

*Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906*



LIFT my heart to Thee,  
Saviour divine;  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine.

Is there on earth a closer bond than this:  
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties;  
But chiefly Thine,  
That through Thy sacrifice  
Thou, Lord, art mine;  
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound  
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou dying Lamb,  
I all things owe;  
All that I have, and am,  
And all I know.  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
Me in Thy love,  
Until death's holy sleep  
Shall me remove  
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,  
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

*Charles Edward Mudie, 1818-90*

THE good I have is from Christ's stores supplied:  
The ill is only what He deems is best;  
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,  
But poor without Him, though of all possessed.  
Changes may come, I to them all resign,  
Content while I am His, and He is mine.

- 2 While here, alas! I know but half His love,  
Just half discern Him, and just half adore;  
But when I meet Him in the realms above,  
I then will love Him fully, praise Him more;  
I'll feel and tell, amid the choir divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**O**FTEN as death with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let us each pause, and ask—‘Am I  
Should I be called, prepared to die?’

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I’m gone,  
And plunged into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I love below,  
To God’s tribunal I must go,  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in Thee;  
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then, when of someone’s death I hear,  
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;  
Nor will the thought distressing be,  
‘Next it may call, perhaps for me!’

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**T**HERE is an hour when I must part  
With all I hold most dear,  
And life with its best hopes will then  
As nothingness appear.

- 2 There is an hour when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death;  
And yield to Him, Who gave it first,  
My struggling, vital breath.
- 3 There is an hour when I must stand  
Before the judgement seat;  
And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet.
- 4 There is an hour when I must look  
On one eternity;  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.
- 5 O Saviour, then, in all my need  
Be near, so near to me;  
And let my soul, by steadfast faith,  
Find life and Heaven in Thee.

*Andrew Reed, 1787-1862*

- A**BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;  
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Keep, Lord, Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

**B**EHOLD, the gloomy vale  
Which you—my soul—must tread,  
Crowded with terrors, fierce and pale,  
And leading to the dead!

2 And you, my fleshly ‘clay’,  
Long partner of my cares,  
In this rough path are torn away  
With pain, regret and tears.

3 But, lo, a flood of light,  
With splendours all divine,  
Breaks through those doleful realms of night  
To make the valley shine.

4 Where death and darkness reign,  
My Saviour is my stay;  
He shall my trembling soul sustain,  
And guard me all the way.

5 Blest Saviour, lead me on;  
How can I yield to fear?  
Death’s fearsome savours all are flown  
When Thou, O Lord, art near.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**H**ARK! a voice divides the sky—  
Happy are the faithful dead  
Who in Jesus sweetly die,  
Who from all their toils are freed;  
Them the Spirit has declared  
Blest, unutterably blest;  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.

- 2 Followed by their works, they go  
Where their Lord has gone before;  
Reconciled by grace below,  
Grace has opened mercy's door;  
Justified through faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallowed, and prepared for Heaven.
- 3 Borne into the world above,  
Angels bright the saints shall greet,  
Bear them to the throne of love,  
Place them at the Saviour's feet;  
Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,  
Good and faithful servant thou;  
Enter, and receive thy crown,  
Reign with the triumphant now.'

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer home today  
Than I have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house  
Where many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down,  
Where pilgrims end their road,  
And victors gain their crown.
- 4 But lying dark between,  
And winding through the night,  
Rolls deep that unknown stream  
That leads at last to light.
- 5 O, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
If I am nearer home,  
Nearer than now I think . . .
- 6 Saviour, in Whom I trust,  
Perfect my feeble faith,  
That I may bravely cross  
That unknown stream of death!

*Phoebe Cary, 1824-71*



THAT awesome day will surely come,  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou source and focus of my joys,  
Thou sovereign of my heart!  
How could I bear to hear Thy voice  
Pronounce the word, 'Depart'?
- 3 O wretched state of deep despair;  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my soul forever where  
I must not taste His love!
- 4 Tell me, Lord, that my worthless name  
Is graven on Thy hands;  
Show me some promise in Thy Word,  
Where my salvation stands!
- 5 Give me one kind, assuring word  
To calm my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Its threescore years and ten.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of Heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside:  
Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

*William Williams, 1717-91*

**G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came:  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to Heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THE time is short ere all that live  
Shall hence depart, their God to meet:  
And each a strict account must give,  
At Jesus' solemn judgement seat.

- 2 The time is short, how can we tell  
How brief our life below may be?  
Today—on earth our souls may dwell,  
Tomorrow—in eternity.
- 3 The time is short, and can we dare  
To squander these brief years away?  
We look to Thee, O Lord, in prayer,  
Before we lose our fleeting day.
- 4 The time is short; may we rejoice!  
Our Saviour-King will quickly come;  
Soon shall we hear the Saviour's voice  
Invite us to His heavenly home.
- 5 The time is short, when time shall cease,  
Eternity be ushered in,  
When death shall die, and joy and peace  
Shall with the Lord for ever reign.

*Joseph Hoskins, 1745-88†*

**G**OD of my life, through all my days  
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;  
My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my troubled breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 This cheerful tribute will I give  
Long as a deathless soul shall live;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**W**HEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon radiant sun,  
When I stand with Christ on high,  
Looking o'er life's history:  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own;  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunder to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice:  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 4 Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee:  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified;  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

*Robert Murray M'Cheyne, 1813-43*

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey  
Our dear ones to the tomb?  
Where once our mighty Saviour lay  
To take away its gloom.

3 The grave of every saint is blest,  
A place of victory made,  
A symbol of triumphant rest  
Where burdens are all laid.

4 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord:  
The labours of this mortal life  
End in a great reward.

5 Break from God's throne, illustrious morn!  
Attend, O earth, God's word!  
When from the grave a glorious form  
Ascends to meet the Lord!

*Cento from Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

A brother in Christ has entered Paradise.

**N**OW the Christian's course is run,  
Ended is the glorious strife;  
Fought the fight, the work is done,  
Death is swallowed up of life:  
Borne by angels on their wings,  
Far from earth the spirit flies,  
Meets his Lord, and soars and sings,  
Triumphing in Paradise.

- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,  
Lightened of his earthly load;  
Where the victors are at rest,  
He is gathered unto God;  
Lo! the pain of life is past,  
All his warfare now is o'er,  
Death and hell behind are cast,  
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Join we then, with one accord,  
In the new, the joyful song;  
Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long;  
We shall leave our house of clay,  
We a better lot shall share,  
We shall see the realms of day,  
Meet our happy brother there.
- 4 Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;  
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,  
Givest us the victory;  
True and faithful to Thy Word,  
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour-Lord,  
He for us the fight has won.



A sister in Christ has entered Paradise.

**N**OW the Christian's course is run,  
Ended is the glorious strife;  
Fought the fight, the work is done,  
Death is swallowed up of life:  
Borne by angels on their wings,  
Far from earth the spirit flies,  
Meets her Lord, and soars and sings,  
Triumphing in Paradise.

- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,  
Lightened of her earthly load;  
Where the victors are at rest,  
She is gathered unto God;  
Lo! the pain of life is past,  
All her warfare now is o'er,  
Death and hell behind are cast,  
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Join we then, with one accord,  
In the new, the joyful song;  
Absent from our loving Lord  
We shall not continue long;  
We shall leave our house of clay,  
We a better lot shall share,  
We shall see the realms of day,  
Meet our happy sister there.
- 4 Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;  
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,  
Givest us the victory;  
True and faithful to Thy Word,  
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour-Lord,  
He for us the fight has won.

