

# The Gospel Hymn Book

**1** Tune.—Miles Lane      S.S.203  
C.M.

1 ALL HAIL the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall:  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it, fall  
Before His face who formed their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye souls redeemed of Adam's race,  
Ye ransomed from the Fall.  
Hail Him who saved you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye saints whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O soon with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet shall fall;  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

**2** Tune – Ninety and Nine. S.S.97  
or, He tells me words      P.M.

1 HE TELLS me words whereby I'm saved,  
He points to something done,  
Accomplished on Mount Calvary  
By His beloved Son,  
In which no works of mine have place,  
Else grace with works is no more grace.

2 Believing this, how can I wait,  
And ask what shall I do  
To make His gift more sure to me,  
His loving words more true?  
Since works of mine have here no  
place,  
Else grace with works is no more grace.

3 Ah, no! it is His finished work  
On which my soul relies;  
And if my unbelieving heart  
Its preciousness denies,  
That works of mine might have a place,  
Then grace with works is no more grace.

4 But in that He is raised on high,  
Who came our sins to bear,  
I know that I am seen of God  
In oneness with Him there;  
Where not a spot His eye can trace,  
Not aught that mars His work of grace.

5 O wondrous words! O precious work,  
By which the soul is saved!  
And Thou who did'st it, blessed Lord,  
Hast in my heart engraved  
A Name which must all names displace  
With me, a lost one, saved by grace.

**3**      Tune – Sigismund.      B.H.B.111  
8-7-8-7

1 **None but Christ;** His merit hides me,  
He was faultless – I am fair.  
**None but Christ;** His wisdom guides  
me;  
He was outcast – I'm His care.

2 **None but Christ;** His spirit seals me,  
Gives me freedom, with control;  
**None but Christ;** His bruising heals  
me,  
And His sorrow soothes my soul.

3 **None but Christ;** His life sustains  
me,  
Strength and song to me He is;  
**None but Christ!** His love constrains  
me,  
He is mine and I am His.

4 His while living – His though dying –  
His at judgment's solemn tryst;  
E'en in heaven on Him relying,  
I will boast of "NONE BUT CHRIST".

**4**      Tune – Follow Me.      R.S.384  
or Giessen.      B.H.B.14      8's  
1 "A LITTLE while" – our Lord shall  
come,  
And we shall wander here no more;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where He for us hath gone before;  
To dwell with Him, to see His face,  
And sing the glories of His grace.

2 "A little while" – He'll come again!  
Let us the precious hours redeem.  
Our only grief to give Him pain.  
Our joy to serve and follow Him.  
Watching and ready may we be,  
As those who long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while" – 'twill soon be past!  
Why should we shun the shame and  
cross?  
O let us in His footsteps haste.

Counting for Him all else but loss!  
O how will recompense His smile,  
The sufferings of this "little while!"

4 "A little while" – come, Saviour, come,  
For Thee Thy Church has tarried long;  
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,  
To sing the new eternal song.  
To see Thy glory, and to be  
In everything conformed to Thee.

**5** Tune – Draw me Nearer.  
B.H.B.329 P.M.  
1 I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard  
Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me:  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer blessed  
Lord.  
To the cross where Thou hast died.  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed  
Lord,  
To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,  
Lord,  
By the power of grace divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast  
hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour,  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee,  
my God.  
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot  
know  
Till I cross the narrow sea;  
There are heights of joy that I may  
not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

**6** I am coming to the Cross. S.S.477  
7's

1 GOD in mercy sent His Son  
To a world by sin undone,  
Jesus Christ was crucified –  
'Twas for sinners Jesus died.

O, the glory of the grace  
Shining in the Saviour's face,  
Telling sinners from above,  
"God is light, and God is love."

2 Sin and death no more shall reign,  
Jesus died, and lives again!  
In the glory's highest height –  
See Him God's supreme delight.

3 All who in His name believe  
Everlasting life receive;  
Lord of all is Jesus now,  
Every knee to Him must bow.

4 Christ the Lord will come again,  
He who suffered once will reign.  
Every tongue at last shall own,  
"Worthy is the Lamb," alone.

**7** Tune – Calvary. B.H.B.30  
P.M.

1 BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God –  
on the cross!  
For us He shed His precious blood –  
on the cross!  
Oh, hear the strange expiring cry  
– "Eli lama sabachthani!"  
Draw near and see the Saviour die –  
on the cross.

2 See, see His arms extended wide –  
on the cross;  
Behold His bleeding hands and side –  
on the cross;  
The sun withdraws his rays of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades  
of night,  
While Jesus wins the glorious fight –  
on the cross.

3 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up –  
on the cross.  
He drinks for you the bitter cup –  
on the cross.  
To heaven He turns His languid eyes,  
"Tis finished," now the Conqueror  
cries,  
Then bows His sacred head and dies –  
on the cross.

4 And now the mighty deed is done –  
on the cross;  
The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won –  
on the cross.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains  
quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake –  
on the cross.

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story of the  
cross!  
In nothing else my soul shall glory –  
save the Cross.  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus conquered death for me –  
on the cross.

**8** Tune – Belmont      B.H.B.285  
C.M.

- 1 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 not to fear.
- 5 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.
- 6 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 7 And there with all the blood-bought  
strong,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love for me.

**9** Tune – Wells.      B.H.B.356.  
7's

1 "TILL He come!" – Oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the "little while" between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think, how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
When their words of love and cheer  
Fall no longer on our ear,  
Hush! be every murmur dumb,  
It is only "Till He come!"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press.  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death and darkness and the tomb,  
Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and eat the bread,  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board.  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come!"

**10** Tune – Whosoever will.      R.S.93

1 WHOSOEVER heareth, shout, shout  
the sound,  
Send the blessed tidings all the world  
around;  
Spread the joyful news wherever man  
is found,  
"Whosoever will may come."  
  
"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"  
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;  
"Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer  
home,  
"Whosoever will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay;  
Now the door is open, enter while  
you may;  
Jesus is the true, the only living way,  
"Whosoever will may come."  
  
3 "Whosoever will," the promise is  
secure;  
"Whosoever will," for ever shall endure;  
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore;  
"Whosoever will may come."

**11** Tune - On the Cross. B.H.B.30

- 1 BY FAITH I see my Saviour dying  
on the tree;  
To every nation He is crying,  
"Look to Me!"  
He bids the guilty now draw near -  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;  
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!  
Mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing,  
pity me?  
And did He snatch my soul from ruin;  
can it be?  
Oh, yes He did salvation bring;  
He is the Prophet, Priest, and King,  
And now my happy soul shall sing;  
Mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus the Mighty God has spoken  
unto me,  
Now all my chains of sin are broken -  
I am free.  
Soon as I in His name believed,  
The Holy Spirit I received;  
And Christ from death my soul retrieved;  
Mercy's free.
- 4 And every moment Christ is precious  
unto me,  
Jehovah still my soul refreshes,  
Mercy's free.  
None can describe the bliss I prove  
While through the wilderness I rove;  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love;  
Mercy's free.

**12** Tune - I love to tell. S.S.46.  
7-6

- I LOVE to tell the story of unseen things  
above,  
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and  
His love:  
I love to tell the story, because I know  
it's true;  
It satisfies my longings, as nothing else  
would do.
- I love to tell the story;  
'Twill be my theme in glory  
To tell the old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the story; more wonderful  
it seems  
Than all the golden fancies of all our  
golden dreams;

I love to tell the story, it did so much  
for me,  
And that is just the reason I tell it now  
to thee.

- 3 I love to tell the story, 'tis pleasant  
to repeat,  
What seems each time I tell it more  
wonderfully sweet:  
I love to tell the story, for some have  
never heard  
The message of salvation from God's  
own Holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the story, for those who  
know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it  
like the rest;  
And when in scenes of glory I sing the  
new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story that I have  
loved so long.

**13** Tune - Happy Day. E.H.B.123  
P.M.

- 1 My God, I have found the thrice  
blessed ground,  
Where life and where joy and true  
comfort abound.
- Happy day, happy day,  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus my Saviour  
My sins washed away.

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

- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,  
And now both the surety and sinner are  
free;

- 4 Accepted I am in the once-offered  
Lamb;  
It was God who Himself had devised  
the plan.

- 5 And though here below, 'mid sorrow  
and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

- 6 And this I shall find, for such is His mind  
He'll not be in glory, and leave me  
behind.

- 7 For soon He will come and take me  
safe home  
And make me to sit with Himself on  
His throne.

**14** Tune – Safe in the arms. S.S.577-6

1 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershadowed,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
Borne in a song to me,  
Over the fields of glory,  
Over the jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe from corroding care,  
Safe from the world's temptations,  
Sin cannot harm me there.  
Free from the blight of sorrow,  
Free from my doubts and fears,  
Only a few more trials,  
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

**15** Tune – Onward to the glory S.S.507. 6-5

1 Onward! upward! homeward!  
Joyfully I flee  
From the world of sorrow,  
With my Lord to be;  
  
Onward to the glory, upward to the  
prize;  
Homeward to the mansions far above  
the skies

2 Onward! upward! homeward!  
Here I find no rest;  
Treading o'er the desert  
Which my Saviour pressed.

3 Onward! upward! homeward!  
I shall soon be there;  
Soon its joys and pleasures  
I through grace shall share.

4 Onward! upward! homeward!  
Come along with me;  
Ye who love the Saviour  
Bear me company.

5 Onward! upward! homeward!  
Press with vigour on;  
Yet, "a little while,"  
And the race is won!

**16** Tune – Take me as I am. S.S.476. 8-8-8-6

1 JUST as Thou art – without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place –  
O guilty sinner, come!

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou  
be blest?  
Trust not the world – it gives no rest;  
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed.  
O weary sinner, come!

3 Come leave thy burden at the Cross;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross;  
My grace repays all earthly loss –  
O needy sinner, come!

4 Come hither, bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;  
• 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears –  
O trembling sinner, come!

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,"  
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;  
Who faints, who thirsts, who will  
may come –  
The Saviour bids thee Come.

**17** Tune – Rousseau. R.S.131. 8-7

1 When the Saviour said, " 'Tis finished,"  
Everything was fully done,  
Done as God Himself would have it –  
Christ the victory fully won.  
Vain and futile the endeavour  
To improve or add thereto;  
God's free grace is thus commended  
To "believe" and not to "do".

2 All the doing is completed,  
Now 'tis "look, believe, and live;"  
None can purchase his salvation,  
Life's a gift that God does give;  
Grace through righteousness is  
reigning,  
Not of works lest man should boast;  
Man must take the mercy freely,  
Or eternally be lost.

**18**

Tune - Whitchurch. B.H.B.7.  
8's

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone  
Of covenant mercy I sing,  
Nor fear with God's righteousness  
on,  
My person and offering to bring;  
The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Saviour's obedience to blood  
Hides all my transgressions from  
view.

- 2 The work which His goodness began  
The arm of His strength will com-  
plete,  
His promise is "Yea, and Amen."  
And never was forfeited yet;  
Things future, nor things that are now,  
Not all things below or above,  
Can make Him His promise forego,  
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 3 My name from the palms of His hands  
Eternity will not erase!  
Impressed on His heart it remains  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes, I to the end will endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given -  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

**19**

Tune - I do believe it. R.S.226.  
P.M.

- 1 Come to the Saviour - come to the  
Saviour!  
Thou sin-stricken offspring of man!  
He left His throne above  
To reveal His wondrous love,  
And to open a fountain for sin.
- 2 Why dost thou linger? Why dost thou  
linger?  
Oh, when wilt thou haste to be  
saved?  
Thy time is flying fast,  
And thy day will soon be past,  
Oh, arouse thee, and come to be  
saved!

- 3 Pardon is offered - pardon is offered,  
A pardon full, present, and free;  
Thy mighty debt was paid  
When on Calvary Jesus died,  
To atone for a rebel like thee.

4 Come to the Fountain - come to the  
Fountain,  
The Fountain which cleanses the  
soul;  
Tis cleansing far and near,  
And its streams are flowing  
here;  
Oh believe it and thou art made  
whole.

5 I do believe it! I do believe it!  
I'm saved by the blood of the  
Lamb;  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me,  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

**20**

Tune - Resolution. B.H.B.314.  
P.M.

- 1 WE'RE a pilgrim band in a stranger  
land  
Who are marching from Calvary;  
Where the wondrous Cross, with its  
gain and loss  
Is the sum of our history.  
There we lost our stand in a death-  
doomed land.  
As children of wrath by the Fall;  
There we gained a place, as heirs of  
grace,  
At the feast in the heavenly hall.

So we sing while we haste  
O'er the wide world's waste,  
Of our home by the crystal sea,  
Where the waving palm,  
And the swelling psalm,  
Fill the air of eternity.

- 2 We read of our guilt in the blood that  
was spilt,  
And we weep o'er the crimson flow;  
But we joy in the grace of the unveiled  
face  
Of a Father here below.  
And as sons of God, redeemed by  
blood,  
We hasten from Egypt away,  
We cross the sand to the pleasant land  
And the joys of an endless day.

- 3 Our home is with God and the path has  
been trod  
By the faithful of ages all.  
And us he will bring, as on eagle's wing,  
To our place in the marriage hall.

Then, then we shall sing as the bride  
of the King,  
Of the blood that has brought us  
so nigh  
To bask in the blaze of the Ancient  
of Days,  
At the throne far above the sky.

**21** Tune—Ebenezer.      B.H.B.78.  
                                  8's

1 THIS world is a wilderness wide;  
I have nothing to seek or to choose,  
I've no thought in the waste to abide,  
I've nought to regret or to lose.

2 The path where my Saviour is gone  
Has led up to His Father and God —  
To the place where He's now on the  
throne,  
And His strength shall be mine on  
the road.

3 With Him shall my rest be on high,  
When in holiness bright I sit down —  
In the joy of His love ever nigh —  
In the peace that His presence shall  
crown.

4 'Tis the TREASURE I've FOUND in  
HIS LOVE

That has made me a pilgrim below;  
And 'tis there when I reach Him above,  
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll  
know.

5 And Saviour 'tis Thee from on high  
I await till the time Thou shalt come  
To take him Thou hast led by Thine  
eye,  
To Thyself in Thine heavenly home.

6 Till then 'tis the path Thou hast  
trod,

My delight and my comfort shall be;  
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,  
Till with Thee all Thy glory I see.

**22** Tune—Balm.      B.H.B.113.  
                                  8-7-4

1 JESUS I am never weary  
Looking on Thy cross and shame;  
Gazing there I seem so near Thee,  
Dear to me each throb of pain.  
Ever near Thee,  
Ling'ring here I would remain.

2 Little cared I for the anguish  
Of Thy bitter, bitter cry;  
Left alone, O Lord, to languish,  
None to share Thy parting sigh.  
All forsaken;  
Left alone, O Lord, to die.

3 Precious Saviour! I have found Thee  
All my utmost need required;  
In Thyself, O Lord, Thou'st found me  
All Thy loving heart desired.  
I would praise Thee  
From my soul by love inspired.

4 All my sins were laid upon Thee,  
All my guilt was on Thee laid,  
For the blood of Thine atonement  
All my utmost debt has paid.  
Blessed Saviour,  
I believe, for thou hast said.

5 Both Thine arms are clasped around me  
And my head is on Thy breast;  
For my weary soul has found Thee  
Such a perfect, perfect rest.  
Blessed Saviour,  
Now I know that I am blest.

**23** Tune—Dismissal.      R.S.945.  
                                  8-7-4

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

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

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

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the Fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous —  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him!  
Hear Him cry before He dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' 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.

**24** Tune—St. Peter.      B.H.B.79.      C.M.

- 1 "NO condemnation!" — O my soul,  
"Tis God that speaks the word —  
Perfect in comeliness art Thou  
In Christ thy risen Lord.
- 2 In Heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father's ear;  
His Church, the jewels on His heart,  
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 "No condemnation!" precious word!  
Consider it, my soul;  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid,  
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;  
So shall we love Thy gracious will,  
And glorify Thy name.

**25** Tune—Hark, the Gospel. R.S.212

- 1 PASSING onward, quickly passing;  
Yes, but whither, whither bound?  
Is it to the many mansions,  
Where eternal rest is found?  
Passing onward —  
Yes, but whither, whither bound?
- 2 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Nought the wheels of time can stay!  
Sweet the thought that some are going  
To the realms of perfect day.  
Passing onward —  
Christ their leader — Christ their way.
- 3 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Many on the downward road,  
Careless of their soul's salvation,  
Heeding not the call of God.  
Passing onward —  
Trampling on the Saviour's blood.

- 4 Passing onward, quickly passing,  
Time its course will quickly run;  
Still we hear the fond entreaty  
Of the ever-gracious One —  
"Come and welcome,  
'Tis by ME that life is won."

**26** Tune—St. Marnock's. B.H.B.176  
or, O Christ what. S.S.128. 8-6

- 1 O CHRIST what burdens bow'd Thy head!  
Our load was laid on Thee!  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead —  
To bear all ill for me;  
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup —  
O Christ 'twas full for Thee;  
But thou hast drained the last dark drop,  
'Tis empty now for me.  
Thine own free will bore all the ill,  
Now life and peace for me.

- 3 Jehovah bade His sword awake,  
O Christ it woke 'gainst Thee;  
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,  
Thy heart its sheath must be;  
ALL for my sake, my peace to make;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard,  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thine open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd,  
Now cloudless peace for me.

- 5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'ret risen, my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
The Father's face, of radiant grace,  
Shines now in light on me.

**27** Tune—Sacra.      B.H.B.6.      C.M.

- 1 A MIND at "perfect peace" with God,  
O, what a word is this!  
A sinner reconciled through blood:—  
This, this, indeed, is peace.

- 2 By nature and by practice far,  
How very far from God!  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to  
Him,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of His Son  
I am as near as He.
- 4 So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be,  
The love wherewith He loves the Son,  
Such is His love for me.
- 5 Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine?  
He watches o'er me night and day,  
And tells me Mine is thine.

**28** Tune – The Auld House. S.V.72.  
C.M.D.

- 1 NOT all the gold of all the world  
And all its wealth combined,  
Could give relief, or comfort yield  
To one distracted mind;  
Tis only to the precious blood  
Of Christ the soul can fly,  
There only can the sinner find  
A flowing, full supply.

O joyful news! O happy news!  
The precious, precious blood  
Of Christ can bring the sinner nigh,  
And give him "peace with  
God."

- 2 Was it for gold the dying thief,  
The malefactor craved?  
Ah, no! 'twas Christ, and faith in Him  
That malefactor saved!  
'Twas faith in Him who bleeding hung  
A victim by his side;  
"O Lord, remember me," he said,  
"I will," he heard, and died.

- 3 Oh, what can equal joy divine?  
And what can sweeter be  
Than knowing that the soul is safe  
For all eternity?  
Safe in the Lord, without a doubt,  
By virtue of the blood;  
For nothing can destroy the life  
That's hid with Christ in God.

**29** Tune – O Happy Day. B.H.B.188  
L.M.

1 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.

Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.

- 2 'Tis done – the great transaction's done:  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me and I followed on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from my Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

**30** Tune – You shall give Him glory:  
or, I love to tell. S.S.46 P.M.

- 1 My soul is now united  
To Christ the living Vine;  
His grace I long have slighted,  
But now I know Him mine.  
I was to God a stranger,  
Till Jesus took me in;  
He freed my soul from danger,  
And pardon'd all my sin.

You shall give Him glory,  
And I will give Him glory;  
We all shall give Him glory,  
For glory is His due.

- 2 Soon as my all I ventur'd  
On the atoning blood,  
The Holy Spirit enter'd  
And I was born of God.  
Now Christ is my salvation –  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation,  
My Father's wrath is o'er.

- 3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I now my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded  
With glory in my view;  
I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
And need not fear a frown,  
Christ is my joy and treasure,  
My glory and my crown.

4 Christians, be not faint-hearted,  
Though least among the flock;  
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,  
While built upon the Rock.  
Let's mend our pace to glory,  
We soon shall meet above,  
And tell the pleasing story  
Of His redeeming love.

**31** Tune – Hold the fort. S.S.669. P.M.

1 Nothing, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus did it, did it all,  
Long, long ago.

"It is finished!" yes, indeed,  
Finished every jot;  
Sinner, this is all you need;  
Tell me is it not?

2 When He from His lofty throne  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done,  
Harken to His cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,  
Wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing, all was done  
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus Christ you cling  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
"Doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Gloriously complete.

**32** Tune – Only waiting. S.S.1029. or German Evening Hymn. R.S.445.

1 THROUGH my hand no nail is driven,  
On my brow no thorns are worn,  
In my side there is no spear-wound –  
Jesus all my sins hath borne.

2 His the nails relentless driven,  
Mine the peace by Him procured;  
For this soul with sin so burdened,  
Freed in mercy – love allured.

3 His the crown of thorns sharp-piercing,  
Mine the peace for aye to last;  
Mine the crown of fadeless glory  
At His blessed feet to cast.

4 His the spear His dear side wounding,  
Mine the peace with God thus made,  
Sinless He – and yet sin-bearing –  
All our sins on Him were laid.

5 'Neath thy cross I stand and worship,  
Suffering man, yet conquering God!  
Resting on Thy death-atonement,  
Weary, I lay down my load.

6 Cease, my soul, thy restless striving;  
Christ's atoning work is done;  
Seek to run the race with patience,  
At the cross in faith begun.

**33** Tune – St.Peter. B.H.B.283. C.M.

1 The veil is rent! our souls draw near  
Unto the throne of grace;  
The merits of the Lord appear,  
They fill the holy place.

2 His precious blood has spoken there,  
Before and on the throne;  
And His own wounds in heaven  
declare  
Th' atoning work is done.

3 " 'Tis finished!" on the cross, He said,  
In agonies and blood;  
'Tis finished! now He lives to plead  
Before the face of God.

4 'Tis finished! here the souls have rest,  
His work can never fail;  
By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
We pass within the veil.

5 Within the holiest of all,  
Cleansed by His precious blood,  
Before the throne we prostrate fall,  
And worship Thee, O God.

6 Boldly the heart and voice we raise,  
His blood, His name our plea;  
Assured our prayers and songs of praise  
Ascend by Christ to Thee.

Tune – There is a fountain S.S.129  
**34** or, I do believe. R.S.137. C.M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy wounds supplied for me.  
Redeeming love has been my theme  
And shall for ever be.
- 5 Soon, in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save:  
No more with lisping, stammering tongue  
But conqueror o'er the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine,  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.
- 35** Tune - Life in a look. S.S.123. P.M.  
1 There is life through a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved -  
Unto Him that was nail'd to the tree.
- 2 It is not thy tears of repentance, nor prayers,  
But the blood that atones for the soul;  
On Him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 3 His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen -  
His cry of distress hast thou heard?  
Then, why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,  
Should pardon to thee be deferred?
- 4 "We are healed by His stripes," Wouldst thou add to the word?  
And He is thy righteousness made;
- The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,  
Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?
- 5 Then doubt not thy welcome since God hath declared  
There remaineth no more to be done;  
That once, in the end of the world,  
He appear'd  
And completed the work He begun.
- 6 But take with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives,  
And know, with assurance, thou never can't die,  
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.
- 36** Tune - Morning light. B.H.B.205 P.M.  
1 O JESUS, O Jesus, how vast Thy love to me;  
I'll bathe in its full ocean to all eternity;  
And wending on to glory, this all my song shall be,  
"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."
- 2 O Calvary, O Calvary, the thorn-crown and the spear;  
'Tis here Thy love, my Jesus, Thy flowing wounds appear;  
Oh! depths of grace and mercy, to these dear wounds I flee,  
"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."
- 3 Adore Him, adore Him, the glorious work is done,  
The Father will not punish me, 'twas laid upon His Son.  
" 'Tis finished," cried His suffering soul, and I my title see,  
"I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."
- 4 I'm coming, I'm coming, Lord Jesus, to Thy Throne,  
A few more fleeting hours and I shall be at home,  
And when I reach the pearly gates, then I'll put in this plea -  
"Admit a ransomed sinner, for Jesus died for me."

5 In glory, in glory, "for ever with the Lord,"  
 I'll tune my harp and with the saints I'll sing with loud accord,  
 And as I strike the golden strings, this all my song shall be –  
 "I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."

### **37** Tune – Jesus loves me. S.S.38. P.M.

1 I AM so glad that our Father in heaven, Tells of His love in the book He has given;  
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see – This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

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

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

3 Oh if there's only one song I can sing,  
 When in His beauty I see the great King,  
 This shall my song in eternity be:  
 "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!"

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

5 If one should ask of me, how can I tell;  
 Glory to Jesus, I know very well!  
 God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree  
 Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.

### **38** Tune – Jesus of Nazareth. S.S.77. 8's

1 JESUS! 'tis He who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
 And burdened ones where'er He came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame;  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry –  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Again He comes! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace,  
 He pauseth at our threshold – nay,  
 He enters – condescends to stay.  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry –  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh –  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 But if you still this call refuse,  
 And all His wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 "Too late! too late!" will be the cry –  
 "Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

### **39** Tune – Jesus paid it all. S.S.855. P.M.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say –  
 Thy strength indeed is small:  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray –  
 Find in Me thine all in all.

Jesus paid it all – all to Him I owe;  
 Sin had left a crimson stain,  
 He washed me white as snow.

2 Lord, now, indeed, I find  
 Thy power, and Thine alone,  
 Can change the leper's spots,  
 And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good had I  
 Whereby Thy grace to claim,  
 I've washed my garments white  
 In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 When at my Saviour's call  
 My ransomed soul shall rise,  
 Then "Jesus paid it all"  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne  
 I stand in Him complete,  
 I'll lay my trophies down –  
 All down at Jesus' feet.

**40** Tune – Even me. S.S.485.  
P.M.

1 LORD! to Thee my heart ascending  
For Thy mercy full and free,  
Sings its thanks for grace transcending,  
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me –  
Even me.

2 Holy Father! who, with yearning  
Of eternal love, didst see  
Hatred in my bosom burning;  
Thou didst give Thy Son for me –  
Even me.

3 Precious Saviour! Great Redeemer;  
Praise, eternal praise to Thee!  
Though so long a wandering sinner,  
Thou hast kindly welcomed me –  
Even me.

4 But I'm lost in joyful wondering,  
And I say – Oh! can it be  
That there will be no more sundering  
Twix my blessed Lord and me –  
Even me?

5 Can it be, that I, an alien,  
Now a child shall ever be?  
Can it be that, all forgiven,  
Glory is prepared for me – Even me?.

6 Yes! for Jesus liveth ever,  
And His blood hath made me free;  
From His love no foe can sever,  
For He gave Himself for me – Even me.

7 Lord! I thank Thee for salvation –  
Grace so mighty and so free;  
Take my all in consecration,  
Glorify Thyself in me – Even me.

**41** Tune – I am trusting. S.S.477  
7's

1 I AM trusting in the cross,  
I have full salvation found;  
Earthly things I count but dross,  
May Thy grace in me abound.  
  
I am trusting, Lord in Thee,  
Blessed Lamb of Calvary,  
Lowly at Thy feet I bow,  
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within,  
But thy blood has cleansed me,  
Washed me from all stain of sin.

3 Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
Hold me with Thy mighty hand;  
Help me ever, Lord, to be  
Pilgrim to the better land.

4 In Thy promises I trust,  
In Thy precious word confide;  
I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ was crucified.

5 Jesus lives – He fills my soul,  
Perfected in Him I am;  
I am every whit made whole,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

**42** Tune – The sands of time. S.S.975 or B.H.B.190. 7-6  
Part I

1 The sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes;  
Dark, dark has been the midnight,  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh! I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved's mine;  
He brings a poor vile sinner,  
Into His "house of wine;"  
I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, Christ! He is the fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love,  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand;  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye 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 Immanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on the King of Grace –  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

## Part II

- 1 THE sweet Red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heart-most bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven  
With ravishing perfume!  
O, to behold its blossom  
While by its fragrance fann'd  
Where glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.
- 2 I've wrestled on t'ward heaven,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;  
Now like a weary trav'ler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of ev'ning,  
While sinks life's ling'ring sand –  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.
- 3 O well it is, for ever –  
Yes, well for evermore;  
My nest hangs in no forest  
Of all this death-doomed shore;  
Yea – let the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand –  
While glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.
- 4 Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,  
The hedge of thorns was sharp;  
Now these lie all behind me –  
O for a well-tuned harp  
To join the hallelujah  
Of yon triumphant band  
Who sing where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

**43**

Tune – Zurich.

B.H.B.252.  
S.M.

- 1 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;  
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne –  
For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,  
And storms may sweep the sky;  
This blood-seal'd 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;  
My Christ can never die;  
His love – not mine – the resting place;  
His truth – not mine – the tie.
- 6 That which can shake the cross  
May shake the peace it gave,  
Which tells me Christ has never died,  
Or never left the grave!
- 7 Till then my peace is sure,  
It will not, cannot yield,  
Jesus, I know has died and lives –  
On this firm rock I build.

**44** Tune – Love of Christ. B.H.B.224  
P.M.

- 1 OURS are peace and joy divine,  
Who are one with Christ,  
When like branches in the vine –  
We abide in Christ.  
As a living grafted shoot  
Nourished from a hidden root,  
We may bear all holy fruit  
Through "The Love of Christ."  
Love of Christ - Love of Christ –  
Clusters grow on every branch,  
Through "The Love of Christ."
- 2 Christian pity moves our heart,  
Through "the Love of Christ;"  
Others' woes pierce like a dart,  
When there's love to Christ;  
Gospel tidings we must tell –  
Sinners warn to flee from hell –  
Lure and win – alarm, compel,  
By "The Love of Christ;"  
Love of Christ – Love of Christ –  
Heaven's ranks we'll seek to swell,  
For "The Love of Christ."
- 3 We will love with tender care –  
Knowing love to Christ –  
Brethren who His image bear –  
For "the Love of Christ."  
"Jesus only," shall we know,  
And our love to all shall flow  
In His blood-bought Church below,  
For "The Love of Christ."  
Love of Christ – Love of Christ –  
We now love all Christ-like ones  
For "The Love of Christ."
- 4 Now we live and walk by faith,  
Through "the Love of Christ;"  
We can triumph over death,  
One in life with Christ;  
Rooted, settled, knowing more,  
Depths and heights of love explore,  
Till we gain the heavenly shore –

Through "The Love of Christ",  
Love of Christ - Love of Christ -  
When He comes we then shall know  
All "The Love of Christ".

**45** Tune - Glory, Jesus saved me.  
R.S.326. 8-7

1 PRECIOUS Saviour, Thou hast saved  
me,

Thine and only Thine I am;  
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Glory, glory, Jesus saved me,  
Glory, glory, to the Lamb;  
Oh, the cleansing blood has  
reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2 Long my yearning heart was trying  
To enjoy this perfect rest,  
But I gave all trying over,  
Simply trusting, I was blessed.

3 Consecrated to Thy service  
I would live and wait for Thee,  
Ready for my Master's coming,  
Ready - yes, my Lord to see.

4 Blessed Lord for Thee we're waiting,  
With our lamps, outside the door;  
Till the Bride is with the Bridegroom  
In the glory evermore.

5 Yes, we almost hear Thy footfall  
On the threshold of the door;  
Come, oh come then, precious Saviour,  
Take us home for evermore.

**46** Tune - Neander. B.H.B.232.  
8-7-4.

1 PRAISE the Lord, Who died to save us;  
Praise His ever-gracious name;  
Praise Him that He lives to bless us,  
Now and evermore the same.  
Precious Saviour!

We would all Thy love proclaim.

2 Grace it was, yea, grace abounding  
Brought Thee down to save the lost;  
Ye above, His throne surrounding,  
Praise Him, praise Him, all His Host;  
Saints adore Him,

Ye are they who owe Him most.

3 We of all His hand created  
Objects of such grace alone,  
By eternal love elected,  
Destined now to share His throne  
Sing with wonder,  
Sing of what our Lord hath done.

4 Praise His name who died to save us;  
'Tis by Him His people live;  
And in Him the Father gave us  
All that boundless love could give;  
Life eternal  
In our Saviour we receive.

**47** Tune - Crown Him. S.S.127.  
8-7-4.

1 LOOK, 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! angels crown 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!  
Oh! what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

**48** Tune - Nearer my God to Thee. S.S.581.

1 JESUS! that name is love - Jesus,  
our Lord!  
Jesus, all names above - Jesus,  
the Lord!  
Thou, Lord, our all must be;  
Nothing that's good have we;  
Nothing apart from Thee - Jesus,  
our Lord!

2 Thou, Son of God, it was - Jesus,  
the Lord!  
Thou gavest Thy life for us - Jesus,  
our Lord!  
Great was indeed Thy love,  
All other loves above;  
Love Thou didst dearly prove - Jesus,  
our Lord!

3 Righteous alone in Thee – Jesus,  
the Lord!  
Thou wilt a refuge be – Jesus, our Lord!  
Who, then, have we to fear,  
What trouble, grief, or care;  
Since Thou art ever near – Jesus,  
our Lord?

4 Soon Thou wilt come again – Jesus,  
our Lord!  
We shall be happy then – Jesus,  
our Lord!  
When Thine own face we see,  
Then shall we like Thee be;  
Then evermore with Thee – Jesus,  
our Lord!

**49** Tune – Rise my soul; or, Gotha.  
B.H.B.238. 8-7

- 1 RISE, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,  
Jesus fills thy wondering eyes;  
See Him now in glory seated,  
Where thy sins no more can rise.
- 2 There in righteousness transcendent,  
Lo, He doth in heaven appear,  
Shows the Blood of His atonement  
As thy title to be there.
- 3 All thy sins were laid upon Him,  
Jesus bore them on the tree;  
God who knew them laid them on Him,  
And, believing, thou art free.
- 4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,  
Spreads for thee His feast divine,  
Bids thee welcome, ever telling  
What a portion there is thine.
- 5 In that circle of God's favour  
(Circle of the Father's love),  
All is rest – and rest for ever –  
All is perfectness above.
- 6 Blessed, glorious word –“forever”  
Yea, “forever” is the word;  
Nothing can the ransomed sever,  
Nought divide them from the Lord.

**50** Tune – Constancy. B.H.B.330.  
8-7

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be,  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise or leave me,  
They have left my Saviour, too.  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like them, untrue.  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me,  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Haste, my soul, from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by  
prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee  
there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to full fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

**51** Tune – Tenderness. B.H.B.289.  
P.M.

- 1 THROUGH Thy precious body broken  
– inside the veil,  
Oh, what words to sinners spoken  
– inside the veil,  
Precious as the blood that bought us,  
Perfect as the love that sought us;  
Holy as the Lamb that brought us  
– inside the veil.
- 2 When we see Thy love unshaken  
– outside the camp,  
Scorn'd by man, by God forsaken  
– outside the camp,  
Thy lov'd cross alone can charm us!  
Shame doth now no more alarm us;  
Glad we follow, nought can harm us  
– outside the camp.
- 3 Lamb of God, through Thee we enter  
– inside the veil.  
Cleansed by Thee we boldly venture  
– inside the veil.  
Not a stain; a new creation;  
Ours is such a full salvation;  
Low we bow in adoration  
– inside the veil.
- 4 Unto Thee the homeless stranger  
– outside the camp,  
Forth we hasten, fear no danger  
– outside the camp.  
Thy reproach far richer treasure  
Than all Egypt's boasted pleasure;  
Drawn by love that knows no measure  
– outside the camp.

5 Soon Thy saints shall all be gather'd  
— inside the veil,  
All at home — no more be scatter'd  
— inside the veil,  
Nought from Thee our hearts shall  
sever;  
We shall see Thee; grieve Thee never;  
Praise the Lamb! shall sound for ever  
— inside the veil.

**52** Tune — Now in a song. R.S.29.  
or, B.H.B.169. L.M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise  
To my blest Lord my voice I'll raise;  
With all the saints I'll join to tell —  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 All worlds His glorious power confess,  
His wisdom all His works express;  
But oh, His love, what tongue can tell?  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful and free,  
Has been His love to sinful me!  
He plucked me from the jaws of hell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul has known His love,  
What mercies has He made me prove;  
Mercies which do all praise excel,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Though many a fiery, flaming dart  
The tempter levels at my heart,  
With this I all his rage repel,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Above the rest this note shall swell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

**53** Tune — Irish. B.H.B.368.  
C.M.

- 1 WITH steady pace the pilgrim moves  
Towards the blissful shore,  
And sings with cheerful heart and voice  
“Tis better on before.”

- 2 His passage through a desert lies,  
Where furious lions roar;  
He takes his staff and smiling says,  
“Tis better on before.”
- 3 When tempted to forsake his God,  
And give the contest o'er,  
He hears a voice which says, “Look up!  
‘Tis better on before.”
- 4 When stern affliction clouds his cheek,  
And want stands at the door,  
Hope cheers him with her sunniest  
note,  
“Tis better on before.”
- 5 And if on Jordan's bank he stands,  
And sees the radiant shore,  
Bright angels whisper, “Come away!  
‘Tis better on before.”
- 6 And so it is, for high in heaven  
They never suffer more;  
Eternal calm succeeds the storm,  
“Tis better on before.”

**54** Tune — Austrian Hymn. B.H.B.81  
8-7

- 1 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;  
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit:  
“I will come again for thee.”  
I can almost hear His footfall  
On the threshold of the door,  
And my heart, my heart is longing  
To be with Him evermore.

**55** Tune – Scatter seeds of kindness.  
S.S.(888)12. P.M.

1 OH, the love of Christ is boundless,  
Broad and long, and deep and high!  
Every doubt and fear is groundless,  
Now the word of faith is nigh.  
Jesus Christ, for my salvation,  
Came by water and by blood,  
Clear I stand from condemnation  
In the risen Son of God.

My sins were laid on Jesus,  
My sins were laid on Jesus,  
My sins were laid on Jesus,  
When He died on Calvary!

2 I was “waiting” once for pardon,  
I was hoping to be saved,  
“Waiting” though my heart would  
harden,  
“Hoping” danger might be braved,  
When by God’s own truth confounded,  
I, a sinner, stood confess,  
Richly, then, His grace abounded –  
Jesus gave me perfect rest.

3 Was it weary work believing?  
Days and weeks and years of toil,  
Weary work a gift receiving,  
Who would God’s salvation spoil?  
No, ‘tis faith’s delight to ponder,  
What the Son of God hath done,  
On the throne to see Him yonder,  
Holy, crown’d, the living One!

4 ‘Tis not doing, ‘tis not praying,  
‘Tis not weeping saves the soul;  
God is now His grace displaying;  
Jesus died to make thee whole.  
Look to Him, and life-works follow  
Look to Him without delay,  
Sinner, look! and e’er to-morrow  
Thou wilt weep and praise and pray.

