

# Anne Rose



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# 412 When life is ended

**1** When life is ended and I must travel  
Through death's dark chambers, I need not fear;  
If I have Jesus to guard and guide me,  
I walk securely with One so dear.

**2** Though dark the valley that lies before me,  
A light far brighter than noonday sun  
Shines o'er my pathway, and hope eternal  
I see in Jesus; earth's day is done.

**3** I look to Jesus, bright Star to guide me;  
Twas Jesus vanquished death and the grave;  
Twas Jesus only bore my transgression,  
For Jesus only my soul could save.

**4** Oh, glorious dawning, blest resurrection!  
When I with Jesus come forth again,  
I shall adore Him, my wondrous Saviour:  
He freed my soul from sin's curse and stain.

# 400 When Jesus comes

**1** When Jesus comes to reward His servants,  
Whether it be noon or night,  
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,  
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

**Oh, can we say we are truly ready,**  
**Ready for the soul's long home?**  
**Say, will He find you and me still watching,**  
**Watching, waiting, when the Lord shall come?**

**2** If at the dawn of the early morning  
He shall call us one by one -  
When to the Lord we restore our talents,  
Will He answer us "Well done!"

**"Oh, can we say we are truly ready..."**

**3** Have we been true to the trust He left us?  
Do we seek to do our best?  
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
We shall have a glorious rest.

**"Oh, can we say we are truly ready..."**

**4** blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching -  
In His glory they shall share;  
If He should come at the dawn or midnight,  
Will He find us watching there?

**"Oh, can we say we are truly ready..."**

# 321 Hearts it is the world requires

**1** Hearts it is the world requires,  
Hearts from doubting free and pure;  
Hearts not closed by wrong desires,  
But Christ's footsteps follow sure.  
Hearts both brave and filled with courage,  
As God's men of old we see,  
And who seek but God to hon - our,  
Love Him, and like Him would be.

**Hearts that lift on high the banner,**  
**Where the conflict fierce doth fall,**  
**Not afraid of death or danger;**  
**Hearts that understand God's call.**

**2** Hearts both true and faithful beating,  
Who for others' needs do move;  
From all treachery retreating,  
Hearts aflame with heavenly love.  
Hearts for needy ever searching;  
Hearts controlled by Him alone;  
Who, though death and anguish facing,  
Pray, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done."

**"Hearts that lift on high the banner..."**

**3** Hearts with love for those who perish,  
Tender, warm, for rich and poor;  
Lukewarm hearts God cannot cherish  
In salvation's holy war.  
Hearts, like Jesus', yielded wholly,  
Counting all of earth but loss;  
Hearts that, with His, share, but gladly,  
Sorrow, suffering and the cross.

**"Hearts that lift on high the banner..."**

# 22 Is it nothing to you?

**1** Is it nothing to you that the Saviour  
In agony died on the tree?  
He was smitten of God and afflicted  
To purchase salvation for thee.

**In deep agony,**  
**Afflicted was He;**  
**When He poured out His soul in His anguish,**  
**O friend! He was stricken for thee.**

**2** Is it nothing to you that, in sorrow,  
The Saviour is now passing by?  
"I'd have gathered them in, but they would not" -  
Exceedingly bitter His cry.

**"In deep agony..."**

**3** Is it nothing to you, is it nothing,  
Your many transgressions He bore  
When He purchased eternal redemption,  
That you might be free evermore?

**"In deep agony..."**

**4** Is it nothing to you He is coming -  
The Judge of the quick and the dead?  
Oh, then how will you stand in the judgment,  
When earth and its pleasures have fled?

**"In deep agony,..."**

## 6 When I survey

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

**2** Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord;  
All the vain things that charm me most -  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

**3** See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

**4** Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.