Version for burial and memorial services.  
Another selection of verses appears as No. 487

**S**TAND up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner;  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Each soldier to his post;  
Close up the broken column,  
Encourage all the host.  
Make good the loss so heavy  
In those who still remain;  
And prove to all around you  
That death itself is gain.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

*George Duffield, 1818-88*

**B**LEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord!  
Be His abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored!

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,  
And called Him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust;  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserved against that Day;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept  
Till their salvation come;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**W**E sing His love Who once was slain,  
Who soon o'er death revived again,  
That all His saints through Him might have  
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

*Soon shall the Lord return, and we  
Shall rise to immortality.*

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,  
His own almighty power shall keep,  
Till dawns the bright illustrious Day,  
When death itself shall die away.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,  
When Christ His risen saints shall bring  
From beds of dust and silent clay,  
To realms of everlasting day!
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet,  
Our utmost joys shall be complete:  
When landed on that heavenly shore,  
Death and the curse will be no more!
- 5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious Day,  
And this delightful scene display:  
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,  
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.

*Rowland Hill, 1744-1833*

(Another hymn with the same first  
line appears as No. 590)

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;  
This thought transporting pleasure gives,  
And standing, at the latter day  
On earth His glories will display.

2 And though this present mortal frame  
Sinks to the dust, from where it came—  
Though buried in the silent tomb  
Where years and nature shall consume . . .

3 Yet on that happy rising morn,  
New life this body shall adorn;  
My active powers refined shall be,  
And God, my Saviour, I shall see.

4 My new-created form shall rise,  
Adapted for the earth and skies;  
A body earthly, yet sublime,  
Above restraints of flesh and time.

5 These wondering eyes shall glories view  
Unfolding, and for ever new;  
And this new tongue shall ever sing  
In praise of my Redeemer-King.

*Based on John Williams, 1817-99*

**M**Y soul amid this stormy world,  
Looks to its home above:  
And longs to fly on angel's wing,  
And go to Him I love.

- 2 The ties that bound my heart to earth,  
Were broken by His hand;  
When—by His Cross—I found myself  
A stranger in this land.
- 3 A child, when far away, may long  
For home and kindred dear,  
And we who wait our absent Lord  
May sigh till He appear.
- 4 May not an exile, Lord, desire  
His own sweet land to see?  
May not a captive seek release;  
A prisoner to be free?
- 5 O Lord and Saviour, I would know  
Things which no mortal knows,  
Search all the mystery of Thy love,  
The depths of all Thy woes.
- 6 A stranger here in this base world,  
Far from Thy glorious home,  
Forward I'll look to that great day  
When Thou, for me, shalt come.

*Robert Cleaver Chapman, 1803-1902‡*

- F**OR ever with the Lord!  
Amen, so let it be:  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
The golden gates appear!  
Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.
- 3 For ever with the Lord!  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.  
Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
'For ever with the Lord!'

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands  
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly my present house of clay  
Must be dissolved and fall:  
Then, O my soul! with joy obey  
The heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,  
That makes us fit for Heaven,  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith in joys to come,  
Faith lives upon His Word:  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis happy to *believe* Thy grace,  
But how we long to *see*;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with Thee.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**M**Y rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I tremble when trials are near?  
Be calm anxious spirit, the worst that can come  
But shortens the journey, and hastens me home.

- 2 It is not for me to be seeking earth's bliss,  
Or building my hopes in an age such as this;  
I look for a city that hands have not built,  
A country not ruined by sin and by guilt.
- 3 Afflictions may press me, they cannot destroy;  
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy;  
Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,  
They only make Heaven more sweet at the close.
- 4 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
An hour with my God will make up for them all.  
The road may be rough, but it will not be long;  
I'll walk it by faith, while rejoicing in song.

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847*

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest!  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove;  
Where life nor death my soul can part  
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

**D**ESCEND from Heaven, Immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things, . . .

- 2 Up far beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul!
- 3 O for a sight, a moving sight,  
Of our Almighty Father's throne;  
Where sits our Saviour crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall;  
The God shines glorious through the Man,  
And sheds His glory on them all.
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand amazed among them there,  
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love?

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of Heaven breaks;  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:  
Dark, dark has been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love;  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above:  
There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgement,  
My web of time He wove;  
And e'en the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love;  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
I rest upon His merit,  
I know no other stand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards Heaven,  
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;  
Now, like a weary traveller  
Who leans upon his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I'll hail the glory dawning  
From Emmanuel's land.

*Anne Ross Cousin, 1824-1906*

- O** FOR the robes of whiteness!  
O for the tearless eyes!  
O for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies!
- 2 O for the end of weeping,  
Within that land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above!
- 3 O for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face!  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place!
- 4 Jesus! Thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with Thee;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of Thy great love to me.
- 5 Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before Thy throne,  
That all my love may centre  
On Thee, and Thee alone.

*Charitee Lees Bancroft, 1841-1923*

**N**OW let our souls on wings sublime  
Rise from the vanities of time,  
Draw back the parting veil, and see  
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Twice born by a celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth?  
Why grasp at this world's passing toys,  
When we have Heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall we be side-tracked on the road,  
When we are travelling back to God?  
From exile—into life we come!  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing soul at large,  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,  
Is the full Heaven enjoyed above;  
And this sweet expectation now  
Is our sweet earnest here below.

*Thomas Gibbons, 1720-85*

**L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all who travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,  
Who would on Thee alone rely;  
On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place;  
We hasten through this vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold Thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,  
We tread the way the saints have trod;  
The Church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
With joy upon our heads, arise  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*



**O** HOW I long to reach my home,  
My glorious home in Heaven!  
And wish the joyful hour were come,  
The welcome summons given!

- 2 O, how I long to lay aside  
This feeble house of clay;  
And, led by my celestial Guide,  
Explore the heavenly way!
- 3 O, how I long to be with Christ,  
Where all His glory beams!  
To be from this dark world dismissed,  
Which His dear name blasphemes!
- 4 O, how I long that world to hail,  
Where sin can ne'er defile!  
Where not a cloud shall ever veil  
My gracious Saviour's smile!
- 5 O, how I long to join the choir  
Who worship at His feet!  
Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire,  
And soon Thy work complete!

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

**F**AR from these narrow scenes of night  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes  
But half its charms explore,  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
For ever bright and fair;  
For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
Can never enter there.

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
For Thy bright courts on high:  
Then bid our spirits rise, and join  
The chorus of the sky.

*Anne Steele, 1717-78*

- O** WHAT has Jesus bought for me!  
Before my wondering eyes  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise.
- 2 They flourish in perpetual bloom,  
Fruit every month they give;  
All to the healing leaves that come  
Eternally shall live.
- 3 I see a world of spirits bright  
Who reap the pleasures there;  
They all are robed in purest white,  
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet?
- 5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;  
Take life or friends away—  
I come to find them all again  
In that eternal day.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

- THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss:

*O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
And see Thy face?*

- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
Judged here unfit to live;  
There angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give.
- 3 The patriarchs of old,  
There from their travels cease;  
The prophets there behold,  
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
- 4 The faithful martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
Clothed in their pure array,  
Their scars with glory crowned.
- 5 Sweet place, sweet place alone,  
The Court of God Most High,  
The Heaven of heavens, the throne  
Of spotless majesty!

*Samuel Crossman, 1624-83*

SWEET place, sweet place alone,  
The Court of God Most High,  
The Heaven of heavens, the throne  
Of spotless majesty!

*O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
And see Thy face?*

- 2 The stranger homeward bends,  
So longing for his rest:  
Heav'n is my home; my friends  
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
- 3 Life's but a sorry tent,  
Pitched for a few frail days,  
A short-leased tenement;  
Heaven is my song, my praise:
- 4 No tears from any eyes  
Fall in that holy choir;  
But death itself there dies,  
And sighs themselves expire.
- 5 There shall temptations cease,  
There shall my frailties end;  
There shall I rest in peace,  
Embraced by my best Friend.