**56** Tune – Morning Light. B.H.B.205  
7-6

1 O LORD, who now art seated  
Above the heavens on high  
(The gracious work completed  
For which Thou cam’st to die).  
To Thee our hearts are lifted  
While pilgrims wand’ring here,  
For Thou alone art gifted  
Our every weight to bear.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,  
And washed us in Thy blood:  
We know Thy grace has brought us  
As kings and priests to God:  
We know that soon the morning,  
Long looked for, hasteth near,  
When we, at Thy returning,  
In glory shall appear.

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

4 O let this love constrain us  
To give our hearts to Thee,  
Let nothing henceforth pain us,  
But that which paineth Thee,  
Our joy, our one endeavour,  
Through suffering, conflict, shame  
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
And magnify Thy name.

**57** Tune – Free from the Law.  
S.S.143. P.M.

1 FREE from the law, oh, happy condition!  
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;  
Curs’d by the law, and bruised by  
the Fall!  
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

Once for all, O sinner, receive it,  
Once for all, O brother, believe it,  
Cling to the Cross, the burden will  
fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us once for  
all.

2 Now are we free – there’s no condemnation,  
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,  
“Come unto Me,” oh, hear His sweet  
call,  
Come, and He’ll save you once for all.

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

**58** Tune - The blood of Jesus.  
G.S.31. P.M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

Oh, the blood of Jesus, the precious  
blood of Jesus,  
Oh, the blood of Jesus, it cleanseth  
from all sin.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have 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 Well 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.

**59** Tune - Goshen. B.H.B.109.  
6-5

- 1 JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every  
tear  
Folded in His bosom, what have we to  
fear?  
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert or the dewy mead.
- 2 Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know  
His voice;  
How its gentlest whisper makes our  
hearts rejoice;  
Even when He chideth, tender is its  
tone,  
None but He shall guide us, we are His  
alone.

- 3 Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep  
He bled!  
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood  
He shed;  
Then on each He setteth His own  
secret sign,  
"They that have My Spirit, these," saith  
He, "are Mine."

4 Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by  
His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven, none  
can do us harm;  
If we tread death's valley, dark with  
fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the  
tomb.

**60** Tune - Hamburg. R.S.573  
or, Mason. B.H.B.322. L.M.

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 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 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 an offering far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

**61** Tune - When He cometh. R.S.659.

1 WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,  
To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright  
crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty, bright  
gems for His crown.

- 2 He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom!  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.
- 3 Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

**62**

Tune—Resolution. B.H.B.66.  
P.M.

- 1 HAVE ye counted the cost;  
Have ye counted the cost,  
Ye warriors of the Cross?  
Are ye fixed in your heart for your Master's  
sake,  
To suffer all earthly loss?  
Can you bear the scoff of the worldly-wise,  
As ye pass by pleasure's bower,  
To watch with your Lord on the mountain  
top  
Through the dreary midnight hour?
- 2 Ye may drink of His cup!  
Ye may drink of His cup!  
And in His baptism share!  
Ye shall not fail, if ye tread in His steps,  
His blood-stained cross to bear!  
But count ye the cost, oh! count ye the  
cost!  
That ye be not unprepared!  
And know ye the strength that alone can  
stand  
In the conflict ye have dared!
- 3 In the power of His might!  
In the power of His might!  
Who was made through weakness  
strong.  
Ye shall overcome in the fearful fight!  
And sing His victory song!  
By the "Blood of the Lamb," by the "Blood  
of the Lamb,"  
By the faithful witness word;  
Not loving your lives unto death for Him,  
Ye shall triumph with your Lord.
- 4 Oh! the banner of love!  
Oh! the banner of love!  
It will cost you a pang to hold!  
But 'twill float in triumph the field above  
Though your heart's-blood stains its  
folds!  
Ye may count the cost! ye may count the  
cost  
Of all this world's vain show;  
But the riches of Christ ye cannot count,  
His love ye cannot know!

**63**

Tune—More than tongue can tell.  
B.H.B.282.

- 1 The love that Jesus had for me,  
To suffer on the cruel tree,  
That I a ransomed soul might be,  
Is more than tongue can tell!

His love is more than tongue can tell!  
His love is more than tongue can tell!  
The love that Jesus had for me,  
Is more than tongue can tell!

- 2 The bitter sorrow that He bore,  
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,  
That I might live for evermore,  
Is more than tongue can tell!
- 3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,  
Who pleads before the throne of God,  
The merits of His precious blood,  
Is more than tongue can tell!
- 4 The joy that comes when He is near,  
The rest He gives so free from fear,  
The hope in Him, so bright and clear,  
Is more than tongue can tell!

**64**

Tune—A little talk. Old S.V.310.  
P.M.

- 1 A LITTLE talk with Jesus,  
How it smoothes the rugged road!  
How it seems to help me onward  
When I faint beneath my load;  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow  
And my eyes with tears are dim,  
There's nought can yield me comfort  
Like a little talk with Him.
- 2 I tell Him I am weary,  
And I fain would be at rest,  
That I'm daily, hourly longing  
For a home upon His breast!  
And He answers me so sweetly,  
In tones of tenderest love —  
"I am coming soon to take thee  
To my happy home above."
- 3 Ah! this is what I'm wanting,  
His blessed face to see;  
And I'm not afraid to say it,  
I know He's wanting me;  
He gave His life a ransom  
To make me all His own;  
And He can't forget His promise  
To me, His purchased one.
- 4 I cannot live without Him,  
Nor would I if I could;  
He is my daily portion,  
My medicine and my food;  
He's altogether lovely,  
None can with Him compare,  
The chief among ten thousand,  
The fairest of the fair.

- 5 I often feel impatient,  
And mourn His long delay:  
I never can be settled  
While He remains away;  
But we shall not long be parted,  
For I know He'll quickly come,  
And we shall dwell together  
In that happy, happy home.
- 6 So I'll wait a little longer  
Till His appointed time,  
And glory in the knowledge  
That such a hope is mine;  
Then in my Father's dwelling,  
Where "many mansions be,"  
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,  
And He shall talk with me.

**65** Tune - I left it all.      B.H.B.94.  
P.M.

1 I LEFT it all with Jesus, long ago,  
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe,  
When by faith I saw Him on the tree,  
Heard His still small whisper, " 'Tis for  
thee,"  
From my heart the burden rolled away -  
happy day.

2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows  
How to steal the bitter from life's woes;  
How to gild the tear-drop with his smile,  
Make the desert garden bloom awhile;  
When my weakness leaneth on His might,  
all seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day;  
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what  
may.  
Hope has dropped her anchor, found  
her rest  
In the calm sure haven of His breast;  
Love esteems it heaven to abide at His  
side.

4 Oh! leave it all with Jesus, drooping  
soul,  
Tell not half the story, but the whole,  
Worlds and worlds are hanging on His  
hand,  
Life and death are waiting His  
command;  
Yet His tender bosom makes thee room -  
Oh, come home.

- 66** Tune - Oh, I have got good news.  
R.S.307      L.M.D.
- 1 OH! I am happy all the day  
Since Jesus washed my sins away;  
In my old ways no joy I see,  
'Tis now the Christ of God for me.

The Christ of God for me, for me,  
The Lamb who died on Calvary;  
The Christ of God for me, for me,  
Let this my song for ever be.

- 2 In earth's vain joys I find no charm  
Although they ask me what's the harm;  
I tell them that by Calvary's tree  
The world is crucified to me.
- 3 My old companions think me queer  
And wonder why I have no fear  
Of judgement and eternity,  
Ah, no! for Christ has set me free.
- 4 The world and its vain songs no more  
Can fill the heart they filled before,  
And since my Jesus reigns within,  
The song that's ever new I sing.
- 5 And thus I wait till He shall come,  
And He Himself shall take me home  
To sing through all eternity,  
The Christ of God for me, for me!

**67** Tune - The Bleeding Lamb.  
R.S.ch.no.20.      P.M.

1 Christ has died upon the tree;  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
Come and praise the Lord with me,  
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

The Lamb, the Lamb, the Bleeding  
Lamb:  
I love the sound of Jesus' name;  
It sets my spirit in a flame;  
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

- 2 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
And I am on my way to heaven,  
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!
- 3 His blood has washed my sins away,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
And I can sing as well as pray,  
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

**68**Tune – What a Friend. S.S.319.  
8-7

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer!  
 Oh! what peace we often forfeit,  
 Oh! 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 Blessed Jesus, Thou hast promised  
 Thou wilt all our burdens bear;  
 May we ever, Lord, be bringing  
 All to Thee in earnest prayer.  
 Soon in glory, bright, unclouded,  
 There will be no need for prayer;  
 Rapture, praise, and endless worship  
 Shall be our sweet portion there.

**69**Tune – My Redeemer.  
S.S.896 or B.H.B.102. 8-7

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

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,  
 With His blood He purchased me;  
 On the cross He sealed my pardon,  
 Paid the debt and made me free!

2 I will tell the wondrous story,  
 How my lost estate to save,  
 In His boundless love and mercy,  
 He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
 His triumphant power I'll tell;  
 How the victory He giveth,  
 Over sin, and death, and hell.

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

**70**Tune – The Crowning Day.  
S.S.176, or B.H.B.223. P.M.

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

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

2 The heav'ns shall glow with splendour,  
 But brighter far than they,  
 The saints shall shine in glory,  
 As Christ shall them array:  
 The beauty of the Saviour  
 Shall dazzle every eye,  
 In the crowning day that's coming  
 By-and-by.

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

4 Let all that look for, "hasten"  
 The coming joyful day,  
 By earnest consecration,  
 To walk the narrow way:  
 By gathering in the lost ones,  
 For whom our Lord did die,  
 For the crowning day that's coming  
 By-and-by.

**71**Tune – My Father knows.  
B.H.B.83. 8-7-8-5

1 STOP, thou heavy-laden stranger,  
 In thy dark benighted road;  
 Thou art in the path of danger,  
 And it leads from God.  
 Clouds and darkness are around thee;  
 Great and many are thy foes;  
 Satan with his chain has bound thee,  
 This the Saviour knows.

- 2 Jesus' loving heart yearns o'er thee  
And His arms would thee embrace;  
See what wondrous love and glory  
Beam in His dear face!  
He can meet thy soul so wretched,  
And can heal thy deepest woes;  
Lo! His hand is still outstretched,  
This His own word shows.
- 3 Come, saith Jesus, come unto Me,  
Lean thy head upon My breast;  
Peace sweet peace I will speak to thee,  
And give perfect rest;  
As the Shepherd I will feed thee  
Where the tender pastures grow,  
And by living waters lead thee,  
Safe from every foe.

- 4 Then "within the veil" for ever  
Thou shalt worship and adore,  
Soon to pass beyond the river,  
To fair Canaan's shore.  
Nothing more shall then distress thee  
In that land of sweet repose;  
Jesus stands engaged to bless thee  
This Jehovah knows.

- 72** Tune - The Sweetest Name S.S.108. P.M.  
1 THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name before His wondrous birth,  
To Christ the Saviour given.  
We love to sing around the King,  
And hail Him blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

- 2 His human name they did proclaim,  
When Abraham's Son they sealed  
Him,  
The name that still, by God's good will,  
"Deliverer" reveals Him.

- 3 And when He hung upon the tree,  
They wrote His name above Him,  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love Him.  
4 At God's right hand exalted now,  
It God His Father pleases,  
That every knee to Him should bow,  
And own their Lord is JESUS.

- 73** Tune - The Gate Ajar. S.S.372. P.M.

- 1 OH! Jesus let Thy mercy throw  
Its guardian shadows o'er me,  
Protect me while I'm here below,  
And bring me safe to glory.

I'm weaker than a bruised reed,  
I cannot do without Thee;  
I want Thee in each hour of need,  
I'll want thee when in glory.

- 2 And though my efforts here to praise  
Are often cold and lowly,  
A nobler, sweeter song I'll raise  
With all Thy saints in glory;  
I'll cast my trophies at Thy feet,  
I'll worship and adore Thee,  
Whose precious blood has made me  
meet  
To dwell with God in glory.

- 74** Tune - The half was never. S.S.665. P.M.

- 1 REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,  
Of grace so full and free;  
I love to hear it more and more  
Since grace has rescued me.  
The half was never told,  
The half was never told,  
Of grace divine, so wonderful,  
The half was never told.

- 2 Of peace I only knew the name,  
Nor found my soul its rest,  
Until the voice of Jesus came  
To calm my troubled breast.

- 3 My highest place is lying low  
At my Redeemer's feet;  
No real joy on earth I know  
But in His service sweet.

- 4 And oh! what rapture shall it be,  
With all the saints above,  
To sing through all eternity  
The wonders of His love.

- 75** Tune - The Ninety and Nine. S.S.97. P.M.

- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that  
safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

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

- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the  
Lord passed thro'  
Ere he found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry –  
Sick and helpless and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops  
all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for the one who had  
gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him  
back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent  
and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a  
thorn."

- 5 And all through the mountains thunder-  
riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the  
throne,  
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back  
His own."

## 76 Tune - 'Twill not be long. S.S.840 P.M.

- 1 TWILL not be long – our journey here;  
Each broken sigh and falling tear  
Will soon be gone, and all will be  
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.  
Roll on . . . dark stream!  
We dread not thy foam;  
The pilgrim is longing for Home, Sweet  
Home!

- 2 'Twill not be long! the yearning heart  
May feel its every hope depart,  
And grief be mingled with its song:  
We'll meet again, 'Twill not be long!

- 3 Though sad we mark the closing eye  
Of those we loved in days gone by,  
Yet sweet in death their latest song –  
"We'll meet again, 'Twill not be long!"

- 4 These chequered wilds, with thorns  
o'erspread,  
Through which our way so oft is led –  
This march of time, if faith be strong,  
Will end in bliss! 'Twill not be long!

**77** Tune – Go work. S.S.(888)4. P.M.

- 1 "Go work in my vineyard:" there's  
plenty to do;  
The harvest is great and the labourers  
are few,  
There's weeding and fencing, and  
clearing of roots,  
And ploughing, and sowing, and  
gathering the fruits.  
There are foxes to take, there are  
wolves to destroy,  
All ages and ranks I can fully employ;  
I've sheep to be tended and lambs to be  
fed;  
The lost must be gathered, the weary  
ones led.  
Go work in My vineyard; there's  
plenty to do;  
The harvest is great, and the labour-  
ers are few.

- 2 "Go work in My vineyard:" I claim  
thee as Mine,  
With blood did I buy thee and all that is  
thine –  
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest  
powers,  
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest  
hours,  
I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,  
The song of archangels, to hang on the  
tree,  
In pain and temptation, in anguish and  
shame,  
I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I  
claim.

- 3 "Go work in My vineyard:" oh, work  
while 'tis day,  
The bright hours of sunshine are  
hastening away,  
And night's gloomy shadows are gath-  
ering fast;  
Then the time for our labour shall ever  
be past.  
Begin in the morning and toil all the  
day;  
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages  
I'll pay;  
And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent  
few,  
Who finish the labour I've given them  
to do.

**78**

Tune - Evelyn.

B.H.B.49.  
7-7-7-6

- 1 FOR the bread and for the wine,  
 For the pledge that seals Him mine,  
 For the words of love divine,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 2 Only bread and only wine,  
 Yet to faith the solemn sign  
 Of the heavenly and divine!  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 3 For the words that turn our eye  
 To the cross of Calvary,  
 Bidding us in faith draw nigh,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 4 For the words that tell of home,  
 Pointing us beyond the tomb,  
 "Do ye this until I come,"  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.
- 5 For that coming here foreshown,  
 For that day to man unknown,  
 For the glory and the throne,  
 We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

**79**Tune - To God be the glory.  
S.S.23.

11's

- 1 TO God be the glory, great things He hath done!  
 So loved He the world, that He gave us His son;  
 Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,  
 And opened the life gate that all may go in:  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear His voice!  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the people rejoice!  
 Oh, come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,  
 And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.
- 2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood;  
 To every believer the promise of God;  
 The vilest offender who truly believes That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.
- 3 Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,  
 And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;  
 But purer and higher, and greater will be Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

**80**Tune - More to follow. S.S.865.  
P.M.

- 1 Have you on the Lord believed?  
 Still there's more to follow;  
 Of His grace have you received?  
 Still there's more to follow;  
 Oh, the grace the Father shows!  
 Still there's more to follow;  
 Freely He His grace bestows,  
 Still there's more to follow.
- More and more, more and more,  
 Always more to follow;  
 Oh, His matchless, boundless love,  
 Still there's more to follow.
- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?  
 Does His blessed presence cheer?  
 Oh, the love that Jesus shows,  
 Freely He His love bestows!
- 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power,  
 Falling like the gentle shower?  
 Oh! the power the Spirit shows!  
 Freely He His power bestows.
- 81**
- Tune - Almost Persuaded.  
S.S.452.
- P.M.
- 1 "ALMOST persuaded" - now to believe;  
 "Almost persuaded" - Christ to receive.  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," - come, come today;  
 "Almost persuaded," - turn not away,  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
 O wanderer, come!

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

**82**

Tune - Theodulph. B.H.B.9.  
or Aurelia. B.H.B.197. 7-6

1 IS God for me? I fear not,  
 Though all against me rise;  
 When I call on Christ my Saviour,  
 The host of evil flies.  
 My friend, the Lord Almighty,  
 And He who loves me, God!  
 What enemy shall harm me,  
 Though coming as a flood?

- 2 I know it – I believe it –  
I say it fearlessly –  
That God, the Highest, Mightiest,  
For ever loveth me.  
At all times, in all places,  
He standeth by my side;  
He rules the battle's fury,  
The tempest and the tide.
- 3 A Rock that stands for ever  
Is Christ, my Righteousness,  
And there I stand unfearing  
In everlasting bliss;  
No earthly thing is needful  
To this my life from heaven,  
And nought of love is worthy  
Save that which Christ has given.
- 4 There is no condemnation,  
There is no hell for me,  
The torment and the fire  
My eyes shall never see.  
For me there is no sentence,  
For me death hath no sting,  
Because the Lord who loves me  
Shall shield me with His wing.
- 5 My soul with joy upleapeth,  
Grief cannot linger there.  
She singeth high in glory,  
Amid the sunshine fair;  
The sun that shines upon me  
Is Jesus and His love;  
The fountain of my singing  
Is deep in heaven above.
- 83** Tune – Mighty love. B.H.B.186. P.M.
- 1 O JOY of the justified, joy of the free,  
I'm washed in that crimson tide open  
for me.  
In Christ, my Redeemer, rejoicing I  
stand,  
And point to the prints of the nails in  
His hand.  
O sing of His mighty love, mighty  
to save.
- 2 O Jesus, the crucified, Jesus is mine,  
Tho' once a lost sinner, yet now I am  
thine;  
In conscious salvation, I sing of His  
grace,  
Who lifts now upon me the smile of  
His face.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of  
Thee,  
Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured  
out for me;

And when in the mansions of glory  
above,  
I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable love.

- 4 O ye who are guilty and wretched  
within,  
Who feel the sad burden and sorrow  
of sin,  
O look unto Jesus, however impure,  
No wound hath the soul that His blood  
cannot cure.

**84** Tune – Munich B.H.B.131  
7-6-D

- 1 LORD 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 Nought, nought I court as pleasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee,  
Thy sorrow without measure  
Earn'd peace and joy for me!  
I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
Thy claims o'er me divine,  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine?
- 3 What fills my heart with gladness?  
'Tis Thy abounding grace.  
Where can I look in sadness,  
But, Saviour, 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.
- 4 O wordly pomp and glory,  
Your charms are spread in vain!  
I've heard a sweeter story,  
I've found a truer gain:  
Where Christ a place prepareth,  
There is my loved abode;  
There shall I gaze on Jesus,  
There shall I dwell with God!

**85** Tune – Yet there is room. S.S.429  
P.M.

1 YET there is room! The Lamb's bright  
hall of song  
With its fair glory beckons thee along;  
Room, room, still room: oh, enter,  
enter now!

- 2 Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee;  
That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 3 All heaven is there: all joy! go in, go in;  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.
- 4 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving  
call;  
Come lingerer, come; enter that festal  
hall.
- 5 Ere night that gate may close and seal  
thy doom;  
Then the last low, long cry – “No room,  
no room!  
No room, no room!” Oh, woeful cry –  
“No room!”

**86** Tune – None but Christ.  
S.S.853 or B.H.B.178. C.M.D.  
1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,  
And found in Thee alone,  
The peace, the joy I sought so long,  
The bliss till now unknown.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,  
None other name for me;  
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,  
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

- 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,  
I yearned for them, not Thee;  
But while I passed my Saviour by  
His love laid hold on me.
- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,  
But ah! the waters failed!  
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,  
And mocked me as I wailed.
- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,  
But never wept for Thee,  
Till grace the sightless eyes received,  
Thy loveliness to see.

**87** Tune – The Great Physician.  
S.S.89. P.M.  
1 THE great Physician now is near,  
The sympathising Jesus;  
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven;  
O, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the risen Lamb,  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name;  
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear;  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

**88** Tune – I know He is mine. S.S.846.  
or Whiter than snow. R.S.156  
P.M.

- 1 A LONG time I wandered in darkness  
and sin,  
And wondered if ever the light would  
shine in;  
I heard Christian friends speak of  
raptures divine,  
And I wished – how I wished – that their  
Saviour were mine.  
I wished He were mine, yes, I wished  
He were mine,  
I wished – how I wished – that their  
Saviour were mine.
- 2 I heard the glad gospel of “good-will  
to men,”  
I read “WHOSOEVER” again and again,  
I said to my soul, “Can that promise be  
thine?”  
And then began hoping that Jesus  
was mine.  
I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped  
He was mine,  
And then began hoping that Jesus  
was mine.
- 3 Oh, mercy surprising! He saves  
even me!  
“Thy portion for ever,” He says, “will  
I be;”  
On His word I am resting – assurance  
divine –  
I'm hoping no longer, I **know** He is  
mine.  
I know He is mine, yes, I know He  
is mine,  
I'm hoping no longer – I know He  
is mine.

**89** Tune – It is well. S.S.901  
or, B.H.B.324 P.M.

1 WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth  
my way,

When sorrows, like sea-billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me  
to know

It is well, it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though  
trials should come,

Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless  
estate,

And hath shed His own blood for my  
soul.

3 My sin – oh, the bliss of this glorious  
thought –

My sin – not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it  
no more;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
O my soul!

4 For me be it Christ, be it Christ hence  
to live;

If Jordan above me should roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as  
in life

Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my  
soul.

5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming  
we wait,

The sky, not the grave, is our goal;  
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of  
the Lord!

Blessed hope! blessed rest of my  
soul!

**90** Tune – Over there. S.S.942.  
P.M.

1 OH, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints all so sinless and fair,  
Are rob'd in their garments of white.

Over there, over there – Oh, think of  
the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod;

Of the songs that they breathe on the  
air,  
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at  
rest:

Then, away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are watching and waiting for me.

**91** Tune – Jesus died for me. E.H.B.147. P.M.

1 HARK! hark! hark!

'Tis a message of mercy free;  
O sinner, thy crimson sins are dark  
But Jesus has died for thee.

2 Look! look! look!

Oh, look to the blood-stained tree;  
Thy sins are entered in God's own book,  
But Jesus has died for thee.

3 Come! come! come!

'Twas Jesus who rescued me;  
He healeth the leper, the lame,  
the dumb,  
O sinner, He died for thee.

4 Haste! haste! haste!

Delay not from death to flee;  
Oh, wherefore the moments in mad-  
ness waste,  
When Jesus is calling thee?

5 Now! now! now!

Tomorrow too late may be;  
O sinner, with tears of contrition bow,  
Confessing, "He died for me."

**92** Tune – The Gate ajar. S.S.372. P.M.

1 THERE is a door stands open wide,  
And through its portals gleaming  
A radiance from the throne of light,  
The God of love revealing.

Oh depth of mercy, can it be that door  
was opened wide for me?

For me – for me – was opened wide  
for me?

- 2 Christ is the door to heaven for all  
Who seek through Him salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may  
frown,  
While mercy's door is open;  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in Heaven.

**93** Tune – What manner of love.  
S.S.21. P.M.

1 BEHOLD, what love, what boundless  
love

The Father hath bestowed  
On sinners lost, that we should be  
Now called the sons of God.

"Behold . . . what manner of love . . .  
what manner of love the Father hath  
bestowed upon us, that we . . . that  
we should be called . . . should be  
called the sons of God."

- 2 No longer far from Him, but now  
By "precious blood" made nigh;  
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"  
Near to God's heart we lie.
- 3 What we in glory soon shall be,  
It doth not yet appear;  
But when our precious Lord we see,  
We shall His image bear.
- 4 With such a blessed hope in view,  
We would more holy be –  
More like our risen glorious Lord,  
Whose face we soon shall see.

**94** Tune – I am praying. S.S.350  
P.M.

1 I HAVE a Saviour – He's pleading in  
glory –  
So precious though earthly enjoy-  
ments be few;  
And now He is watching in tenderness  
o'er me;  
But oh, that my Saviour were your  
Saviour too!  
For you I am praying – I'm praying  
for you.

2 I have a rest – and the earnest is given –  
Though now for a time 'tis concealed  
from my view;  
'Tis life everlasting – 'tis Jesus –  
'tis heaven;  
And oh, dearest friend, let me meet  
**you** there too;  
For you I am praying – I'm praying  
for **you**.

3 I have a peace – and its "calm as a  
river" –  
A peace that the friends of the world  
never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and  
Giver;  
But oh, could I know it was given  
to **you**!  
For you I am praying – I'm praying for  
**you**.

**95** Tune – Jesus is mine. S.S.1045.  
P.M.

- 1 FADE, fade, each earthly joy; Jesus is mine!  
Break every tender tie; Jesus is mine:  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Earth has no resting place;  
Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine!
- 2 Tempt not my soul away; Jesus is mine!  
Here would I ever stay; Jesus is mine!  
Perishing things of clay,  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away; Jesus is mine!
- 3 Farewell ye dreams of night; Jesus is mine!  
Lost in this dawning Light; Jesus is mine!  
All that my soul has tried  
Left but a dismal void;  
Jesus has satisfied; Jesus is mine!
- 4 Farewell mortality; Jesus is mine!  
Welcome eternity; Jesus is mine!  
Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus is  
mine!

**96** Tune – The water of life. S.S.354.  
P.M.

- 1 JESUS the water of life will give,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Jesus the water of life will give,  
Freely to those who trust Him.

Come to that fountain, oh drink and live,  
Freely, freely, freely;  
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,  
Flowing for those that trust Him.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; freely, freely, freely;  
And He that is thirsty, let him come and drink of the water of life.  
The fountain of life is flowing, flowing, freely flowing;  
The fountain of life is flowing, is flowing for you and for me.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Treasures unfading will there be given.
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white:  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
Pleasures that never shall pass away.

## **97** Tune – Rock of Ages. E.H.B.52. P.M.

- 1 JESUS, Thy precious blood alone  
Did for my many sins atone;  
  
For He's taken my feet from the mire  
and the clay,  
And has set them on the Rock of Ages.
- 2 And Thou from sin hast set me free,  
O Glory, Christ has died for me.

- 3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
And I am on my way to heaven.
- 4 Now will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found.

## **98** Tune – Happy land. B.H.B.64. P.M.

- 1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,  
Wake, brethren, wake! –  
Jesus, our Lord is nigh –  
Wake, brethren, wake!  
Sleep is for sons of night,  
Ye are children of the light,  
Yours is the glory bright! –  
Wake, brethren, wake!

2 Call to each waking band,  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Clear is our Lord's command! –  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Be ye as men that wait  
Always at the Master's gate,  
E'en though He tarry late!  
Watch, brethren, watch!

3 Hear we the shepherd's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Would ye His heart rejoice?  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Sin calls for constant fear,  
Weakness needs the strong one near,  
Long as ye struggle here!  
Pray, brethren, pray!

4 Heed we the steward's call,  
Work, brethren, work!  
There's room enough for all!  
Work, brethren, work!  
This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labour will afford,  
Yours is a sure reward!  
Work, brethren, work!

5 Now sound the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
Thrice holy is our Lord,  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
What more befits the tongues  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs –  
Praise, brethren, praise!

## **99** Tune – Oh, how He loves. B.H.B.213. P.M.

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

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

3 We have found a friend in Jesus – Oh,  
    how He loves!  
    ‘Tis His great delight to bless us – Oh,  
    how He loves!  
How our hearts delight to hear Him,  
Bid us dwell in safety near Him!  
Why should we distrust or fear Him? –  
    Oh, how He loves!

4 Through His name we are forgiven –  
    Oh, how He loves!  
Backward shall our foes be driven –  
    Oh, how He loves!  
Best of blessings He'll provide us,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,  
Safe to glory He will guide us – Oh,  
    how He loves!

## 100 Tune – Call them in. S.S.391. 8-7

1 “Call them in!” – the poor and wretched,  
    Sin-stained wanderers from the fold!  
Peace and pardon freely offer;  
    Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
“Call them in!” – the weak, the weary,  
    Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,  
    He is waiting – “Call them in.”

2 “Call them in” – the Jew, the Gentile,  
    Bid the strangers to the feast;  
“Call them in!” – the rich, the noble,  
    From the highest to the least.  
Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
    He hath all their sorrows seen;  
Robe and ring, and royal sandals,  
    Wait the lost ones – “Call them in!”

3 “Call them in!” – the mere professors,  
    Slumbering, sleeping on hell's brink;  
Nought of life are they possessors,  
    Yet of safety vainly think;  
Bring them in – the careless scoffers,  
    Pleasure-seekers of the earth;  
Tell of God's most gracious offers,  
    And of Jesus' priceless worth.

4 “Call them in!” – the broken-hearted,  
    Cowring 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak love's message low and tender –  
    “Twas for sinners Jesus came.”  
See! the shadows lengthen round us,  
    Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
    Christ is coming – “Call them in!”

## 101 Tune – Rapture. B.H.B.240. P.M.

1 REJOICE, ye saints, the time draws  
    near  
When Christ will in the clouds appear,  
    And for His people call.

Trim your lamps and be ready for the  
    midnight cry.

2 The trumpet sounds! through earth  
    and sky  
Resounds the solemn midnight cry –  
    “Behold the Bridegroom comes!”

3 The Lord will come to claim His own,  
    And on each faithful one a crown  
    Of life He will bestow.

4 And then with rapture infinite  
    Saints cast their crowns down at His  
    feet,  
    And crown Him King of kings.

5 Come, brethren all, and let us try  
    To warn poor sinners, and to cry –  
    “Behold the Bridegroom comes!”

6 Oh, sinner, ere it be too late,  
    Flee thou to mercy's open gate,  
    And join Christ's waiting band.

## 102 Tune – I'm going home B.H.B.82. P.M.

1 I AM a stranger here,  
    No home, no rest I see;  
Not all men count most dear  
    Can win a sigh from me –  
    I'm going home!

2 Jesus! Thy home is mine,  
    And I Thy Father's child;  
With hopes and joys divine.  
    The world's a weary wild –  
    I'm going home!

3 Home! oh, how soft and sweet  
    It thrills upon my heart;  
Home! where the brethren meet,  
    And never, never part –  
    I'm going home!

4 Home where the Bridegroom takes  
    The purchase of His love;  
Home! where the Father waits  
    To welcome her above –  
    I'm going home!

5 And when the world looks cold,  
Which did my Lord revile,  
A Lamb within the fold,  
I can look up and smile –  
I'm going home!

6 When earth's elusive charms  
Would snare my pilgrim feet,  
I'll fly to Jesus arms,  
And yet again repeat –  
I'm going home!

7 Ah, gently, gently lead  
Along the painful way;  
Bid every word and deed,  
And every look to say –  
I'm going home!

## 103 Tune – Loving kindness. S.S.251. L.M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, with joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from thee,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the Fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty  
foes,  
Though earth and hell its way oppose,  
He safely leads His church along.  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He with His church has ever stood,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Soon shall we mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

## 104 Tune – St. Magnus. B.H.B.308. C.M.

1 UNTO the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless honours paid!  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
Forever on Thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with  
blood –  
Hast set the pris'ners free;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.

## 105 Once I was dead in sin. S.S.78. P.M.

1 "I GAVE My life for thee;  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
I gave My life for thee:  
What hast thou given for Me?

2 "I spent long years for thee  
In weariness and woe,  
That an eternity  
Of joy thou mightest know.  
I spent long years for thee:  
Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 "My Father's home of light,  
My rainbow circled throne,  
I left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
I left it all for thee:  
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "I suffered much for thee –  
More than thy tongue can tell  
Of bitterest agony –  
To rescue thee from hell.  
I suffered much for thee:  
What canst thou bear for Me?

5 "And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and my love.  
Great gifts I brought to thee:  
What hast thou brought to Me?"

6 Oh, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for Him be spent;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent.  
Bring thou thy worthless all,  
Follow thy Saviour's call.

## 106 Tune – St. Agnes. B.H.B.5. C.M.

1 ACCORDING 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;  
Thy testimonial cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and blood-like 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;  
Yea, while a breath – a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

**107** Tune – Revive, revive.  
A.H.B.221 P.M.

- 1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord!  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes  
the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.  
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
And give refreshing showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own  
The blessing shall be ours.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smould'ring embers now  
By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Create soul-thirst for Thee:  
And hung'ring for the bread of life,  
Oh, may our spirits be.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And by the Holy Ghost our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

**108** Tune – Glad Tidings.  
B.H.B.327.

- 1 HARK! hark! hear the glad tidings,  
soon, soon Jesus will come,  
Robed, robed in honour and glory to  
gather His ransomed ones home  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! to gather His  
ransomed ones home.
- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly, sing,  
sing, glory to God!  
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming, publish  
the tidings abroad.  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! publish the tidings  
abroad.

- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,  
shouts, shouts filling the air,  
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,  
Jesus our Lord will appear.  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! Jesus our Lord will  
appear.
- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,  
shine, shine visions to come,  
Soon, soon we shall behold Him,  
cloudless and bright in our home.  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! cloudless and bright  
in our home.
- 5 Long, long have we been waiting, who,  
who love His blest name;  
Now, now we are delighting, Jesus is  
near to proclaim.  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! Jesus is near to  
proclaim.
- 6 Still, still rest on the promise, cling,  
cling fast to His word,  
Wait, wait, if He should tarry, we'll  
patiently wait for the Lord.  
Yes, yes! oh, yes! we'll patiently wait  
for the Lord.

**109** Tune – I know there's a bright.  
R.S.167. P.M.

- 1 I KNOW there's a bright and a glorious  
land  
Away in the heavens high,  
Where all the redeemed shall with  
Jesus dwell –  
Will you be there and I?
- 2 In robes of white o'er the street of gold,  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
They'll walk in the light of their Father's  
love –  
Will you be there and I?
- 3 From every kingdom of earth they  
come,  
To raise their anthems high;  
Their harps will never be there un-  
strung –  
Will you be there and I?
- 4 If we trust the loving Saviour now,  
Who died on Calvary,  
When He gathers His children in that  
bright home,  
Then you'll be there and I!
- 5 If we are sheltered by the Cross,  
And through the blood brought nigh,  
Out utmost gain we'll count but loss,  
Since you'll be there and I.

**110** Tune – Go, bury thy sorrow.  
R.S.564. 11's  
1 I ONCE was a stranger to grace and  
to God,  
I knew not my danger, I felt not my load;  
Though friends spoke in rapture of  
Christ on the tree,  
**"Jehovah Tsidkenu"** was nothing  
to me.

2 Like tears from the daughters of Zion  
that roll,  
I wept when the waters went over His  
soul;  
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd  
to the tree  
**"Jehovah Tsidkenu"**; 'twas nothing  
to me.

3 When free grace awoke me, by light  
from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled  
to die;  
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—  
**"Jehovah Tsidkenu"** my Saviour  
must be.

4 My terrors all vanished; before the  
sweet name,  
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness  
I came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and  
free;  
**"Jehovah Tsidkenu"** is all things  
to me.

5 E'en treading the valley, the shadow  
of death,  
This "watchword" should rally my  
faltering breath;  
For if from life's fever my God sets me  
free,  
**"Jehovah Tsidkenu"** my death-song  
shall be.

**111** Tune – Old Winchester.  
B.H.B.236. C.M.  
1 "PRAISE ye the Lord," again, again,  
The Spirit strikes the chord;  
Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain;  
We praise, we praise the Lord.

2 "Rejoice in Him," again, again,  
The Spirit speaks the word;  
And faith takes up the happy strain,  
Our joy is in the Lord.

3 "Stand fast in Christ," ah, yet again,  
He teaches all the band:  
Our best endeavours are in vain,  
In Christ alone we stand.

4 "Clean every whit," Thou saidst it, Lord;  
Shall one suspicion lurk?  
Thine, surely, is a faithful word,  
And Thine a finished work.

5 For ever be the glory given  
To Thee, O Lamb of God!  
Our every joy in earth, in Heaven,  
We owe it to Thy blood.

**112** Tune – St. Paul. B.H.B.305.  
C.M.

1 TO Calv'ry, 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 There through Thine hour of deepest  
woe,  
Thy suff'ring spirit passed:  
Grace there its wondrous vict'ry gained,  
And love endured its last.

4 Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding  
wounds,  
With cords of love divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,  
And linked our life with Thine.

5 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now.

**113** Tune – David. B.H.B.318.  
8's

1 WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,  
That died for the sake of the flock;  
His love to the utmost was tried,  
But firmly endured as a rock.

2 When blood from a victim must flow,  
This Shepherd by pity was led  
To stand between us and the foe,  
And willingly die in our stead.

- 3 Our song, then, for ever shall be  
    Of the Shepherd who gave Himself  
        thus;  
    No subject's so glorious as He,  
        No theme so affecting to us.
- 4 We'll sing of such subjects alone;  
    None other our tongues shall  
        employ,  
    Till fully His love becomes known,  
        In yonder bright regions of joy.
- 5 How good is the God we adore,  
    Our faithful unchangeable Friend;  
    His love is as great as His power,  
        And knows neither measure or end.
- 6 '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.

**114** Tune – When Jesus comes.  
S.S.(888)22. P.M.

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

- 2 No more heart pangs nor sadness,  
    All peace and joy and gladness,  
    All doubts and fears will vanish,  
    All gloom His face will banish.  
  
3 He'll know the way was dreary,  
    He'll know the feet grew weary,  
    He'll know what griefs oppressed me;  
    Oh, how His arm will rest me.

**115** Tune – Wondrous love. S.S.17.  
P.M.  
1 GOD loved the world of sinners, lost  
    And ruined by the Fall;  
    Salvation full, at highest cost,  
        He offers free to all.

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

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
    The risen Son of God;  
    Redemption by His death I find,  
        And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
    And to the saints makes known  
    The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
        Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls rejoicing go;  
    There shall to you be given  
    A glorious foretaste here below  
        Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
    Let all the ransomed sing;  
    And triumph now in every hour,  
        Through Christ the Lord, our King.

**116** Tune – Meribah. B.H.B.51  
P.M.

- 1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief,  
    If God, my Father, put to grief  
        His spotless Son for me?  
    Can He, the righteous judge of men,  
    Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
        Which, Lord, was charged to Thee?
- 2 Complete atonement Thou hast made,  
    And to the utmost farthing paid,  
        Whate'er Thy people owed;  
    How, then, can wrath on me take place,  
    Now standing in God's righteousness,  
        And sprinkled by Thy blood?
- 3 If Thou hast my discharge procured,  
    And freely in my place endured  
        The whole of wrath divine,  
    Payment God will not twice demand,  
    First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
        And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest,  
    The merits of thy great High Priest  
        Speak peace and liberty!  
    Trust in His efficacious blood,  
    Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
        Since Jesus died for thee!

**117** Tune - Montgomery.  
B.H.B.48. S.M.D.

1 FOR 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 far-seeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!

3 My thirsty spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.

4 For ever with the Lord;  
Father if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.

5 Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
For ever with the Lord.

**118** Tune - Anticipation.  
B.H.B.231. 8-7-4.

1 HAPPY they who trust in Jesus,  
Sweet their portion is, and sure;  
When the foe on others seizes,  
He will keep His own secure.  
Happy people!  
Happy, though despised and poor.

2 Since His love and mercy found us,  
We are precious in His sight;  
Thousands now may fall around us,  
Thousands more be put to flight;  
But His presence  
Keeps us safe by day and night.

3 Lo, our Saviour never slumbers;  
Ever watchful is His care,  
Though we cannot boast of numbers,  
In His strength secure we are;  
Sweet their portion  
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

4 As the bird beneath her feathers  
Guards the object of her care,  
So the Lord His children gathers,  
Spreads His wings and hides them  
there;  
Thus protected,  
All their foes they boldly dare.

**119** Tune - A few more years.  
R.S.259 S.M.D.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,  
Who bore a vile world's sin,  
Look unto Him and be thou saved;  
The promise takes thee in.

For God so loved the world, He gave  
His only Son  
That whosoever Him believes, eternal  
woe should shun.

2 More marr'd than any man's,  
The Saviour's visage see;  
Was ever sorrow like to His,  
Endured on Calvary?

3 Gaze on His thorn-wreathed brow,  
Behold the crimson tide  
Flow from His head, His hands, His feet,  
And from His pierced side.

4 Oh, hear that startling cry!  
What can its meaning be:  
"My God, my God, oh, why hast Thou  
In wrath forsaken Me?"

5 Oh, 'twas because our sins  
On Him by God were laid;  
He, who Himself had never sinned,  
For sinners, sin was made.

6 Thus sin He "put away",  
Thus justice satisfied;  
And sinners all who Jesus trust  
Through Him are justified.

**120** Tune - Trusting Jesus.  
B.H.B.248. 7's

1 SIMPLY trusting every day;  
Trusting though a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small –  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till earth is past,  
Till within the jasper wall –  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While He leads I cannot fall –  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;  
Praying, if my path is drear;  
If in danger, for Him call –  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting as the moments fly,  
Trusting as the days go by,  
Trusting Him whate'er befall –  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 121** Tune - Evan. B.H.B.8.  
or, Drink to me only. C.M.
- 1 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 the Light of Life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.
- 122** Tune - Come ye that fear. R.S.328. P.M.
- 1 WHEN I was sinking down, with my soul,  
When I was sinking down, with my soul,  
When I was sinking down  
Beneath God's righteous frown,  
  
Christ laid aside His crown, for my soul,  
for my soul,  
Christ laid aside His crown, for my soul.
  - 2 Oh! see Him crucified for my soul,  
Blood gushing from His side;  
It was for thee He died; Oh, my soul.
  - 3 What wondrous love was this, for  
my soul -  
That the Lord of life and bliss  
Would stoop to death's abyss, for  
my soul.
- 123** Tune - I need Thee. S.S.577. P.M.
- 1 I NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

- I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee.
- 2 I need Thee every hour -  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.
  - 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain,  
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;  
For I am Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.
- 124** Tune - Only trust Him. S.S.392. P.M.
- 1 COME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord;  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.  
  
Only trust Him! only trust Him!  
Only trust Him now!  
He will save you! He will save you!  
He will save you now!
  - 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into that crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.
  - 3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way  
That leads you unto rest;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.
- 125** Tune - Hollingside. R.S.428  
or, Martyn. B.H.B.119. 7's
- 1 JESUS, 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,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.
  - 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make me, 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.

**126** Tune – A soldier of the cross. S.S.672. C.M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross –  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?  
  
In the Name, the precious Name,  
Of Him who died for me,  
By grace I'll win the promised crown,  
Whate'er my cross may be.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through raging seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they're slain.  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And shall with Jesus reign.

**127** Tune – Here at the Cross. R.S.276. P.M.

- 1 NO scene so grand, no spot half so dear,  
Dear as the cross.  
No time so sweet, nor so joyous as here,  
Here at the cross.  
Here is salvation, forgiveness, and rest,  
Here all are beckoned to hasten to rest,  
Here I am safest, happiest and best,  
Here at the cross.

2 Here I discovered my sins were forgiven  
Here at the cross;  
Here I obtained a title to heaven,  
Here at the cross.  
Here I'm refreshed as onward I go,  
Here every blessing experienced I owe;  
Here I can smile both in sorrow and  
woe,  
Here at the cross.

- 3 Self-righteous men in works vainly  
trust,  
Give me the cross.  
Structures like theirs will crumble to  
dust,  
Not so the cross.  
Merit disclaiming – this anchor's my  
stay,  
Here I'll remain – and beneath it I'll  
pray;  
Of it I'll sing for ever and aye!  
Sing of the cross.

**128** Tune – Just as I am. S.S.473. or, B.H.B.333. L.M.

- 1 JUST as I am without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee –  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 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, I come!
- 3 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!  
Because Thy promise I believe –  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 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, I come!

**129** Tune – Heber. B.H.B.13  
7-6

- 1 AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus –  
Thine empty grave, we stand;  
With hearts all full of praises, to keep  
Thy bless'd command;  
By faith our souls rejoicing, to trace Thy  
path of love.  
Thro' death's dark angry billows up to  
Thy throne above.

- 2 Lord Jesus! we remember the travail  
of Thy soul,  
When in Thy love's deep pity the waves  
did o'er Thee roll;  
Baptized in death's cold waters, for us  
Thy blood was shed;  
For us the Lord of Glory was numbered  
with the dead.
- 3 O Lord, Thou now art risen, Thy travail  
all is o'er;  
For sin Thou once hast suffered – Thou  
liv'st to die no more!  
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished by  
Thee the Church's Head,  
And lo! we share Thy triumphs, Thou  
First-born from the dead.
- 4 Into Thy death baptized, we own with  
Thee we died;  
With Thee, our Life, are risen, and in  
Thee glorified.  
From sin, the world, and Satan, we're  
ransomed by Thy blood,  
And now would walk as strangers, alive,  
with Thee to God.
- 130** Tune – Hiding in Thee. S.S.519.  
or, Ring the bell. as No.227.
- 1 O WHAT a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!  
Well might His name by His saints be  
adored!  
He has redeemed them from hell by  
His blood,  
Saved them for ever, and brought them  
to God.  
  
Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save,  
Jesus has triumphed o'er death and the  
grave.
- 2 Now in the glory, He waits to impart  
Peace to the conscience, and joy to the  
heart;  
Waits to be gracious, to pardon and  
heal  
All who their sin and their wretchedness  
feel.
- 3 Thousands have fled to His spear-  
pierced side,  
Welcome they all have been, none are  
denied;  
Weary and laden, they all have been  
blest,  
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.
- 4 Come then, poor sinners, no longer  
delay,  
Come to the Saviour, come now while  
you may;  
So shall your peace be eternally sure,  
So shall your happiness ever endure.
- 131** Tune – Settled for ever.  
E.H.B.116. P.M.
- 1 SETTLED for ever, sin's tremendous  
claim,  
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name,  
No part-way measures doth His grace  
provide,  
Finished the work was, when the  
Saviour died.  
Settled for ever, sin's tremendous claim,  
Glory to Jesus, blessed be His name.
- 2 Settled for ever, fear not then to trust  
Thy soul upon Him, even as thou must;  
On Calvary's mountain all thy sins were  
met;  
Settled for ever all that grievous debt.
- 3 Settled for ever, let no doubt or fear  
Mix with thy love, nor in thy robe appear  
One single thread of thine own right-  
eousness,  
We are complete in Him who came to  
bless.
- 4 Settled for ever, yes, no work of thine,  
Nor tears nor sorrow, add to grace  
divine;  
God says, "I blot out every sin and stain,  
And I will remember them no more  
again."
- 132** Tune – What a Friend.  
B.H.B.317 8-7
- 1 LAMB of God, when we behold Thee  
Lowly in the manger laid:  
Wandering as a homeless stranger  
In the world Thy hands had made;  
When we see Thee in the garden,  
In Thine agony of blood,  
At Thy grace we are confounded –  
Holy, spotless Lamb of God!
- 2 When we see Thee as the victim,  
Nailed to the accursed tree,  
For our guilt and folly stricken,  
All our judgment borne by Thee;

Lord! we learn with hearts adoring,  
Thou hast loved us unto blood;  
Glory, glory, everlasting,  
Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God!

3 Lamb of God! Thou 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."

4 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 us art interceding,  
Everlasting is Thy love;  
And a blessed rest preparing  
In our Father's house above.

5 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;  
Soon 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.

**133** Tune—Mariners. S.S.316.  
8-7

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross we spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here we rest in wonder viewing  
All our sins on Jesus laid;  
Here we see redemption flowing  
From the sacrifice He made.
- 3 Here we find the dawn of heaven,  
While upon the cross we gaze;  
See our trespasses forgiven,  
And our songs of triumph raise.
- 4 Oh that, near the cross abiding,  
We may to the Saviour cleave!  
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,  
All for Him content to leave.

5 May we still the cross discerning,  
There for peace and comfort go,  
There new wonders daily learning,  
More of Jesus' fulness know.

**134** Tune—Boylston. B.H.B.310.  
S.M.

- 1 WE bless our Saviour's name,  
Our sins are all forgiven;  
To suffer once on earth He came;  
He now is crown'd in heaven.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,  
His body bruised for sin;  
Remembering this, we break the bread  
And, thankful, drink the wine.
- 3 Lord, let us ne'er forget  
Thy rich, Thy precious love;  
Our theme of joy and wonder here,  
Our endless song above.
- 4 Oh, let Thy love constrain  
Our souls to cleave to Thee,  
And ever in our hearts remain  
That word, **Remember Me.**

**135** Tune—Enthroned is Jesus now.  
S.S.136. P.M.

- 1 AWAKE and sing the song  
Of glory to the Lamb!  
Wake every heart and every tongue  
To praise the Saviour's name.  
  
There . . . with the glorified,  
Safe . . . by our Saviour's side,  
We shall be satisfied by and by!  
By . . . and by! . . . by . . . and by.  
We shall be satisfied by and by.
- 2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power,  
Sing how He intercedes above,  
For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come;"  
Soon will He call us hence away  
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of glory to the Lamb.

**136** Tune – St. Magnus. B.H.B.269. C.M.

- 1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty victor's brow.
- 2 Delight of all who dwell above!  
The joy of saints below!  
To us still manifest Thy love,  
That we its depths may know.
- 3 To us Thy cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace be given!  
Though earth disowns Thy lowly name,  
All worship it in heaven.
- 4 Who suffer with Thee, Lord, below,  
Will reign with Thee above,  
Then let it be our joy to know  
The way of peace and love.
- 5 To us Thy cross is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Thee;  
Our present glory, joy and wealth,  
Our everlasting stay.

**137** Tune – Old Winchester.  
B.H.B.191. C.M.

- 1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,  
E'en to Thy seat I come:  
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God,  
With sunlight in my soul;  
I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunders roll.
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies;  
And to the height on which I stand,  
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life! O this is joy!  
My God to find Thee so;  
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know.

**138** Tune – Regent Square.  
B.H.B.159. 8-7-4

- 1 MY Redeemer, oh, what beauties  
In that lovely name appear;  
None but Jesus in His glories  
Shall the honoured title wear.  
My Redeemer  
Thou hast my salvation wrought.

- 2 Sunk in ruin, sin, and misery,  
Bound by Satan's captive chain,  
Guided by his artful treachery,  
Hurrying on to endless pain,  
My Redeemer  
Plucked me as a brand from hell.
- 3 Mine by covenant, mine for ever,  
Mine by oath, and mine by blood;  
Mine – nor time the bond shall sever,  
Mine as an unchanging God.  
My Redeemer!  
Oh, how sweet to call Thee mine!
- 4 When in heaven I see Thy glory,  
When before Thy throne I bow,  
Perfectly I shall be like Thee,  
Fully Thy redemption know.  
My Redeemer  
Then shall hear me shout His praise.

**139** Tune – Sawley. B.H.B.334. C.M.

- 1 LORD, I desire to live as one  
Who bears a blood-bought name,  
As one who fears but grieving Thee,  
And knows no other shame.
- 2 As one by whom **Thy** walk below  
Shall **never** be forgot;  
As one who fain would keep apart  
From all Thou lovest not.
- 3 I want to live as one who knows  
Thy fellowship of love;  
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond  
The pearly gates above.
- 4 As one who daily speaks to Thee,  
And hears Thy voice divine,  
With depths of tenderness declare,  
"Beloved! thou art mine."

**140** Tune – Regent Square.  
B.H.B.52 8-7-4

- 1 GLORY, glory everlasting,  
Be to Him who bore the cross,  
Who redeemed our souls by tasting  
Death – the death deserved by us.  
Spread His glory,  
Who redeemed His people thus.
- 2 His is love! 'tis love unbounded,  
Without measure, without end!  
Human thought is here confounded,  
'Tis too vast to comprehend.  
Praise the Saviour!  
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame  
Sing we "Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb!"  
Saints and angels,  
Give ye glory to His name.

## 141 Tune - St. John's B.H.B.45. P.M.

- 1 ON earth the song begins!  
In heaven more sweet and loud –  
To Him that cleansed our sins  
By His atoning blood;  
"To Him," we sing in joyful strain,  
"Be honour, power, and praise, Amen."
- 2 Alone, He bore the cross,  
Alone its grief sustain'd;  
His was the shame and loss,  
And He the victory gained;  
The mighty work was all His own.  
And He shall ever wear the crown.

## 142 Tune - Look and live. S.S.371. P.M.

- 1 Look to Jesus, weary one,  
Look and live, look and live;  
Look at what the Lord has done,  
Look and live!  
See Him lifted on the tree,  
Look and live! look and live,  
Hear Him say, "Look unto Me,"  
Look and live!
- Look! the Lord is lifted high; look to  
Him,  
He's ever nigh;  
Look and live! why will ye die? Look  
and live.
- 2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look away from self and sin,  
Look and live!  
Long by Satan's power enslaved,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look to Me, ye shall be saved,  
Look and live!
- 3 Though you've wandered far away,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Harden not your hearts today,  
Look and live!  
Tis thy Father calls thee home,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Whosoever will may come,  
Look and live!

**143** Tune - Wonderful grace. P.M.  
1 'TIS grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful  
grace  
God's great salvation brings;  
The soul delivered of its load,  
In sweetest rapture sings:

'Tis grace, 'tis grace,  
Wonderful, wonderful grace,  
'Tis grace, 'tis grace,  
Flowing still freely for me.

2 Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful  
grace,  
Which saves the soul from sin;  
The power of rising evil slays  
And reigns supreme within.

3 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful  
grace,  
Its streams are full and free,  
They're flowing now for all the race –  
They even flow to me.

4 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful  
grace,  
Which bears the soul above;  
The light which gleams from Jesus' face,  
'Tis rapture, peace and love.

## 144 Tune - Barrow. S.V.34. C.M.

- 1 "TOO late, too late," how sad the sound  
On anxious human ears,  
Of those who've waited long a prey  
To doubts and hopes and fears.
- 2 But there's a time when sadder far  
Shall sound in mortal ears  
A dread "too late," which killing hope,  
Will turn to truth all fears.
- 3 "Too late," they'll feel their lost estate,  
Which now they don't believe;  
"Too late," they'll see the grace of God,  
Which now they won't receive.
- 4 "Too late," they'll find the door will shut,  
Which now stands open wide;  
"Too late," they'll have to meet their  
God,  
With no place then to hide.

- 5 Oh, sinner, pause, ere yet "too late;"  
Now is the day of grace,  
Now Jesus calls - oh, do obey  
His pleading, loving voice.
- 6 Today 'tis free to all who come,  
And take Him at His word;  
Tomorrow's sun may rise "too late,"  
For you who now have heard.

**145** Tune - The Gospel of Thy grace.  
B.H.B.267. P.M.  
1 THE gospel of Thy grace my stubborn  
heart has won;  
For God so loved the world, He gave  
His only Son,  
That "Whosoever will believe shall  
everlasting life receive!"

2 The serpent "lifted up" could life and  
healing give,  
So Jesus on the cross bids me to look  
and live;  
For "Whosoever will believe shall ever-  
lasting life receive!"

3 "The soul that sinneth dies;" my awful  
doom I heard;  
I was for ever lost, but for Thy gracious  
word,  
That "Whosoever will believe shall  
everlasting life receive!"

4 "Not to condemn the world," the "Man  
of Sorrows" came;  
But that the world might have salvation  
through His name;  
For "Whosoever will believe shall ever-  
lasting life receive!"

**146** Tune - Worthy. B.H.B.328  
P.M.

1 WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb -  
That was slain.  
Praise Him, Hallelujah! bless Him,  
Hallelujah!  
Praise Him, Hallelujah! praise the Lamb.

2 Thou redeem'dst our souls to God -  
By Thy blood.  
Praise Him, Hallelujah! &c.

3 Thou hast made us kings and priests -  
To our God.  
Praise Him, Hallelujah! &c.

- 4 We shall ever reign with Thee -  
Lamb of God.  
Praise Him, Hallelujah! &c.

**147** Tune - I've found a Friend.  
B.H.B.103. P.M.  
1 I'VE found a Friend - oh, such a Friend!  
He loved me ere I knew Him;  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him;  
And round my heart still closely twine  
Those ties which nought can sever;  
For I am His and He is mine  
For ever and for ever.

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

3 I've found a Friend - oh, such a Friend!  
All power to Him is given,  
To guard me on my onward course  
And bring me safe to Heaven.  
Th' 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 - oh, such a Friend!  
So kind, and true, and tender;  
So wise a counsellor and guide,  
So mighty a defender!  
From Him who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul can sever?  
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
No; I am His for ever.

**148** Tune - Salem. B.H.B.10/  
C.M.

1 I'VE found the precious Christ of God;  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
And sing I must, for Christ I have,  
A precious Christ have I!

2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,  
He is the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

3 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My med'cine and my health;  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my  
crown,  
My glory and my wealth.

4 Christ is my Saviour and my Friend,  
My solace and my Love,  
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,  
My Advocate above.

5 Christ Jesus is the Heaven of heaven;  
My Christ what shall I call?  
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,  
And Christ is all in all.

6 All glory to the God of Love,  
One God in Person Three;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One equal glory be.

### **149** Tune – Jewels. B.H.B.84 P.M.

1 I am waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
I'm waiting for Thee, for Thy coming  
again,  
Thou'rt gone over there, Lord,  
A place to prepare, Lord,  
Thy home I shall share at Thy coming  
again.

2 'Mid danger and fear, Lord,  
I'm oft weary here, Lord,  
The day must be near of Thy coming  
again.  
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,  
No sighing nor care, Lord,  
But glory so fair at Thy coming again.

3 Whilst Thou art away, Lord,  
I stumble and stray, Lord,  
Oh! hasten the day of Thy coming again!  
This is not my rest, Lord,  
A pilgrim confest, Lord,  
I wait to be blest at Thy coming again.

4 Our loved ones before, Lord,  
Their troubles are o'er, Lord,  
I'll meet them once more at Thy  
coming again!  
The blood was the sign, Lord,  
That mark'd them as Thine, Lord,  
And brightly they'll shine at thy coming  
again.

5 E'en now let my ways, Lord,  
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,  
For brief are the days ere Thy coming  
again.

I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
No triumph for me like Thy coming  
again.

### **150** Tune – Deerhurst. B.H.B.1. 8-7

1 ABBA! Father! we approach Thee  
In our Saviour's precious name;  
We, Thy children, here assembling,  
Now Thy promised blessing claim.  
From oursins His blood hath washed us;  
"Tis through Him our souls draw nigh;  
And Thy Spirit, too, has taught us,  
"Abba! Father!" thus to cry.

2 Once as prodigals we wandered,  
In our folly, far from Thee,  
But Thy grace o'er sin abounding,  
Rescued us from misery.  
Thou Thy prodigals hast pardoned,  
Loved us with a Father's love;  
Welcomed us with joy o'erflowing,  
E'en to dwell with Thee above.

3 Cloth'd in garments of salvation,  
At Thy table is our place;  
We rejoice and Thou rejoicest,  
In the riches of Thy grace.  
"It is meet," we hear Thee saying,  
"We should merry be and glad;  
I have found my once-lost children,  
Now they live who once were dead."

4 "Abba! Father! all adore Thee,  
All rejoice in heaven above;  
While in us they learn the wonders  
Of Thy wisdom, power, and love.  
Soon, before Thy throne assembled,  
All Thy children shall proclaim,  
Glory, everlasting glory,  
Be to God and to the Lamb!"

### **151** Tune – Heirs of Salvation. B.H.B.69. P.M.

1 HEIRS of salvation – chosen of God,  
Past condemnation – sheltered by  
blood,  
Even in Egypt feed we on the Lamb,  
Keeping the statutes of God, the I AM!

In the world around 'tis night,  
Where the feast is spread 'tis bright.  
Israel's Lord is Israel's light.  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, our Saviour from  
above:  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom  
we love.

2 Pilgrims and strangers, captives no  
more!

Wilderness rangers – sing we on shore!  
God in His power hath parted the sea;  
Foes all have perished – His people are  
free.

By the pillar safely led,  
By the manna daily fed,  
Now the homeward way we tread!  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, our Shepherd  
here below;  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom  
we know!

3 Canaan-possessors safe in the land!  
Victors, confessors, banner in hand!  
Jordan's deep river evermore behind!  
Cares of the desert no longer in mind;  
Egypt's stigma rolled away,  
Canaan's corn our strength and stay.  
Triumph we the live-long day!  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, the Christ of God  
alone!  
'Tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus, 'tis Jesus whom  
we own.

**152** Tune – Silchester. B.H.B.93.  
S.M.

1 I HEAR the accuser roar  
Of ills that I have done;  
I know them well and thousands more –  
Jehovah findeth none.

2 Sin, Satan, Death press near  
To harass and appal;  
Let but my bleeding Lord appear,  
Backward they go and fall.

3 Before, behind, around,  
They set their fierce array,  
To fight and force me from my ground,  
Along Immanuel's way.

4 I meet them face to face,  
Through Jesus' conquest blest,  
March in the triumphs of His grace,  
Right onward to my rest.

5 There in His book I bear  
A more than conqueror's name –  
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,  
Who fought and overcame.

6 His be the Victor's name,  
Who fought the fight alone;  
Triumphant saints no honour claim –  
His conquest was their own!

7 By weakness and defeat  
He won the meed and crown;  
Trod all our foes beneath His feet –  
By being trodden down.

8 He hell in hell laid low;  
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;  
Bow'd to the grave, destroyed it so,  
And death by dying slew.

9 Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,  
Slain in his victory;  
Who lived, who died, and lives again,  
For thee, His Church, for thee.

**153** Tune – It passeth knowledge. B.H.B.101. P.M.

1 It passeth knowledge, that dear love of  
Thine,  
My Jesus, Saviour; 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 passeth telling, that dear love of  
Thine,  
My Jesus, Saviour; 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 passeth praises, that dear love  
of Thine,  
My Jesus, Saviour, yet this heart of  
mine  
Would sing that love, so full, so rich,  
so free,  
Which brings a rebel sinner, even 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!  
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee.
- 6 And when my Jesus 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.

## 154 Tune - Holley. B.H.B.377. L.M.

- 1 THE sorrows of the daily life,  
The shadows o'er my path which fall,  
Too oft obscure the glory's light,  
Until I rise above them all.
- 2 Until upon the mountain height  
I stand, my God with Thee alone,  
Bathed in the fullest, clearest light –  
The glory which surrounds the throne.
- 3 Calm in Thy secret presence, Lord,  
I rest this weary soul of mine;  
Feed on the fulness of Thy Word,  
And die to all the things of time.
- 4 Alone with Thee, O master, where  
The light of earthly glory dies;  
Misunderstood by all, I dare  
To do what Thine own heart will prize.
- 5 Such be my path through life down  
here –  
One long close lonely walk with Thee!  
Until, past every doubt and fear,  
Thy face above in light I see.

## 155 Tune - Grace, 'tis a charming. S.S.8. S.M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 'Twas grace that wrote 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 eyes o'erflow;  
'Tis grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 O let that grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine,  
May all my powers to Thee aspire,  
And all my days be Thine.

## 156 Tune - The Cross. S.S. (888) 88. P.M.

- 1 THE cross! the cross! the blood-stained  
cross!  
The hallowed cross I see.  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.  
  
Oh, the blood! the precious blood!  
That Jesus shed for me.  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,  
Just now by faith I see.
- 2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross  
The Saviour bore for me,  
Which bowed Him to the earth with  
grief,  
On sad Mount Calvary.
- 3 How light, how light this precious cross  
Presented to my view;  
And while with care I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due.
- 4 The crown! the crown! the glorious  
crown!  
The crown of victory!  
The crown of life it shall be mine  
When Jesus I shall see.
- 5 My tears unbidden seem to flow  
For love, unbounded love,  
Which guides me through this world  
of woe,  
And points to joy above.

**157** Tune – When the harvest.  
C.C.30. P.M.

1 WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,  
And the sermons and prayers shall be o'er;  
When the beams cease to break of the blest Lord's day morn,  
And Jesus invites thee no more:

When the har... vest is past...  
And the sum... mer is o'er...  
With the wheat or the tares,  
When the Judgment appears,

Oh, which shall it be evermore?

2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,  
The gospel no message declare;  
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of woe?  
How suffer the night of despair?

3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,  
To dwell in the mansions above;  
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,  
Their songs to the Saviour they love.

4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,  
Who fearest no trouble to come;  
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

**158** Tune – We're going home.  
S.S. (888) 113.  
or, The gate ajar. S.S. 372. P.M.

1 WE'RE going home no more to roam,  
No more to sin and sorrow;  
No more to wear the brow of care –  
We're going home tomorrow.  
We're going home, we're going home tomorrow.

2 For weary feet awaits a street  
Of wondrous pave, and golden;  
For hearts that ache the angels wake  
The story sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep, and those who weep  
Above the portals narrow,  
The mansions rise beyond the skies –  
We're going home tomorrow.

4 Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng!  
Where sin no more shall sever;  
Our King to see, and, oh, to be  
With Him at home for ever.

**159** Tune – The light of the world.  
R.S.157. P.M.

1 THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee,  
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.  
Once I was blind but now I can see;  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise;  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in Heaven, we're told,  
The Light of that world is Jesus;  
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,  
The Light of that world is Jesus.

**160** Tune – Near the Cross.  
S.S.134 P.M.

1 JESUS, keep me near the Cross,  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all – a healing stream  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever:  
Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me;  
There the Bright and Morning Star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.

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

### **161** Tune—Zurich. B.H.B. 156. S.M.

1 NOT all the blood of beast  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience  
peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou dis'st bear,  
While hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse removed;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing redeeming love.

### **162** Tune—Every day. B.H.B. 244. P.M.

1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
Let Thy precious blood applied  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

Every day, every hour, let me know Thy  
cleansing power;  
May Thy tender love to me bind me  
closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Thro' this changing world below  
Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
I can never, never, lose my way.

3 I would love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love  
In a brighter, brighter world above.

### **163** Tune—Precious Name. S.S.91. P.M.

1 TAKE the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you —  
Take it, then, where er you go.

Precious name, oh, how sweet!  
Hope of earth, and joy of Heaven.

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

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet;  
King of kings in Heaven we'll crown  
Him,  
When our journey is complete.

### **164** Tune—St. Michael's. B.H.B.18. S.M.

1 HOW solemn are the words,  
And yet to faith how plain,  
Which Jesus uttered while on earth —  
**"Ye must be born again."**

2 **"Ye must be born again!"**  
For so hath God decreed;  
No reformation will suffice —  
'Tis **life** poor sinners need.

3 **"Ye must be born again!"**  
And life **in Christ** may have;  
In vain the soul must elsewhere go —  
'Tis He **alone** can save.

4 **"Ye must be born again!"**  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there,  
The ransomed and forgiven.

### **165** Tune—St. Peter. B.H.B.79. C.M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast,  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, 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 triumph in that blessed name,  
Which quells the power of death.

## 166 Tune -- Praise the Saviour.

B.H.B.233. P.M.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know  
Him,  
Who can tell how much we owe Him?  
Gladly let us render to Him  
All we are and have.
- 2 Jesus is the name that charms us,  
He for conflict fits and arms us,  
Nothing moves and nothing harms us,  
When we trust in Him.
- 3 Trust in Him ye saints for ever;  
He is faithful, changing never;  
Neither force nor guile can sever  
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us Lord, oh keep us cleaving  
To Thyself, and still believing,  
Till the hour of our receiving  
Promised joys in Heaven.
- 5 Then we shall be where we would be,  
Then we shall be what we should be,  
That which is not now, nor could be,  
Then shall be our own.

## 167 Tune - Eden.

B.H.B.195 C.M.

- 1 O TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,  
Thou holy Lamb of God!  
And fix and root us in Thy grace,  
As those redeem'd by blood.

- 2 O tell us often of Thy love,  
Of all Thy grief and pain:  
And let our hearts with joy confess  
That thence comes all our gain.
- 3 For this, O may we freely count  
Whate'er we have but loss;  
The dearest object of our love,  
Compared with Thee, but dross.
- 4 Engrave this deeply on our hearts  
With an eternal pen,  
That we may in some small degree  
Return Thy love again.

## 168

Tune-Aurelia.

B.H.B.197.

7-6

- 1 O LAMB of God, still keep me  
Near to Thy wounded side;  
'Tis only there in safety  
And peace I can abide.  
What foes and snares surround me!  
What lusts and fears within!  
The grace that sought and found me  
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I know my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure;  
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth  
O'er every hurtful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its cares and woe.

- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture face to face;  
One half has not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace;  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

## 169

Tune-God is Love.

B.H.B.39

P.M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to sing,  
"God is love."  
Let heaven and earth their praises  
bring,  
"God is love."  
Let every soul from sin awake,  
Each in his heart sweet music make,  
And sing with us for Jesus sake,  
"God is love."

2 Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,  
In Christ we have redemption found;  
His blood has washed our sins away,  
His Spirit turned our night to day;  
And now we can rejoice to say,  
"God is love."

3 How happy is our portion here!  
His promises our spirits cheer;  
He is our sun and shield by day,  
Our help, our hope, our strength and  
stay;  
He will be with us all the way.  
"God is love."

4 In glory we shall sing again,  
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,  
Whilst endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the Heavenly throng.  
This shall be still our sweetest song –  
"God is love."

**170** Tune – The Lamb Slain. C.S.580.

1 IN evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
Till a new object met my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, the  
Lamb upon Calvary,  
The Lamb that was slain, that liveth  
again  
To intercede for me.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed His languid eyes on me  
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till 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 my guilt,  
And plunged me in despair,  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look He gave, which said –  
"I freely all forgive:  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."

**171** Tune – Christ for me. S.V.11. P.M.

1 MY heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed  
on Thee:  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me.  
He is the Prophet, Priest and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring;  
And while I've breath I mean to sing,  
Christ for me.

2 In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ  
for me:  
He is the Majesty Divine, Christ for me.  
The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Co-partner of His royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone,  
Christ for me,

3 Today as yesterday the same, Christ  
for me:  
How precious is His balmy name,  
Christ for me!  
Christ a mere man may answer you  
Who error's winding path pursue;  
But I with part can never do,  
Christ for me.

4 Let others boast of heaps of gold,  
Christ for me.  
His riches never can be told, Christ  
for me.  
Your gold will waste and wear away,  
Your honours perish in a day;  
My portion never can decay,  
Christ for me.

5 In pining sickness or in health, Christ  
for me.  
In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ  
for me.  
And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons must obey,  
And rise from this dark world away,  
Christ for me.

6 At home, abroad by night and day,  
Christ for me,  
Whene'er I preach, or sing, or pray,  
Christ for me.  
Him first and last, Him all day long,  
My hope, my solace, and my song,  
Convince me if you think I'm wrong,  
Christ for me.

- 172** Tune – We'll work till Jesus comes S.S.920. P.M.
- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair,  
We'll be gathered home:  
Nor death nor sighing enter there.  
We'll be gathered home.
  - We'll wait till Jesus comes, we'll wait till Jesus comes.  
We'll wait till Jesus comes, then we'll be gathered home.

- 2 It's glittering towers the sun outshine,  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
- 3 My Father's house is built on high,  
Above the arched and starry sky.
- 4 While here a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam:
- 5 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow.
- 6 Be mine the happier lot to own,  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

- 173** Tune – Dismissal. B.H.B.392. 8-7-4

- 1 YES, we part, but not for ever,  
Joyful hopes our bosom swell!  
They who love the Saviour never  
Know a long, a last farewell;  
Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale.
- 2 Sweet this hour of benediction,  
When such unions come to mind,  
When each holy heart-conviction,  
With the promises combined,  
Tell of meetings by the Lord for us designed.
- 3 O what meetings are before us,  
Brighter far than tongue can tell,  
Glorious meetings to restore us  
Him with whom we long to dwell;  
With what raptures will the sight our bosom swell!
- 4 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,  
Soon will fade this earth away;  
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures  
Wait the full redemption day;  
Hail the rising of the wished-for newborn day.

- 174** Tune – Hasten. B.H.B.241. P.M.

- 1 RISE up and hasten! my soul haste along,  
And speed on thy journey, with hope and with song;  
Home, home is nearing, 'tis coming into view;  
A little more of toiling, and then to earth adieu.

Come, then come! and raise the joyful song;  
Ye children of the wilderness, our time cannot be long;  
Home, home, home! oh, why should we delay –  
The morn of Heaven is dawning, we're near the break of day.

- 2 Why should we linger when Heaven lies before?  
Earth's fast receding, and soon will be no more;  
Its joys and its treasures which once here we knew,  
Now never more can charm us, with such a goal in view.
- 3 Loved ones in Jesus, they've passed on before.  
Resting in glory, they weary are no more;  
Desert toils are ended, nothing now but joy  
And praises loud ascending their ever glad employ.
- 4 No condemnation! blessed is the word,  
No separation! for ever with the Lord.  
By His blood He bought them, washed their every stain,  
With rapture now they praise Him, the Lamb that once was slain.

- 5 Soon shall we join them, see Him with these eyes,  
Sing hallelujahs triumphant in the skies;  
He will be with us, Who loved us long before,  
And Jesus, precious Jesus, is ours for evermore.

- 175** Tune – Wells. B.H.B.356. P.M.

- 1 WHEN 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 hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall;  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before Thy throne  
Dressed in beauty not mine 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.
- 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.

**176** Tune—What shall the harvest be  
S.S.1057. P.M.

- 1 SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare;  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might;  
Gathered in time or eternity.  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 3 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come:  
Gladly to gather the harvest home,  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

**177** Tune—St.John. B.H.B.260.  
P.M.

- 1 TH' atoning work is done –  
The Victim's blood is shed;  
And Jesus now has gone  
His people's cause to plead:

He stands in Heaven their great High Priest,  
And bears their names upon His breast.

- 2 He sprinkled with His blood  
The mercy-seat above;  
For justice had withheld  
The purposes of love;  
But justice now withstands no more,  
And mercy yields its boundless store.

- 3 No temple made with hands  
His place of service is:  
In Heaven itself He stands –  
A Heavenly priesthood His!  
In Him the shadows of the law  
Are all fulfill'd and now withdraw.

- 4 And though a while He be  
Hid from the eyes of men,  
His people look to see  
Their great High Priest again.  
In brightest glory He will come  
And take His waiting people home.

**178** Tune – Petra B.H.B.350  
7's

- 1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy riven side which flowed  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save 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;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly –  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath;  
When my eyelids close in death;  
Or, when changed I mount above,  
Still I'll triumph in Thy love.  
Rock of ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

**179** Tune – Are you coming home.  
S.S.370. P.M.

- 1 WHEN faint and weary toiling,  
With sweat drops on my brow,  
I long to rest from labour,  
To drop the burden now.  
There comes a gentle chiding  
To quell each mourning sigh –  
Work while the day is shining,  
There's resting by-and-by.  
There's resting by-and-by, there's  
resting by-and-by,  
We shall not always labour, we shall not  
always sigh;  
Jesus, our Lord is coming, the One for  
whom we cry;  
Then labour on, my brother, there's  
resting by-and-by.
- 2 This life to toil is given,  
And He improves it best  
Who seeks by patient labour  
To enter into rest.  
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,  
Press on, the goal is nigh;  
The prize is straight before thee,  
There's resting by-and-by.
- 3 Wan reaper in the harvest,  
Let this thy strength sustain;  
Each sheaf that fills the garner  
The Lord doth glory gain;  
Then spread abroad the Gospel,  
Oh, let the message fly –  
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
There's resting by-and-by.

**180** Tune – Sweet hour of prayer.  
S.S.318

- or, Follow Me, as No. 4.
- 1 ETERNITY! Time soon will end,  
Its fleeting moments pass away;  
O sinner, say, where wilt thou spend  
Eternity's unchanging day?  
Shalt thou the hopeless horror see  
Of hell for all eternity?
- Eternity! Eternity!  
Where wilt thou spend eternity?

- 2 Eternity! O dreadful thought  
For thee, a child of Adam's race,  
If thou should'st in thy sins be brought  
To stand before the awful face,  
From which the heaven and earth shall  
flee,  
The Throned One of Eternity. &c.

3 Eternity! but Jesus died –  
Yes, Jesus died on Calvary;  
Behold Him thorn-crowned, crucified,  
The spotless One made sin for thee,  
O, sinner, hasten for refuge flee –  
He saves, and for eternity. &c.