*Samuel Crossman, 1624-83*

**O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore:  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His presence rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay:  
When Jordan's waves around me roll,  
I'll, fearless, launch away.

*Samuel Stennett, 1727-95*

**L**O, round the throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand,  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

4 'Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God.'

5 So may we tread the sacred road  
That saints and holy martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life.

*Rowland Hill, 1744-1833, et al*



**A**WAY with our sorrow and fear!  
We soon shall recover our home,  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come:  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
When, raised by the life-giving word,  
We see the new city descend,  
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:  
That city so holy and clean,  
No sorrow can breathe in the air;  
No gloom of affliction, or sin,  
Nor shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here;  
Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
As crystal her buildings are clear;  
Immovably founded in grace,  
She stands as she ever has stood,  
And brightly her Builder displays,  
And shines with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,  
Which never is darkened by night,  
For there Jesus' people display  
A pure and a permanent light:  
The Lamb is their light and their sun,  
And lo! by reflection they shine,  
With Jesus unspeakably one,  
And bright in His radiance divine.

O PARADISE eternal!  
What bliss to enter thee,  
And once within thy portals,  
Secure for ever be!

- 2 In thee no sin or sorrow,  
No pain or death is known;  
But pure glad life, enduring  
As God's eternal throne.
- 3 There all around shall love us,  
And we return their love;  
One band of happy spirits,  
One family above.
- 4 There God shall be our portion,  
And we His jewels be;  
And gracing His bright mansions,  
His smile reflect and see.
- 5 So songs shall rise for ever,  
While all creation fair,  
Still more and more revealing  
Shall wake fresh praises there.
- 6 O Paradise eternal,  
What joys in thee are known!  
O God of mercy, guide us,  
Till all be felt our own!

WHO are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
'Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.'

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty name;  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might  
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
These the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,  
Who came to realms of light;  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes that shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.
- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
God is their sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb, Who dwells amidst the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.
- 6 In pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe away each tear.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,  
William Cameron, 1751-1811*

**B**RIEF life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life is there.  
 O happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For all repentant sinners,  
 A mansion with the blest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,  
 Such pleasure as below,  
 No mortal voice can utter,  
 No human heart can know;  
 And Jesus Whom we trust in  
 Shall then be seen and known,  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows shall decay,  
 And each believing servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.  
 For God our King and portion,  
 In fulness of His grace,  
 We there shall see for ever,  
 And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 Eternal place of glory  
 That waiting hearts expect!  
 Saviour, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Where Thou art with the Father  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

JERUSALEM the golden,  
 With milk and honey blessed,  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed!  
 I know not, O, I know not,  
 What joys await us there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What light beyond compare.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng;  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast;  
 And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Foe ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 The Cross is all their splendour,  
 The Saviour is their praise,  
 His love and His atonement  
 The ransomed people raise:  
 Jesus—the Lord of glory—  
 True God and Man they sing;  
 Their never-failing portion,  
 Their everlasting King.

**H**OW soon! my God, my joys shall rise  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.

2 There, where my Saviour, Jesus, reigns,  
In Heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.

3 Millions of years my wondering eyes,  
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove;  
And endless ages I'll adore,  
The glories of Thy love.

4 Sweet Jesus, every smile of Thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring;  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all Thy graces spring.

5 Haste, my Beloved, and take my soul  
Up to Thy blest abode:  
Come, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes those Heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold,  
Those bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, great city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er disperse,  
And sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still longs for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I those joys shall see.

*Joseph Bromehead, 1748-1826*



WHO are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun,  
Home-called of the sons of light,  
Now before th' eternal throne?

- 2 These are they who bore the cross,  
Faithful to their Master died,  
Suffered in His righteous cause,  
Followers of the Crucified.
- 3 Out of great distress they came,  
And their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of Christ the Lamb,  
They have washed as white as snow.
- 4 More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er:  
They have all their sufferings passed,  
Hunger is, and thirst, no more.
- 5 He that on the throne doth reign  
Them for evermore shall feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountain lead.
- 6 He shall all their griefs remove,  
He shall all their wants supply;  
God Himself, the God of love,  
Tears shall wipe from every eye.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**T**RIUMPHANT Zion, lift your head,  
From dust and ashes and the dead;  
Though humbled long, arise at length,  
Once more assume your Saviour's strength.

- 2 Put your most regal garments on,  
And make your powers and blessings known;  
The world your glories shall confess,  
Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade  
To fill your hallowed walls with dread;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
*Their* victory and *your* sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high will hear your prayer,  
His hand your ruins shall repair;  
Reared and adorned by love divine,  
Your towers and battlements shall shine.
- 5 Grace shall inspire your heart and voice  
To share and sing eternal joys;  
Nor will your watchful Sovereign cease  
To keep you in the way of peace.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

- L**ORD, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the church below,  
Steadfast, may we cleave to Thee,  
Love the powerful union be;  
Bind our willing spirits, join  
Each to each, and all to Thine,  
Lead us into paths of peace,  
Harmony and holiness.
- 2 Move and actuate and guide;  
Various gifts to each divide;  
Placed according to Thy will  
Let us all our work fulfil;  
Never from our service move,  
Needful to each other prove;  
Use the grace on each bestowed  
Fashioned by the hand of God.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with truest sympathy;  
Prove there's neither bond nor free,  
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee;  
Kindred love has all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void,  
Races, cliques, and classes fall,  
Thou, O Christ, art All-in-All.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.

4 When for a while we part,  
This thought will soothe our pain,  
That we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way,  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817*

**W**E love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 We love Thy Church, O God;  
Her walls before Thee stand;  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 Beyond our highest joy,  
We prize her heavenly ways;  
Her fellowship and solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, our Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

5 Sure as Thy Truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The highest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of Heaven.

*Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817*

OUR friendship sanctify and guide,  
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,  
Thy glory all our aim:  
In all our fellowship below,  
Still let us in Thy footsteps go,  
Nor meet, but in Thy name.

- 2 Our mutual prayer accept and seal:  
To all Thy glorious Self reveal,  
With fire of love baptise;  
Thy kingdom in our souls restore;  
And keep, till we can sin no more  
And in Thine image rise.
- 3 Witnesses to th'all-cleansing blood,  
Long may we work the works of God,  
Joined as the saints above;  
Together spread the Gospel sound,  
And scatter peace on all around,  
And joy, and power, and love.
- 4 Yoke-fellows true, by love compelled  
To labour in the Gospel field,  
Our all we'll gladly spend—  
To gather all Thy lambs and sheep,  
Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep  
Still faithful to the end.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**J**ESUS, with Thy church abide;  
Be our Saviour, Lord, and Guide,  
Keep our life and doctrine pure;  
Grant us patience to endure.

- 2 May our voice be ever clear,  
Warning of a judgement near;  
May we lead the poor and blind,  
Seek the lost until we find.
- 3 May our lamp of Truth be bright;  
Help us bear aloft its light;  
May we numerous triumphs win,  
Overthrow the hosts of sin.
- 4 All our fettered powers release;  
Bid all strife and envy cease;  
May we one in doctrine be,  
One in Truth and charity.
- 5 Keep our love from growing cold;  
Make us watchmen strong and bold;  
May we thus all glorious be,  
Filled with zeal and fire for Thee.

*Adapted cento from Thomas Benson Pollock, 1836-96*

**H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight  
When those who love their Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil His Word!