- 4 Eternity! behold the Lamb,  
Once slain, now lives, exalted high.  
He calls thee, sinner, by thy name –  
Just as thou art to Him draw nigh;  
Thy sins He bore to set thee free,  
Believe, and live eternally. &c.
- 5 Tonight may be thy latest breath,  
Thy little moment here be done;  
Eternal woe – the second death –  
Awaits the grace-rejecting one.  
Thine awful destiny foresee –  
Time ends, and then eternity. &c.

**181** Tune – Dunstan. B.H.B.42.  
7-7-7-7

- 1 CROWNED with thorns upon the tree,  
Silent in Thine agony;  
Dying, crushed beneath the load  
Of the wrath and curse of God.
- 2 On Thy pale and suffering brow,  
Mystery of love and woe;  
On Thy grief and sore amaze,  
Saviour, I would fix my gaze.
- 3 On Thy pierced and bleeding breast  
Thou dost bid the weary rest;  
Rest there from the world's false ways,  
Rest there from its vanities.
- 4 Rest in pardon and relief,  
From the load of guilt and grief;  
Rest in Thy redeeming blood,  
Rest in perfect peace with God.
- 5 Sin-atoning sacrifice,  
Thou art precious in mine eyes;  
Thou alone my rest shalt be,  
Now and through eternity.

**182** Tune – Sigismund. B.H.B.111.  
8-7

- 1 HELL is darkness – deep and awful;  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;  
Heaven is light – all bright and joyful,  
And its light may shine on thee.

- 2 Hell is fire – for ever burning –  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;  
Mercy waits for thy returning,  
With a pardon full and free.
- 3 Hell is deep – without a bottom;  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;  
Deeper down than Tyre and Sidon  
Must the Christ-rejecter be.
- 4 Hear the voice of Jesus pleading,  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;  
See the Man of Sorrows bleeding,  
Dying on the 'cursed tree.'
- 5 "It is finished" – Christ is risen,  
Turn, poor sinner, turn and flee;  
Though the Spirit long has striven,  
He'll not **always** strive with thee.

## 183 Tune – All for Jesus. R.S.833. 8-7

- 1 ALL for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
All my being's ransomed powers;  
All my thoughts and words and doings,  
All my days and all my hours.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
All my days and all my hours.
- 2 Let my hands perform His bidding;  
Let my feet run in His ways;  
Let my eyes see Jesus only;  
Let my lips speak forth His praise.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
- 3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,  
Cling to gilded toys of dust,  
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure –  
Only Jesus will I trust.  
Only Jesus! only Jesus!  
Only Jesus will I trust.
- 4 When my eyes are fixed on Jesus,  
I lose sight of all beside –  
So enchain'd my spirit's vision,  
Looking at the Crucified.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
All for Jesus crucified.
- 5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing,  
Jesus, glorious King of kings,  
Deigns to call me His beloved,  
Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Resting now beneath His wings.

- 184** Tune – Patience. B.H.B.130. P.M.
- 1 THINE, Jesus, Thine,  
No more this heart of mine  
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee.  
The world is crucified to me,  
And I am Thine.
- 2 Thine, Thine alone,  
My joy, my hope, my crown;  
Now earthly things may fade and die,  
They charm my soul no more, for I  
Am Thine alone.
- 3 Thine, ever Thine  
For ever to recline  
On love eternal, fixed and sure,  
Yes, I am Thine for evermore,  
Lord Jesus, Thine.
- 4 Then let me live,  
Continual praise to give  
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,  
Henceforth alone, beloved, adored,  
To Thee I'd live.
- 5 Till Thou shalt come  
And bear me to Thy home,  
For ever freed from earthly care,  
Eternally Thy love to share,  
Lord Jesus, come.
- 185** Tune – Redemption ground. B.H.B.265. L.M.
- 1 THE countless multitude on high,  
That tune their song to Jesus' name,  
All merit of their own deny,  
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm on the ground of sovereign grace  
They stand before Jehovah's throne;  
The only song in that blest place  
Is "Thou art worthy, Thou alone".
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,  
And branches of triumphal palm,  
They shout with transports of delight  
Heaven's ceaseless, universal  
psalm –
- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid  
To Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb whose blood was  
shed:  
Thou, Thou art worthy! Thou alone.

- 5 "For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood  
These robes were washed so spotless  
pure;  
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to  
God –  
Forever let Thy praise endure."
- 6 Let us with joy adopt the strain  
We know we'll sing forever there,  
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Worthy alone the crown to wear."

**186** Tune – O be saved. S.S.345.  
P.M.

- 1 SINNER how thy heart is troubled!  
God is coming very near;  
Do not hide thy deep emotion,  
Do not check that falling tear.

Oh, be saved, His grace is free!  
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!  
Oh, be saved, He died for thee!

- 2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,  
Jesus, lowly, meek and mild;  
To the friend who died to save thee,  
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?  
Thou may'st never see its light;  
Come at once, accept His mercy:  
He is waiting – come to-night!

- 4 Let the angels bear the tidings  
Upward to the court of heaven!  
Let them sing with holy rapture,  
O'er another soul forgiven!

**187** Tune – St.Ann. B.H.B.53.  
C.M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

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

**188** Tune – Wonderful love. S.S.1182 P.M.

- 1 I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,  
And a wonderful love it must be;  
But did He come down from above  
Out of love and compassion for me?  
Yes, yes; yes, for me  
Our Lord from above, in His infinite  
love,  
On the cross died to save you and me.

- 2 I have heard how He languished and  
bled,  
How He suffered on Calvary's tree,  
But then is it anywhere said  
That He languished and suffered  
for me?

- 3 I have heard of a Heaven on high,  
Which the children of God soon will  
see,  
But is there a place in the sky  
Made ready and furnished for me?

- 4 Oh, yes, for the Bible doth tell  
Of salvation so priceless and free,  
For every poor sinner who will,  
And so 'tis salvation for me.

**189** Tune – Harrington. B.H.B.304. C.M.

- 1 TIS past – the dark and dreary night,  
And, Lord, we hail Thee now –  
Our Morning Star without a cloud  
Of sadness on Thy brow.

- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,  
Thy sorrows all are o'er;  
And, oh, sweet thought! Thine eyes  
shall weep –  
Thy heart shall break no more.

- 3 Deep were those sorrows - deeper still  
The love that brought Thee low -  
That bade the streams of life from  
Thee,  
A lifeless Victim, flow.
- 4 Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding  
side  
That pure and cleansing flood  
Speaks peace to every heart that  
knows  
The virtues of Thy blood.
- 5 Yet, 'tis not that we know the joy  
Of cancelled sin alone.  
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd  
To share Thy glorious throne.
- 6 So closely are we link'd in love -  
So wholly one with Thee,  
That all Thy bliss and glory then  
Our portion blest shall be.

**190** Tune - Rejoice and be glad.  
S.S.224. P.M.

- 1 REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer  
has come!  
Go look on His cradle, His cross, and  
His tomb.  
  
Sing His praises, tell the story  
Of Him who was slain  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,  
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad, for the blood hath  
been shed,  
Redemption is finished, the price hath  
been paid!

3 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon  
is free;  
The Just for the unjust has died on the  
tree.

4 Rejoice and be glad for the Lamb that  
was slain  
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth  
again.

5 Rejoice and be glad, for He cometh  
again,  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was  
slain.

**191** Tune - Hallelujah, 'tis done.  
S.S.841. 11's

- 1 BY faith in a glorified Christ on the  
throne  
We give up the joys of the world to its  
own;  
As strangers and pilgrims we plainly  
declare,  
Our home is up yonder - but will you  
be there?  
2 We're watching for Jesus, who entered  
within  
The holiest of all when He put away sin;  
A place in the glory He's gone to pre-  
pare,  
Where we shall be with Him, but will  
you be there?  
3 We're waiting for Jesus, His promise  
is plain;  
His word sure and steadfast, He's  
coming again;  
A numberless people will meet in the air  
The Lord who redeemed them - but  
will you be there?

4 In the home of our Father the banquet  
is spread;  
There the naked are clothed and the  
hungry are fed;  
The house is fast filling - there is yet  
room to spare;  
Not a seat will be vacant - but will you  
be there?

**192** Tune - Hold the fort. S.S.669.  
or B.H.B.155. P.M.

- 1 'MIDST the darkness, storm, and sorrow,  
One bright gleam I see;  
Well I know the blessed morrow,  
Christ will come for me.  
'Midst the light, and peace, and glory,  
Of the Father's home,  
Christ for me is watching, waiting -  
Waiting till I come.  
2 Long the blessed guide has led me  
By the desert road;  
Now I see the golden towers -  
City of my God.  
There, amidst the love and glory,  
He is waiting yet;  
On His hands a name is graven  
He can ne'er forget.

- 3 There, amidst the songs of heaven,  
Sweeter to His ear  
Is the footfall through the desert,  
Ever drawing near.  
There, made ready are the mansions,  
Glorious, bright and fair;  
But the bride the Father gave Him  
Still is wanting there.
- 4 Who is this Who comes to meet me  
On the desert way,  
As the Morning Star foretelling  
God's unclouded day?  
He it is who came to win me,  
On the cross of shame;  
In His glory well I know Him,  
Evermore the same.
- 5 Oh! the blessed joy of meeting,  
All the desert past!  
Oh! the wondrous words of greeting  
He shall speak at last!  
He and I together entering  
Those bright courts above;  
He and I together sharing  
All the Father's love.
- 6 Where no shade nor stain can enter,  
Nor the gold be dim;  
In that holiness, unsullied,  
I shall walk with Him.  
Meet companion, then, for Jesus,  
From Him, for Him made;  
Glory of God's grace for ever  
There in me displayed.
- 7 He who, in His hour of sorrow,  
Bore the curse alone;  
I who, through the lonely desert,  
Trod where He had gone.  
He and I in that bright glory  
One deep joy shall share:  
Mine, to be for ever with Him –  
His, that I am there.

- 193** Tune – Jesus, Lover  
B.H.B.119. 7-7-7-7-D
- 1 MEEK and lowly Lamb of God!  
We are Thine by precious blood!  
(Precious blood whose power we'd know  
To separate from all below),  
All Thy glories we'd explore,  
That we may admire, adore;  
That we may conformed be,  
Lord, in all things unto Thee!
- 2 Thou didst stoop in wondrous grace  
To redeem our fallen race;  
Clothe Thyself in humblest guise,  
For the joy, the shame despise.

By this grace which in Thee shone,  
Lord of life, yet lowliest One!  
By Thy blood which made us free,  
Let us learn to follow Thee.

3 By this grace which in Thee shone,  
O Thou meekest, gentlest One!  
By Thy silence under wrong,  
With Thine arm of might so strong,  
By Thy precious, precious blood  
Separating us to God,  
Saviour let us learn of Thee,  
Like Thee, meek and gentle be!

**194** Tune Aurelia. B.H.B.187.  
7-6

- 1 O HEAD! once full of bruises,  
So full of pain and scorn,  
'Mid other sore abuses  
Mocked with a crown of thorn:  
O Head! e'en now surrounded  
With brightest majesty,  
In death once bow'd and wounded  
On the accursed tree:
- 2 Thou Countenance transcendent  
Thou life-creating sun  
To worlds on Thee dependent –  
Yet bruised and spit upon:  
O Lord! what Thee tormented  
Was our sin's heavy load,  
We had the debt augmented  
Which Thou didst pay in blood.
- 3 We give Thee thanks unfeignéd,  
O Saviour, Friend in need,  
For what Thy soul sustained,  
When Thou for us didst bleed:  
Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon Thy faithfulness,  
Until to glory taken  
We see Thee face to face.

- 195** Tune – That great day.  
P.S.H.20. P.M.
- 1 TIS time to be prepared, prepared,  
prepared,  
Tis time to be prepared for that great  
day.  
Oh, turn poor sinner, and escape  
eternal fire,  
Or you must stand your trial on  
that great day.
- 2 You'll see the Judge descending,  
With myriad host attending, on that  
great day.

- 3 You'll hear the wicked wailing,  
'Neath storms of wrath prevailing, on  
that great day.
- 4 You'll see the saints rejoicing,  
Safe with the Lord rejoicing, on that  
great day.
- 5 The day of grace is flying,  
No oil of grace for buying, on that great  
day.
- 6 Oh! sinner come to Jesus!  
Oh! come and trust in Jesus for that  
great day.
- 7 And Jesus will prepare you,  
With garments white prepare you for  
that great day.

**196** Tune – Hallelujah, 'tis done.  
S.S.841. P.M.

- 1 'TIS the promise of God full salvation  
to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will  
believe.

Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on  
the Son;  
I am saved by the blood of the  
Crucified One.

- 2 Tho' the pathway be lonely and  
dangerous too,  
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.  
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly  
throng,  
They are safe now in glory, and this is  
their song.  
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 There are prophets and kings in that  
throng I behold,  
And they sing as they march through  
the street of pure gold,  
Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 There's a part in that chorus for you  
and for me,  
And the theme of our praises for ever  
will be,  
Hallelujah, &c.

**197** Tune – O come, let us go.  
R.S.631. P.M.

- 1 HOW many sheep are straying,  
Lost from the Saviour's fold;  
Upon the lonely mountains  
They shiver with the cold:

Within the tangled thickets  
Where poison vines do creep,  
And over rocky ledges  
Wander the poor lost sheep.  
Oh come let us go and find them,  
In the paths of death they roam.  
At the close of the day 'twill be sweet  
to say,  
"I have brought some lost one  
home."

- 2 Oh, who will seek to find them?  
Who for the Saviour's sake  
Will search with tireless patience  
Thro' brier and thro' brake?  
Unheeding thirst and hunger,  
Who still from day to day  
Will seek as for a treasure,  
The sheep that went astray?
- 3 Say will you seek to find them?  
From pleasant bow'r's of ease  
Will you go forth determined  
To find the least of these?  
For still the Saviour calls them,  
And looks across the wold;  
And still He holds wide open  
The door into His fold.
- 4 How sweet 'twould be at evening,  
If you and I could say,  
"Good Shepherd we've been seeking  
The sheep that went astray;  
Heart-sore and faint with hunger,  
We heard them making moan,  
And lo! with joy returning,  
We bear them safely home."

**198** Tune – Must I go. S.S.789.  
8-7

- 1 HARK the voice of Jesus crying –  
"Who will go and work today?  
Fields are white and harvest waiting –  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
Loud and strong the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers thee:  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I; send me, send me."
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you do for Jesus  
Will be precious in His sight.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me."

**199** Tune - That will be heaven. S.S.980. P.M.

1 I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come  
 To take me away to His own dear home;  
 But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
 And that will be glory for me!  
 And that will be glory for me!  
 Oh, that will be glory for me!  
 But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom.  
 And that will be glory for me!

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,  
 I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring;  
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus the King,  
 And that will be music for me.  
 And that will be music for me, &c.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,  
 I know not the name that I then shall bear;  
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,  
 And that will be heaven for me. &c.

**200** Tune - Rescue the perishing. S.S.814. P.M.

1 RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
 Weep o'er the erring ones, lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.  
 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
 Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
 Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;  
 He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;  
 Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;  
 On to the narrow way patiently win them;  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

**201** Tune - Jesus, I will trust. S.S.468. 6-5

1 JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul,  
 Guilty, lost, and helpless; Thou canst make me whole.  
 There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee;  
 Thou hast died for sinners - therefore Lord for me.

Jesus I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul,  
 Guilty, lost, and helpless; Thou canst make me whole.

2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of matchless worth,  
 Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;  
 Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,  
 Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that Name.

3 Jesus I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,  
 Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:  
 Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face,  
 None too vile and loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written Word,  
 Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard:  
 When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet -  
 Only may I hearken sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:  
 "Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out;"  
 Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;  
 These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God.  
 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt.  
 "Whosoever cometh Thou wilt not cast out."

**202**

Tune - The Cross of Jesus.  
S.S.139. 7-8

1 BENEATH the cross of Jesus  
I fain would take my stand -  
The shadow of a mighty rock  
Within a weary land;  
A home within the wilderness,  
A rest upon the way,  
From the burning of the noontide heat  
And the burden of the day.

2 Oh, safe and happy shelter,  
Oh, refuge tried and sweet;  
Oh, resting-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 further 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 that cross of Jesus  
Methinks at times I 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, oh cross, thy shadow  
For my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine than  
The sunshine of His face,  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain or loss -  
My sinful self my only shame,  
My glory, all the cross.

**203**

Tune - Rejoice. S.S.207.  
8's

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

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

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

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

**204**

Tune - Oh, the Blood. G.S.31.  
P.M.

1 "WHAT must I do," has oft been asked,  
"Eternal life to gain?"  
Man anxious seems for any task  
If this he may obtain.

Oh, the blood of Jesus! the precious blood  
of Jesus!  
Oh, the blood of Jesus, it cleanseth from  
all sin.

2 But all the doing has been done,  
As God has clearly shown,  
When, by the offering of His Son,  
His purpose He made known.

3 He laid on Him the sinner's guilt,  
When came the appointed day;  
And by that blood on Calvary spilt  
Took all our sins away.

4 Such was the sacrifice He made  
The law could ask no more;  
For not a mite was left unpaid  
When He my judgment bore.

5 How glorious, blessed, and complete  
That finished work must be;  
Where God with man delights to meet,  
There He has met with me.

6 And still the memories of the past  
Shall with my spirit stay;  
'Tis Jesus first, 'tis Jesus last,  
And Jesus all the way!

**205**

Tune - Close to Thee S.S.574.  
or B.H.B.294. P.M.

1 THOU my everlasting portion,  
More than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, I would walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, &c.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Not for fame my prayer shall be;  
Gladly would I toil and suffer  
So that I may walk with Thee.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, &c.

3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,  
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;  
Soon the gate of life eternal  
I shall enter Lord with Thee.  
Close to Thee, close to Thee, &c.

## 206 Tune – To the work. S.S.751. P.M.

1 TO the work! to the work! we are  
servants of God,  
Let us follow the path that our Master  
has trod;  
With the balm of His counsel our  
strength to renew,  
Let us do with our might what our  
hands find to do.  
Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,  
toiling on,  
Let us hope and trust,  
Let us watch and pray,  
And labour till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry  
be fed;  
To the Fountain of Life let the weary  
be led;  
In the cross and its banner our glory  
shall be,  
While we herald the tidings, "**Salvation  
is free.**"

3 To the work! to the work! there is labour  
for all;  
For the kingdom of darkness and error  
shall fall;  
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall  
be  
In the loud swelling chorus, "**Salvation  
is free.**"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength  
of the Lord,  
And a robe and a crown shall our labour  
reward!  
When the home of the faithful our  
dwelling shall be,  
And we shout with the ransomed,  
**"Salvation is free."**

## 207 Tune – Mighty to save. S.S. (888) 185. P.M.

1 ALL glory to Jesus be given,  
That life and salvation are free,  
And all may be washed and forgiven.  
And Jesus has saved even me.

Yes Jesus is mighty to save,  
And all His salvation may know,  
On His bosom I lean, and His blood  
makes me clean;  
For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From darkness and sin and despair  
Out into the light of His love,  
He has brought me, and made me  
an heir  
To kingdoms and mansions above.

2 Oh, the rapturous height of His love!  
The measureless depth of His grace!  
My soul all His fulness would prove,  
And live in His loving embrace.

4 In Him all my wants are supplied,  
His love makes my heaven below:  
And freely His blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than  
snow.

## 208 Tune – Man of Sorrows. S.S.102, or B.H.B.147. P.M.

1 "MAN OF SORROWS," what a name  
For the Son of God who came  
Ruined sinners to redeem!  
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, the glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

**209** Tune – Give me Jesus.  
B.H.B.259. 8-7

1 TAKE the world, but give me Jesus;  
All its joys are but a name,  
But His love abideth ever,  
Through eternal years the same.

Oh, the height and depth of mercy!  
Oh, the length and breadth of love!  
Oh, the fulness of redemption,  
Pledge of endless life above!

2 Take the world, but give me Jesus;  
Sweetest comfort of my soul;  
With my Saviour watching o'er me,  
I can sing, though billows roll.

3 Take the world, but give me Jesus;  
Let me see His constant smile;  
Then, throughout my pilgrim journey,  
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus;  
In His cross my trust shall be,  
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,  
Face to face my Lord I see.

**210** Tune – Not what these hands.  
E.H.B.1. P.M.

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

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

2 Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Nor all my prayers, or sighs, or tears  
Can bear my awful load.

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

4 No other work save Thine,  
No meaner blood will do,  
No strength, save that which is divine,  
Can bear me safely through.

5 I praise the God of grace,  
I trust His love and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.

**211** Tune – Zacher. B.H.B.251.  
7-7-7-6

1 JESUS, we remember Thee!  
Thy deep woe and agony,  
All Thy suffering on the tree,  
Jesus, we adore Thee.

2 Calvary! oh, Calvary!  
Mercy's vast, unfathomed sea,  
Love, eternal love to me.

3 Darkness hung around Thy head,  
When for sin Thy blood was shed,  
Victim in the sinner's stead.

4 Jesus, hail! Thou now art risen;  
Thou hast all our sins forgiven;  
Haste we to our home in heaven.

5 Thou hast said Thou wilt prepare  
Glorious mansions, bright and fair;  
Sorrow never cometh there.

6 Soon with joyful, glad surprise,  
We shall hear Thy word, ARISE,  
Mounting upwards to the skies!  
Glory, glory, glory.

**212** Tune – Consolation.  
B.H.B.182. 11's

1 I'M weary, I'm weary, with words such  
as mine,  
My Saviour! to tell forth Thy praises  
divine,  
I would, but I cannot, for love is so cold,  
I would, but I cannot, Thy beauties unfold.

2 I'm weary, I'm weary, my Saviour to be  
Where love is not measured by present  
degree;  
Where the anthems of glory eternally  
roll,  
And the joy of the Lord is the feast of  
the soul.

3 I'm weary to gaze on that face which  
had tears;  
For the Lord He once suffered strong  
cryings and fears;  
I'm weary to look on the brow that was  
torn;  
For the Lord He was pierced with nail  
and with thorn.

4 I'm weary to crown Him – the Lamb  
that was slain,  
And never more grieve Him, or doubt  
Him again;  
Of sin I am weary and life such as mine,  
And I long for a service completely  
divine!

- 5 I'm so weary of even what once was  
so dear!  
Compared with my Saviour there's  
nothing to cheer:  
All truth, and all labours, and even the  
Word,  
How blessed soever – they are not  
the Lord.
- 6 I'm weary for Jesus – 'tis Him I would see;  
I want in His presence for ever to be;  
He suffered that I who had nothing  
but sin,  
Should find all my heaven for ever in  
Him.
- 2 What do you hope, dear sinner,  
To gain by a further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear sinner,  
The Spirit now striving within?  
Oh, why not accept His salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?

## 213 Tune – Now we are ready.

H.S.M.S.260. P.M.

- 1 THE blast of the trumpet, so loud and  
so shrill,  
Will shortly re-echo o'er ocean and hill,  
When the mighty, mighty, mighty trump  
sounds,  
Come, come away;  
Oh, now we are ready to hail the glad  
day.

- 2 The earth and the waters will yield up  
the dead,  
The righteous with joy will awake from  
their bed.

- 3 The chorus of angels will burst from the  
skies,  
And blend with the shout of the saints  
as they rise.

- 4 The cry of "the Bridegroom" will echo  
around,  
And the bride in her beauty go forth at  
the sound.

- 5 Acknowledged by Jesus – confess'd as  
His own –  
Transported to glory, we'll sit on His  
throne.

- 6 Oh, home of the holy, the happy, the  
free,  
My Jesus has opened thy portals to me.

## 214 Tune – Why not.

S.S.351.  
P.M.

- 1 WHY do you wait, dear sinner?  
Oh, why do you tarry so long?  
The Saviour is waiting to give you  
A place in His sanctified throng.

Why not? Why not?  
Why not come to Him now?  
Why not? Why not?  
Why not come to Him now?

- 2 What do you hope, dear sinner,  
To gain by a further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way.
- 3 Do you not feel, dear sinner,  
The Spirit now striving within?  
Oh, why not accept His salvation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?
- 4 Why do you wait, dear sinner,  
The harvest is passing away;  
The Saviour is longing to bless you;  
There's danger and death in delay.

## 215 Tune – I'm a pilgrim. E.H.B.58.

or, I love Jesus. Old S.V.ch.90.

8-7

- 1 I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,  
I'm a pilgrim going home,  
Come and hear me tell my story,  
All who love the Saviour, come.
- Jesus loves me, hallelujah!  
Jesus gave Himself for me,  
Jesus leads me on to glory;  
Oh, rejoice, rejoice with me!

- 2 When I first commenced my journey,  
Many said, "He'll turn again,"  
But they all have been deceived,  
In the way I still remain.

- 3 I will tell you what induced me  
For the better land to start,  
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness  
Overcame and won my heart.

- 4 I'm a wonder unto many,  
God the mighty change has wrought;  
Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm brought.

- 5 If to Jordan's swelling river,  
Like a pilgrim I should come,  
Then to Christ I'll shout salvation  
And go singing "Glory," home.

**216**

Tune - Why not to-night.  
S.S.335. L.M.

1 Oh! do not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light;  
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

Why not to-night? **Why not  
to-night?**  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,  
To bless thy long deluded sight;  
This is the time; O then be wise;  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

3 The world has nothing left for thee -  
It has no new, no pure delight;  
O try the joys that Christ can give;  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

4 Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite,  
Then be the great transaction done,  
Thou wouldest be saved - **Why not  
to-night?**

**217**

Tune - Lion of Judah

B.H.B.160.

11's

1 O EYES that are weary and hearts that  
are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus and sorrow no more;  
The light of His countenance shineth  
so bright,  
That on earth, as in heaven, there need  
be no night.

2 "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes  
cannot see  
The troubles and dangers that throng  
around me:  
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful  
tears,  
They cannot be shadowed with unbeliev-  
fears,

3 "Looking off unto Jesus," my spirit is  
blest,  
In the world I have turmoil - In Him I  
have rest;  
The sea of my life all about me may roar,  
When I look unto Jesus I hear it no  
more.

4 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;  
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me  
the way;  
The path may seem dark as He leads  
me along,  
But following Jesus I cannot go wrong.

5 "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart  
cannot fear,  
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus  
near;  
I know that His power my safeguard  
will be  
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith  
unto me.

6 Soon, soon shall I know the full beauty  
and grace  
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to  
face;  
I shall know how His love went before  
me each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned  
away.

**218**

Tune - Balm.

B.H.B.113

8-7-4

1 SINNER why that look of sadness?  
Why thus weep, and sigh, and groan?  
All thy unbelief is madness,  
All thy griefs could not atone.  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
Jesus saves, and He alone.

2 Why such longing for salvation?  
Why not take Him at His word?  
There is now no condemnation  
To the soul that trusts the Lord.  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
Oh, what joy it doth afford.

3 See! for sin what bitter anguish  
Jesus bore upon the tree;  
See Him left by God to languish  
In agonizing agony!  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
Jesus died from wrath to free!

- 4 'Tis thyself thou art discerning,  
Not the dying Lamb of God;  
Weeping, striving, never learning  
How He bore sin's heavy load.  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
God is satisfied through blood.
- 5 At the cross is now thy station;  
Lo! without thy grief or prayer,  
What a full, a free salvation  
God has waiting for thee there.  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
Frees from all thy anxious care.
- 6 Now begin thy hallelujah,  
God Himself delights to hear,  
Jesus, Saviour, Hallelujah!  
Sweetest song that greets His ear.  
**It is finished! Hallelujah!**  
Perfect love hath cast out fear.

## 219 Tune – Cast thy bread. S.S.771

- 1 CAST thy bread upon the waters,  
Ye who have but scant supply –  
Angel eyes will watch above it,  
You shall find it by and by.  
Can you not to those around you  
Sing some little song of hope,  
As you look with longing vision  
Through faith's mighty telescope?
- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Ye who have abundant store –  
It may float on many a billow,  
It may strand on many a shore.  
You may think it lost for ever,  
But as sure as God is true,  
In this life or in the other  
It will yet return to you.
- 3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Far and wide your treasures strew,  
Scatter it with willing fingers,  
Laugh for joy to see it go.  
For if you do closely keep it  
It will only drag you down,  
If you love it more than Jesus  
It will keep you from your crown.
- 4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Waft it on with praying breath;  
In some distant doubtful moment  
It may save a soul from death.  
He who in His righteous balance  
Doth each human action weigh,  
Will your sacrifice remember,  
Will your loving deeds repay.

- 220** Tune – Old Hundredth. R.S.26. L.M.
- 1 AMIDST us our beloved stands,  
And bids us view His pierc'd 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,  
Oh may His love the scales displace,  
And bid us see Him face to face!
- 4 Our former transports we recount,  
When with Him in the holy mount;  
These cause our souls to thirst anew,  
His marred but lovely face to view.
- 5 Thou glorious Bridgroom of our hearts,  
Thy present smile a heaven imparts;  
Oh, lift the veil, if veil there be,  
Let every saint Thy beauty see.
- 221** Tune – Retreat. B.H.B.129. L.M.
- 1 LORD JESUS CHRIST, we seek Thy face;  
Within the veil we bow the knee;  
Oh, let Thy glory fill the place,  
And bless us while we wait on Thee.
- 2 We thank Thee for the precious blood  
That purged our sins and brought us nigh,  
All cleansed and sanctified to God,  
Thy holy Name to magnify.
- 3 Shut in with Thee, far, far above  
The restless world that wars below.  
We seek to learn and prove Thy love,  
Thy wisdom and Thy grace to know.
- 4 The brow that once with thorns was bound,  
Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see;  
Draw near, Lord Jesus, glory-crowned,  
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

**222**

Tune – Come, let us join.  
R.S.137. C.M.

- 1 WE praise our blessed Lord who died  
That we might live with Him,  
Who gave up all in wondrous love  
Lost sinners to redeem.

Hallelujah to the Lamb  
Who for sinners was offered;  
He is worthy, He is worthy,  
He is worthy – alone.

- 2 So far from God had we all gone  
In guilt and misery;  
The sons of wrath, the heirs of hell,  
No God, no hope had we.

- 3 So near He came to us in love –  
Made sin, He bore our load,  
That we in Him might stand complete,  
The righteousness of God.

- 4 So far from God for us He stood,  
Forsaken, left was He,  
Thus wrath and indignation bore,  
Accursed on the tree.

- 5 So near He brought us to our God,  
By His own precious blood:  
As He is, so are we below,  
Loved by His Father, God.

**223** Tune – Thou art coming. 8-7

- 1 THOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King,  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Well may we rejoice and sing;  
Thou art coming, rays of glory,  
Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,  
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,  
Glory from Thy presence sent.

Thou art coming, Thou art coming,  
We shall meet Thee on the way,  
Thou art coming, we shall see Thee,  
And be like Thee on that day.  
Thou art coming, Thou art coming!  
Jesus our beloved Lord,  
O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Worshipp'd, glorified, adored.

- 2 Thou art coming, not a shadow,  
Not a mist and not a tear,  
Not a sin and not a sorrow,  
On that sunrise grand and clear;

Thou art coming, Jesus Saviour,  
Nothing else seems worth a thought,  
Oh, how marvellous the glory,  
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

- 3 Thou art coming, we are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail,  
Asking not the day or hour,  
Anchored safe within the veil;  
Thou art coming, at Thy table  
We are witnesses for this,  
As we meet Thee in communion,  
Earnest of our coming bliss.

**224** Tune – Weeping will not save. S.S.337. P.M.

- 1 WEEPING will not save thee –  
Though thy face were bathed in tears –  
That could not allay thy fears –  
Could not wash the sins of years –  
Weeping will not save thee.

Jesus wept and died for thee,  
Jesus suffered on the tree,  
Jesus waits to make thee free,  
He alone can save thee.

- 2 Working will not save thee –  
Purest deeds that you can do,  
Holiest thoughts and feelings too –  
Cannot form thy soul anew –  
Working will not save thee.

- 3 Waiting will not save thee –  
Helpless, guilty, lost you lie;  
In your ears is mercy's cry;  
If you wait you'll surely die –  
Waiting will not save thee.

- 4 Faith in Christ will save thee –  
Sinner, trust God's risen Son,  
Trust the work that He has done,  
To His arms now quickly run –  
Faith in Christ will save thee.

**225** Tune – Darwell. B.H.B.342. 6-6-6-6-8-8

- 1 THY work, not mine, O Christ!  
Speaks gladness to this heart;  
It tells me all is done;  
It bids my fears depart.

To whom, save Thee, who could alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall we flee?

2 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ!  
Thy blood so freely spilt,  
Could blanch my blackest stains,  
And purge away my guilt.

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ!  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins, that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear but God.

**226** Tune - Christ receiveth sinful men. S.S.390. 7-7-7-7

1 SINNERS Jesus will receive;  
Sound this word of grace to all,  
Who the heavenly pathway leave,  
All who linger, all who fall!

Sing it o'er . . . and o'er again . . .  
Christ receiv . . . eth sinful men . . .  
Make the mes . . . sage clear and plain  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come: and He will give you rest:  
Trust Him for His word is plain:  
He will take the sinfulest:  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart condemns me not,  
Pure before the law I stand;  
He who cleansed me from all spot  
Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,  
Even me with all my sin;  
Purged from every spot and stain,  
Heaven with Him I enter in.

**227** Tune - Ring the bell. P.M.

1 Hark! sinner, hark! we have tidings  
so true,  
Tidings of pardon and blessings for you!  
God in His Word says that Christ on  
the tree,  
Died for guilty sinners, and "**Salvation  
is free.**"

Hear the news, sinner, free! free! free!  
Why not believe it? 'Tis good news  
for thee:  
Jesus the Just One has died on  
the tree,  
Died for the guilty sinners, and  
**"Salvation is free."**

2 Guilty you are, yet we know very well  
Jesus has suffered to save you from  
hell:  
Tho' now condemned, justified you  
may be,  
Jesus paid the ransom, and "**Salvation  
is free.**"

3 Trust not in "doing," it cannot avail,  
Good resolutions and works can but  
fail;  
"Grace, grace, alone," is the saved  
sinner's plea.  
"Not of works," the Scriptures say,  
**"Salvation is free."**

4 Trust not in "feelings," your heart is  
depraved,  
Trust only in Jesus and you shall be  
saved:  
Tears of repentance, tho' real they  
may be  
Ne'er can purchase heaven, for  
**"Salvation is free."**

5 Haste! O remember, if grace you will  
spurn,  
Banished from God, down in hell you  
will burn;  
Hark to His word, then, we tell now  
to Thee  
Tarry not nor linger, while "**Salvation  
is free.**"

**228** Tune - The Solid Rock. S.S.902. 8's

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

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.

**229**Tune - Land ahead. S.S.938  
P.M.

- 1 SOUND aloud the wondrous story,  
Jesus died upon the tree:  
As we onward march to glory,  
Jesus died upon the tree.  
Sinners of the deepest dye,  
Who the God of love defy,  
Unto you we're sent to cry,  
Jesus died upon the tree.
- 2 Yes, lost one, it was for you  
Jesus died upon the tree;  
O what love - how deep, how true!  
Jesus died upon the tree.  
See Him there, the Spotless One,  
See the blood which doth atone,  
Hear Him cry, 'tis done, 'tis done,  
As He died upon the tree.
- 3 Sinner, you have heard the story,  
Jesus died upon the tree;  
And you fain would meet in glory  
Him who died upon the tree.  
Then on Christ just now rely,  
Ere in judgment He pass by,  
And no more you'll hear the cry,  
"Jesus died upon the tree."

**230**Tune - I hear Thy welcome voice  
R.S.269. S.M.D.

- 1 OUR sins on Christ were laid;  
He bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom price He fully paid  
By His own precious blood.
- For God so loved the world,  
His only Son He gave,  
That whosoever Him believes  
Eternal life shall have.
- 2 To save a world He died;  
Sinner, behold the Lamb!  
Believe upon the Crucified,  
There's healing in His name.
- 3 Pardon and peace abound;  
He will your sins forgive;  
Salvation in His name is found -  
He bids the sinner live.
- 4 Jesus we look to Thee;  
Where else can sinners go?  
Thy boundless love has set us free  
From wretchedness and woe.

**231**Tune - Pray, brethren, pray.  
S.S.1032

- 1 PRAY, brethren, pray!  
The sands are falling,  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
God's voice is calling,  
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,  
We kneel upon the verge of time.
- Eternity is drawing nigh!  
Eternity is drawing nigh!
- 2 Praise, brethren, praise!  
The skies are rending;  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
The fight is ending;  
Behold the glory draweth near,  
The King Himself will soon appear.
- 3 Watch, brethren, watch!  
The year is dying;  
Watch, brethren, watch!  
Old Time is flying;  
Watch as men watch the parting breath!  
Watch as men watch for life or death.
- 4 Look, brethren, look!  
The day is breaking;  
Hark, brethren, hark!  
The dead are waking;  
With girded loins all ready stand;  
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand.
- Eternity is drawing nigh!  
Eternity is drawing nigh!  
Is drawing nigh.

**232**

Tune - Satisfied.

P.M.

- 1 SATISFIED with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I am blest;  
Peace which passeth understanding  
On Thy breast; no more doubting,  
No more trembling, oh, what rest!
- 2 Taken up with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I would be;  
Finding joy and satisfaction  
All in Thee; Thou the nearest  
And the dearest unto me.
- 3 Listening for Thy shout, Lord Jesus,  
In the air;  
When Thy saints shall rise with joy  
To meet Thee there, Oh what gladness!  
No more sadness, sin, nor care.

- 4 Longing for the Bride, Lord Jesus,  
    Of Thy heart;  
    To be with Thee in the glory,  
    Where Thou art, Love so groundless,  
    Grace so boundless, wins my heart.
- 5 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord  
    Jesus  
    Is complete;  
    When each soul is safely landed  
    At Thy feet; what a story  
    In the glory she'll repeat!
- 6 O to praise Thee there, Lord Jesus,  
    Evermore!  
    O to grieve and wander from Thee  
    Nevermore! Earth's sad story  
    Closed in glory on yon shore!
- 7 Then Thy Church will be, Lord Jesus,  
    The display  
    Of Thy richest grace and kindness  
    In that day, marking pages.  
    Wondrous stages, o'er earth's way.

**233** Tune - Hiding in Thee. S.S.519. 11's  
 1 O SAFE to the rock that is higher than I,  
    My soul in its conflicts and sorrows  
        would fly;  
    So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would  
        I be,  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding  
    in Thee.

Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages,"  
I'm hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's  
    lone hour,  
    In times when temptation casts o'er me  
        its pow'r;  
    In the tempest of life, on its wide  
        heaving sea,  
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding  
    in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed  
    by the foe,  
    I have fled to my Refuge and breathed  
        out my woe;  
    How often when trials like sea-billows  
        roll,  
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock  
    of my soul!