- 2 When each can feel the other's sigh,  
And also bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can the other's failings hide,  
And show a kindred love:
- 4 When love in one delightful stream  
Through every member flows,  
And fellowship and kind esteem  
In every action shows.
- 5 Love is the bond divine that binds  
The happy souls above:  
May we, as heirs of Heaven, find  
Our hearts so filled with love.

*Joseph Swain, 1761-96*



- THOU God of Truth and love,  
We seek Thy perfect way,  
Ready Thy choice to approve,  
Thy providence to obey:  
Enter into Thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.
- 2 Why hast Thou cast our lot  
In the same age and place?  
And why together brought  
To see each other's face?  
To join with loving sympathy,  
And blend, as friendly souls, in Thee?
- 3 Didst Thou not make us one,  
That we might one remain,  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain;  
Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love?
- 4 Surely Thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might  
Before Thy throne appear;  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all Thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear  
This blessèd end in view,  
And join, with mutual care,  
To press our passage through;  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the final crown.

ZION stands by hills surrounded,  
Zion kept by power divine;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
Though the world in arms combine:  
Happy Zion!  
What a favoured lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish;  
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
Heaven and earth at last remove;  
But no changes  
Can affect our Saviour's love.
- 3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters,  
Though all others may and do;  
His is love that never falters,  
Always to its object true.  
Happy Zion!  
Crowned with mercies ever new.
- 4 If our Lord should show displeasure,  
'Tis to save, and not destroy;  
If He punish, 'tis in measure,  
And to rid us of alloy.  
Bless His wisdom!  
Soon our grief shall turn to joy.
- 5 In the furnace God may prove us,  
Thence to bring us forth more bright,  
But will never cease to love us:  
We are precious in His sight:  
Happy Zion!  
God thine everlasting light.

**J**ESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in Thy name agree:  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;  
Bid all strife for ever cease.

- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, full of pity, kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like the Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
To Thy church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness.
- 5 Closer knit to Thee, our Head,  
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed!  
Let us daily grace receive,  
More and more in Jesus live.
- 6 Fill us with the Father's love,  
Never from our souls remove;  
Dwell in us, and we shall be  
Thine through all eternity.

**H**OW great and glorious is the place  
Where we adoring stand:  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
The beauty of the land!

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell,  
Its wall, of strong salvation made,  
Defy the powers of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, the people who obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And dwell in perfect peace,  
For you have known Jehovah's name,  
And trusted in His grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as His years.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts and voices up,  
Jointly let us rise and sing  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Trophies of our Saviour's grace,  
Let our lives speak forth His praise,  
Show we have His power received,  
And have not in vain believed.

- 2 While we walk with God in light,  
God does all our hearts unite;  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship in Jesus' love:  
Sweetly each, with each combined,  
In the bonds of service joined,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily moved that Christ has died.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:  
Thee—the godless cannot see:  
Make, O make us fit for Thee!  
Every vile affection kill:  
Root out every seed of ill;  
Grant the power to curb our sin;  
Write Thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow;  
Love, the proof that Christ we know:  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to Thee;  
Love between us now impart!  
Stamp it on our mind and heart!  
Of that love to us be given,  
Such as we shall know in Heaven.

**N**EW-BORN souls who taste salvation  
Through the Lord's redeeming blood  
Hear His voice of revelation,  
'Tread the path the Saviour trod.'

- 2 Jesus says, 'Let each believer  
Be baptised into My name,'  
As He went through Jordan's river,  
There immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Follow Him, our only Saviour,  
In His Word alone confide;  
In the whole of our behaviour  
Own Him as our sovereign Guide.
- 4 Plainly, here, His footsteps tracing,  
Follow Him without delay,  
Gladly His commands embracing,  
As our Saviour led the way.
- 5 View the act with understanding,  
'Tis a grave before us lies,  
Buried there at His commanding,  
Then in newness to arise.
- 6 Symbol of a life now over,  
Sin and darkness left behind;  
Figure of new life and power,  
And new birth in heart and mind.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817†*

**W**ITNESS, all men and angels now,  
Before the Lord we speak;  
To Him we make our solemn vow,  
A vow we dare not break . . .

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to Christ we yield;  
Nor from His cause will we depart,  
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
But on His grace rely,  
That, by His mighty power, the Lord  
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways;  
And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

*Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95*

COME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,  
On these baptismal waters shine,  
And teach our hearts in highest strain  
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,  
And joyfully embrace Thy cause,  
We love Thy Cross, the shame, the pain,  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 And as we rise with Thee to live,  
O let the Holy Spirit give  
The sealing unction from above,  
The breath of life, the fire of love.

*Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850*



- J**ESUS, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word:  
Here in Thine own appointed way  
We come to meet our Lord.
- 2 Our hearts we open wide  
To make the Saviour room;  
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,  
The sinner's Friend is come.
- 3 Thus we remember Thee,  
And take this bread and wine  
As Thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.
- 4 Thy presence makes the feast;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be expressed,  
The joy unspeakable.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us Thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

## PART I

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all my helplessness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal cup of Heaven;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
This is the heavenly table spread for me;  
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong  
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

## PART II

4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:  
Here is my robe, my refuge and my peace—  
Thy blood and righteousness, O Lord, my God.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

- A**CCORDING to Thy gracious Word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from Heaven shall be;  
The testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Can I such conflict see,  
Thine agony of blood and sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**L**ORD, in this blest and hallowed hour  
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power,  
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,  
My Lord and God, the Crucified.

- 2 Here would I find a calm retreat,  
From vain distractions, near Thy feet,  
And, borne above all earthly care,  
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.
- 3 Or let me through the opening skies  
Catch one bright glimpse of paradise,  
And realise, with raptured awe,  
The vision dying Stephen saw.
- 4 But if unworthy of such joy,  
Still shall Thy love my heart employ,  
For of Thy favoured children's fare  
'Tis bliss the very crumbs to share.
- 5 Yet never can my soul be fed  
With less than Thee, the living Bread;  
Thyself unto my soul impart,  
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*

**H**E lovèd me, and gave Himself for me;  
Amazing love, amazing sacrifice!  
I'll take my harp down from the willow tree,  
And bid its notes in praise of Jesus rise.

2 He lovèd me, and gave Himself for me;  
And surely I myself to Him will give;  
None, Jesus, will I ever love like Thee,  
And to Thy glory only will I live.

3 And when I stand 'mid yonder shining throng,  
And on fair Canaan's coast my Saviour see,  
I'll add my chorus to the swelling song:  
'He lovèd me, and gave Himself for me.'

*Fergus Ferguson, 1824-97*

**H**OW sweet and awesome is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
Where everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores.

2 Here all the mercy of our God  
With vast compassion rolls;  
And peace and pardon through His blood,  
Is food for ransomed souls.

3 While all our hearts in prayer and song  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,  
'Lord, why was I a guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?'

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.

6 Pity the nations, O our God!  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send Thy victorious Word abroad,  
And bring lost sinners home.

7 We long to see Thy churches full,  
That all Thy chosen race  
May with one voice and heart and soul  
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

**A** MIDST us our Belovèd stands,  
And bids us view His piercèd hands;  
Points to His wounded feet and side,  
Blest emblems of the Crucified.

- 2 What food luxurious loads the board,  
When at His table sits the Lord!  
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,  
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!
- 3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,  
We see the signs, but see not Him,  
O may His love the scales displace,  
And bid us see Him face to face!
- 4 Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,  
Thy present smile a Heaven imparts:  
O lift the veil, if veil there be,  
Let every saint Thy beauties see!

*Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92*

JESUS invites His saints  
To meet around His board;  
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

2    Blest tokens of His flesh,  
      And of His outpoured blood:  
Amazing favour! matchless grace  
      Of our descending God.