- 234** Tune - When I shall wake. S.S.909. P.M.  
 1 WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn  
    of morns,  
    After whose dawning never night  
        returns,  
    And with whose glory day eternal  
        burns,  
    I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.  
  
 I... shall be satisfied, I... shall be satisfied,  
When I shall wake in that fair mom of morns;  
I... shall be satisfied, I... shall be satisfied,  
When I shall wake in that fair mom of morns.  
  
 2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,  
    When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child  
        embrace,  
    When Thou shalt open all Thy stores  
        of grace,  
    I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.  
  
 3 When I shall meet with those that I have  
    loved,  
    Clasp in my eager arms the long  
        removed,  
    And find how faithful Thou to me hast  
        proved,  
    I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.  
  
 4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him  
    Who for me died, with eyes no longer  
        dim,  
    And praise Him with the everlasting  
        hymn,  
    I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

- 235** Tune - Glory to God the Father C.C.38. P.M.  
 1 "FOR God so loved!" Oh wondrous  
    theme!  
    Oh, wondrous key to wondrous scheme!  
    A Saviour sent to sinful men -  
        Glory to God the Father!  
  
 Glory to God the Fa... ther!  
 Glory to God the Fa... ther!  
 Glory, glory, glory to God the Father.  
  
 2 In love God gave, in love Christ came,  
    That man might know the Father's name,  
    And in the Son salvation claim -  
        Glory to God the Father!  
  
 3 As man He tarried here below,  
    The power and love of God to show;  
    To help and heal all human woe -  
        Glory to God the Father!

- 4 Upon the cross His life He gave,  
His people from their sins to save;  
For them descended to the grave –  
Glory to God the Father!
- 5 By God exalted from the dead,  
He reigns on high the living Head  
Of ev'ry soul for whom He bled –  
Glory to God the Father!

**236** Tune – It is good to be here, or  
Will there be any. R.S.405

- 1 OH, how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above:  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

It is good to be here! It is good to be here,  
Thy perfect love drives away fear.  
And the light streaming down makes the  
pathway all clear,  
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine  
I received through the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
O that all His salvation might see!  
"He hath loved me," I cried;  
"He hath suffered and died  
To redeem a poor rebel like me."

- 5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possess'd  
I was perfectly blessed,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

**237** Tune – The love that gave Jesus  
S.S.15. P.M.

- 1 LET us sing of the love of the Lord;  
As now to the cross we draw nigh,  
Let us sing to the praise of the God  
of all grace  
For the love that gave Jesus to die!

Oh, the love that gave Jesus to die!  
The love that gave Jesus to die!  
Praise God, it is mine, this love so divine,  
The love that gave Jesus to die.

- 2 Oh, how great was the love that was  
shown  
To us – we can never tell why –  
Not to angels, but men – let us praise  
Him again  
For the love that gave Jesus to die!

- 3 Now this love unto all God commands,  
Not one would His mercy pass by;  
"Whosoever shall call," there is pardon  
for all  
In the love that gave Jesus to die.

- 4 Who is He that can separate those  
Whom God doth in love justify?  
Whatsoever we need He includes in  
the deed,  
In the love that gave Jesus to die!

**238** Tune – Sound the alarm.  
S.S.803. P.M.

- 1 SOUND the alarm! let the watchman  
cry –  
"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;"  
Who will escape from the wrath to  
come?  
Who have a place in the soul's bright  
home?

Sound the alarm, watchman! sound  
the alarm!  
For the Lord will come with a con-  
quering arm,  
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks  
advance,  
Shall wither and fall at His glance.

- 2 Sound the alarm! let the cry go forth,  
Swift as the wind o'er the realms of  
earth –

- "Flee to the Rock where the soul may  
hide!  
Flee to the Rock! in its cleft abide!"
- 3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's  
brow!  
Plead with the lost by the wayside  
now!  
Warn them to come, and the truth  
embrace;  
Urge them to come and be saved by  
grace.
- 4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,  
Sound it aloud that the old may  
hear!  
Blow ye the trump whilst the day-  
beams last!  
Blow ye the trump till the light is past.

## 239 Tune – Praise Him. S.S.208 P.M.

- 1 PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our  
blessed Redeemer;  
Sing ye saints! His wonderful love  
proclaim.  
Hail him! hail Him! mightiest angels  
in glory.  
Strength and honour give to His  
holy name.  
Like a Shepherd Jesus will feed His  
people.  
In His arms He carries them all day  
long.  
O ye saints that dwell in the light of His  
presence,  
Praise Him, praise Him, ever in  
joyful song.
- 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our  
blessed Redeemer;  
For our sins He suffered, and bled,  
and died;  
He's our Rock, our hope of eternal  
salvation.  
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the  
crucified.  
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring  
sorrow;  
Crowned with thorns that cruelly  
pierced His brow;  
Once for us rejected, despised and  
forsaken;  
Prince of glory! He is triumphant  
now.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our  
blessed Redeemer;  
Heavenly portals, loud with hos-  
annahs ring;  
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and  
ever;  
Crown Him! Crown Him! Prophet,  
and Priest, and King.  
Death is vanquished! tell it with joy, ye  
faithful,  
Where is now thy victory, boasting  
grave?  
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are  
cheerless,  
Jesus lives! the mighty and strong to  
save.

## 240 Tune – Redeemed, redeemed. S.G.102. P.M.

- 1 "REDEEMED!" . . . "Redeemed!" . . .  
Oh, sing the joyful strain;  
Give praise . . . give praise, . . . and glory  
to His name,  
Who gave His blood our souls to save,  
And purchased freedom for the slave!  
And purchased freedom for the slave!
- "Redeemed!" "redeemed!" from sin  
and all its woe!  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" eternal life  
to know!  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" by Jesus'  
blood;  
"Redeemed!" "redeemed!" oh, praise  
the Lord!
- 2 What grace! . . . what grace! . . .  
That He who calmed the wave  
Should stoop, . . . my soul . . . my guilty  
soul to save!  
That He the curse should bear for me,  
A sinful wretch, His enemy!
- 3 "Redeemed!" . . . "redeemed!"  
The word has brought repose,  
And joy . . . and joy . . . that each re-  
deemed one knows,  
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,  
And knows His blood the ransom paid.
- 4 "Redeemed!" . . . "redeemed!"  
Oh, joy that I should be  
In Christ, . . . in Christ . . . from sin for  
ever free!  
For ever free to praise His name,  
Who bore for me the guilt and shame!

**241** Tune – Peace, peace is mine.  
S.S.655. 8-4  
1 GOD'S almighty arms are round me;  
Peace, peace is mine!  
Judgement scenes need not confound  
me;

Peace, peace is mine!  
Jesus came Himself and sought me;  
Sold to death, He found and bought me;  
Then my blessed freedom taught me –  
Peace, peace is mine!

2 While I hear life's rugged billows,  
Peace, peace is mine!  
Why suspend my harp on willows?  
Peace, peace is mine!  
I may sing, with Christ beside me,  
Tho' a thousand ills betide me;  
Safely He hath sworn to guide me;  
Peace, peace is mine!

3 Ev'ry trial draws Him nearer;  
Peace, peace is mine!  
All His strokes but make Him dearer;  
Peace, peace is mine!  
Bless I, then, the hand that smiteth  
Gently, and to heal delighteth;  
'Tis against my sins He fighteth;  
Peace, peace is mine!

4 Welcome, ev'ry rising sunlight,  
Peace, peace is mine!  
Nearer home each rolling midnight,  
Peace, peace is mine!  
Death and hell cannot appal me;  
Safe in Christ whate'er befall me;  
Calmly wait I till He call me;  
Peace, peace is mine!

**242** Tune – I'm redeemed.  
S.S. (888) 359.  
1 OH, sing of Jesus "Lamb of God,"  
Who died on Calvary.  
And for a ransom shed His blood  
For you, and even me!

I'm redeemed! . . . I'm redeemed, . . .  
Through the blood of the Lamb that was  
slain;  
I'm redeemed! . . . I'm redeemed, . . .  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

2 O wondrous power of love divine!  
So pure, so full, so free!  
It reaches out to all mankind,  
Embraces even me!

3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,  
And ever more shall be!  
He hath redeemed my soul from sin,  
And ransomed even me!

**243** Tune – Retreat. B.H.B.50.  
L.M.  
1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a safe 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 beside more sweet  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.  
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend:  
Though sundered far by faith we meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.  
4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

**244** Tune – Shall we gather.  
R.S.664. 8-7  
1 LONG a rebel, O my Saviour,  
I have wandered far from Thee;  
Now I hear of boundless favour,  
Bringing pardon unto me.

I surrender, I surrender,  
Overcome by love divine;  
Thee as Saviour and Defender  
I accept, and I am Thine.

2 Oft I've heard the matchless story  
Of Thy death upon the tree:  
Now I see its beams of glory,  
For I know it was for me.

3 Long my weary feet have hasted  
In the path that leads from Thee;  
Now, when years, alas! are wasted,  
I surrender, Lord, to Thee.

4 Thou for me didst come from Heaven,  
Died upon the cross of shame;  
Thou eternal life hast given –  
Glory be unto Thy name!

**245** Tune – He is coming.  
E.H.B.167.

8-7

- 1 HE is coming, coming for us,  
Soon we'll see His light afar  
On the dark horizon rising,  
As the Bright and Morning Star.  
Cheering many a waiting watcher  
As the star whose kindly ray  
Heralds the approaching morning  
Just before the break of day.

Oh! what joy, as night hangs round us  
'Tis to think of morning's ray;  
Sweet to know He's coming for us,  
Just before the break of day.

- 2 He is coming, coming for us;  
Soon we'll hear His voice on high;  
Dead, and living, rising, changing,  
In the twinkling of an eye  
Shall be caught up all together  
For the meeting in the air;  
With a shout, the Lord, descending,  
Shall Himself await us there.

Oh! what joy, that great foregathering,  
Trysted meeting in the air;  
Sweet to know He's coming for us,  
Calling us to join Him there.

- 3 He is coming – oh! how solemn  
When the Judge's voice is heard,  
And in His own light he shows us  
Every thought, and act, and word!  
Deeds of merit, as we thought them  
He will show us were but sin;  
Little acts we had forgotten  
He will tell us were for Him.

Oh! what joy when He imputeth  
Righteousness instead of sin;  
Sweet to take the linen garments,  
All a gift and all for Him.

- 4 He is coming as the Bridegroom,  
Coming to unfold at last  
The great secrets of His purpose,  
Mystery of ages past.  
And the Bride, to her is granted  
In His beauty now to shine,  
As in rapture she exclaimeth,  
"I am His, and He is mine."

Oh! what joy that marriage union,  
Mystery of love divine:  
Sweet to sing in all its fulness,  
"I am His and He is mine."

**246** Tune – The precious blood.  
R.S.345. C.M.D.

- 1 THE blood has always precious been,  
'Tis precious now to me;  
Through it alone my soul has rest,  
From fear and doubt set free.

O, wondrous is the crimson tide,  
Which from my Saviour flowed;  
And still in heaven my song shall be,  
"The precious, precious blood."

- 2 "I will remember now no more,"  
God's faithful word has said,  
"The follies and the sins of him  
For whom my Son has bled."

- 3 Not all my well-remembered sins  
Can startle or dismay;  
That precious blood atones for all,  
And bears my guilt away.

- 4 Perhaps this feeble frame of mine  
Will soon in sickness lie;  
But, resting on that precious blood,  
How peacefully I'll die.

**247** Tune – Redemption ground.  
S.S.20. L.M.D.

- 1 COME sing, my soul, and praise the  
Lord,  
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;  
Delivered thee from chains that bound,  
And brought thee to redemption  
ground.

Redemption ground, the ground of  
peace!  
Redemption ground, oh wondrous  
grace!  
Here let our praise to God abound,  
Who saves us on redemption  
ground!

- 2 Once from my God I wandered far,  
And with His holy will made war;  
But now my songs to God abound,  
I'm standing on redemption ground.

- 3 Oh, joyous hour when God to me  
His Son revealed on Calvary;  
My bonds were loosed, my soul  
unbound;  
I sang upon redemption ground.

- 4 No works of merit now I plead,  
But Jesus take for all my need;  
No righteousness in me is found,  
Except upon redemption ground.
- 4 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;  
Accept redemption, and be blest;  
The Christ who died by God is crowned  
To pardon on redemption ground.

**248** Tune - I will. S.S.474 P.M.

1 AGAIN the blessed Gospel I have heard.  
That word divine and true,  
And God again has spoken to my soul;  
O now what shall I do?

I come . . . I come . . .  
I come to Thee, my God,  
I do Thy love believe,  
I do accept Thy gift of life and peace,  
I do Thy Son receive.

- 2 My wayward heart has wandered far from Thee,  
And known no rest or home,  
No present peace, no hope of joy beyond,  
But now to Thee I come.
- 3 No works of mine, no merit can I bring,  
No holiness within,  
I only trust the precious blood of Christ;  
It cleanses from all sin.

**249** Tune - Jesus saves. S.S.1079 P.M.

- 1 WE have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Tell the message all around:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Bear the news to ev'ry land,  
Climb the steep斯 and cross the waves,  
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide;  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Say to sinners far and wide:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Tell the outcast and the bad,  
Sin and Satan's vilest slaves,  
Tell the weary and the sad;  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

- 3 Sing above the toil and strife:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
By His death and endless life -  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,  
When the heart for mercy craves:  
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb -  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
- 4 Let the trembling sinner hear:  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
This will chase away his fear -  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!  
Shout salvation full and free,  
To every strand that ocean laves  
This our song of victory -  
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

**250** Tune - Communion B.H.B.217. L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks - has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart, and open hands!  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very Friend you need:  
The Friend of sinners - yes 'tis He,  
That Friend who died on Calvary.
- 4 Admit Him - for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
Admit Him - or the hour's at hand,  
When at His door denied you'll stand.

**251** Tune - At the cross. R.S.611 C.M.

- 1 THE Cross! the Cross! the wondrous Cross  
On which the Saviour died;  
I gaze upon the thorn-clad brow,  
That pierced and bleeding side.
- At the Cross! at the Cross!  
where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away;  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

2 I see the burden of my sin,  
By God upon Him laid;  
And He, the spotless Lamb of God,  
For sinners sin was made.

3 The Cross of Christ is all my boast,  
His blood my only plea;  
My passport to the realms of bliss  
Is, Jesus died for me.

**252** Tune – Bullinger. R.S.399.  
P.M.

1 PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary,  
Shed for rebels, and for sinners,  
Shed for me.

2 Precious blood that hath redeemed us,  
All the price is paid!  
Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.  
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole,  
Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er thy soul.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Ever flowing free!  
Oh, believe it, Oh receive it,  
'Tis for thee.

6 Precious blood, whose full atonement  
Makes us nigh to God!  
Precious blood, our song and glory,  
Praise and laud!

**253** Tune – Christ returneth.  
B.H.B.106.

1 IT may be at morn, when the day is  
awaking  
When sunlight through darkness and  
shadow is breaking,  
That Jesus will come in the fulness of  
glory,  
To receive from the world "His  
own."

O Lord Jesus, how long? –  
How long – ere we shout the glad song?

Christ returneth! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,  
It may be, perchance, that the blackness  
of midnight  
Will burst into light in the blaze of His  
glory,  
When Jesus receives "His own."

3 While hosts cry Hosanna, from Heaven  
descending,  
With glorified saints and the angels  
attending,  
With grace on His brow, like a halo of  
glory,  
Will Jesus receive "His own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go  
without dying!  
No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and  
no crying:  
Caught up through the clouds, with our  
Lord into glory,  
When Jesus receives "His own."

**254** Tune – Ballerma. B.H.B.371.  
C.M.

1 MY soul amid this stormy world  
Is like some fluttered dove,  
And fain would be as swift of wing  
To flee to Him I love.

2 The cords that bound my heart to earth  
Are loosed by Jesus' hand:  
Before His cross I now am left  
A stranger in the land.

3 That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,  
The thorns, the scourge, the gall;  
These were the golden chains of love  
His captive to enthrall.

4 Fain would I, Saviour, know Thy love,  
Which yet no measure knows,  
Would search the depth of all Thy  
wounds,  
The secret of Thy woes.

5 Fain would I strike the golden harp,  
And wear the promised crown,  
And at Thy feet while bending low,  
Would sing what grace has done.

**255** Tune - The Great Physician. S.S.89. P.M.

1 TWAS love that sought Gethsemane,  
Or Judas ne'er had found Thee;  
'Twas love that nailed Thee to the tree,  
Or iron ne'er had bound Thee.

2 'Twas love that lived, 'twas love that died  
With endless life to bless us,  
Well hast Thou won Thy blood-bought bride;  
Worthy art Thou, Lord Jesus.

**256** Tune - Calvary. R.S.153. P.M.

1 ON Calvary's brow . . . my Saviour died,  
'Twas there my Lord . . . was crucified, . . .  
'Twas on the cross . . . He bled for me, . . .  
And purchased there . . . my pardon free.

O Calvary! dark Calvary!  
Where Jesus shed His blood for me,  
O Calvary! blest Calvary!  
'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

2 'Mid rending rocks . . . and dark'ning skies, . . .  
My Saviour bows . . . His head and dies, . . .  
The opening veil . . . reveals the way . . .  
To Heaven's joys . . . and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, . . . how can it be . . .  
That Thou should'st give . . . Thy life for me? —  
To bear the cross . . . and agony —  
In that dread hour . . . on Calvary!

**257** Tune - Abundantly able. R.S.201. P.M.

1 WHOEVER receiveth the Crucified One,  
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,  
A free and a perfect salvation shall have;  
For He is abundantly able to save.

O sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee,  
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;

His blood as a ransom for sinners  
He gave;  
And He is abundantly able to save.

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God,  
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleansing blood,  
A full and eternal redemption shall have;  
For He is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever receives the forgiveness of sin,  
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,  
A present and perfect salvation shall have:  
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

**258** Tune - Mainzer. B.H.B.15. L.M.

1 BEFORE 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 When Satan tempts me to despair,  
Telling of evil yet within,  
Upward I look, and see Him there,  
Who made an end of all my sin.

3 Because the sinless Saviour died,  
My sinful soul is counted free,  
For God the just is satisfied  
To look on Him and pardon me.

4 Behold Him there the once slain Lamb,  
My perfect, spotless, righteousness,  
The great unchangeable "I am,"  
The King of glory and of grace.

5 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.

**259** Tune - Ewing. B.H.B.263. 7-6

1 The glory shines before me!  
I cannot linger here!  
Though clouds may darken o'er me,  
My Father's house is near.

If through this barren desert  
A little while I roam,  
The glory shines before me,  
I am not far from home!

2 Beyond the storms I'm going,  
Beyond the vale of tears,  
Beyond the floods o'erflowing,  
Beyond the changing years.  
I'm going to a better land,  
By faith long since possess'd,  
The glory shines before me,  
For this is not my rest.

3 The Lamb is there the glory!  
The Lamb is there the light!  
Affliction's grasp but tore me  
From phantoms of the night.  
The voice of Jesus calls me;  
My race will soon be run;  
The glory shines before me,  
The prize will soon be won.

4 The glory shines before me,  
I know that all is well!  
My Father's care is o'er me,  
His praises I would tell.  
The love of Christ constrains me,  
His blood has washed me white,  
Where Jesus is the glory –  
'Tis home! and love! and light!

## 260 Tune – Lynwood. B.H.B.279. C.M.

1 THERE is a fold where none can stray,  
And pastures ever green,  
Where sultry sun or stormy day  
Or night is never seen.

2 There is a Shepherd living there,  
The first-born from the dead,  
Who tends with sweet unwearyed care  
The flock for which He bled.

3 There congregate the sons of light,  
Fair as the morning sky;  
And taste of infinite delight  
Beneath their Saviour's eye.

4 Their joy bursts forth in strains of love,  
In one harmonious song;  
And through the heavenly courts  
above  
The echoes roll along.

5 O may our faith take up that sound,  
Though toiling here below;  
'Midst trials may our joys abound,  
And songs amidst our woe.

6 Until we reach that happy shore,  
And join to swell their strain;  
And from our God go out no more,  
And never weep again.

## 261 Tune – Sigismund. B.H.B.111. 8-7

1 RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee;  
Stranger hands no more impede,  
Pass thou on; His hand protects thee,  
Strength that has the captive freed.

2 Is the wilderness before thee,  
Desert land where drought abides?  
Heavenly springs shall there restore  
thee,  
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

3 Light divine surrounds thy going;  
God Himself shall mark thy way;  
Secret blessings, richly flowing,  
Lead to everlasting day.

4 In the desert God will teach thee  
What the God that thou hast found –  
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy –  
All His grace shall there abound.

5 Though thy way be long and dreary,  
Eagle strength He'll still renew;  
Garments fresh and foot unwearied,  
Tell how God hath brought thee  
through.

6 There no stranger God shall meet thee;  
Stranger thou in courts above;  
He who to His rest shall greet thee  
Greets thee with a well-known love.

## 262 Tune – Pray, brethren, pray. S.S.1032. P.M.

1 COME sinner, come! the time is flying,  
Come while you may, for men are  
dying,  
Death reaps its sheaves on every hand  
The old, the young, on sea, on land.

Eternity is drawing nigh,  
Eternity is drawing nigh.

- 2 Haste, ling'rer, haste! the door is closing,  
Your soul its day of grace is losing;  
The time of love will quickly end,  
The wrath of God will soon descend.
- 3 Now, sinner, now! while God is calling,  
Now, while the shades of night are falling;  
Behold, the Judge is at the door,  
His lips will speak of grace no more.

**263** Tune – Will you go. R.S.111. P.M.

- 1 WE'RE travelling home to heaven above,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
Will you go? Will you go?  
Millions have reached that blissful shore,  
Their trials and their labours o'er.  
And yet there's room for millions more,  
Will you go? Will you go?
- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light,  
Far, far from death, and curse, and night;  
The crown of life we then shall wear,  
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,  
And all the joys of heaven share.

- 3 We're going to see the risen Lamb,  
In rapturous songs to praise His name;  
Our sun will then no more go down,  
Our moon no more shall be withdrawn,  
Our days of mourning ever gone.

- 4 The way to heaven is straight and plain:  
Repent, believe, be born again.  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see.

- 5 O could I hear some sinner say –  
I will go! I will go!  
From Christ I can no longer stay!  
I will go! I will go!  
My old companions, fare ye well,  
I will not go with you to hell:  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, &c.

**264** Tune – Angels hovering round. S.S.343. P.M.

- 1 "The wages of sin is death."  
2 "Prepare to meet thy God."  
3 "Ye must be born again."  
4 "Behold the Lamb of God."

**265** Tune – Till we meet. S.S.298. P.M.

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

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

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

**266** Tune – A shelter in time of storm S.S.539. P.M.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, I know I do;  
A shelter in the time of storm:  
And that's not all, He loves me, too,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

Oh, Jesus is a rock in a weary land,  
A weary land, a weary land;  
Oh, Jesus is a rock in a weary land,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

- 2 A long time dead in sin I lay,  
No shelter in the time of storm;  
I feared to think of the judgment day,  
No shelter in the time of storm.

- 3 But now I've fled from Satan's power,  
To the shelter in the time of storm;  
I rest in Jesus at this hour,  
My shelter in the time of storm.
- 4 He hides me from the wrath of God,  
My shelter in the time of storm:  
He gives me peace amidst alarm,  
My shelter in the time of storm.
- 5 He shields my soul from every harm,  
My shelter in the time of storm;  
He gives me peace amidst alarm,  
My shelter in the time of storm.
- 6 Come, sinner, flee for refuge, too,  
To the shelter in the time of storm;  
There's room beneath its shade for  
you,  
In the shelter in the time of storm.
- 7 And when on earth we need no more  
A shelter in the time of storm,  
We'll praise Him on yon golden shore,  
Our shelter in the time of storm.

## **267** Tune – The Cross now covers. S.V.228. P.M.

- 1 OH, Jesus, how great is Thy mercy  
To die for a rebel like me,  
And give me a glorious salvation,  
So precious, so perfect, so free!
- The cross now covers my sins,  
I'm under the shelter of blood,  
I'm trusting, Lord Jesus, in Thee  
Brought nigh even now unto  
God.
- 2 I thought I was saved by my working,  
My goodness, my praying, or tears:  
For Satan said, "Use every effort  
To conquer your sins and your  
fears."
- 3 Until I at last saw the Saviour,  
And knew it was only His blood,  
That could bring me, a vile, wretched  
sinner,  
Near, near to a heart-searching God.
- 4 But now free from all condemnation,  
By faith on the Lamb I would gaze.  
And know that, ere long, in the glory,  
My song of thanksgiving I'll raise.

## **268** Tune – There is a Fountain S.V.129

- 1 HE comes, He comes, the Bridegroom  
comes;  
The "Morning Star" appears;  
The "cloudless morning" sweetly  
dawns,  
Saints quit this vale of tears.  
Your absent Lord no longer mourn;  
Reproach no longer bear;  
He comes, He comes, rise happy saints,  
To meet Him in the air.
- 2 He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom  
comes;  
The Church is now complete,  
Her Lord beholds her "clean and fair,"  
A partner for Him meet.  
He comes, His purchased Bride to  
claim,  
Her "mansion" is prepared.  
He comes, He comes, rise waiting  
saints,  
To meet your waiting Lord.

- He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom  
comes;  
He "shouts" for His great joy,  
As yet unseen by mortal flesh,  
He tarries in the sky.  
The marriage o'er, to earth He'll come,  
No longer hid from men,  
He'll come, He'll come, with all His  
saints,  
To shew His glory then.

## **269** Tune – Why I love Jesus. S.V.322. P.M.

- 1 WOULD you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because my blessed Jesus  
From my sins has ransomed me.
- This is why I love my Jesus,  
This is why I love Him so –  
He has pardoned my transgressions,  
He has washed me white as snow.
- 2 Would you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because the blood of Jesus,  
Has been shed for guilty me.
- 3 Would you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
Tis because amid temptations  
He supports and strengthens me.

4 Would you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because in every conflict  
Jesus gives me victory.

5 Would you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because my Friend and Saviour  
He will ever, ever be.

6 Would you know why I love Jesus,  
Why He is so dear to me?  
'Tis because for me He's coming,  
And His glory I shall see.

**270** Tune – Since I have been.  
S.V.283. P.M.

1 I HAVE a song I love to sing,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
Of my Redeemer, Saviour, King,  
Since I have been redeemed.

Since I have been redeemed,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
I will glory in His name,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
I will glory in the Saviour's name.

2 I have a Christ that satisfies,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
To do His will's my highest prize  
Since I have been redeemed.

3 I have a witness bright and clear,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
Dispelling every doubt and fear,  
Since I have been redeemed.

4 I have a joy I can't express,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
Through Jesus Christ, God's righteousness  
Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a home prepared for me,  
Since I have been redeemed,  
Where I shall dwell eternally,  
Since I have been redeemed.

**271** Tune – Salvation  
P.M.

1 WE love to sing of the Lord who died,  
And His wondrous love proclaim;  
How there's life and peace through the  
Crucified,  
And salvation through His name.

Salvation! salvation!  
Vast, full and free;  
Through the precious blood  
Of the Son of God,  
Who was slain on Calvary.

2 Oh, the height and depth of His boundless love,  
And His mercy who can tell,  
When He came to the Cross from the Throne above,  
To save our souls from hell!

3 Our sins and guilt were upon Him laid,  
He the wrath of God endured,  
By His precious blood an atonement made  
And our full discharge procured.

4 Ascended now to God's right hand,  
A conqueror o'er the grave;  
He bids us tell through every land  
His mighty pow'r to save.

**272** Tune – The harvest is passing.  
R.S.249. P.M.

1 HARK sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,  
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;  
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee –  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee,  
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!  
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee –  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;  
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!  
Then hasten thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee –  
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power;  
Our God will arise with His foes to contend;  
Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour –  
“The harvest is passing, the summer will end.”

**273** Tune – Come, come, today. P.M.  
1 SINNER, turn and come to Jesus,  
Ere the day of grace is ended;  
He is waiting to receive you,  
Come, come to-day.

While the Holy Spirit's moving,  
Wandering sheep to Jesus bringing,  
All His love and mercy proving,  
Teaching us salvation's way.

2 All our sins were laid on Jesus  
When He died that He might save us,  
Jesus' death to life doth raise us,  
Come, come today.

3 He ascended up to glory,  
To send down the Holy Spirit,  
And He prays the Father for us,  
Come, come today.

4 He can break the chain that binds you,  
Raging thirst or deeds unholy:  
Satan's bondage now that grinds you,  
Come, come today.

5 Tho' your sins be red as crimson,  
Jesus' blood's a cleansing fountain,  
All your sins will be forgiven,  
Only believe.

**274** Tune – What a gathering. P.M.  
1 WE'LL all gather home in the morning,  
On the banks of the bright jasper sea,  
We'll meet the redeemed and the faithful;  
What a gathering that will be!

What a gathering, gathering, gathering that will be!  
What a gathering, gathering, what a gathering that will be!

2 We'll all gather home in the morning,  
At the sound of the great Jubilee;  
We'll all gather home in the morning,  
What a gathering that will be!

3 We'll all gather home in the morning,  
Our blessed Redeemer to see!  
We'll meet with the friends gone before us;  
What a gathering that will be!

4 We'll all gather home in the morning,  
To sing of redemption so free;  
We'll praise Him for grace so abounding;  
What a gathering that will be!

**275** Tune – Hark the Gospel. R.S.212. 8-7-4  
1 HARK! the voice of Jesus calling –  
“Come, ye laden, come to Me;  
I have rest and peace to offer,  
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee:  
**Take salvation –  
Take it NOW and happy be.”**

2 Yes; though high in heavenly glory,  
Still the Saviour calls to thee;  
Faith can hear His gracious accents –  
“Come, ye laden, come to Me.”

3 Soon that voice will cease its calling,  
Now it speaks and speaks to thee;  
Sinner, heed the gracious message –  
To the blood for refuge flee.

4 Life is found alone in Jesus,  
Only there 'tis offered thee –  
Offered without price or money,  
'Tis the gift of God sent free.

**276** Tune – Power in Jesus' blood. P.M.  
1 AH! many years my burdened heart  
Has sighed and longed to know  
The virtue of the Saviour's blood,  
That washes white as snow.

There's power in Jesus' blood,  
There's power in Jesus' blood,  
There's power in Jesus' cleansing blood  
That washes white as snow.

- 2 I heard the saints in rapture tell  
How much a soul may know,  
Of Jesus' precious cleansing blood,  
That washes white as snow.
- 3 I came to Jesus, sick and vile,  
That I His grace might know,  
And, trusting in His precious blood,  
It washed me white as snow.
- 4 He cast on me a look of love,  
Such as no words can show,  
I knew within my weary heart,  
He washed me white as snow.
- 5 Oh, tell to every saint you meet,  
To sinners high and low,  
That trusting in the Saviour's blood,  
It washes white as snow.

**277** Tune – Christ arose.  
B.H.B.344.

1 LOW in the grave He lay –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Waiting the coming day –  
Jesus, my Lord.

Up from the grave He arose, . . .  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes, . . .  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints  
to reign,  
He arose! . . . He arose! . . .  
Hallelujah; Christ arose.

- 2 Vainly they watch His bed –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Vainly they seal the dead –  
Jesus, my Lord.
- 3 Death cannot keep his prey –  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
He tore the bars away –  
Jesus, my Lord.

**278** Tune – I heard the voice of Jesus  
S.S.(888). 610.

1 SALVATION! what a precious word!  
Salvation! what a theme!  
It casts across the sinner's path  
A radiant, heavenly beam!  
However cheerless, dark, and sad,  
The path before he trod,  
Salvation comes with blissful rays,  
And lights the soul to God.

- 2 Salvation is the precious boon  
Of love divine to man;  
Salvation is the grand result  
Of God's redemption plan;  
It finds the sinner far from God,  
And brings him very nigh;  
It finds him full of sin and shame,  
And makes him full of joy.

- 3 Salvation is the song on earth,  
Of all who love the Lord;  
Salvation is the theme of heaven –  
Its fullest, sweetest chord.  
Salvation! oh, poor sinner come,  
And join the glorious strain;  
Rest in the Saviour's precious love,  
And light and joy obtain.

**279** Tune – Redemption Ground.  
R.S.30. L.M.

- 1 THE love of God is righteous love,  
Inscribed upon Golgotha's tree –  
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,  
Yet in exacting, sets him free.

O wondrous love! for sinners given,  
To save from hell, and bring to heaven!  
O tell the virtues all abroad  
Of love divine – the love of God.

- 2 Love that condemns the sinner's sin,  
Yet in condemning, pardon seals;  
That saves from righteous wrath, and  
yet,  
In saving, righteousness reveals.

- 3 No, not the love without the blood;  
That were to me no love at all;  
It could not reach my sinful soul,  
Nor hush the fears that me appal.

- 4 I need the love, I need the blood,  
I need the grace, the cross, the grave,  
I need the resurrection power,  
A soul like mine to purge and save.

- 5 This is the love that stills my fears,  
That soothes each conscious pang  
within,  
That pacifies my troubled heart,  
And frees me from the power of sin.

**280** Tune – Till we meet.  
S.S. 298.  
1 FAREWELL, loved ones, till we meet again;  
May the Lord His blessing send us,  
May His loving power defend us;  
Farewell, till we meet – we meet again.  
  
Till we meet . . . till we meet . . .  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet.  
Till we meet – till we meet;  
Farewell till we meet – we meet again.

- 2 Farewell, loved ones, till we meet again;  
More and more of Jesus knowing,  
Peace o'er all our spirits flowing;  
Farewell, till we meet – we meet again.  
  
3 Farewell loved ones, till we meet again;  
Or – should close life's fleeting story;  
Till we meet, each one, in glory,  
Farewell, till we meet – we meet again.

**281** Tune – 'Tis Jesus leads.  
R.S.356. P.M.  
1 THEY tell me there are dangers  
In the path my feet must tread;  
But they cannot see the glory  
That is shining round my head.

O 'tis Jesus leads my footsteps,  
He has made my heart His own,  
For I would not dare to journey  
Through the wide wide world alone.

- 2 They tell me life has trials,  
And the fairest hopes will flee;  
But I trust my all in Jesus,  
And I know He cares for me.  
  
3 I know my heart is sinful,  
And my love seems all too small,  
But if Jesus' arm is round me,  
I shall win and conquer all.  
  
4 When the journey here has ended,  
Then I His face shall see;  
For the pearly gates will open,  
And I know He'll welcome me.

**282** Tune – Shall we gather.  
B.H.B.35. P.M.  
1 CHRISTIANS go and tell of Jesus,  
How He died to save our souls;  
How that He from sin might free us,  
Suffered agonies untold.

Yes we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus,  
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save.

- 2 Tell the guilty of their danger,  
While they wander far from God;  
While they live to Christ a stranger  
And reject His precious Word.  
  
3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
How, that they might be forgiven,  
Jesus left His home above.  
  
4 Tell them how He hath ascended  
To prepare a home on high,  
Where all sorrows shall be ended,  
Where the saved shall never die.

**283** Tune – Mariners. S.S.1048.  
8-7  
1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thine help I'm come:  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
  
3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

- 4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.  
  
5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Take my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

**284** Tune – Gotha. B.H.B.21.  
8-7-8-7  
1 "BURIED" in the grave of Jesus,  
We believe what God has said;  
Faith, His judgment acquiescing,  
"Reckons" now that we are dead.

- 2 Death and judgment are behind us,  
Grace and glory are before –  
All the billows roll'd o'er Jesus  
There exhausted all their power.
- 3 "First-fruits" of the resurrection,  
He is risen from the tomb;  
Now we stand in new creation,  
Free, because beyond our doom.
- 4 Jesus died and we died with Him,  
"Buried" in His grave we lie,  
One with Christ in resurrection,  
"Seated" now in Him on high.
- 5 We await the full redemption,  
When the risen One shall come;  
And our mortal body changéd,  
Shall be fashioned like His own.
- 6 Lord, we share in Thy rejection –  
Thy reproach, oh, may we love;  
Here we stand in Thine acceptance  
In the Father's sight above.

**285** Tune – Tallis.      B.H.B.73.      C.M.

- 1 HE sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
And He is strong to save;  
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
And guides each drifting wave.
- 2 Though loud around the vessel's prow  
The waves may toss and break;  
Yet, at His word, they sink to rest,  
As on a tranquil lake.
- 3 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
As in the days of old,  
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head,  
The waves and billows rolled.
- 4 Yea, all the billows passed o'er Him;  
Our sins – they bore Him down;  
For us He met th' o'erwhelming storm –  
He met th' Almighty's frown.
- 5 He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,  
Then doubt and fear no more;  
For He who pass'd thro' all the storms  
Has reached the heavenly shore.
- 6 And every tempest-driven bark,  
With Jesus for its guide,  
Will soon be moor'd in harbour calm,  
In glory to abide.

**286** Tune – He leadeth me. S.S.542  
or B.H.B.70.      P.M.

- 1 HE leadeth me, oh blessed thought,  
Oh words with heavenly comfort  
fraught;  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

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

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest  
gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers  
bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
And never murmur or repine –  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since, 'tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by Thy grace the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
If God through Jordan leadeth me.

**287** Tune – Home, sweet Home.  
S.S. (888) 111.      P.M.

- 1 NO future but glory, Lord Jesus,  
have we,  
How bright is the prospect of being with  
Thee!  
Oh, Home of all homes, with the Father  
above,  
Oh, wonderful dwelling of infinite love!  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
How blessed the prospect, Lord Jesus,  
of Home!
- 2 The path to the glory would seem to  
be long  
If Thou didst not cheer us and lead us in  
song;  
Whatever the sufferings we meet on  
the road,  
Our future is glory, our home is with  
God.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
How sweet are the foretastes, Lord  
Jesus, of Home!

3 No future but glory, Lord Jesus,  
have we,  
For man is in glory already, in Thee;  
The brighter the glory that shines in  
Thy face,  
The clearer our title to glory, through  
grace.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
Our future is glory, in Thy blessed  
Home!

4 "This one thing" we'd do, we would  
press towards the goal,  
Thyself, Lord, in glory the prize of our  
soul;  
Forget what's behind, for the bright  
things before,  
Since all they who know Thee would  
know Thee still more.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
We'd press on to know Thee, and reach  
Thee at Home!

5 In heaven alone is our city and state,  
From thence, Lord, as Saviour, Thyself  
we await;  
Our bodies to change and conform  
them to Thine,  
That we in Thine image and glory may  
shine.  
Home, Home, bright, bright Home!  
We soon shall be with Thee, and like  
Thee, at Home!

## 288 Tune – Redeemed. S.V.419. P.M.

1 REDEEMED, how I love to proclaim it!  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy,  
God's child and for ever I am.

Redeemed! Redeemed!  
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.  
Redeemed! Redeemed!  
God's child and for ever I am.

2 Redeemed and so happy in Jesus,  
No language my rapture should tell;  
I know that the light of His presence  
With me doth continually dwell.

3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,  
I think of Him all the day long;  
I sing, for I cannot be silent,  
His love is the theme of my song.

4 I know I shall see in His beauty  
The King in whose word I delight,  
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps  
And giveth me songs in the night.

5 I know there's a crown that is waiting  
In yonder bright mansions for me,  
And soon, with the spirits made perfect,  
At home with the Lord I shall be.

## 289 Tune -- Munich. B.H.B.167. 7-6-7-6-D

1 NO bone of Thee was broken,  
Thou spotless paschal Lamb!  
Of life and peace a token  
To us who know Thy name;  
The Head, for all the members,  
The curse, the vengeance bore,  
And God, our God, remembers  
His people's sins no more.

2 We, Thy redeem'd, are reaping  
What Thou didst sow in tears;  
This feast which we are keeping  
Thy name to us endears;  
It tells of justice hiding  
The face of God from Thee;  
Proud men around deriding  
Thy sorrows on the tree.

3 Thy death of shame and sorrow  
Was like unto thy birth,  
Which would no glory borrow,  
No majesty from earth:  
Thy pilgrims, we are hastening  
To our eternal home,  
Its joy already tasting,  
Of vict'ry o'er the tomb.

4 Thy life and death reviewing,  
We tread the narrow way:  
Our homeward path pursuing,  
We watch the dawn of day:  
We eat and drink with gladness  
The symbol bread and wine,  
And sing with sweetest sadness  
Our song of love divine.

## 290 Tune – Olivet. B.H.B.56. P.M.

1 "GLORY to God on high!  
Peace upon earth and joy,  
Goodwill to man."

We who God's blessing prove,  
His name all names above,  
Sing now the Saviour's love,  
Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite,  
O 'tis a wondrous sight –  
All sights above!  
Jesus the curse sustains!  
Guilt's bitter cup He drains  
Nothing for us remains –  
Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,  
Love that no thought can reach,  
No love like His.  
God is its blessed source,  
Death ne'er can stop its course,  
Nothing can stay its force;  
Matchless it is.

4 Blest in this love we sing;  
To God our praises bring,  
All sins forgiven.  
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee  
Honour and majesty,  
Now and for ever be,  
Here and in heaven!

## 291 Tune – St. Magnus. B.H.B.17. C.M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb with glory crowned,  
To Him all power is given:  
No place too high for Him is found,  
No place too high in heaven.

2 He fills the throne, the throne above,  
He fills it without wrong;  
The object of His Father's love,  
The theme of angels' song.

3 Though high, yet He accepts the praise  
His people offer here;  
The faintest, feeblest lay they raise  
Will reach the Saviour's ear.

4 This song be ours, and this alone,  
That celebrates the Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And that exalts the Lamb.

5 To Him whom men despise and slight,  
To Him be glory given;  
The crown is His, and His by right  
The highest place in heaven.

## 292 Tune – Emmanuel. B.H.B.216. C.M.

1 O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,  
By which the sinner lives!  
When stung with sin, this blood we view  
And all our joy revives.

2 The blood that purchased our release,  
And purged our crimson stains,  
We challenge earth and hell to show  
A sin it cannot cleanse.

3 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,  
And we brought nigh to God;  
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,  
That heaven-procuring blood.

4 The blood that makes His glorious  
Church  
From every blemish free;  
And oh! the riches of His love,  
He pour'd it out for me.

5 Guilty and worthless as I am,  
It all for me was given;  
And boldness through His blood I have  
To enter into heaven.

6 The Father's everlasting love,  
And Jesus' precious blood,  
Shall be our endless themes of praise  
In yonder blest abode.

7 In patience let us then possess  
Our souls till He appear;  
Our Head already is in heaven  
And we shall soon be there.

## 293 Tune – Palm. B.H.B.152. P.M.

1 My chains are snapt, the bonds of sin  
are broken,  
And I am free;  
Oh! let the triumphs of His grace be  
spoken,  
Who died for me.

2 O death! O grave! I do not dread your  
power,  
The ransom's paid;  
On Jesus, in that dark and dreadful  
hour,  
My guilt was laid.

- 3 Yes, Jesus bore it – bore, in love un-  
bounded,  
What none can know;  
He passed through death, and glorious-  
ly confounded  
Our every foe.
- 4 And now He's risen, proclaim the joy-  
ful story,  
The Lord's on high!  
And we in Him are raised to endless  
glory,  
And ne'er can die!
- 5 We wait to see the Morning Star  
appearing,  
In glory bright;  
This blessed hope illumines, with beams  
most cheering,  
The hours of night.
- 3 He sparéd not His Son!  
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,  
'Tis this that bids the hard thought  
disappear;  
He spared not His Son!
- 4 Who shall condemn us now?  
Since Christ has died, and risen, and  
gone above,  
For us to plead at the right hand of Love,  
Who shall condemn us now?
- 5 'Tis God that justifies!  
Who shall recall His pardon or His  
grace?  
Or who the broken chain of guilt  
replace?  
'Tis God that justifies!
- 6 The victory is ours!  
For us in might came forth the mighty  
One,  
For us He fought the fight, the triumph  
won;  
The victory is ours!

## **294** Tune – St. Ann B.H.B.100. C.M.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 3 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure,  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

## **296** Tune – Lenox. B.H.B.181. 6-6-6-6-8-8

- 1 O BLESSED God! how kind  
Are all Thy ways to me,  
Whose dark benighted mind  
Was emnity 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 swell 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 by Jesus, when  
My feet made haste to hell;  
And there should I have gone,  
But Thou dost all things well.  
Thy love was great, Thy mercy free,  
Which from the pit delivered me.
- 4 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 great heart of love, O God!

## **295** Tune – New Hereford. B.H.B.24. P.M.

- 1 Blessed be God, our God,  
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,  
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one;  
Blessed be God, our God!
- 2 What will He not bestow?  
Who freely gave this mighty gift un-  
bought,  
Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought,  
What will He not bestow?

5 A monument of grace,  
A sinner saved by blood,  
The streams of love I trace,  
Up to the fountain, God,  
And in His sovereign counsels see  
Eternal thoughts of love to me.

## 297 Tune – Barrow. S.V.34.

- 1 O LORD, when we the path retrace  
Which Thou on earth hast trod,  
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,  
Thy faithfulness to God.
- 2 Thy love to man so sorely tried  
Proved stronger than the grave;  
The very spear that pierced Thy side  
Drew forth the blood to save.
- 3 Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,  
Midst darkness only light,  
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,  
And in His will delight.
- 4 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,  
By suffering, shame and loss;  
Thy path, uncheered by earthly smiles,  
Led only to the Cross.

- 5 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,  
We meekly would confess,  
How little we, who bear Thy name,  
Thy mind, Thy ways express.
- 6 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;  
We would obedient be;  
And all our rest and pleasure find,  
In fellowship with Thee.

## 298 Tune – For ever with the Lord. B.H.B.48.

- 1 I HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
A mansion which eternal love  
Design'd and form'd for me.
- 2 My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this blest abode;  
From everlasting it was plann'd  
My dwelling-place with God.
- 3 My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure;  
He passed through death's dark raging flood  
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,  
The earnest has been given;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore  
Where partings are unknown.

6 But more than all I long  
His glories to behold,  
Whose smile fills all the radiant throng  
With ecstasy untold.

7 That bright, yet tender smile,  
My sweetest welcome there,  
Shall cheer me through the "little while"  
I tarry for Him here.

8 Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be;  
Till Thou shall speak the gladdening word  
That bids me rise to Thee.

## 299 Tune – Heber. B.H.B.270.

1 THE HOLIEST now we enter  
In perfect peace with God,  
Regaining our lost centre  
Through Christ's atoning blood;  
Though great may be our dullness  
In thought, and word, and deed,  
We glory in the fulness  
Of Him who meets our need.

2 Much incense is ascending  
Before the eternal throne,  
God graciously is bending  
To hear each feeble groan;  
To all our prayers and praises  
Christ adds His sweet perfume,  
And love the censer raises  
Their odours to consume.

3 O God, we come with singing,  
Because the great High Priest  
Our names to Thee is bringing,  
Nor e'er forgets the least.  
For us He wears the mitre,  
Where holiness shines bright,  
For us His robes are whiter  
Than heaven's unsullied light.

**300** Tune - Abraham. B.H.B.246.  
6-6-8-4-D

- 1 SALVATION to our God!  
Salvation to the Lamb!  
The shedding of His precious blood  
Our only claim.  
Our God salvation gives,  
And through the Lamb it flows;  
Once slain for us - for us He lives,  
Our sole repose.
- 2 The Lamb once slain is seen  
On God's eternal throne;  
And His redeemed are white and clean,  
Through him alone.  
Salvation's joyful sound  
Bursts from the blood-bought throng:  
And holy angels all around  
Take up the song.
- 3 Our hearts are tuned for this,  
Their songs our tongues employ;  
The Lamb, the spring of all our bliss,  
And God our joy.  
Salvation to our God,  
Thanksgiving, power, and might!  
And to the Lamb who shed His blood,  
Our life and light!

**301** Tune - Marienberg. B.H.B.203.  
8-8-6-8-6

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my longing heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
Oh, may I pant and thirst to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love -  
The love of Christ to me!
- 2 God only knows the love of God!  
Oh, that it more were shed abroad  
In this poor longing heart!  
For love I sigh - for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine -  
Be mine this better part.
- 3 Oh, that I may for ever sit,  
Like Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, my only bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this -  
To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Oh, that I may, like favour'd John,  
Recline my wearied head upon  
My Saviour's loving breast!  
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
My everlasting rest.

**302** Tune - Palestrina. B.H.B.194.  
or, O love that will. R.S.16.  
8-8-8-6

- 1 O HOLY SAVIOUR! Friend unseen!  
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st us lean,  
Help us throughout life's changing  
scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee!
- 2 Far from our home, fatigued, opprest,  
In Thee we've found our place of rest:  
As strangers still, yet not unblest,  
While we can cling to Thee.
- 3 Without a murmur we dismiss  
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,  
Our joy, our consolation this -  
Each hour to cling to Thee.
- 4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried  
We ask not, need not aught beside,  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee.

**303** Tune - Hark, hark my soul  
S.S.231, or Londonderry Air.  
11-10

- 1 HARK! hark! the voice of Jesus sweetly  
speaking,  
Telling of love which measure knows  
nor bound,  
Like summer breezes o'er the landscape  
sweeping,  
List to the gentle and peace-giving  
sound.
- Saviour, speak on, and give the ear  
of hearing,  
Bid words from glory round my  
heart entwine;  
Let not my soul, as'mid fierce storms  
careering,  
Lose in the tumult that sweet voice  
of Thine.
- 2 "Come, come to Me," from sin's sad  
ways returning,  
"Come, come to Me," and find thy par-  
don sealed;  
Over thy steps a Saviour's heart is  
yearning,  
Bow to His sceptre, and submissive  
yield.

3 Say not thy folly is too great for pardon,  
His is a love tongue never yet has told;  
Lingered, alas! will but thy spirit harden,  
Yield to the love which would thy soul enfold.

4 Pass to the banquet! Jesus' voice entreats thee,  
Earth's pleasures woo thy spirit then in vain;  
Resting in love – a love which waits to greet thee,  
Peace o'er thy spirit shall most sweetly reign.

5 Pardon and peace! all other boons transcending,  
Shall by thy soul, once trembling, be possessed.  
And every step of life be upward tending,  
Till welcomed to thy everlasting rest.

**304** Tune – A Sinner like me. S.S. 906. or, Why not (with chorus) S.S.351.

1 O SAY, hast thou been to the Saviour,  
Who life everlasting will give?  
He asks nothing hard of thee, sinner,  
'Tis only to trust Him, and live!

2 For free as the glorious sunshine,  
Yes, free as the light and the air,  
Is the blessed redemption of Jesus –  
O what with His love may compare?

3 How simple God's "way of salvation!"  
Not "trying" or "doing one's best,"  
But just in believing in Jesus  
The weary and sinful find rest!

4 " 'Tis finished!" O word fraught with meaning,  
How precious the message it tells;  
In our ears the glad music is ringing  
Like chiming of sweet silver bells!

5 Proclaiming release to the captive,  
Poor slaves of the tyrant set free,  
The power of Satan was broken  
When Jesus expired on the tree.

6 The Saviour has purchased thy freedom,  
But priceless the ransom He gave;  
Then trust in "the Blood", all-atoning  
Of Jesus, the "mighty to save".

**305** Tune – Sigismund. B.H.B.111.

ETERNITY! Eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity?

Count the gold and silver blossoms  
Spring has scattered o'er the lea;  
Count the softly winding ripples  
Sparkling o'er the summer sea;  
Count the lightly flickering shadows  
In the autumn forest glade;  
Count the fallen feathery snowflakes,  
Icy gems by winter made;  
Count the myriad blades that glitter  
Early in the morning dew;  
Count the desert sand that stretches  
Under noon tide's vault of blue.  
Count the notes that wood-birds warble  
In the evening's fading light;  
Count the stars that gleam and twinkle  
O'er the firmament by night.

When the counting all is done,  
Scarce ETERNITY'S begun;  
Pause and know – "Where wilt thou be  
During God's ETERNITY?"

**306** Tune – He arose. E.H.B.107. P.M.

1 WHY do I love Jesus?  
Why do I love Jesus?  
Why do I love Jesus?  
Because He first love me.

He arose! He arose!  
He arose and went to heaven in a cloud.

2 Sinners crucified Him,  
And nailed Him to the tree;

3 And now He lives for ever  
To intercede for me.

4 So that's why I love Jesus,  
Because He died for me.

**307** Tune – New Winchester.

B.H.B.300. L.M.

1 SEE MERCY – Mercy from on high,  
Descend to rebels doomed to die;  
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound;  
How sweet, how pleasant is the sound!

- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,  
The light of mercy dawning on man,  
When God announced the blessed  
news,  
"The woman's Seed thy head shall  
bruise."
- 3 Brightly it beamed on man forlorn,  
When Christ, the holy Child was born;  
And brighter still in splendour shone,  
When Jesus, dying, cried, " 'Tis done!"
- 4 Complete in power when He arose,  
And burst the bands of all His foes;  
Then captive led captivity,  
And took for us His seat on high.

- 5 Till we around Him there shall throng,  
This mercy shall be still our song;  
For God shall every scheme confound  
Of all that seek its course to bound.

**308** Tune - Dennis. B.H.B.351.  
8-8-10-8

- 1 WHAT soul is more happy than I,  
Who am for eternity saved?  
Made nigh to my God,  
Through Christ's precious blood,  
In whom, through His grace, I've  
believed.
- 2 Good works have had nothing to do  
In making amends for my guilt;  
Christ's work is the ground  
On which God has found  
Atonement most perfectly built.
- 3 In Christ I now learn that I'm made  
Partaker with saints in the light;  
Perfection divine  
In Him is made mine,  
Who dwells in the glory so bright.
- 4 In Christ, then, I stand all complete,  
Whose name be for ever adored;  
And now while I live,  
All glory I'll give  
To Jesus my Saviour and Lord.

**309** Tune - Rapture. B.H.B.240.  
P.M.

- 1 THE HEAVENLY Bridegroom soon  
will come  
To claim His bride and take her home,  
To dwell with Him on high.

Trim your lamps and be ready  
For the midnight cry.

- 2 The midnight hour will soon be here,  
The voice will sound distinct and clear,  
And fill both earth and sky.
- 3 The Bridegroom comes, let no man  
doubt,  
Alas! for those whose lamps are out,  
They'll find no oil to buy.
- 4 Who ready are shall enter in,  
The marriage feast will then begin,  
And every tear be dry.
- 5 The righteous saved for evermore,  
Their God shall ceaselessly adore,  
In bliss beyond the sky.
- 6 O sinner! ere it be too late,  
Flee thou to mercy's open gate,  
And join Christ's waiting band.

**310** Tune - I need no other  
argument. R.S.332. C.M.

- 1 THE LAMB of God for sinners died,  
A victim on the tree;  
He gave Himself a sacrifice,  
To set the guilty free.

I seek no other argument,  
I want no other plea;  
It is enough that Jesus died,  
And rose again for me.

- 2 The great Redeemer left the throne,  
The radiant throne on high,  
Surprising mercy! love unknown!  
To suffer, bleed, and die!
- 3 He took the guilty sinner's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For man (Oh miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled.

**311** Tune - Room for Thee. S.S.35.  
P.M.

- 1 THOU DIDST leave Thy throne and  
Thy kingly crown,  
When Thou camest to earth for me;  
But in Bethlehem's home was there  
found no room  
For the Holy Nativity.

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

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
And in great humility.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
In the shade of the cedar tree;  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choir shall sing  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying,  
"Yet there is room,  
There is room at My side for thee."

## **312** Tune – It reaches me. R.S.165. 8-7

1 OH, THIS uttermost salvation,  
'Tis a fountain full and free;  
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,  
Wondrous grace, it reaches me.

It reaches me, it reaches me,  
Wondrous grace, it reaches me;  
Pure, exhaustless, ever flowing,  
Wondrous grace, it reaches me.

2 How amazing God's compassion,  
That so vile a worm should prove  
This stupendous bliss of Heaven,  
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Saviour, I adore Thee,  
Now Thy love I would proclaim,  
I would tell the blessed story,  
I would magnify Thy name.

4 Soon 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.

## **313** Tune – Jesus is mine. B.H.B.168. P.M.

1 HOW BRIGHT that blessed hope! Jesus will come.  
Let us our heads lift up – Jesus will come;  
Morning so bright and clear,  
Mansions of God appear,  
Sin shall not enter there – Jesus will come.

2 Him every eye shall see – when He appears;  
Bright will the glory be – when He appears;  
Soon shall the trumpet speak,  
Each sleeping saint awake,  
And the glad morning break – when He appears.

3 Raised unto glory – then, at His return,  
Joyous our song shall be – at His return;  
Gathered around to Him,  
All learnt the heavenly hymn;  
Jesus our joyful theme – at His return.

4 Full of this blessed hope – till He shall come,  
Let us the cross take up – till He shall come;  
Happy reproach to bear,  
Shame, for His sake, to share;  
Since we the crown shall wear – when He shall come.

## **314** Tune – Verily, verily. R.S.173. P.M.

1 O WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!  
From condemnation He hath made me free;  
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,  
"Hath everlasting life."

"Verily, verily," I say unto you,  
Verily, verily, message ever new;  
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,  
"Hath everlasting life."

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

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

4 Though all unworthy, yet I will not  
doubt,  
For him that cometh He will not cast  
out,  
"He that believeth," O the glad news  
shout,  
    "**HATH** everlasting life."

**315** Tune-Bright Canaan. P.S.H.62.  
or, Gate ajar. S.S.372. P.M.

1 THY NAME we love, Lord Jesus;  
And lowly bow before Thee:  
And while we live, to Thee we give  
All blessing, worship, glory;  
We sing aloud Thy praises,  
Our hearts and voices blending,  
'Tis Thou alone we worthy own,  
Thy beauty's all transcending.

2 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells God's love unbounded,  
To ruined man, ere time began,  
Or heaven and earth were founded;  
Thine is a love eternal,  
That found in us its pleasure,  
That brought Thee low, to bear our  
woe,  
And make us Thine own treasure.

3 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
It tells Thy birth so lowly,  
Thy patience, grace, Thy gentleness,  
Thy lonely path, so holy;  
Thou wast the "Man of Sorrows";  
Our grief, too, Thou didst bear it;  
Our bitter cup Thou drankest up,  
The thorny crown – didst wear it.

4 Thy name we love, Lord Jesus;  
God's Lamb, Thou was ordained  
To bear our sin (Thyself all clean)  
And hast our guilt sustained:  
We see Thee crowned in glory,  
Above the heavens now seated.  
The victory won, Thy work well done,  
Our righteousness completed

**316** Tune – Evan. B.H.B.184.  
C.M.

1 OUR GOD, soon as Thy Son had died,  
Soon as the Lamb was slain,  
His body lifeless on the tree,  
The veil was rent in twain.

2 Our Father, now Thy countenance  
Shines on Thy great High Priest,  
Thy well belov'd, Thine only Son  
Thine everlasting rest.

3 Him crown'd with glory, fill'd with joy,  
Thy firstborn from the dead,  
Our faith beholds – we drink His cup,  
The members with the Head.

4 Our God and Father, we are Thine,  
We by Thy Spirit seal'd,  
All kings and priests adore Thy name,  
In Jesus' cross reveal'd.

**317** Tune – Take me as I am.  
S.S.476 8-8-8-6

1 THE WANDERER no more will roam,  
The lost one to the fold hath come,  
The prodigal is welcomed home,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

2 Thou clad in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father hath embraced His child;  
And I am pardon'd, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless;  
His love provides for me a dress –  
A robe of spotless righteousness,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

4 Now shall my famish'd soul be fed,  
A feast of love for me is spread;  
I feed upon the children's bread,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

5 Yea, in the fulness of His Grace,  
He puts me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His face,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

6 I cannot half His love express;  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

7 And when I in Thy presence shine,  
The glory and the praise be Thine,  
That everlasting joy is mine,  
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

**318**Tune - Look and live. S.S.427.  
P.M.

- 1 DOWN from the glory the Saviour  
came,  
Down to the Cross and the death of  
shame;  
Gazing in wonder I there exclaim -  
Jesus died for me.

Jesus died for me; Jesus died for me;  
This is my boast, and this is my song -  
Jesus died for me.

- 2 There as my surety He firmly stood,  
Paid for my ransom His precious blood;  
Died for my sin, to bring me to God -  
Jesus died for me.

- 3 Now in the Gospel He send to thee,  
News of salvation and pardon free,  
Whoso believeth his song shall be -  
Jesus died for me.

**319**Tune - Nothing but the blood.  
R.S.99. P.M.

- 1 WHAT CAN wash away my stain?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh, precious is the flow  
That makes me white as snow,  
No other fount I know  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 For my cleansing this I see,  
For my pardon, this my plea.  
3 Nothing can for sin atone;  
Naught of good that I have done.  
4 This is all my hope and peace;  
This is all my righteousness.

**320**Tune - Endsleigh. B.H.B.266.  
7-6

- 1 WE'RE PILGRIMS in the wilderness,  
Our dwelling is a camp;  
Created things, though pleasant,  
Now bear to us death's stamp.  
But onward we are speeding,  
Though often let and tried;  
The Holy Ghost is leading  
Home to the Lamb, who died.

2 With fellow-pilgrims meeting,  
As through the waste we roam,  
'Tis sweet to sing together,  
"We are not far from home!"  
And when we've learned our lesson,  
Our work, in suffering, done,  
Our ever-loving Father  
Will welcome everyone.

3 We look to meet our brethren,  
From every distant shore,  
Not one will seem a stranger,  
Though never seen before;  
With angel hosts attending  
In myriads through the sky:  
Yet 'midst them all, Thou only,  
O Lord, wilt fix the eye!

4 Lord, since we sing as pilgrims,  
O give us pilgrims' ways,  
Low thoughts of self, befitting  
Proclaimers of Thy praise.  
O make us each more holy,  
In spirit pure and meek;  
More like to heavenly citizens,  
As more of heaven we speak.

**321**Tune - Heber. B.H.B.97.  
7-6-D

1 FROM GREENLAND'S icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown:  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high;  
Can we to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till men of every nation  
Have heard the Saviour's Name.

## 322 Tune – When the pearly gates. R.S.793. P.M.

1 I HAVE SEEN the cross of Jesus,  
Gazed upon the Crucified:  
And my heart is won for ever,  
I am saved and satisfied.

Earth's joys no longer charm me,  
And the world has lost its hold,  
But my heart will sing with gladness,  
When the pearly gates unfold.

2 I had sought in worldly pleasure  
To forget eternity,  
Thus unsatisfied and weary,  
I was brought to Calvary.

3 O, the wondrous love of Jesus,  
Not the half hath yet been told,  
I shall know it in its fulness,  
When the pearly gates unfold.

## 323 Tune – Melcombe. B.H.B.219. L.M.

1 GOD COULD not pass the sinner by;  
His sins demand that he must die;  
But in the Cross of Christ we see  
How God can save yet righteous be

2 The judgment fell on Jesus' head,  
By His shed blood sin's debt is paid;  
God's justice will demand no more,  
And mercy can dispense her store.

3 The sinner who believes is free –  
Can say, "The Saviour died for me;"  
Can point to His atoning blood,  
And say, "This made my peace with  
God."

4 How wondrous the redemption plan,  
Designed by God for ruined man!  
His blessed Son in death laid low,  
That He might ENDLESS LIFE bestow.

## 324 Tune – Morning Light. B.H.B.205. 7-6

1 SALVATION! Oh, salvation!  
Endearing, precious sound!  
Shout, shout the word "**Salvation!**"  
To earth's remotest bound.  
Salvation for the guilty,  
Salvation for the lost,  
Salvation for the wretched,  
The sad and sorrow-toss'd.

2 Salvation for the aged,  
Salvation for the young,  
Salvation e'en for children,  
Proclaim with joyful tongue.  
Salvation for the wealthy,  
Salvation for the poor,  
Salvation for the lowly,  
E'en life for evermore.

3 Salvation without money,  
Salvation without price,  
Salvation without labour –  
Believing doth suffice;  
Salvation now this moment!  
Then why, Oh why delay?  
You may not see tomorrow;  
Now is salvation's day.

## 325 Tune – Juanita S.S.1170. P.M.

1 1 BRIGHT in the glory, where my Lord  
has gone before;  
Safe in the glory, to go out no more!  
I shall soon be sheltered, with His like-  
ness satisfied,  
All my thoughts concentrated on the  
Glorified.  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! Thou art all-in-all  
to me!  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! all my joy's in Thee!

2 Soon in the glory, I shall see my Lord  
who died!  
Throned in the glory, lives the Crucified;  
Lightly weighs life's burden, as I journey  
gladly on;  
Precious is my guerdon, Christ the Risen  
One.  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! Thou art all-in-all  
to me!  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! I would live to Thee!

3 There in glory we shall gather every  
one;  
Loud in the glory raise the joyful song;  
Unto Him that loved us never-ceasing  
praise be given,  
Sing we Hallelujah to the Lord of Heaven.  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! praise and glory  
be to Thee!  
Jesus, Lord Jesus! we shall reign with  
Thee!

## 326 Tune – New Zealand. H & S for M.S. or Content. B.H.B.286

1 WAKE, ye saints, from sleep awake,  
Now your lamps all burning take;  
Hark the loud, the midnight cry,  
Christ your Lord is nigh!

- 2 Gird your loins; all ready be!  
Shout with joy your Lord to see!  
Lo! the Lamb for us was slain,  
We with Him shall reign.
- 3 Come, Lord Jesus, come! we cry.  
Come, creation's groans reply.  
Chase the gloomy night away,  
Bring the cloudless day.
- 4 Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,  
Made us kings and priests to God;  
Come, and claim Thy ransomed Bride,  
Thou for her hast died!
- 5 Sit on Thine exalted throne,  
Take the kingdoms for Thine own;  
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Worthy Thou to reign!

**327** Tune - Innocents. B.H.B.20.  
7's

- 1 TIME is earnest, passing by;  
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;  
Sinner wilt thou trifling be?  
Time and death appeal to thee.
- 2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,  
Thou returnest never more,  
Soon to meet eternity!  
Wilt thou never serious be?
- 3 Heaven is earnest, solemnly  
Float its voices down to thee.  
Hell is earnest; thou art gay,  
Sporting through thine earthly day?
- 4 God is earnest; come today,  
Ere thy season pass away,  
Ere be set His judgement throne,  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.
- 5 Christ is earnest, bids thee come,  
God declares that all is done;  
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,  
Pleading with thee from above?

**328** Tune - Selma. B.H.B. 215.  
S.M.

- 1 "OH LORD, revive Thy work!"  
Bid show'rs of grace descend;  
To longing hearts reveal Thy love -  
And save us to the end.
- 2 We mourn our languid zeal -  
Our unbelief remove;  
O take our hearts and make them Thine;  
Lord fill each soul with love!

3 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"  
Regard Thy planted vine;  
Behold us each, through Christ the Son -  
For Thee, for Thee, we pine.

- 4 This is our heart-felt pray'r,  
Content we cannot be,  
We will not, dare not let Thee rest  
Till we Thy glory see!
- 5 "O Lord, revive Thy work!"  
Let many souls be sav'd;  
Make bare Thine arm, and rescue men,  
By nature all deprav'd.
- 6 Then fit us for Thy work,  
Endue with pow'r divine;  
Lord, keep us earnest in Thy cause,  
The glory shall be Thine!

**329** Tune - Hold the fort. S.S.669.  
P.M.

- 1 FORWARD, soldiers, bold and fearless,  
Hear the call of God;  
Prove your courage in the conflict  
Tread where brave men trod.  
  
Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,  
Hold it high and strong;  
Shout the name of Him who saves us,  
Swell the battle song.
- 2 Faith, our shield, and hope, our helmet,  
Satan's host we face;  
Marshalled in the might of Jesus,  
Win we by His grace.
- 3 Catch the orders of our Captain,  
Wield the Spirit's sword;  
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,  
Slaying with His Word.
- 4 Sharers in the glad hosanna,  
All who will believe,  
They who joyful hail His banner,  
Crowns of life receive.

**330** Tune - 'Tis the good old way.  
S.V.356. P.M.

- 1 WE ARE GOING forth with our staff in  
hand  
Through a desert wild in a stranger land.  
But our faith is bright, and our hope is  
strong,  
And the "good old way" is our pilgrim  
song.

'Tis the good old way, by our fathers  
trod;  
'Tis the way of life, and it leadeth  
unto God;  
'Tis the only path to the realms of day:  
We are going home in the good old  
way.

- 2 There are foes without, there are foes  
within;  
They would turn us back to the paths  
of sin;  
We will stop our ears to the words they  
say,  
While we onward pass in the good old  
way.
- 3 In the blissful hour of communion sweet,  
Let us come with joy to the mercy-seat;  
Oh, we love to sing, and we love to pray,  
And we bless the Lord for the good old  
way.
- 4 On the brink of time when we stand at  
last,  
When our sun has set, and our work is  
past,  
When we bid farewell to our mortal clay  
We will praise the Lord for the good  
old way.

**331** Tune – Home, Sweet, Home.  
S.S.(888) 111. 11's  
1 I SING of my Saviour's first coming to  
earth,  
To Bethlehem's manger, so lowly His  
birth;  
Court, palace, nor inn, would give Him  
a place;  
O Jesus! my Saviour, how wondrous  
Thy grace.

- 2 "Fear not," said the Angel, "'tis tidings  
of love,  
'Tis pleasure in men, highest glory  
above,  
'Tis peace upon earth!" what joy to  
proclaim,  
O Jesus! my Saviour, Thy wonderful  
Name.
- 3 In spite of rejection, and hatred, and  
loss,  
Thy love led Thee onward to Calvary's  
cross,  
Through waves and through billows,  
through darkness and pain,  
O Jesus! my Saviour, love's triumph  
to gain.

4 All finished Thy toil, crowned with  
honour Thy brow,  
A man in the glory! how worthy art Thou;  
Made head over all things, Thou dost  
life impart,  
O Jesus! my Saviour, to the Bride of  
Thy heart.

**332** Tune – One there is Who loves.  
S.S.445. P.M.

1 ONE THERE IS who loves thee,  
Waiting still for thee;  
Can't thou yet reject Him?  
None so kind as He!  
Do not grieve Him longer,  
Come, and trust Him now!  
He has waited all thy days:  
Why waitest thou?

One there is Who loves thee,  
Oh, receive Him now!  
He has waited all the day:  
Why waitest thou?

2 Tenderly He woos thee,  
Do not slight His call;  
Though thy sins are many,  
He'll forgive them all.  
By His blood so precious,  
He will cleanse thee now;  
He is waiting at thy heart:  
Why waitest thou?

3 Jesus still is waiting;  
Sinner, why delay?  
To His arms of mercy  
Rise and haste away!  
Only come believing,  
He will save thee now;  
He is waiting at the door:  
Why waitest thou?

**333** Tune – German Anthem.  
S.S.(888) 228.

1 HARK! HARK! it is the midnight cry,  
The Bridegroom comes, the Lord is  
nigh;  
He comes His heavenly bride to claim,  
To end her conflict, suffering, shame.

Awake! 'tis not the time to sleep;  
Awake! 'tis not the time to sleep;  
Awake! awake! the midnight watch  
to keep,  
Awake! the midnight watch to keep.

- 2 The midnight hours are dark and drear,  
And all around would make us fear;  
Our lamps are filled and burning bright,  
We patient wait till morning light.
- 3 Around, within, are many foes,  
Sin, Satan, and the world oppose;  
But clad in armour formed in heaven,  
We stand in strength divinely given.
- 4 As gathered in our Captain's name,  
We speak together of His fame;  
We part each to his lonely sphere,  
To wait and watch till He appear.
- 5 Praise, praise the Lord and vigil keep,  
As those aroused from death's dread  
sleep;  
He comes, He comes! spread round  
the cry.  
Awake! Awake! the Lord is nigh.

**334** Tune - Hampton. B.H.B.91. S.M.

- 1 WHAT, SINNER, canst thou do?  
Where, sinner, canst thou fly?  
Eternal wrath hangs o'er thy head,  
And judgment lingers nigh.
- 2 For God must visit sin  
With His displeasure sore;  
Since He is holy, just, and true,  
And righteous evermore.
- 3 So Jesus died for sin -  
Upon the cross He died;  
God's righteousness was there dis-  
played,  
And justice satisfied.
- 4 This only canst thou do -  
Believe in Christ and live;  
Fly to the shelter of His blood,  
And peace with God receive.

**335** Tune - Old Winchester. B.H.B.191. C.M.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,  
In earth, or hell, 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,  
And turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 O that the world might taste and see,  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 4 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim,  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

**336** Tune - Regent Square. B.H.B.31. 8-7-4

- 1 BRIGHT with all His crowns of glory,  
See the Royal Victor's brow;  
Once for sinners marr'd and gory -  
See the Lamb exalted now.  
Whilst before Him  
All His ransomed brethren bow.
- 2 Blessed morning! long expected,  
Lo! they fill the peopled air,  
Mourners once, by man rejected,  
They, with Him, exalted there,  
Sing His praises,  
And His throne of glory share.
- 3 King of kings! let earth adore Him,  
High on His exalted throne;  
Fall ye nations, fall before Him,  
And His righteous sceptre own.  
All the glory  
Be to Him, and Him alone.

**337** Tune - Jesus, Lover (Martyn). B.H.B.119. 7's

- 1 GLORY unto Jesus be,  
Thou from wrath didst set us free,  
All our guilt on Thee was laid,  
Thou the ransom fully paid.  
  
Victory! Victory!  
Jesus gained the victory.  
Dying, spoiled the powers of hell,  
Rose in glorious victory.
- 2 All the blessed work is done,  
God's well pleased in His Son,  
For He raised Thee from the dead;  
Set Thee over all as head.
- 3 All should sing Thy work and worth,  
All above and all on earth;  
We shall sing around the throne,  
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone."
- 4 Knowing this we cease to mourn,  
Patient wait for Thy return;  
For Thy saints with Thee shall reign,  
Come, Lord Jesus, come again.

**338**

Tune – Evan.

B.H.B.184.

C.M.

- 1 FAITH is a very simple thing,  
Though little understood;  
It frees the soul from death's dread sting,  
By resting in the blood:  
It looks not on the things around,  
Nor on the things within;  
It takes its flight to things above,  
Beyond the sphere of sin.
- 2 It sees upon the throne of God  
A victim that was slain;  
It rests its all on His shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again!"  
Faith is not what we feel or see;  
It is a simple trust  
In what the God of love has said  
Of Jesus, as the "Just."
- 3 The Perfect One that died for me,  
Upon His Father's throne,  
Presents our names before our God,  
And pleads Himself, alone:  
What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea;  
It never deals with sinful self,  
Not righteous self, in me.
- 4 It tells me I am counted "dead",  
By God in His own Word:  
It tells me I am "born again,"  
In Christ, my risen Lord:  
In that He died, He died to sin;  
In that He lives – to God:  
Then I am dead to nature's hopes,  
And justified through blood.

**339**

Tune – Silchester. B.H.B.242.

S.M.

- 1 THE LORD himself shall come,  
And shout a quickening word;  
Thousands shall answer from the tomb,  
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 2 Then as we upward fly,  
That resurrection word  
Shall be our shout of victory:  
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 3 How shall I meet those eyes?  
Mine on Himself I'll cast,  
And own myself the Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last!
- 4 "Knowing as I am known!"  
How shall I love that word!  
How oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

5 That resurrection word!

That shout of victory!

Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"  
Amen, so let it be!**340**Tune – Send the echo. P.S.H.128  
or, The Gospel of Thy. R.S.162

- 1 SHALL HYMNS of grateful love  
Through heaven's high arches ring,  
And all the host above  
Their songs of triumph sing,  
And shall we not take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again?
- 2 Shall every ransomed tribe  
Of Adam's scattered race,  
To Christ all power ascribe,  
Who saved them by His grace; &c.
- 3 Shall they adore the Lord,  
Who bought them with His blood,  
And all the love record  
That led them home to God; &c.
- 4 Then spread the joyful sound,  
The Saviour's love proclaim,  
And publish all around  
Salvation through His name, &c.

**341**

Tune – St. John. B.H.B.45.

6-6-8

- 1 DONE is the work that saves!  
Once and for ever done;  
Finished the righteousness  
That clothes th' unrighteous one,  
The love that blesses us below,  
Is flowing freely to us now.
- 2 The sacrifice is o'er,  
The veil is rent in twain,  
The mercy-seat is red  
With blood of victim slain,  
Why stand we then without, in fear?  
The blood divine invites us near.
- 3 The gate is open wide,  
The new and living way  
Is clear, and free, and bright,  
With love, and peace, and day.  
Into the holiest now we come,  
Our present and our endless home.

- 4 Upon the mercy-seat  
The High Priest sits within,  
The blood is in His hand  
Which made and keeps us clean,  
With boldness let us now draw near,  
That blood has banished every fear.
- 5 Then to the Lamb once slain,  
Be glory, praise, and power,  
Who died and lives again,  
Who liveth evermore;  
Who loved and washed us in His blood,  
Who made us kings and priests to God.