3    So shall the bread and wine  
      Maintain our fainting breath,  
Symbols of union with our Lord,  
      And interest in His death.

4    Our heavenly Father calls  
      Christ and His members one;  
We, the young children of His love,  
      And He the first-born Son.

5    We are but several parts  
      Of the same broken bread;  
The body has its several limbs,  
      But Jesus is the Head.

6    Let all our powers be joined,  
      His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
      And every voice be praise.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord  
Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead  
Is seen in this memorial bread,  
And so our feeble love is fed  
Until He come.

3 Tokens of dying agony,  
His life-blood shed for us, we see;  
The cup shall tell the mystery  
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night  
With the last advent we unite,  
By one blest chain of loving rite,  
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word  
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate,  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until He come.

*George Rawson, 1807-89*

SWEET feast of love divine!  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine  
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2 Here conscience ends its strife,  
And faith delights to prove  
The sweetness of the bread of life,  
The fulness of Thy love.

3 Thy blood that flowed for sin  
In symbol here we see,  
And feel the blessed pledge within,  
That we are loved by Thee.

4 But if this glimpse of love  
Is so divinely sweet,  
What will it be, O Lord, above,  
Thy welcome-smile to meet . . .

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

*Edward Denny, 1796-1889*

**J**ESUS, Thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept the well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

- 2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first received Thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day—  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing Thy name  
At the great Supper of the Lamb.
- 5 O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day;  
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,  
His Father's glory all His own.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

SIT down beneath His shadow,  
And rest with great delight;  
The faith that now beholds Him  
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,  
Exceeding great and free;  
Lift up thy heart in gladness,  
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,  
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;  
He calls the heavy-laden,  
And gives them kind relief.

4 A little while, though parted,  
Remember, wait, and love;  
Until He comes in glory,  
Until we meet above.

5 Till in the Father's kingdom  
The heavenly feast is spread;  
And we behold His beauty,  
Whose blood for us was shed.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

**J**ESUS our Lord invites us here  
To this triumphal feast;  
And brings immortal blessings down  
For each believing guest.

- 2 The Lord! how glorious is His face!  
How kind His smiles appear;  
And O, what melting words He says  
To every humble ear:
- 3 ‘For you, the children of My love,  
It was for you I died;  
Behold My hands, behold My feet,  
And look upon My side . . .
- 4 ‘These are the wounds for you I bore,  
The proof of all My pains  
When I came down to free your souls  
From misery and chains.’
- 5 Atoning Lord, what can we pay  
For favours so divine?  
We would devote our hearts away  
To be for ever Thine.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

**T**HOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
On this day risen to set no more,  
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,  
With brighter beams than e'er before.

- 2 Shine on Thy pure eternal Word,  
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;  
And whether read, remembered, heard,  
O, let it quicken, strengthen, heal.
- 3 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,  
In righteousness Thy saints be clad;  
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,  
And make Thy chosen people glad.
- 4 Shine on Thy work of grace within,  
On each celestial blossom there;  
Destroy each bitter root of sin,  
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.
- 5 Shine till Thy glorious beams shall chase  
The gloomy cloud from every eye;  
Till every earthly dwelling-place  
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!  
Pour richer floods of life and light,  
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,  
That glorious day which knows no night.

*Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871*

- C**OME, let us with our Lord arise,  
Our Lord, Who made both earth and skies;  
Who died to save the world He made,  
And rose triumphant from the dead;  
He rose, the Prince of life and peace,  
And stamped the day for ever His.
- 2 'This is the day the Lord hath made'—  
That all may see His love displayed,  
May feel His resurrection's power,  
And live again to fall no more;  
Their heart and mind and will renewed,  
And filled with all the life of God.
- 3 Then let us render Him His own,  
With solemn prayer approach the throne,  
With meekness hear the Gospel word,  
With thanks His dying love record;  
Our joyful hearts and voices raise,  
And fill His courts with songs of praise.
- 4 Honour and praise to Jesus pay  
Throughout His consecrated day;  
Be all in Jesus' praise employed,  
Nor leave a single moment void;  
With utmost care the time improve,  
And only breathe His praise and love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

- B**LEST morning, whose first dawning rays  
Beheld the Son of God  
Arise triumphant from the grave,  
And leave His dark abode!
- 2 Wrapped in the silence of the tomb  
The great Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combined their force  
To hold our Lord, in vain;  
The Conqueror suddenly arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,  
We'll sacred honours pay,  
Our hearts and voices shall proclaim  
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King!  
Let Heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,  
With adoration ring!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*



**T**HIS day, at Thy creating word,  
First o'er the earth the light was poured;  
O Lord, this day upon us shine,  
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,  
In might victorious rose again:  
Saviour, may we all raised be  
From spiritual death, to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:  
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of light, and life, and grace!  
From earthly toils—sweet resting-place!  
Thy hallowed hours, blest gift of love,  
Give we again to God above!

5 All praise to God the Father be,  
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whom with the Spirit we adore  
For ever, and for evermore.

*William Walsham How, 1823-97*

**A**WAKE, my soul, to God draw near,  
Your Saviour's day of praise is here;  
Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise,  
To pay your spiritual sacrifice.

- 2 Your precious time mis-spent redeem,  
Each present day your last esteem;  
Improve your talent with due care;  
For the great Day yourself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience as the noonday clear;  
Think how all-seeing God your ways  
And all your secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 By influence of the Light divine  
Let your own light to others shine;  
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Ken, 1637-1710,  
(from 'A Morning Hymn',  
v 1 adapted for the Lord's Day.)*

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Day of all days to us the best,  
Whose pleasure never dies.

2 Sweet is the task, O Lord,  
Thy glorious acts to sing;  
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy Word,  
And grateful offerings bring.

3 The King Himself comes near,  
And feeds His saints today;  
With joyful hearts we see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

4 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of vanity and sin.

5 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice  
With those who love and serve Thee best,  
And in Thy name rejoice.

6 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
Glory and sing unto the Day  
Of everlasting bliss.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,  
Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847†*

- S**AFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
On this resurrection day;  
Day of every day the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,  
Through the week our praise demand:  
Guarded by almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand:  
How ungrateful we have been!—  
Grieving Thee with frequent sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through our dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciling face,  
Shine away our sin and shame;  
From our worldly care set free,  
May we spend this day with Thee.
- 4 Make our souls in gladness rise,  
May we feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
As we in Thy house appear;  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste,  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we come to Thee above.

**P**RESERVED by power divine  
To know salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in His sight appear.

2 What troubles we have seen,  
What conflicts we have passed,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last.

3 But out of all, the Lord  
Has brought us by His love;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.

4 Then let us make our boast  
In His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we shall sin no more.

5 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**O** HOW blest the hour, Lord Jesus,  
When we can to Thee draw near,  
Promises so sweet and precious  
From Thy gracious lips to hear!

- 2 Be with us this day to bless us,  
That we may not hear in vain;  
With the saving truths impress us,  
Which the words of life contain.
- 3 Open Thou our minds, and lead us  
Safely on our heavenward way;  
With the lamp of Truth precede us,  
That we may not go astray.
- 4 Lord, endue Thy Word from Heaven  
With such light, and love, and power,  
That in us its silent leaven  
May work on from hour to hour.
- 5 Give us grace to bear our witness  
To the truths we have embraced;  
And let others both their sweetness  
And their quickening virtue taste.

*Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1801-59,  
tr Richard Massie, 1800-87*

**T**O Thy temple I repair;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.

- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Christ the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.
- 5 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
Through their word, by faith, may I  
Hear *Thee* speaking from on high.
- 6 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God today.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

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

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:  
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make our waiting hearts Thine own!

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*



**M**Y God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to Thy feet—  
The hour of prayer?

2 Blessed is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blessed that hour of solemn eve,  
When on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,  
Brighter than morning's welcome glow,  
And richer dews descend from Thee  
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hope of Heaven.

5 No words can tell what sweet relief  
There for my every want I find,  
What strength for warfare, balm for grief—  
What peace of mind.

6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,  
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay:  
And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

**S**PEAK to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.

- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time and toil and care;  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
My willing heart shall own Thy sway,  
And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;  
'Tis all I wish to seek;  
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I Thy glory see;  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my Heaven in Thee.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**S**TAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O, for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to Heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name  
Henceforth for evermore.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**L**O! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how holy is this place!  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face;  
To know His power, His grace to prove,  
Praise Him with awe and reverent love.

2 Lo! God is here! Whom day and night  
The united choirs of angels sing:  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue!

3 Being of beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will:  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

*Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769,  
tr John Wesley, 1703-91*

- O** PRAISE our God today:  
Come, let us haste to pay  
Due thanks and homage to our King.  
Bid every power awake,  
And cheerful music make,  
While grateful hearts their tributes bring.
- 2 O, praise our God today:  
All who have served Him say  
How kind and good are all His ways.  
He is a Friend in need,  
He is a Friend indeed;  
Come, now, your grateful worship raise.
- 3 O, praise our God today:  
Let children all obey,  
And, as of old, Hosannas sing;  
The Saviour now, as then,  
Will surely listen when  
With earnest praise their voices ring.
- 4 O, praise our God today:  
Nor till tomorrow stay,  
For hours and days are passing fast;  
This evening's setting sun  
May find our work undone,  
And tell us that our day is past.
- 5 O, praise our God today:  
Our loved ones gone away  
Now sing in yonder world of light;  
Come, join the heavenly song,  
Come, join the ransomed throng  
Who praise Him ceaseless day and night.

**I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
We Thy people, now draw near;  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,  
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,  
Hear with meekness,  
Hear Thy Word with godly fear.

2 Grant us, Lord, some gracious token  
Of Thy love before we part;  
Crown Thy Word which shall be spoken;  
Life and peace to each impart,  
With all blessings  
Which will sanctify the heart.

3 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to Thee:  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be;  
Till Thy glory,  
Without clouds in Heaven we see.

4 There in worship, purer, sweeter,  
All Thy people shall adore;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before;  
Full enjoyment,  
In the Glory, evermore.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

**J**ESUS, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim;  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,  
Which now we come to prove;  
Thy name is life and health and peace  
And everlasting love.

3 We meet the grace to take  
Which Thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in Heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art,  
But O, Thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart  
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 O, may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

\*The 'shekinah' cloud was the visible glory  
of God over the mercy-seat of the Temple.

- L**IGHT up this house with glory, Lord;  
Enter, and claim Thine own;  
Receive the homage of our souls,  
Erect Thy temple-throne.
- 2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died;  
We deck no priestly shrine;  
What need have we of creature-aid?  
The power to save is Thine.
- 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud\*  
To glorify the place;  
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—  
The fulness of Thy grace.
- 4 No rushing mighty wind we ask,  
No tongues of flame desire;  
Grant us the Spirit's life and light,  
His purifying fire.
- 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord—  
The glory of that love  
Which forms and saves a Church below,  
And makes a Heaven above.

*John Harris, 1802-56*



**W**E love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the Word of life,  
The Word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below  
Of mercies freely given;  
But O, we long to know  
The triumph song of Heaven.

5 Our first and latest love  
To Zion shall be given—  
The House of God above,  
On earth the gate of Heaven.

*vv 1, 2, 5 William Bullock, 1798-1874,  
vv 3-4 Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77*

**O** THOU, the hope of Israel's host,  
Their strength, their helper, and their boast;  
How oft their Saviour hast Thou been,  
In times of trouble and of sin!

- 2 And have not we beheld Thy face?  
Thy visits crowned the means of grace;  
O come *again* in kindness, Lord,  
With all the joy Thy smiles afford.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,  
Enter, Thou ever-honoured Guest;  
Enter, and make our hearts Thine own,  
Thy house, Thy temple and Thy throne.
- 4 O stay, not only for a night,  
To bless us with a transient sight;  
But with us *dwell*, through time—and then  
In Heaven for evermore, Amen.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51,  
Thomas Gibbons, 1720-85*

**G**REAT King of Zion, now  
Display Thy matchless grace;  
In love the heavens bow,  
With glory fill this place:  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God doth dwell with man below.

2 Here may Thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend  
All fragrant to the skies:  
Here may Thy Word melodious sound,  
To spread celestial joys around.

3 Here may the attentive throng  
Imbibe Thy Truth and love,  
And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above;  
May willing crowds thus own their Lord,  
In sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our future sons  
And daughters sing Thy praise,  
And shine like polished stones  
Through long succeeding days;  
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power  
Until the last triumphant hour.

*Benjamin Francis, 1734-99*

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

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 O whither could we go for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed:  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more:  
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 O let my hands forget their skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat!

*Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865*

**B**EHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls us near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round we see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,  
His love and power can bless;  
To praying souls He always grants  
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and Thy love:  
We ask to serve Thee here below  
And reign with Thee above.

5 Abiding in Thy faith,  
Our wills conformed to Thine,  
Let us victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise . . .

- 2 'There,' says the Saviour, 'will I be,  
Amid this seeking company:  
To them unveil My smiling face,  
And shed My glories round the place.'
- 3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on Thy faithful Word:  
Now send Thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

*Samuel Stennett, 1727-95*

- L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear;  
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,  
In weakness, want and woe,  
Fightings without, and fear within;  
Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee  
With broken, contrite hearts;  
Give what Thine eye delights to see:  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give;  
A strong desiring confidence  
To hear Thy voice and live.
- 5 Faith in the only sacrifice  
That can for sin atone;  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
On Christ, on Christ alone.
- 6 Give these, and then Thy will be done;  
Thus strengthened with Thy might,  
We by Thy Spirit and Thy Son  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

**O** GOD, Who didst Thy will unfold  
In wondrous ways to saints of old,  
By dream, by oracle, or seer,  
Thou art the hearer, still, of prayer.

- 2 What though no answering voice is heard?  
Thine oracles—the written Word—  
Counsel and guidance still impart,  
Responsive to the seeking heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams is shown  
That future things to God are known?  
Enough the promises reveal;  
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies  
To show that prayers accepted rise;  
Our Priest is in the holy place,  
And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire:  
The Sun is risen—the stars retire!  
The Comforter is come, and sheds  
His holy unction on our heads.
- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;  
Answer our sacrifice by fire;  
And by Thy mighty acts declare  
Thou art the God Who hearest prayer.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855*



**G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;  
Thy presence now display;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Within these walls let holy peace  
And love and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 May we in faith receive Thy Word,  
In faith address our prayers;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unburden all our cares.
- 4 Some token show of Thy great love,  
Our fainting hearts to raise;  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 5 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart bestow:  
And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow.
- 6 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill this place.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there!

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright:  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have we no words, ah, think again!  
Words flow apace when we complain  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

*William Cowper, 1731-1800*

**O**UR heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now;  
Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
To Thee shall all flesh bow.

2 Thy kingdom come! Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by Thy Word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, for ever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The sceptre, throne and majesty  
Of Heaven and earth are Thine.

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

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

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

*Joseph Medlicott Scriven, 1820-86*

**J**ESUS, Thou sovereign Lord of all,  
Changeless through one eternal day,  
Hear now Thy feeblest follower's call,  
And, O, instruct us how to pray;  
Pour out the humbling, seeking grace,  
And stir our hearts to seek Thy face.