**342** Tune – Old Hundredth. R.S.26. L.M.

- 1 WHAT VARIOUS hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat;  
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd 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 Have you no words? Ah! think again:  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

**343** Tune – Warrington. B.H.B.349. L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Man upon the throne!  
Both Lord and Christ is He alone,  
God sent Him forth, His only One,  
The Father's well-belovéd Son.
- 2 Jesus, God's gift from heaven came;  
Bore on the earth reproach and shame,  
Bowed on the Cross His holy head –  
Died, and God raised Him from the dead.

3 Once, for our crimson sins He died,  
He suffered, He was crucified;  
Now He, with glory, honour crowned,  
O'er sin makes grace much more  
abound.

4 "One Mediator," throned above,  
Bears witness God is light and love;  
None but the Son sets sinners free,  
"Come now," He saith, "come unto me."

5 "Come unto Me!" Oh blessed voice!  
Ye laden ones, make Christ your choice;  
The hour is near when every eye  
Shall see Him shine in yonder sky.

6 God doth extol none other name,  
Supreme, eternal, is His claim;  
His rights let all confess, obey;  
"Come unto Me," He saith, "TODAY!"

**344** Tune – New Winchester. B.H.B.300. L.M.

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'twas a joyful sound  
To us when lost and doomed to die;  
We'd publish it the world around;  
And gladly shout it thro' the sky.
- 2 'Twas the rich gift of love divine;  
'Tis full, effacing every crime:  
Unbounded shall its glories shine,  
And know no change, by changing time.
- 3 For this stupendous gift of heaven,  
What grateful honours shall we show!  
Where much transgression is forgiven,  
May love with fervent ardour glow.
- 4 By love inspired, may all our days  
With every heavenly grace be crowned;  
May truth and goodness, joy and praise,  
In all abide, in all abound.

**345** Tune – There is a fountain. S.S.129. D.C.M.

- 1 LORD when I think upon the love  
Which Thou to me hast shown,  
To die upon the Cross, that Thou  
May'st claim me for Thine own.  
I cannot tell why Thou didst show  
Such love to one like me,  
Save that it is, that I might know  
I owe it all to Thee.

2 There is no goodness in myself,  
To win such precious love;  
I loved Thee not – Thou loved'st me,  
And called me from above;  
I heard Thy voice, it won my heart,  
And bade my doubtings flee;  
It gave me rest and peace – oh, yes,  
I owe it all to Thee.

3 And still upheld by power divine,  
I urge my way along,  
In haste to reach the promised rest,  
The bright, glad home of song,  
And then when glory on me bursts,  
And I Thy glory see,  
Again I'll raise the happy song,  
"I owe it all to Thee."

**346** Tune – Emmanuel. B.H.B.29. C.M.

- 1 BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!  
Why sleep for sorrow now?  
The hope of glory, Christ is thine,  
A child of glory thou.
- 2 But see, the night is waning fast,  
The breaking morn is near;  
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,  
Thy drooping heart to cheer.
- 3 He comes, for oh, His yearning heart  
No more can bear delay,  
To scenes of full unmingle joy  
To call His bride away.
- 4 This earth, the scene of all His woes,  
A homeless wild to thee,  
Full soon upon His heavenly throne,  
Its rightful King shall see.
- 5 Thou too shalt reign! He will not wear  
His crown of joy alone;  
And earth His royal bride shall see,  
Beside Him on the throne.

- 6 Then weep no more! 'Tis all thine own,  
His crown, His joy divine;  
And, sweeter far than all beside,  
He, He Himself, is thine!

**347** Tune – St. Alphege. S.S.284. 7-6

- 1 THE SPRINKLED blood is speaking  
Before the Father's throne;  
The Spirit's power is seeking  
To make its virtues known.

2 The sprinkled blood is telling  
Jehovah's love to man,  
While heavenly harps are swelling  
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

3 The sprinkled blood is speaking  
Forgiveness full and free;  
Its wondrous power is breaking  
Each bond of guilt for me.

4 The sprinkled blood is pleading  
Its virtues as my own;  
And there my soul is reading  
Her title to the throne.

5 The sprinkled blood is shedding  
Its fragrance all around;  
It gilds the path we're treading,  
It makes our joy abound.

**348** Tune – Darwell. B.H.B.268. P.M.

- 1 THE HAPPY morn is come,  
Triumphant from the grave;  
The Saviour leaves the tomb,  
Almighty now to save.  
  
Captivity is captive led,  
Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them  
For whom the Surety died?  
Or who shall these condemn  
Whom God hath justified?
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid,  
The glorious work is done;  
On Him our help is laid,  
The victory is won.
- 4 Hail the triumphant Lord,  
The resurrection Thou;  
Hail the incarnate Word,  
Before Thy throne we bow.

**349** Tune – Dismissal. B.H.B.392. 8-7-4

- 1 'MID THE SPLENDOURS of the glory,  
Which we hope ere long to share,  
Christ our Head, and we His members,  
Shall appear divinely fair;  
O how glorious!  
When we meet Him in the air.

- 2 From the dateless, timeless periods,  
He has loved us without cause;  
And for all His blood-bought myriads  
His is love that knows no pause,  
Matchless LOVER!  
Changeless as the eternal laws.

- 3 Oh! what gifts shall yet be granted,  
Palms, and crowns, and robes of  
white,  
When the hope for which we panted  
Bursts upon our gladdened sight,  
And our Saviour  
Makes us glorious through His might.
- 4 Bright the prospect soon that greets us  
Of that longed-for nuptial day.  
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets  
us  
On His kingly, conquering way;  
In the glory,  
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye.

**350** Tune - We are marching on.  
Old S.V.453. P.M.

- 1 WE ARE GLAD we ever heard the  
blessed news,  
How that Jesus died to pay our mighty  
dues,  
And that God has said He never will  
refuse  
Those who trust in Jesus' blood.

Blessed news, blessed news,  
Joyful news, joyful news,  
Blessed news, blessed news,  
Sound the joyful tidings forth.

- 2 Oh, what love of God to send Him  
from on high!  
Oh, what love of Jesus thus to bleed  
and die!  
Oh, what love we owe for pardon  
brought so nigh!  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

- 3 But if we the fulness of that love would  
know,  
And to that bright home of peace and  
joy would go;  
We must have our sins forgiven while  
here below,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

- 4 And if we ourselves this blessed news  
believe,  
O'er our unsaved friends and neigh-  
bours we should grieve,  
And entreat them all a pardon to receive,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

**351** Tune - Hallelujah, 'tis done.  
S.S.841. P.M.

- 1 'TIS THE Gospel of God, full salvation  
to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will  
believe.  
Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the  
Son;  
I am saved through the blood of the  
Crucified One.
- 2 'Tis the Christ that has died, that is now  
gone to heaven,  
'Tis by Him I am quickened, my sins  
are forgiven.
- 3 'Tis the justice of God that in heaven  
is revealed,  
And the Spirit is given, and with Him  
I'm sealed.
- 4 'Tis with Christ I have died, 'tis in Him  
I am risen,  
For 'tis life everlasting in Him God has  
given.
- 5 I'm in Christ before God, Christ's in me  
before men,  
And to Him I bear witness, till He  
comes again.
- 6 Now we wait for His coming, we watch  
for the Lord,  
From the heaven descending, as says  
His own word.  
Hallelujah! 'tis done! we believe on  
the Son,  
For Thee we are waiting, Thou glori-  
fied One.

**352** Tune - Melcombe. B.H.B.98.  
L.M.

- 1 THE PERFECT righteousness of God  
Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood;  
'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace  
His righteousness, His wondrous grace.
- 2 God could not pass the sinner by,  
His sins demand that he must die;  
But in the cross of Christ we see  
How God can save us righteously.
- 3 The sin is on the Saviour laid,  
'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;  
Stern justice can demand no more,  
And mercy can dispense her store.
- 4 The sinner who believes is free,  
Can say, "The Saviour died for me;"  
Can point to the atoning blood  
And say, "This made my peace with  
God."

**353**

Tune—Wonderful words of life.  
S.S.357. P.M.

- 1 CHRIST the Saviour of sinners came  
    Into the world to save;  
    Sing His glory, His worth, His fame,  
        Jesus alone can save.  
    No name else is given,  
    Search through earth and heaven,  
        Jesus alone, Jesus alone,  
        Jesus alone can save.
- 2 Tender were His words of grace,  
    Jesus alone can save;  
    Wheresoever His steps we trace,  
        Jesus alone can save.  
    Death and woe dispelling,  
    God's great mercy telling –  
        Jesus alone, Jesus alone,  
        Jesus alone can save.
- 3 "Works of righteousness" all in vain,  
    Jesus alone can save;  
    His blood cleanses from every stain,  
        Jesus alone can save.  
    Now His work's completed,  
    Now in glory seated –  
        Jesus alone, Jesus alone,  
        Jesus alone can save.
- 4 Tears can never forgiveness gain,  
    Jesus alone can save;  
    God will ever dead works disdain,  
        Jesus alone can save.  
    Hear His blest voice calling,  
    Blessings rich are falling –  
        Jesus alone, Jesus alone,  
        Jesus alone can save.

**354**

Tune—Save from going down.  
E.H.B.149. P.M.

- 1 GLORY BE to God,  
    I've heard the joyful sound,  
    He so loved you, He so loved me,  
        That a ransom He hath found.  
    The ransom price was paid;  
    'Twas paid on Calv'ry's tree,  
    When Jesus died and opened wide  
        The gate of life for thee.  
  
    Save, save from going down;  
    Save, save from going down;  
    Save from going down to the pit,  
        A ransom has been found.
- 2 For many sinners great,  
    Who long in sin did lie.  
    Are happy now in Jesus' love –  
        The blood has brought them nigh;

Afar they once did roam,  
    But they heard the joyful sound  
    That the Christ of God had shed His  
        blood –  
        A ransom had been found.

- 3 O hear the gracious cry,  
    From coming wrath to flee;  
    To the pit of woe why longer go  
        Since God is calling thee?  
    No longer then delay,  
    For soon the joyful sound  
        No more shall be, and then for thee  
        No ransom can be found.

**355**

Tune—Where is my boy tonight.  
S.S. 776.

- 1 THERE SHALL COME a night of such  
        wild affright,  
        As none beside shall know;  
        When the heaven shall shake, and the  
            wide earth quake  
        In its last and deepest woe.  
  
        O sinner! to Jesus come,  
        O sinner! to Jesus come,  
        O come while you may, while still 'tis  
            the day  
        Of grace, salvation, and love.
- 2 What horrors shall roll o'er the godless  
        soul,  
        Waked from its death-like sleep;  
        Of all hope bereft, and to judgment left,  
            For ever to wail and weep.
- 3 O worldling give ear, while the saints  
        are near,  
        Soon must the tie be riven,  
        And men, side by side, God's hand  
            shall divide,  
        As far as hell's depths from heaven.
- 4 The children of day are summoned  
        away,  
        Left are the children of night –  
        Sealed is there doom, for there's no  
            more room –  
        Filled are the mansions of light.

**356**

Tune—Room for Jesus.  
S.S.443. 8-7

- 1 ON THE CROSS, the Saviour hanging,  
    Bled and died for you and me;  
    Wondrous love! Oh! who can know it?,  
        Boundless, priceless, full and free.

On the cross behold Him hanging,  
On the blood-stain'd cross for me;  
Jesus died to bring salvation,  
Jesus died for you and me.

- 2 O, the blood-stained cross of Jesus,  
How it fills my soul with peace,  
As I there behold Him dying,  
Bringing naught but my release.
- 3 'Tis indeed a truth most precious,  
That for sinners Jesus died,  
And we have a full remission  
Through a Saviour crucified.

**357** Tune - Lenox. B.H.B.108.  
6-6-6-6-8-8

- 1 "HIMSELF He could not save,"  
He on the cross must die,  
Or mercy cannot come  
To ruin'd sinners nigh;  
Yes, Christ the Son of God must  
bleed  
That sinners might from sin be freed.
- 2 "Himself He could not save,"  
For justice must be done;  
And sin's full weight must fall  
Upon a sinless one;  
For nothing else could God accept  
In payment for the fearful debt.
- 3 "Himself He could not save,"  
For He the surety stood  
For all who now rely  
Upon His precious blood.  
He bore the penalty of guilt  
When on the cross His blood was spilt.
- 4 "Himself He cannot save,"  
Yet, now a Saviour, He  
Bids sinners to Him come,  
And live eternally.  
Believing in Him now, we prove  
His saving power, His changeless love.

**358** Tune - 'Tis old, yet ever new.  
R.S.107. C.M.

- 1 THERE IS A STORY sweet to hear,  
I love to tell it, too;  
It fills my heart with hope and cheer,  
'Tis old, yet ever new.  
  
'Tis old, yet ever new,  
'Tis old, yet ever new,  
I know, I'm sure 'tis true,  
'Tis old, yet ever new.

2 It tells me God the Son came down  
From glory's throne to die,  
That I might live and wear a crown,  
And reign with Him on high.

- 3 It says He bore the cross for me,  
And suffered in my place,  
That I from sin might ransomed be,  
And praise Him for His grace.
- 4 Oh, wondrous love, so great, so vast,  
So boundless and so free:  
Lord, at Thy feet myself I cast  
My all I give to Thee.

**359** Tune - God is love. B.H.B.39.  
P.M.

- 1 THERE IS forgiveness full and free,  
Through the Blood  
Of Jesus who on Calvary's tree  
Shed His Blood.  
It fits poor sinners for the sky,  
Yea, unto God it brings them nigh.  
Made meet to dwell with Christ on high,  
Through the Blood.
- 2 No glittering gold redeems the soul,  
But the Blood;  
No prayers, or tears, can make us  
whole,  
Just the Blood.  
Yes, 'tis the Blood, the precious Blood  
Of Christ, the chosen Lamb of God.  
That clear's away sin's heavy load:  
Precious Blood!
- 3 You may be washed as white as snow,  
In the Blood:  
And then to glory bright will go,  
Through the Blood.  
So come to Christ; oh, come today,  
That you may praise - yea praise for  
aye  
The Lamb who washed your sins away  
In His Blood.
- 4 Thousands of souls in heaven will be,  
Through the Blood,  
Praising the Lamb, who on the tree  
Shed His Blood.  
All white and pure, all glorious fair,  
They praise the Lamb, whose joy they  
share;  
O happy throng! will you be there,  
Through the Blood?

**360**

Tune – Yet there is room.  
S.S. 429.

1 PEACE! it is peace! yes, peace for all  
who trust  
In Him, who came to seek and save  
the lost.

Peace, peace, sweet peace,  
'Tis everlasting peace.

2 Peace! perfect peace! word fraught  
with sweetest rest,  
To meet deep longings breathed by  
souls distrest.

3 Peace! cloudless peace! no mists of  
doubt or fear,  
All bright and joyous, wondrous portion  
here.

4 Peace! peace eternal! made by JESUS'  
blood,  
As steadfast as th' Eternal Throne of  
God.

5 Peace! changeless peace! through Thee  
Lord, Thine is mine  
'Midst changing scenes so marred with  
wrecks of time.

6 Yes; tranquil peace! till blissful moment  
dawn,  
When peace surrounds in heaven's  
eternal calm.

**361**

Tune – Beautiful stream.  
E.H.B.134. P.M.

1 OH, HAVE YOU NOT heard of that  
wonderful love  
That flows from God's heart so free,  
Which led Him to give for a perishing  
world  
His Son to be nailed to the tree?

Believe that wonderful love,  
Believe that wonderful love,  
The Gospel is free, God sends it to thee,  
Believe God's wonderful love.

2 Poor sinners undone, and sinful, and  
lost,  
This love of our God now receive;  
No heart is too sad this love to make  
glad,  
When once on God's word we believe.

3 Oh! sweet is its rest to the weary and  
worn

Who feel the sad burden of sin;  
It seeks for no merit its bliss to inherit  
No goodness without or within.

4 This wonderful love has no measure  
or end,

It ever remaineth the same;  
The heart that has known this love as  
its own,  
Shall never be put to shame.

5 Then will you not prove this wonderful  
love,

That flows from God's heart so free,  
Which led Him to give, that sinners  
might live,  
His Son to be nailed to the tree?

**362**

Tune – French. B.H.B.343.  
C.M.

1 JESUS! OF THEE we ne'er would tire;  
The new and living food  
Can satisfy the heart's desire;  
And life is in Thy blood.

2 If such the happy midnight song  
Our prison'd spirits raise,  
What are the joys that cause ere long  
Eternal bursts of praise?

3 To look within and see no stain –  
Abroad no curse to trace,  
To shed no tears, to feel no pain,  
But see Thee face to face.

4 To find each hope of glory gain'd –  
Fulfill'd each precious word;  
And fully all to have attain'd  
The image of our Lord.

5 For this, we're pressing onward still,  
And in this hope would be  
More subject to the Father's will,  
E'en now much more like Thee.

**363**

Tune – Belmont. B.H.B.312.  
C.M.

1 WHAT GRACE, O Lord, and beauty  
shone

Around Thy steps below!  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on Thy burden'd heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;

Yet no ungentle murmuring word  
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile –  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee –  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for other's sins than all  
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace that spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

## **364** Tune – Hiding in Thee. S.S.519. P.M.

- 1 IN SEASONS of grief to my God I'll repair,  
When my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and care;  
From the ends of the earth unto Thee will I cry,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
- Higher than I, higher than I;  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

- 2 When Satan, my foe, shall come in like a flood,  
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,  
I'll pray to the Saviour who meekly did die –  
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

- 3 And while as a stranger I sojourn below,  
Thy covenant blessings, Lord, freely bestow,  
In affliction's dark night to Thy Throne let me fly,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

- 4 And when that last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,  
And the dead in Christ Jesus immortal shall rise,  
With the ransomed I'll praise Him above yonder sky,  
Built firm on the Rock that is higher than I.

## **365** Tune – The Gate ajar. S.S.372. P.M.

- 1 THE NIGHT is wearing fast away.  
The glorious day is dawning,  
When Christ shall all His grace display –  
The fair millenial morning.  
Gloomy and dark the night hath been,  
And long the way, and dreary;  
And sad the weeping saints are seen,  
And faint, and worn, and weary.

- 2 Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,  
And hush each sigh of sorrow;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long Sabbathic morrow.  
Lift up your heads – behold from far  
A flood of splendour streaming;  
It is the bright and morning star  
In living lustre beaming.

- 3 And see that star-like host around  
Of angel bands attending,  
Hark! hark! the trumpet's gladdening sound,  
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.  
He comes! the Bridegroom promised long:  
Go forth with joy to meet Him,  
And raise the new and nuptial song,  
In cheerful strains to greet Him.

## **366** Tune – Standard. B.H.B.264.

- 1 THE CROSS, the cross! the Christian's only glory,  
I see the standard rise;  
March on, march on! the cross of Christ before thee,  
That cross all hell defies.

- 2 The cross, the cross! redemption's standard raising,  
I see the banner wave!  
Sing on, sing on! salvation's Captain praising,  
Tis Christ alone can save.

- 3 The crown, the crown! ah! who at last shall gain it?  
That cross a crown affords;  
Press on, press on, with courage to obtain it,  
The battle is the Lord's.

**367**

Tune – Kelso. B.H.B.171. P.M.

1 NO BLOOD, no altar now,  
The sacrifice is o'er!  
No flame, no smoke ascends on high,  
The Lamb is slain no more.  
But richer blood has flow'd from nobler  
veins,  
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse  
the reddest stains.

2 We thank Thee for the blood,  
The blood of Christ, Thy Son;  
The blood by which our peace is made,  
Our victory is won;  
Great victory o'er hell, and sin, and woe,  
That needs no second fight, and leaves  
no second foe.

3 We thank Thee for the grace,  
Descending from above,  
That overflows our widest guilt,  
The eternal Father's love.  
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,  
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three  
in One.

4 We thank Thee for the hope,  
So glad, and sure, and clear;  
It holds the drooping spirit up  
Till the long dawn appear;  
Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it  
cheer  
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest  
desert here.

5 We thank Thee for the crown  
Of glory and of life;  
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,  
Man's prize in mortal strife;  
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,  
The kingdom of our God and His incarnate  
Son.

**368**Tune – My great Redeemer's  
song. R.S.307. P.M.

1 OH, I HAVE GOT good news for you,  
A story wonderful and true;  
'Twill make you happy that I know,  
It made me glad, and now I go.

To sing my Great Redeemer's song,  
To sing my Great Redeemer's song,  
To sing my Great Redeemer's song,  
With the happy saints above.

2 I once was far away from God,  
On ruin's dark and fatal road,  
And little dreamed I'd see the day,  
When I should tread the narrow way.

3 O'er this wild waste I loved to roam,  
My back to God, and Heaven and  
home,  
When Jesus met me far astray,  
And beckoned me to come away.

4 He said on Calvary's cross He died –  
A sacrifice for sin was made –  
And all because He loved me so;  
Then how could I do else than go?

5 Whene'er the record you believe,  
You life eternal shall receive,  
And soon from pain and sorrow free  
You'll join that glorious company.

**369** Tune – Must I go. S.S.789.  
8-6

1 "MUST I GO, and empty-handed? –  
Thus my blest Redeemer meet?  
Not one day of service give Him,  
Lay no trophy at His feet?"

"Must I go and empty-handed? –  
Must I meet my Saviour so? –  
Not one soul with which to greet  
Him?  
Must I empty-handed go?"

2 "Not at death I shrink or falter,  
For my Saviour saves me now;  
But to meet Him empty-handed! –  
Thought of that now clouds my brow."

3 "Oh, the years of sinning wasted,  
Could I but recall them now,  
I would give them to my Saviour;  
To His will I'd gladly bow."

4 "Oh, ye saints! arouse; be earnest!  
Up and work while yet 'tis day,  
Ere the night of death o'er take you!  
Strive for souls while yet you may."

**370**Tune – Evan. B.H.B.8.  
C.M.

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

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace;  
Born in the image of His Son,  
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind  
Blows on the sons of flesh;  
Creates a new, a heavenly mind,  
And forms our lives afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

**371** Tune – Anticipation.  
B.H.B.321. 8-7-4

1 COME, YE SAINTS, rejoice with  
Jesus,  
Called with Him His joy to share;  
Seraphs worship, angels praise Him;  
We His friends and followers are.  
Lost ones found, and  
Dead ones raised,  
Now the heart of Jesus cheer.

2 Praise the Lord with hallelujahs!  
Endless praises let us bring;  
Praise His name for these great mercies,  
Turn we now His praise to sing.  
Loudest praises  
Make the court of heaven ring.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! never ceasing,  
Ye who prove God's boundless  
grace;  
Have we asked, and has He answered?  
Thankful hearts to heaven raise.  
He is worthy  
To receive His children's praise.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Heartfelt praise to God we give;  
They should loudest sing His praises,  
Who His blessings thus receive.  
Songs of praises  
Let us render while we live.

**372** Tune – Duke Street. B.H.B.212.  
L.M.

1 HARK! how the gospel trumpet sounds,  
Christ in free grace therein abounds –  
Free grace to such as sinners be  
And if free grace – **why not for thee?**

- 2 The Saviour died, and by His blood  
Brings rebel sinners home to God;  
He died to set the captive free,  
And why, dear soul, **why not for thee?**
- 3 The blood of Christ – how sweet it  
sounds  
To cleanse and heal the sinner's wounds;  
The streams thereof are rich and free;  
And why, dear soul, **why not for thee?**
- 4 Thus Jesus came the poor to bless –  
To clothe them in God's righteousness;  
This robe is spotless, full and free;  
And why, dear soul, **why not for thee?**
- 5 Eternal life by Christ is given,  
And ruined rebels raised to heaven;  
Then sing of grace so rich and free,  
Rejoice, dear soul – **'tis all for thee!**

**373** Tune – Beautiful Stream.

E.H.B.134.

1 OH, HAVE YOU NOT heard of a  
beautiful stream  
That flows through our Father's land?  
Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly  
light,  
And ripple o'er golden sand.  
  
Oh, seek that beautiful stream.  
Oh, come to that beautiful stream;  
Its waters so free are flowing for thee,  
Come now to that beautiful stream.

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander  
along,  
Through fields of eternal green;  
Where songs of the blest in their haven  
of rest  
Float soft on the air serene.  
  
3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters  
are pure,  
And sweet to the weary soul;  
It flows from the throne of Jehovah  
alone,  
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of  
life,  
It flows for all nations free;  
A balm for each wound in its waters is  
found,  
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee.

5 Oh, will you not drink of that beautiful stream,  
And dwell on that peaceful shore?  
The Spirit says, "Come all ye weary ones home,  
And wander in sin no more."

**374** Tune – Rousseau. R.S.131. 8-7-D

1 NOTHING BUT Thy blood, Lord Jesus,  
Can relieve the sinner's smart;  
Nothing else from guilt release us,  
Nothing else can melt the heart.  
Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

2 Jesus, every consolation  
Flows from Thee, the Sovereign good!  
Love and faith, and true repentance,  
Are all purchased by Thy blood.  
From Thy fulness we receive them;  
We have nothing of our own;  
Freely Thou delight'st to give them,  
To the needy who have none.

**375** Tune – Come to the Saviour. R.S.226. P.M.

1 SAW YE my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
He died on Calvary  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, He was extended,  
Shamefully nailed to the tree,  
He bowed His head and died!  
Thus my Lord was crucified  
To atone for a sinner like me.

3 There as my Surety, there as my Surety,  
Jesus, my Lord, do I see;  
On Him my sins were laid,  
And for me the debt was paid  
When He groaned and expired on the tree.

4 Now He is living, now He is living,  
Living in heaven above,  
The guilty to forgive,  
And to make the sinner live  
Who believes in His infinite love.

**376** Tune – Old Hundredth. R.S.26. L.M.

1 JESUS, WHERE'ER Thy people meet,  
There they behold the mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd 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.

**377** Tune – The Auld House. S.V.72. C.M.D.

1 I ONCE WAS bound in Satan's chains,  
And blinded by his power,  
But Jesus broke my fetters off –  
O blessed, wondrous hour!  
He told me of His love, and drove  
My unbelief away;  
And now I see His face, and joy  
To bow beneath His sway.

Yes, Jesus, did it all; did it all;  
He saved a worm like me;  
Nor will He rest till I am blest,  
And His full glory see.

2 My Adam's standing He destroyed,  
And set my soul above  
The ruins of this wretched world –  
So boundless is His love!  
The new creation now is mine,  
By grace in it I stand,  
In resurrection power, upheld  
By God's almighty hand.

3 Salvation is my happy song,  
Redemption is my theme;  
I bask beneath His blessed smile,  
And drink at life's full stream;  
And in a "little while" I go  
To dwell with Him on high,  
When not a cloud shall intercept  
The full tide of my joy!

**378**Tune – Martyrdom. B.H.B.390.  
C.M.

- 1 LOOK, LOOK, ye saints, within the  
veil,  
And raise your happy song:  
Your joys can never, never fail,  
For you to Christ belong.
- 2 O happy saints, for ever freed  
From guilt and every care;  
Dwell, dwell with your exalted Head,  
And let your life be there.
- 3 And glory in your Lord and God;  
See, see Him as He is;  
Your robes are spotless through His  
blood.  
Your happiness is His.
- 4 O think not of this world of woe,  
Though subject still to grief;  
But seek your portion here to know,  
For this will give relief.

**379**Tune – Would we be joyful.  
S.S.780. P.M.

- 1 THERE IS SALVATION with the Lord,  
And pardon, free and full;  
A pardon bought with precious blood  
Of price unspeakable.
- There is pardon, peace, and power,  
And purity, and paradise,  
With all of these in Christ for me,  
Let joyful songs of praise to Him  
arise.
- 2 Salvation, vast, divine, complete,  
That nothing can destroy;  
Eternal love its fountain is,  
Its issue, endless joy.
- 3 Fresh from the heart of God it flows  
A life-creating stream,  
Through Jesus to the contrite heart  
That trusts alone in Him.
- 4 This great salvation now is mine,  
Redemption through His blood,  
Forgiveness, peace, eternal life,  
The precious gift of God.

**380**Tune – Precious Saviour.  
R.S.326. 8-7

- 1 PRECIOUS Saviour, great Redeemer,  
Though Thou'rt precious unto me,  
Thousands in Thy blessed Gospel  
No delight or joy can see.
- Precious Saviour, great Redeemer,  
O draw sinners unto Thee;  
While the Word of Life is spoken,  
Give them eyes Thy charms to see.
- 2 Precious Saviour, great Redeemer,  
Thou wast slain upon the tree;  
How Thy visage then was marred,  
More than any man's can be.
- 3 Precious Saviour, great Redeemer,  
'Twas for sinners vile like me –  
Black, undone, and hell-deserving –  
Thou didst die on Calvary.
- 4 Precious Saviour, great Redeemer,  
Now may sinners trust in Thee;  
None can perish who Thee trusteth,  
Tho' he chief of sinners be.

**381**Tune – The hem of His garment.  
S.S.55. P.M.

- 1 SHE ONLY TOUCHED the hem of His  
garment  
As to His side she stole,  
Amid the crowd that gather'd around  
Him,  
And straightway she was whole.
- Oh, touch the hem of His garment  
And thou too shalt be free!  
His saving power this very hour  
Shall give new life to thee.
- 2 She came in fear and trembling before  
Him.  
She knew her Lord had come,  
She felt that from Him virtue had  
healed her:  
The mighty deed was done.
- 3 He turned with "Daughter, be of good  
comfort,  
Thy faith has made thee whole!"  
And peace that passeth all under-  
standing  
With gladness filled her soul.

**382** Tune - A sinner like me.

S.S.906. P.M.

- 1 I WAS ONCE far away from the Saviour,  
As vile as a sinner could be,  
And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer  
Could save a poor sinner like me.  
I wandered alone in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see,  
And the thought filled my heart with  
sadness.  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

- 2 And then in the dark lonely hour,  
A voice sweetly whispered to me,  
Saying, Christ the Redeemer hath  
power  
To save a poor sinner like thee.  
I listened and lo! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to me,  
And I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,  
Canst Thou save a poor sinner like  
me?"

- 3 Then fully I trusted in Jesus,  
And oh! now a joy came to me;  
My heart was filled with His praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.  
No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
The light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

- 4 And now when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise Him for ever and ever  
For saving a sinner like me.  
Now while I walk in the valley,  
May Jesus be precious to me,  
Till the morn I shall rise to adore Him  
Who has saved a poor sinner like me.

**383** Tune - There is a happy land.

R.S.680. P.M.

- 1 COME! hear the gospel sound -  
"Yet there is room!"  
It tells to all around -  
"Yet there is room!"  
Though guilty, now draw near,  
Though vile, you need not fear,  
With joy you may now hear -  
"Yet there is room!"

- 2 God's love in Christ we see -  
"Yet there is room!"  
Greater it could not be -  
"Yet there is room!"

His only Son He gave,  
He's righteous now to save  
All who on Him believe -  
"Yet there is room!"

- 3 All things are ready; come!  
"Yet there is room!"  
Christ everything hath done -  
"Yet there is room!"  
The work is now complete,  
"Before the mercy-seat,"  
A Saviour you shall meet -  
"Yet there is room!"
- 4 God's house is filling fast -  
"Yet there is room!"  
Some soul will be the last -  
"Yet there is room!"  
Yes, soon Salvation's day  
From you will pass away,  
Then grace no more will say -  
"Yet there is room!"

**384** Tune - My Jesus I love Thee.

R.S.439 or B.H.B.134. 11's

- 1 MY JESUS, I love Thee, I know Thou  
art mine,  
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety  
divine;  
My gracious Redeemer, my song shall  
be now,  
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus,  
'tis Thou.

- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first  
loved me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
tree;  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on  
Thy brow;  
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus,  
'tis Thou.

- 3 I would love Thee in life, I would love  
Thee in death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou  
lendest me breath,  
And sing should the death-dew lie cold  
on my brow,  
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus,  
'tis Thou.

- 4 And when the bright morn of Thy glory  
shall come,  
And the children ascend to the Father's  
glad home,  
I'll shout with Thy likeness impressed  
on my brow,  
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus,  
'tis Thou.

**385**

Tune - Harts.

B.H.B.37.

7's

- 1 "CHRIST, THE LORD, is risen today,"  
Sons of men and angels say!  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! the 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 hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once He died, our souls to save;  
"Where's 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 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to Thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet triumphant now;  
Hail, the Resurrection - Thou.

**386**

Tune - More to follow. S.S.865.

P.M.

- 1 SWEET TO TREAD the desert land,  
Marching home together!  
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
Marching home together!  
Dark and rough the way may be,  
Often clouds hang o'er us;  
But it is the path where He,  
Christ, has gone before us.  
  
Marching Home! Marching Home!  
Marching Home together!  
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
Marching Home together!

- 2 Strangers here we seek no place,  
Marching home together!  
Every step we learn His grace,  
Marching home together!  
Every need by Him supplied  
Wakes a note of singing,  
Every sorrow sanctified  
Praise to Him is bringing!

3 Every day the miles grow less,  
Marching home together!  
As our footsteps onward press,  
Marching home together!  
Even now we catch a gleam -  
Hear the chorus swelling,  
As each wanderer finds his place  
In the Father's dwelling!

**387**

Tune - Lion of Judah.

B.H.B.160. 11's

- 1 MY REST is in heaven, my rest is not  
here;  
Then why should I tremble when trials  
are near?  
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that  
can come  
But shortens the journey, and hastens  
thee home.
- 2 It is not for me to be seeking my  
bliss  
And building my hopes in a region  
like this:  
I look for a city that hands have not  
piled -  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me  
may grow -  
I would not lie down e'en on roses  
below;  
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,  
Till I find them for ever on Jesus'  
loved breast.
- 4 Let trial and danger my progress op-  
pose,  
They'll only make heaven more sweet  
at the close;  
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er  
may befall,  
A home with my God will make up for  
it all.
- 5 With Christ in my heart, and His Word  
in my hand,  
I march on in haste through an enemy's  
land;  
The road may be rough, but it cannot  
be long;  
And I'll smooth it with hope and I'll  
cheer it with song.

**388** Tune – Christ returneth.  
R.S.520. P.M.

1 "A RANSOM FOR ALL!" Hear the  
marvellous story  
Of Jesus, the Saviour, who came from  
the glory  
The lost to redeem, and God's children  
to gather,  
By suffering and death on the tree.

Sing, "A ransom for all,"  
Hear the Saviour's loud call,  
"It is finished!" Hallelujah!  
Jesus died on the tree –  
"Died for all" – hence for me.

2 While here upon earth – then e'en  
welcoming any –  
His life Jesus promised "a ransom for  
many,"  
But now that His work of redemption's  
accomplished,  
The Spirit declares 'tis "for all".

3 The dear Saviour's blood, all-atoning  
in value,  
To God has been offered, and hence  
there is for you  
A plenary pardon, a priceless salvation,  
Which Jesus now offers to thee.

4 "Deliver the captive, for I've found  
a ransom,"  
God says now with joy, as He sends out  
the welcome,  
That calls forth the prisoner, from sin's  
chains of bondage,  
To taste the sweet joys of the free.

5 O captive of Satan, since Jesus hath  
suffered –  
"The just for the unjust" – thy freedom  
is offered;  
Delay then no longer, but rest on the  
ransom  
He graciously paid down for thee.

**389** Tune – Glory to His Name.  
S.S.427. P.M.

1 ONCE I WAS captive at Satan's will,  
Led by his power into every ill,  
But Jesus saved me and saves me still:  
Glory to His Name!

Glory to His Name! Glory to His  
Name!  
Now I am free, for He died for me,  
Glory to His Name.

2 Once a slave to the law I stood,  
Vainly I strove to return to God,  
Till Jesus ransomed me by His blood.

3 Once in the bondage of death's dark  
night,  
Serving my sins while I shunned the  
light,  
Till Jesus rescued me by His might.

4 Now I am free; to my Saviour's praise,  
Loud hallelujahs I ever raise,  
Walking at liberty in His ways!

5 Though I am free, I am not my own;  
Jesus my heart for Himself hath won;  
'Tis now my joy Him to serve alone.

**390** Tune – Anywhere with Jesus.  
R.S.423. P.M.

1 ANYWHERE with Jesus I can safely  
go,  
Anywhere He leads me in this world  
below;  
Anywhere without Him dearest joys  
would fade,  
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Anywhere, anywhere, fear I cannot know,  
Anywhere with Jesus, I can safely go.

2 Anywhere with Jesus, I am not alone,  
Other friends may leave me, He is still  
my own;  
Even though He lead me over dreariest  
ways,  
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of  
praise.

3 Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,  
Though the darkening shadows 'round  
about me creep,  
Knowing I shall waken never more to  
roam,  
Anywhere with Jesus, shall be home,  
sweet home.

**391**

Tune – Stella. B.H.B.355.

6-8's

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

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far;  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
Thine 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;  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and  
skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

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

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

6 Fix'd 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.

**392**

Tune – Once I was dead. S.S.78. P.M.

1 ONCE I WAS DEAD in sin,  
And hope within me died,  
But now I'm dead to sin  
With Jesus crucified.

And can it be that "He loved me  
And gave Himself for me?"

2 O height I cannot reach!  
O depth I cannot sound!  
O love, O boundless love,  
In my redeemer found.

3 O cold, ungrateful heart,  
That can from Jesus turn,  
When living fires of love  
Should on His altar burn.

4 I live – and yet, not I,  
But Christ that lives in me,  
Who from the law of sin  
And death has made me free.

**393** Tune – Aurelia. B.H.B.144. 7-6

1 MY SAVIOUR, I would own Thee  
Amid the world's proud scorn,  
The world that mocked and crowned  
Thee  
With diadem of thorn!  
The world that now rejects Thee,  
Makes nothing of Thy love,  
Counts not the grace and pity  
That brought Thee from above.

2 My Lord, my Master, help me  
To walk apart with Thee  
Outside the camp, where only  
Thy beauty I may see;  
Far from the world's wild turmoil,  
Far from its busy din,  
Far from its praise and honour,  
Its unbelief and sin.

3 O keep my heart at leisure  
From all the world beside,  
In close communion ever  
Thus with Thee to abide –  
So all Thy whispered breathings  
Of love and truth to hear;  
And hail Thee with rejoicing,  
When Thou shalt soon appear.

**394**

Tune – I'm redeemed. R.S.116. P.M.

1 IT IS THE BLOOD, it is the blood,  
Which hath atonement made;  
It is the blood which once for all,  
Our ransom price has paid.

- I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!  
Through the blood of the Lamb that  
was slain!  
I'm redeemed! I'm redeemed!  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
- 2 It was the blood, the mark of blood,  
The people's houses bore,  
And when that mark by God was seen,  
His angel passed the door.

- 3 Not water then, nor water now,  
Has ever saved a soul,  
Nor Jewish rites, but Jesus' stripes  
Can make the wounded whole.

- 4 I see the blood, I see the blood,  
A voice from heaven cries;  
The soul that owns this token true  
And trusts it never dies.