2 Saviour, regard the joint desire,  
Of all Thy loved ones gathered here;  
Fervour, and faith, and love inspire,  
And send us down the Comforter:  
Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart!  
And fix His influence in our heart.

3 O, help our soul's infirmity!  
O, cleanse our sin, and heal our care!  
Deepen and strengthen every plea;  
Make every heart a house of prayer;  
The promised Intercessor give,  
And all our prayers do Thou receive.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88†*

**P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'
- 3 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
- 4 Prayer is the seeker's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

*James Montgomery, 1771-1854*

SWEETLY our praise awakes,  
Borne on the morning air;  
Before the day's full clamour breaks  
We meet to offer prayer.

2 On the lone mountainside,  
Before the morning's light,  
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,  
And rose refreshed with might.

3 While flowers are wet with dews,  
Dew of our souls descend:  
Before the sun the day renews;  
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

4 Upon the battlefield  
Before the fight begins,  
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield  
To guard us from our sins.

5 Ere yet our vessel sails  
Upon the stream of day,  
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales  
To speed us on our way.

6 O hear us then, for we  
Are very weak and frail;  
We make the Saviour's name our plea,  
And surely must prevail.

*Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1834-92†*

**H**EAD of the Church and Lord of all,  
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant call:  
We come the promised grace to seek,  
Of which aforetime Thou didst speak.

2 'Lo, I am with you'—that sweet word,  
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,  
And stamped with all-inspiring power  
On our weak souls this favoured hour.

3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,  
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;  
Thou must our wavering faith renew  
Ere we can yield Thee service true.

4 Thy consecrating might we ask,  
Or vain the toil, unblest the task;  
And impotent of fruit will be  
Our noblest effort wrought for Thee.

5 'Lo, I am with you'—even so,  
Thy joy our strength, we fearless go;  
And praise shall crown the suppliant's call,  
Head of the Church, and Lord of all!

*Joseph Tritton, 1819-87*



**L**ORD, for our children we would plead,  
Dear objects of our care;  
Dangers on every side are spread,  
Save them from every snare.

2 We ask for them not wealth or fame,  
Amid the worldly strife;  
But in our Saviour's saving name  
We ask eternal life.

3 On us hast Thou bestowed Thy grace,  
Be to our children kind;  
Among the saved give them a place,  
And leave not one behind.

*Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872,  
Rowland Hill, 1744-1833*

**G**OD of mercy, hear our prayer  
For the children Thou hast given;  
Let them all Thy blessing share,  
Grace on earth and bliss in Heaven.

- 2 In the morning of their days  
May their hearts be drawn to Thee;  
Let them learn to speak Thy praise  
In their early infancy.
- 3 Cleanse their souls from every stain  
Through the Saviour's precious blood;  
Let them all be born again,  
And be reconciled to God.
- 4 For these mercies, Lord, we cry;  
Bend Thine ever-gracious ear;  
For on Thee our souls rely;  
Hear our prayer, in mercy, hear!

*Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872*

THESE children, Lord, in faith and prayer,  
We now present to Thee;  
May they redemption's mercies share,  
And true salvation see.

2 Such helpless ones didst Thou embrace,  
While dwelling here below;  
To us and ours, O God of grace,  
The same compassion show.

3 In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray;  
O give them grace to persevere  
In every righteous way.

4 Before them may their parents live  
In godly faith and fear;  
Then, Lord, to Heaven their souls receive,  
And bring *their* children there.

*Thomas Haweis, 1732-1820*

**P**RAISE, O praise our God and King,  
Hymns of adoration sing!  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that the fruitful field,  
Crops of precious increase yield;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Praise Him for our harvest-store:  
He has filled the garner floor;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 And for richer Food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77*

COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

- 2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that Day  
All offences purge away;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come!  
Bring Thy final harvest home!  
Gather all Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There, for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

**P**RAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest—  
Providence and Love!

Praise Him in His earthly temples,  
And above!

2 Praise Him, every thankful mortal,  
By His goodness fed,  
Whose rich mercy daily gives us  
Daily bread.

3 Quickened unto life eternal,  
Bear we heavenly fruit;  
Lest, if barren, He reject us,  
Branch and root.

4 Speed, O speed that glorious harvest  
Of the souls of men,  
When Christ's members, here long-scattered,  
Meet again.

5 Glory to the Lord of harvest,  
Holy Three in One!  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Praise be done!

*James Hamilton, 1819-96*

**G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand;  
The opening year Thy mercy shows;  
That mercy crowns it till its close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By His incessant bounty fed,  
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to Thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God, in Whom we trust,  
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

**A**NOTHER year is dawning;  
Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.

- 2 Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of growing trust and patience,  
Of quiet, happy rest.
- 3 Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace;  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.
- 4 Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise,  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence all the days.
- 5 Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.
- 6 Another year is dawning;  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in Heaven,  
Another year for Thee.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*



COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
March on with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will  
We'll gladly fulfil,  
Our talents improve,  
By patience of hope, and by labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream:  
Our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone:  
The ultimate year  
Rushes into our view, and eternity's here!

5 May each in that Day  
Be able to say,  
'I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'

6 May each from the Lord  
Receive the glad word,  
'Well and faithfully done!  
Enter into My joy, and sit down by My throne.'

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear.

- 2 All our sins on Thee we cast,  
Lord, for Thee we now arise,  
And forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.
- 3 Dark the future: let Thy light  
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight:  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- 4 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living Way.
- 5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own:  
Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

*Henry Downton, 1818-85*

**S**TANDING at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong, and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.

*Onward then, and fear not,  
Children of the day!  
For His Word shall never,  
Never pass away!*

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid,  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed!  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand.'

3 For the year before us,  
O what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.

*PTO*

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break.  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

*Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836-79*

**A**T Thy feet, our God and Father,  
Who has blessed us all our days,  
We with grateful hearts would gather,  
To begin the year with praise—

- 2 Praise for light so clearly shining  
On our steps from Heaven above,  
Praise for mercies daily twining  
Round us mighty bands of love.
- 3 With so blest a Friend provided,  
We upon our way would go,  
Sure of being safely guided,  
Guarded well from every foe.
- 4 Every day will be the brighter  
If Thy gracious face we see;  
Every burden will be lighter  
If we know it comes from Thee.
- 5 Spread Thy love's provisions o'er us;  
Give us strength to serve and wait,  
Till the glory breaks before us,  
Through the City's open gate.

*James Drummond Burns, 1823-64*

THE New Year, Lord, we welcome make  
With grateful heart and tongue;  
The newness of the year shall wake  
Our prayerfulness and song.

- 2 We look for things unseen before,  
For joys till now unknown;  
O come, and on this New Year pour  
A newness all Thine own.
- 3 Grant us new beams of light to see,  
New steps of Thine to trace,  
New visions of Thy majesty,  
New visits of Thy grace.
- 4 Help us new peaks of Truth to climb,  
To grasp new realms of lore,  
Each depth divine, each height sublime  
More amply to explore.
- 5 Augment our skill for things divine,  
Thy Word, profound, to read;  
And let this year in joy divine  
Each earlier year exceed.
- 6 May grace those sweet surprises lend  
That bring our God more near;  
And blessings all-divine commend  
The newness of the year.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill, 1819-1906.†*

**M**Y helper God! I bless His name:  
Whose power and grace remain the same!  
The tokens of His friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I, 'midst so many dangers, stand,  
Supported by His guardian hand;  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
So many monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far His arm has led me on;  
And He has made His mercy known;  
Now, while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:  
Then bear, in His bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

*Philip Doddridge, 1702-51*

\* *Ebenezer* (Heb: 'stone of help') —  
a public memorial to the help of  
the Lord in *1 Samuel 7:12*

NOW through another year,  
Supported by His care,  
We raise our Ebenezer\* here:  
'The Lord has helped thus far.'

- 2 When in our sins we lay,  
He would not let us die,  
Because His love had fixed a day  
To bring salvation nigh.
- 3 And since His name we knew,  
How gracious has He been!  
What dangers has He led us through,  
What mercies have we seen!
- 4 Our lot in future years,  
We cannot now foresee:  
He—to prevent our anxious fears—  
Says, 'Leave it all to Me.'
- 5 So, Lord, we wish to cast  
Our cares upon Thy breast;  
Help us to praise Thee for the past,  
And trust Thee for the rest.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*



**O** PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,  
Lowly we come in prayer before Thy throne,  
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending  
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

- 2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance,  
Grant tender love and loyal, steadfast faith;  
Give patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears not pain or death.
- 3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.
- 4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thy co-eternal Word,  
Who, with the Holy Spirit ever-living,  
Now, and to endless ages art adored.

*Dorothy Frances Gurney, 1858-1932†*

**L**ORD, Who at Cana didst appear  
To bless a marriage feast,  
Grant us Thy gracious presence here;  
Come, O Thou Sovereign Guest!

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have joined their hands;  
Their union with Thy favour crown,  
And bless their marriage bands.
- 3 With grace divine their hearts endow,  
Of all rich gifts the best!  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they, with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 5 Through life their every step attend  
With tokens of Thy love;  
And, having reached their journey's end,  
Complete their bliss above.

*John Berridge, 1716-93*

**O** GOD, Who didst from Adam's side  
Fashion an help meet for his bride,  
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,  
That both might feel and love as one!  
Make these Thy servants one in heart;  
Whom Thou hast joined let no man part.

2 O Thou Who once, a guest divine,  
Didst turn the water into wine!  
Thy gracious presence now afford;  
Meet all their needs, and bless them, Lord;  
And while each heart Thy Word obeys,  
May all their joy be turned to praise.

3 O let Thy love their model be,  
As they together live for Thee;  
Spirit of grace and holiness,  
Come, and this union now possess;  
Keep Thou in love and purity  
Thy faithful servants, honouring Thee.

*Josiah Conder, 1789-1855†*

**O** HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,  
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,  
And where among the guests there never cometh  
One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united  
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,  
Whom death a little while alone divideth,  
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given  
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,  
To Thee, their Friend, Who from the heights of Heaven  
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 Until at last, when earthly toil is ended,  
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,  
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,  
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

*Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1801-59,  
tr Sarah Laurie Findlater, 1823-1907*

**E**RE I sleep, for every favour  
This day showed  
By my God,  
I will bless my Saviour.

- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render  
To Thy name,  
Still the same,  
Gracious, good, and tender?
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings  
In Thy way,  
Heard me pray,  
Sanctified my doings.
- 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;  
Let Thy peace  
Be my bliss,  
Till Thou hence remove me.
- 5 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,  
Safely keep,  
While I sleep,  
Me, with all Thy power.
- 6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,  
Let me rise  
With the wise,  
Counted in their number.

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

- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,  
And some are tried with sinful doubt;  
And some such grievous passions tear  
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 5 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.
- 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

*Henry Twells, 1823-1900*

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere, I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the judgement day.
- 4 O, may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;  
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Thomas Ken, 1637-1710*

ANOTHER Sabbath ended,  
Its peaceful hours all flown,  
We come to close its worship,  
O Lord, before Thy throne;  
We bless Thee for this earnest  
Of better rest above,  
This token of Thy kindness,  
This pledge of boundless love.

- 2 O Jesus, our dear Saviour,  
To Thee our songs we raise;  
Our hearts, by care untroubled,  
Uplift themselves in praise:  
For to God's truce with labour  
More glory Thou hast given,  
And Sabbaths now are sweeter  
Since Christ the Lord has risen.
- 3 O Lord, again we bless Thee  
For such a day as this,  
So rich in ancient glories,  
So bright with hopes of bliss:  
O, may we reach Thy perfect,  
Thine endless, day of rest:  
Then lay our earth-worn spirits  
Upon our Father's breast.

*Thomas Vincent Tymms, 1842-1921*



**T**HROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;  
Now we lay us down to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest;  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
In Thine arms may we repose:  
And, when life's brief day is past,  
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855*

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:  
O, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

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

3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to Heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817*

AND though our bodies part,  
To distant lands repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

- 2 O, let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go!
- 3 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before His labourers lies;  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies . . .
- 4 Where all our toils are o'er  
Our suffering and our pain!  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.
- 5 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet!  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.
- 6 The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*

**F**OR a season called to part,  
Let us then ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In Thy strength may we be strong!  
Sweeten every cross and pain:  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, for all Thy love outpoured,  
We shall join in prayer and praise;  
And our souls shall bless the Lord  
Who has watched o'er all our ways.

*John Newton, 1725-1807†*

ONCE more, before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name:  
Recall His mercies, every heart,  
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Store up His sacred Word,  
And feed thereon, and grow;  
Go on to seek to know the Lord,  
And practise what we know.

3 Jesus, our Friend indeed!  
In peace dismiss us hence,  
Be Thou in every time of need  
Our refuge and defence.

4 How we shall bless Thy name!  
And in our hearts record,  
And by our thankful songs proclaim  
The goodness of the Lord.

*Joseph Hart, 1712-68*

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above!

- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*

**G**RANT us, Lord, some gracious token  
Of Thy love before we part;  
Crown Thy Word which has been spoken,  
Life and peace to each impart!  
And all blessings  
Which shall sanctify the heart.

2 God of our salvation, hear us;  
Bless, O bless us, ere we go:  
When we join the world, be near us,  
Lest Thy people careless grow:  
Saviour, keep us,  
Keep us safe from every foe.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer  
To our blest and lasting home,  
May our view of Heaven grow clearer,  
Hope more bright of joys to come;  
And when dying,  
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

*Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855,  
John Rippon, 1751-1836*

**B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our presence may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show His praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside,  
Nothing desire, and naught esteem,  
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 5 So let us hasten to the Day  
Which shall our bond restore,  
When death shall all be done away,  
And we shall part no more.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88*



OFTEN the public means of grace,  
Thy thirsting people's meeting-place,  
Oppressors have beset:  
Attacked them in the house of prayer,  
And prison-bondage made them bear,  
Because with Thee they met.

2 But we from such assaults are freed,  
Can pray, and sing, and hear, and read,  
And meet, and part in peace:  
May we such freedoms duly prize,  
In their improvement make us wise,  
And bless us with increase.

3 Unless Thy presence Thou afford,  
Unless Thy blessing clothe the Word,  
In vain our liberty!  
What would it profit to maintain  
A name for life, should we remain  
Formal and dead to Thee?

4 Confirm the Word our peace allows,  
Bless the provisions of Thy house,  
In hunger we have come;  
Drawn by Thine invitation, Lord,  
Now from the fulness of Thy Word,  
O send us thankful home.

*John Newton, 1725-1807‡*

**N**OW may the God of peace and love,  
Who from the stone-sealed grave  
Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Omnipotent to save . . .

2 Through the rich merits of that blood  
Which He on Calvary spilt,  
To make the eternal covenant sure,  
On which our hopes are built . . .

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,  
To honour all His will;  
And all that's pleasing in His sight  
Inspire us to fulfil!

4 For the great Mediator's sake,  
We for these blessings pray;  
With glory let His name be crowned,  
Through Heaven's eternal day!

*Thomas Gibbons, 1720-85*

**N**OW may He, Who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May He teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in His sight;  
Perfect us in all His will,  
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

*John Newton, 1725-1807*