- 5 For He who suffered once for all,  
That we might life obtain,  
Will never leave His Father's throne,  
To shed that blood again.

**395** Tune – Whiter than snow.  
R.S.156. 11's

- 1 LORD JESUS, what grace do I see in  
Thy face,  
The thorn marks methinks on Thy  
brow I can trace,  
The wounds out of which Thy life's  
blood did once flow;  
By which I've been washed and made  
whiter than snow.  
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter  
than snow.

- 2 Lord Jesus in Thee by the Father I'm  
seen,  
Accepted in Thee, I'm made every whit  
clean,  
Though once a vile sinner, how blessed  
to know  
That now I've been washed and made  
whiter than snow.

- 3 Lord Jesus, since now for Thy home  
I'm made meet,  
My blessed position's to sit at Thy  
feet,  
Not there as a penitent, nor as a foe,  
But one by Thee washed and made  
whiter than snow.

- 4 Lord Jesus, aye there I desire to remain,  
Till that blessed day of Thy coming  
again,  
When Thou for Thy bride shalt in glory  
forth go,  
And take her all washed and made  
whiter than snow.
- 5 Lord Jesus, Thy praises in glory we'll  
sing,  
When throned with Thyself as the bride  
of the King,  
And through all eternity this song shall  
flow,  
"Thou hast washed us and made us  
e'en whiter than snow."

**396** Tune – On the cross. B.H.B.30.  
P.M.

- 1 O WHAT A GLORIOUS truth is this –  
Jesus died.  
He opened up the path to bliss –  
Jesus died.  
God loved the world, His Son He gave,  
That all who do in Him believe  
Should full and gracious pardon have –  
Jesus died.

- 2 To save our souls from death and hell,  
Such love amazing who can tell?,  
Yes, He for ruined man was slain,  
That they through Him might life obtain,  
And everlasting glory gain – Jesus died.

- 3 O! tell it unto all around,  
'Tis such a precious, blessed sound,  
Entreat poor sinners to rely  
On that which brings the guilty nigh;  
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly –  
Jesus died.

- 4 Soon heaven shall raise the happy  
song,  
Which endless ages shall prolong;  
By virtue of that precious blood  
Believers are brought nigh to God;  
O! spread the glorious news abroad –  
Jesus died.

**397** Tune – Tell it again.

Old S.V.86. 10-10

- 1 INTO A TENT where a gipsy boy lay,  
Dying alone at the close of the day,  
News of salvation we carried; said he,  
"Nobody ever has told it to me."

Tell it again, tell it again –  
 Salvation's story repeat o'er and  
 o'er,  
 Till none can say of the children of  
 men:  
 Nobody ever has told it before.

2 Did He so love me, a poor gipsy boy,  
 Send unto me the glad tidings of  
 joy?  
 Need I not perish, my hand will He  
 hold?  
 Nobody ever the story has told.

3 Bending we caught the last words of  
 his breath  
 Just as he entered the valley of death:  
 "God sent His son; whosoever said He;  
 Then I am sure that He sent Him for  
 me."

4 Smiling he said as his last sigh was  
 spent,  
 "I am so glad that for me He was sent,"  
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in  
 the west,  
 "Lord, I believe, tell it now to the rest."

### **398** Tune – Happy in the Lord. P.M.

1 A PILGRIM and a stranger here,  
 Happy, happy, happy,  
 I seek a home to pilgrims dear,  
 Happy in the Lord.

We'll rise to meet the Saviour,  
 Who on Calvary died to save us;  
 We'll rise to meet the Saviour,  
 Happy in the Lord.

- 2 I leave this world of sin behind,  
 A better home in heaven to find.
- 3 In that fair clime of endless day,  
 The Lord shall wipe all tears away.
- 4 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,  
 Home to Jesus, home, sweet home.
- 5 No mourning there, no funeral gloom,  
 But youth and health forever bloom.
- 6 And now redeemed, your voices raise,  
 And give to Him who comes the praise.

**399** Tune – O, could I speak. S.S.205. 8-8-6

1 HARK! HOW THE blood-bought hosts  
 above  
 Conspire to chant the Saviour's love  
 In sweet harmonious strains!  
 And while they strike their golden lyres,  
 This glorious theme each bosom fires,  
**That grace triumphant reigns!**

2 We'll join the song! for we can tell  
 How sovereign grace dissolved the  
 spell,  
 That kept us bound in chains;  
 And from that dear and happy day  
 How oft we've been constrained to say  
**That grace triumphant reigns!**

3 Yes! though we've strayed like saints  
 of old,  
 Grace has restored us to the fold,  
 As captives in its chains;  
 Thus saved by grace, we'd gladly sing,  
 Till all the earth and heavens ring  
**With "Grace triumphant reigns!"**

4 When called to meet our glorious Head,  
 That perfect love shall banish dread  
 Which now our soul sustains;  
 And, as we rise to endless day,  
 We'll raise our voice and boldly say,  
**"Grace – Grace triumphant  
 reigns!"**

### **400** Tune – Mozart. B.H.B.33. 7's

1 CHRIST HAS DONE the mighty work,  
 Nothing left for us to do,  
 But to enter on His toil,  
 Enter on His triumph too.

2 His the pardon, ours the sin;  
 Great the sin, the pardon great,  
 His the good, and ours the ill;  
 His the love, and ours the hate.

3 His the labour, ours the rest,  
 His the death, and ours the life;  
 Ours the fruit of victory,  
 His the agony and strife.

4 He has sowed the precious seed,  
 Nothing left for us unsown;  
 Ours it is to reap the field,  
 Make the harvest joy our own.

**401**

Tune – Sleep on, beloved.  
S.S.1041. P.M.

1 O JESUS, LORD, Thou stoodest in my  
stead,  
God's holy wrath was poured upon Thy  
head;  
For me Thou once wast numbered with  
the dead –  
For me, O Lord, for me.

2 O Jesus, Lord, Thy blood has brought  
me nigh,  
Has cleansed me from my sins of scarlet  
dye;  
For me Thy blood was shed on Calvary –  
For me, O Lord, for me.

3 O Jesus, Lord, unchanging is Thy love,  
Thou liv'st for me at God's right hand  
above;  
Thy tender care for me I daily prove –  
For me, O Lord, for me.

4 For me, O Lord, Thou hast done all  
things well;  
Though feebly here, Thy praise my voice  
shall swell  
When with Thee, Lord, I shall for ever  
dwell –  
With Thee, O Lord, with Thee.

5 O Jesus, Lord, in Thee may I confide,  
In Thee in every storm and trouble hide,  
And trust in Thee, whatever, Lord,  
betide,  
In Thee, O Lord, in Thee.

**402**

Tune – Waiting at the well.  
Old S.V.11. P.M.

1 LITTLE thought Samaria's daughter,  
On that ne'er forgotten day,  
That the tender shepherd sought her,  
As a sheep astray.  
That from sin He longed to win her,  
Knowing more than she could tell  
Of that wretchedness within her,  
Waiting at the well.

Hear, oh, hear the wondrous story,  
Let the winds and waters tell –  
'Tis the Christ the King of glory,  
Waiting at the well.

2 'Neath the stately palm tree swaying  
Listened she to words of truth,  
While each thought was backward  
straying  
O'er her wasted youth;

Hastening homeward with desire  
All His wondrous speech to tell,  
Asked she, "Is not the Messiah  
Waiting at the well?"

- 3 Living waters still are flowing,  
Full and free for all mankind,  
Blessings sweet on all bestowing,  
All a welcome find.  
All the world may come and prove Him  
Every doubt will Christ dispel,  
When each heart will truly love Him  
Waiting at the well.
- 4 Now my ravished soul has found Him,  
Thrills with joy my throbbing breast,  
Living waters, all abounding,  
Give my spirit rest.  
Let me haste to tell the story,  
Oh, the rapture none can tell,  
I have found the King of Glory  
Waiting at the well.

**403** Tune – Sigismund. B.H.B.111. 8-7

- 1 JESUS, IN HIS heavenly temple,  
Sits with God upon the throne,  
Now no more to be forsaken;  
His humiliation gone.
- 2 Never more shall God, Jehovah,  
Smite the Shepherd with the sword;  
Ne'er again shall cruel sinners  
Set at nought our glorious Lord.
- 3 Dwelling in eternal sunshine  
Of the countenance of God,  
Jesus fills all heaven with incense  
Of His reconciling blood.
- 4 On His heart our names are graven,  
On His shoulders we are borne;  
Of our God beloved in Jesus,  
We can love Him in return.

**404** Tune – My soul is now united. P.M.

- 1 HOW LOST was my condition, till Jesus  
made me whole!  
There is but One Physician can cure a  
sin-sick soul!  
Next door to death He found me, and  
snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me His wondrous  
power to save.

There's a balm in Gilead,  
To make the wounded whole;  
There's power enough in Jesus  
To heal the sin-sick soul.

- 2 The worst of all diseases is light compared with sin –  
On every part it seizes, but rages most within;  
'Tis palsy, dropsy, fever, and madness all combined,  
And none but a believer the least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing, I thought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing, and added to my pain;  
Some said that nothing ailed me; some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every effort failed me, and all my hopes were crossed.
- 4 At length this great Physician – how matchless is His grace!  
Regarded my condition and undertook my case –  
First gave me sight to see Him, for sin my eyes had sealed,  
Then bade me look unto Him; I looked and I was healed.

- 5 A dying, risen Jesus, seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from anguish freed me, and saved my soul from death.  
Come, then, to this Physician, His grace He'll freely give,  
He makes no hard condition – 'Tis only Look and Live.

- 405** Tune – Sweeping through the gate. S.S.(888) 244, or Tramp, tramp
- 1 NOTHING BUT the precious blood Can give lasting peace with God,  
For the heart so dark, so stained with sin and guilt;  
There is nothing can atone, But the blood of Christ alone,  
Blood, which Christ in love for guilty sinners spilt.

Trusting in that precious blood,  
There is perfect peace with God;  
Saved for glory, wondrous story,  
Saved thro' Jesus' precious blood.

2 On the ground of that shed blood All believers come to God,  
Boldly enter e'en the holiest of all;  
Spotless stand before the throne,  
Thro' the blood which doth atone,  
And at Jesus' feet in praise and worship fall.

3 In that robe of spotless white They are perfect in His sight,  
They are made the very righteousness of God;  
They have boldness in "that day",  
For as Christ is so are they,  
And their sins were fully met by Jesus' blood.

4 Soon will come that glorious day,  
When that joy Christ will display,  
That the saints and He are ever joined in One;  
When in brilliancy and light,  
They will share His glory bright,  
And will sit with Christ Himself upon the throne.

**406** Tune – Neander. B.H.B.249. 8-7-4

1 SOVEREIGN GRACE o'er sin abounding,  
Ransom'd 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 began:  
To His name eternal praises,  
O 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.

**407**

Tune – Once I heard a sound.  
R.S.239. P.M.

- 1 ONCE I HEARD a sound at my heart's  
dark door,  
And was roused from the slumber  
of sin;  
It was Jesus knocked, He had knocked  
before,  
Now I said, Blessed Master, come in.  
  
Then open, open, open,  
Let the Master in;  
For the heart will be bright with a heavenly  
light,  
When you let the Master in.

- 2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming  
love  
And He made me His own happy  
guest;  
In my joy I thought that the saints above  
Could be hardly more favoured or  
blest.  
  
3 In the holy war, with the foes of truth,  
He's my shield, He my table prepares;  
He restores my soul, He renews my  
youth,  
And gives triumph in answer to  
prayers.  
  
4 He will feast me still with His presence  
dear,  
And the love He so freely hath given;  
While His promises tell, as I serve Him  
here,  
Of the banquet of glory in Heaven.

**408**

Tune – Hallelujah to the Lamb.  
R.S.137. P.M.

- 1 COME, LET US JOIN our cheerful  
songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their  
tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

Hallelujah! to the Lamb  
That was slain on Mount Calvary;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Amen.

- 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 Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**409**

Tune – Dunfermline. B.H.B.87.  
C.M.

1 I BOW ME to Thy will, O God!  
And all Thy ways adore,  
And every day I live, I'd seek  
To please Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Christ  
Did set His pilgrim feet;  
Nor can I fear that blessed path  
Whose traces are so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Lord!  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph too, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 Lead on, lead on triumphantly,  
O blessed Lord, lead on;  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee seek  
The road that Thou hast gone.

5 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him, when  
It triumphs at his cost.

6 Ill that God blesses is our good,  
And unblessed good is ill,  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

**410**

Tune – All taken away. G.C.37.  
P.M.

1 AMONG the ransom'd, glad and fair,  
Who crowns of light and glory wear,  
There'll not be one whose soul shall  
bear  
One trace of sin's dark sway.

It's all taken away, away . . .

- 2 May I be one? I sinn'd and stray'd,  
God's holy word I disobey'd,  
And broke commands which Jesus  
made -  
O yes, indeed I may.
- 3 I left my soul in Satan's pow'r;  
I made God angry ev'ry hour,  
Eternal woe did o'er me low'r -  
And yet I'm saved today.
- 4 The debt was paid when Jesus died,  
And when His pard'n'ing grace I tried,  
In Calvary's deep and crimson tide  
My sin was washed away.
- 5 Of Jesus while I live, I'll sing,  
To Him a loving heart I'll bring,  
For me He bore death's cruel sting -  
He gives me faith to say.

### **411** Tune - Harts. B.H.B.54. 7's

- 1 FAINT NOT, Christian, tho' the road,  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be and dangerous too,  
Christ thy guide will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian, though in rage  
Satan doth thy soul engage;  
Take thee faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battlefield.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world  
Has its hostile flag unfurled;  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,  
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian, though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin;  
Christ, thy Lord, is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God  
Smite thee with the chastening rod,  
Smite He must, with Father's care,  
That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian! Christ is near;  
Soon in glory He'll appear;  
Then shall end thy toil and strife,  
Death be swallowed up of life.

### **412** Tune - We are on our way to God. P.M.

- 1 FROM EGYPT lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
Hallelujah! We are on our way to God.

- 2 There in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing:  
The love in every bosom reigns,  
For God Himself is King.  
Hallelujah! &c.
- 3 We soon shall join the throng;  
Their pleasures we shall share,  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransomed there.  
Hallelujah! &c.
- 4 How sweet the prospect is!  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;  
We're journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon shall gain our rest.  
Hallelujah! &c.

### **413** Tune - Anticipation. B.H.B.321.

- 1 HAST THOU SAID, exalted Jesus,  
Take thy cross and follow me?  
Shall Thy word with terror seize us?  
Shall we from the burden flee?  
Lord, we'll take it  
And rejoicing follow Thee.
- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,  
Emblem of the Saviour's grave;  
Shall we shun its brink, betraying  
Feelings worthy of a slave?  
No, we'll enter -  
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Sweet the sign that this reminds me,  
Saviour, of Thy love to me;  
Sweeter still the love that binds me  
In its deathless bond to Thee.  
O what pleasure,  
Buried with our Lord to be.
- 4 Fellowship with Him possessing,  
Let us die to all around;  
So we rise t'enjoy the blessing,  
Kept for those in Jesus found,  
When the Archangel  
Wakes the sleepers underground.

### **414** Tune - Disciples of Jesus. E.H.B.193. P.M.

- 1 DISCIPLES of Jesus, why stand ye  
here idle?  
Go work in my vineyard, He calls you  
today;  
The night is approaching, when no  
man can labour,  
Our Master commands us, and shall  
we delay?

The field is the world!  
The field is the world!

Look up for the harvest is near,  
When the reapers from glory  
Will shout as they come  
And the Lord of the harvest appear.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is  
before us,  
To each is appointed a message to  
bear;  
At home or abroad, in the cottage or  
palace,  
Wherever directed, our mission is  
there.

3 Perhaps we are called from the  
highways and hedges  
To gather the lowly, despised, and  
oppress'd;  
If this be our service, then why should  
we falter?  
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour  
the rest.

**415** Tune - We have an anchor.  
R.S.180. P.M.  
1 WILL YOUR ANCHOR hold in the  
storms of life,  
When the clouds unfold their wings of  
strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables  
strain,  
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?  
We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
Steadfast and sure while the billows  
roll;  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot  
move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the  
Saviour's love.

2 Will your anchor hold in the straits  
of fear?  
When the breakers roar and the reef  
is near;  
While the surges rave, and the wild  
winds blow,  
Shall the angry waves then your bark  
o'erflow?

3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of  
death,  
When the waters cold chill your latest  
breath?  
On the rising tide you can never fail,  
While your anchor holds within the veil.

4 Will your eyes behold through the  
morning light,  
The city of gold and the harbour bright?  
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly  
shore,  
When life's storms are past for ever-  
more?

**416** Tune - Dennis. B.H.B.351. S.M.

1 WITH CHRIST we DIED to sin,  
Lay BURIED in His tomb;  
But QUICKEN'D now with Him "our  
Life,"  
We stand beyond our doom!

2 Our God, in wondrous love,  
Hath RAISED us who were dead  
And "in the heavenlies, MADE US SIT  
In Christ," our living "Head."

3 For us He now appears,  
"Within the veil" above;  
"Accepted" and "complete in Him,"  
We triumph in His love.

4 In Christ we now are made  
"The righteousness of God;"  
As heaven-born men and HEIRS with  
Him,  
We follow where He trod.

5 Rejected and despised,  
He bore the open shame;  
As FELLOW-SUFFERERS, journeying  
home,  
We glory in His name.

6 Soon will the Bridegroom come,  
His bride from earth to call!  
We GLORIFIED with Him, shall reign,  
Till God be all in all.

**417** Tune - Nothing between.  
Old S.V.447. P.M.  
or, Almost persuaded. S.S.452

1 NOTHING between, Lord, nothing  
between,  
Let me Thy glory see;  
Draw my soul close to Thee,  
Then speak in love to me -  
Nothing between.

2 Nothing between, Lord, nothing  
between:  
Let not earth's sin and noise  
Stifle Thy still small voice,  
In it let me rejoice -  
Nothing between.

- 3 Nothing between, Lord, nothing  
nothing between;  
Nothing of earthly care,  
Nothing of tear or prayer.  
No robe that self may wear –  
Nothing between.
- 4 Nothing between, Lord, nothing  
nothing between;  
Shine with unclouded ray,  
Chasing each mist away.  
O'er my whole heart bear sway –  
Nothing between.
- 5 Nothing between, Lord, nothing  
between;  
Till Thine eternal light,  
Rising on earth's dark night.  
Bursts on my open sight –  
Nothing between.
- 418** Tune – Room for Jesus. S.S.443. 8-7
- 1 ALL ON JESUS, all on Jesus,  
Have my many sins been laid;  
He has borne the heavy burden,  
He the dreadful debt has paid.  
  
Jesus only, Jesus wholly,  
Jesus wholly and alone,  
Jesus now and Jesus ever,  
Jesus all in all I own.
- 2 All in Jesus, all in Jesus,  
Is my trust for ever stayed;  
He's my Saviour, Life and Portion,  
He my peace has fully made.
- 3 All from Jesus, all from Jesus,  
Are the blessings I receive;  
He of grace the only fountain,  
Gives His grace when we believe.
- 4 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,  
I'll employ my ransomed powers.  
Living, working, waiting, watching,  
All for Christ, through all the hours.
- 5 All to Jesus, all to Jesus,  
Shall the thanks and praise be given,  
When ere long, I'm made like Jesus  
And with Him I'll rest in heaven.

**419** Tune – Ernan. B.H.B.118 L.M.

- 1 JUST as Thou art – how wondrous fair,  
Lord Jesus, all Thy members are!  
A life divine to them is given –  
A long inheritance in heaven.

- 2 Just as I was I came to Thee,  
An heir of wrath and misery;  
Just as Thou art before the throne,  
I stand in righteousness Thine own.
- 3 Just as Thou art – how wondrous free!  
Loosed by the sorrows of the tree;  
Jesus! the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
To give Thy saints this life divine.
- 4 Just as Thou art – nor doubt, nor fear  
Can with Thy spotlessness appear;  
O timeless love! as Thee, I'm seen,  
The righteousness of God in Him.
- 5 Just as Thou art – Thou Lamb divine;  
Life, light, and holiness are Thine!  
Thyself their endless source I see,  
And they, the life of God in me.
- 6 Just as Thou art – O blissful ray,  
That turned my darkness into day!  
That woke me from my death in sin,  
To know my perfectness in Him.
- 7 O teach me, Lord, this grace to own,  
That self and sin no more are known!  
That love – Thy love – in wondrous  
right,  
Hath placed me in its spotless light!
- 8 Soon, soon, 'mid joys on joys untold,  
Thou wilt this grace and love unfold,  
Till worlds on worlds adoring see  
The part Thy members have in Thee.

**420** Tune – Sweet hour of prayer. B.H.B.143. L.M.D.

- 1 NO works of law have we to boast,  
By nature ruined, guilty, lost;  
Condemned already, but Thy hand  
Provided what Thou didst demand.  
  
We take the guilty sinner's name,  
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim;  
We take the guilty sinner's name,  
The guilty sinner's Saviour claim.
- 2 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,  
'Tis what He is – what He has done;  
He is for us as given by God,  
It was for us He shed His blood.

3 We do not feel our sins are gone,  
We know it by Thy word alone;  
We know that Thou our sins didst lay  
On Him who has put sin away.

4 Because we know our sins forgiven,  
We happy feel – our home is heaven;  
O help us now as sons of God,  
To tread the path that Jesus trod.

## 421 Tune – Corinth. B.H.B.229

1 WHERE is now the sinner's Surety,  
He who once was crucified?  
All God's waves of wrath went o'er Him  
When He suffered, bled and died.  
"It is finished!"  
Grace and truth are glorified.

2 In the grave they could not find Him:  
He had told them so before:  
Justice could no longer bind Him –  
Mourners let your fears be o'er.  
"He is risen!"  
Jesus lives forever more.

3 "Peace unto you!" this His greeting,  
Word of Him that cannot lie,  
From the heart that bore our judgment,  
Heart of love that cannot die.  
"Peace unto you!"  
Still He speaketh from on high.

4 "It is finished!" "He is risen!"  
Ye who these blest words receive,  
Peace in Him is now your portion,  
Peace eternal He will give –  
"Peace unto you!"  
All who on His name believe.

## 422 Tune – Sharon. B.H.B.145. 8-7

1 JESUS – on the cross behold Him!  
Jesus dies on Calvary!  
Sins they are, not nails, which hold Him;  
Sinner, there He dies for thee.

2 Mighty now, in resurrection,  
Cloth'd with immortality;  
See Him, sinner – blest perfection,  
Of a boundless love to thee!

3 Infinite is His affection,  
How canst thou resist His plea?  
Force Him not by cold rejection,  
Sinner to depart from thee.

## 423 Tune – Whither, pilgrims. R.S. 681, or Herald angels. R.S.42. P.M.

1 WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,  
Going each with staff in hand?  
We are going on a journey,  
Going at our King's command.  
Over hills, and plains, and valleys,  
We are going to His palace,  
We are going to His palace,  
Going to a better land.

2 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for,  
In the bright and better land?  
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,  
From a Saviour's loving hand;  
We shall drink of life's clear river,  
We shall dwell with God for ever,  
We shall dwell with God for ever,  
In that bright and better land.

3 Fear ye not the way so lonely,  
Ye, a little feeble band?  
No, for friends unseen are near us,  
Angels bright around us stand.  
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us,  
He will guard and He will guide us,  
He will guard and He will guide us,  
Going to the better land.

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you  
To that bright and better land?  
Come, and welcome, come and  
welcome,  
Welcome to our pilgrim's band.  
Come, oh, come, and do not  
leave us,  
Christ is waiting to receive us,  
Christ is waiting to receive us,  
In that bright and better land.

## 424 Tune – Boylston. B.H.B.222. S.M.

1 MY times are in Thy hand;  
My God, I wish them there;  
My life, my soul, my all, I leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
A father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, the Crucified!  
The hand my many sins have pierced  
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, my advocate!  
Nor can that hand be stretched in vain  
For me to supplicate.

**425** Tune – St. Paul. B.H.B.305.  
C.M.

1 THE cross of Christ! what untold **love**,  
What **grace** was there expressed!  
The only way to heaven above –  
To God's eternal rest.

2 The good-for-nothing hopeless ones  
Find mercy on the spot,  
For thus God's glorious message runs,  
**"To him that worketh not."**

3 The work of Christ was so complete,  
Its glory nought can dim;  
The point where God and sinners meet,  
And thousands meet with Him.

4 And art thou **wretched, vile, undone**,  
Aye, **worse** than all beside?  
Why, 'twas for such a **hopeless one**  
That Christ Himself has died.

5 The day of grace will soon be o'er  
(The closing hour is set),  
Still open stands salvation's door,  
And you may enter yet.

**426** Tune – Look to Jesus. C.C.28.  
or, Hollingside. R.S.428.

1 LOOK to Jesus! – **look and live!**  
Mercy at His hand receive;  
He has died upon the tree,  
And His words are "**Look to Me!**"

**Come** to Jesus! – **come and live!**  
He has endless life to give!  
He from sin will set thee free,  
For His words are, "**Come to me!**"

2 **Trust** in Jesus! – **trust and live!**  
Now upon His name believe;  
He has blessings e'en for thee;  
For His words are, "**Trust in Me!**"

3 **Rest** in Jesus! – there repose,  
Shelter find from all thy foes;  
Let His name be all Thy plea,  
For His words are, "**Rest in Me!**"

**427** Tune – Adeste fideles. R.S.40.  
or, Go bury thy sorrow.  
S.S.777.

1 HOW FIRM a foundation, ye saints of  
the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent  
word!  
What more can He say than to you He  
hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have  
fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in  
health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in  
wealth,  
At home or abroad, on the land or the  
sea,  
As the day 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 floods of distress shall not thee  
overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to  
bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all My people  
shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their  
temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom  
be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd 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."

**428** Tune - Lenox. R.S.629 P.M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound.

The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Through all the lands proclaim.

3 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest by Jesus live.

**429** Tune - Sleep on beloved. S.S.1041. P.M.

1 O LORD, what love for sinners Thou hast shown,  
To give Thy life for those by sin undone:  
But is that blood, which doth for sin atone,  
**For me?**

2 Was it for guilty sinners such as I  
That Thou, O Lord, didst suffer, bleed,  
and die?  
And is that grace which Thou dost now supply  
**For me?**

3 Is it for me, who early went astray,  
Who turned from God to tread a self-willed way?  
Is it for me that mercy flows today?  
**For me?**

4 If 'tis the hopeless case Thou lov'st to meet,  
If 'tis a sinner Thou dost run to greet,  
Then 'tis for me to worship at Thy feet.  
**For me?**

5 Yes, if my hope is placed in Thee alone;  
Yes, if I trust in Thee, th' Eternal Son;  
Then 'tis for me that work which Thou hast done,  
**For me.**

6 Yes, 'twas for me, Lord Jesus, Thou didst come;  
To me Thou givest pardon, peace and home;  
And, Saviour, on Thy loving breast there's room  
**For me.**

7 And till I meet Thee in that glory bright,  
And when I walk with thee in robe of white,  
O Lord, I'll find my sweet, my full delight  
**In Thee!**

**430** Tune - A shelter in the time. S.S.539. P.M.

1 THE Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide:  
A shelter in the time of storm!  
Secure whatever ill betide:  
A shelter in the time of storm!

Oh Jesus is a Rock in a weary land!  
A weary land! a weary land;  
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land -  
A shelter in the time of storm!

2 A shade by day, defence by night:  
A shelter in the time of storm!  
No fears alarm, no foes affright;  
A shelter in the time of storm!

3 The raging storms may round us beat:  
A shelter in the time of storm!  
We'll never leave our safe retreat,  
A shelter in the time of storm!

4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear:  
A shelter in the time of storm!  
Be Thou our helper ever near,  
A shelter in the time of storm!

**431** Tune - Sigismund. B.H.B.65. 8-7

1 HARK! ten thousand voices crying,  
"Lamb of God," with one accord;  
Thousand thousand saints replying  
- Wake at once the echoing chord.

- 2 "Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking  
All in heaven together throng,  
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,  
Rolls around the endless song.
- 3 Grateful incense this ascending  
Ever to the Father's throne,  
Every knee to Jesus bending,  
All the mind in heaven is one.
- 4 All the Father's counsels claiming  
Equal honour to the Son;  
All the Son's effulgence beaming,  
Makes the Father's glory known.
- 5 By the Spirit all pervading,  
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb,  
Crowned with light and joy unfading,  
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

**432** Tune - Belmont. B.H.B.285. C.M.

- 1 JESUS, HOW MUCH Thy name unfolds  
To every opened ear;  
The pardoned sinner's memory holds  
None other half so dear.
- 2 Jesus! it speaks a life of love,  
And sorrows meekly borne;  
It tells of sympathy above,  
Whatever sins we mourn.
- 3 It tells us of Thy sinless walk  
In fellowship with God;  
And to our ears no tale so sweet  
As Thine atoning blood.
- 4 This name encircles every grace,  
That God, as man, could show;  
There only can the Spirit trace  
A perfect life below.
- 5 The mention of Thy name shall bow  
Our hearts to worship Thee:  
The chieftest of ten thousand Thou!  
The chief of sinners we!

**433** Tune - Franconia. B.H.B.89. S.M.

- 1 AND WILL the Judge descend,  
And must the dead arise,  
And not a single soul escape  
His all - discerning eyes?

- 2 And from His righteous lips,  
Shall a dread sentence sound;  
And through the numerous guilty  
throng  
Speak black despair around.
- 3 How will thy heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When heaven and earth before His face  
Astonished shrink away?
- 4 But ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound  
What joyful tidings spread.
- 5 Ye sinners, trust His grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Trust in the blood shed on the cross  
And find salvation there.

**434** Tune - Mozart. R.S.587  
7's

- 1 TAKE MY LIFE, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.  
Take my silver and my gold;  
Not a mite would I withhold.
- 3 Take my moments and my days;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 4 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.
- 5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, **only, ALL for Thee.**
- 435** Tune - Innocents. B.H.B.230.  
7's
- 1 PRAISE thy Saviour, O my soul!  
He hath drunk the bitter gall,  
Paid thy ransom, set thee free:  
Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.
- 2 Oh! the wonders of His love!  
See Him coming from above,  
To atone and die for thee;  
Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

3 See the waves and billows roll  
O'er His sinless, spotless soul,  
Oh! my soul, it was for thee:  
Praise Him, praise him cheerfully.

4 Yes! with joy we'll praise Him now,  
Till with saints above we bow,  
And to all eternity,  
Praise Him, praise Him cheerfully.

**436** Tune – God is love. B.H.B.39.  
or, Christ for me. P.M.

1 O WOULD you know your sins  
forgiven?

Christ is all.

Would you a title have to heaven?  
Christ is all.

To cleanse your soul from every stain,  
To save you from eternal pain,  
And make your way to heaven plain,  
Christ is all.

2 To meet a guilty sinner's need,  
Christ is all.

You need not any merit plead,  
Christ is all.

When on the altar He was laid,  
The ransom price He fully paid,  
And peace with God for sinners made,  
Christ is all.

3 To try to help yourself is vain,  
Christ is all.

Your labours cannot cleanse a stain,  
Christ is all.

'Tis "not of works" but all "of grace;"  
"In Christ" God offers you a place  
In which to stand before His face,  
Christ is all.

4 O trust Him ere it be too late,  
Christ is all.

Believe, and not for feelings wait,  
Christ is all.

For peace comes not through what you  
feel,

No feelings can your pardon seal –  
The blood of Christ alone can heal,  
Christ is all.

5 You can't be happy till to you  
Christ is all.

To give you joys and treasures true,  
Christ is all.

From Satan's power He'll set you free,  
And make you safe eternally,  
If now your heart's decision be,  
Christ is all.

**437** Tune – I am so glad. R.S.671.  
P.M.

1 "COME," is the sweet invitation of grace;  
Come unto Jesus, the soul's resting  
place;  
Come, for His suffering for sinners  
is done;  
Come, for the Father's well pleased  
in His Son.

Jesus, the Lord, says, "Come unto Me,  
Come unto Me, Come unto Me;"  
Jesus, the Lord, says, "Come unto Me,  
And I will give you rest."

2 Come, for He died your lost soul to  
redeem;

Come, and have pardon and cleansing  
in Him;

Come, for the Father has raised Him  
on high;

Come unto Jesus, for why will ye die?

3 Come, discontented, in debt and  
distressed;

Come, is the Saviour's most urgent  
request;

"Come, everyone," is His worldwide  
call;

Come, for "all things are now ready"  
for all.

4 Jesus has power on earth to forgive,  
Jesus has power to make dead sinners  
live;

Jesus will never cast out those who  
come;

Jesus will keep them, and bear them  
safe home.

**438** Tune – Wait and murmur not.  
S.S.710. L.M.

1 OH, child of God, there is for thee  
A hope that shines amid the gloom:  
A gladsome hope that thou shalt see  
Thy Lord, for He will surely come.

He'll come . . . yes, He'll come and  
tarry not,

He'll come . . . yes, He'll come and  
tarry not,

He'll come . . . He'll come . . . He'll  
come and tarry not . .

- 2 When in this world His hands had made,  
No room was found for Jesus then;  
The mountain-side was oft his bed,  
Now, glorified He comes again.
- 3 Exalted now to Heaven's throne,  
The Saviour there of sinful men,  
His loving heart yearns o'er His own,  
And for them He will come again.
- 4 Oh, child of God, thy lot may be  
Oft mixed with trial, grief, and pain;  
Look up! He'll surely come for thee,  
He says, "I quickly come again."
- 5 Then joy unmingled will be thine,  
Earth's tears and trials all forgot;  
So cheer thine heart, no more repine,  
His word is sure: He'll tarry not.

**439** Tune – Augustine. S.S. 68. S.M.

- 1 STERN justice cries for blood,  
And righteous is its plea;  
Nothing but blood can satisfy  
Its solemn, stern decree.
- 2 Where shall poor sinners go?  
On what their hopes be built?  
How can they meet the just demand  
Or answer for their guilt?
- 3 Lo! God does interpose,  
He gives His only son,  
Whose precious blood on Calvary flows,  
And life for man is won!

**440** Tune – Orlington. C.M.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

**441** Tune – Linden B.H.B.58  
or, Solid Rock, as 228. 6-8's  
1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways  
Are worthy of Thyself – divine!  
But the bright glories of Thy grace  
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.

- Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And in this honour none shall share.
- 3 Pardon from an offended God!  
Pardon, for sins of deepest dye!  
Pardon, bestowed through Jesus blood!  
Pardon that brings the rebel nigh!

**442** Tune – Behold Me standing. R.S.106. L.M.

- 1 BEHOLD Me standing at the door,  
And hear Me pleading evermore,  
With gentle voice, Oh, heart of sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?
- Behold Me standing at the door,  
And hear Me pleading evermore;  
Say weary heart, opprest with sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?
- 2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,  
I waited long and patiently:  
Say weary heart, opprest with sin,  
May I come in? may I come in?
- 3 I would not plead with thee in vain;  
Remember all My grief and pain!  
I died to ransom thee from sin:  
May I come in? May I come in?

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,  
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:  
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin:  
May I come in? may I come in?

To be there! . . . to be there!  
Oh, what must it be to be there?  
To be there! . . . to be there!  
Oh, what must it be to be there?

## **443** Tune – Salvation. B.H.B.228. P.M.

1 PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah,  
our God,  
Declare, oh declare ye, his glories  
abroad;  
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to  
nation,  
Till the uttermost islands have heard  
His salvation.

For His love floweth on, free and full  
as a river,  
And His mercy endureth for ever  
and ever.

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for  
sinners was slain,  
Who went down to the grave and  
ascended again;  
And who soon shall return when these  
dark days are o'er,  
To set up His kingdom in glory and  
power.

3 Then the heavens, and the earth, and  
the sea shall rejoice,  
The field and the forest shall lift the  
glad voice,  
The sand' of the desert shall flourish in  
green,  
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the  
scene.

4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,  
All nature shall wear on that glorious  
day;  
For her King cometh down with His  
people to reign,  
And His presence shall bless her with  
Eden again.

## **444** Tune – What must it be to be there. S.S.923. 8's

1 WE speak of the land of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories confessed;  
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures untold;  
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The songs of the blessed above;  
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do Thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
Then shortly we also shall know,  
And **feel** what it is to be there.

## **445** Tune – Tallis. B.H.B.73. C.M.

1 WHAT SACRED FOUNTAIN yonder  
springs,  
Out from the throne of God,  
Which all our covenant blessing brings?  
'Tis Jesus' precious blood!

2 What mighty sum paid all my debt,  
When charged with guilt I stood,  
And hath my soul at freedom set?  
'Tis Jesus' precious blood!

3 What stream is that which sweeps away  
My sins, just like a flood,  
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay?  
'Tis Jesus' precious blood!

4 What voice is that which speaks for me  
In heaven's high court for good,  
And from the curse hath set me free?  
'Tis Jesus' precious blood!

5 What theme, my soul will best employ  
Thy harp before thy God,  
And make all heaven to ring with joy?  
'Tis Jesus' precious blood!

**446**

Tune – In the shadow. S.S.644.  
P.M.

## 1 IN THE SHADOW of His wings

There is rest, sweet rest;  
There is rest from care and labour,  
There is rest for friend and neighbour,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest . . .

There is rest! . . . there is peace!!!  
There is joy! . . . in the shadow of His wings!  
There is rest! . . . there is peace! . . .  
There is joy! . . . in the shadow of His wings!

## 2 In the shadow of His wings

There is peace, sweet peace,  
Peace that passeth understanding,  
Peace, sweet peace, that knows no  
ending;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace . . .

## 3 In the shadow of His wings

There is joy, glad joy;  
There is joy to tell the story,  
Joy exceeding, full of glory:  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy, glad joy,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy . . .

**447**

Tune – Swabia. B.H.B.179.  
S.M.

1 O CHRIST, Thou heavenly Lamb,  
Joy of the Father's heart:  
Now let thy love my soul inflame,  
Fresh power to me impart!

2 Power to know the loss,  
Suffered, dear Lord, by Thee;  
Power to glory in the cross  
Thou didst endure for me.

3 Power to keep the eye  
And all its depths to know,  
Power to fix the heart above,  
And die to all below.

4 Power to keep the eye  
For ever fixed on Thee;  
Power to lift the warning cry  
To souls from wrath to flee.

5 Power lost souls to win  
From Satan's mighty hold;  
Power the wanderers to bring  
Back to the heavenly fold.

6 Power to watch and pray,  
Lord Jesus, quickly come!  
Power to hail the happy day,  
Destined to bear me home!

7 Lord Jesus, then to me  
Power divine impart,  
To swell redemption's song to Thee,  
For worthy, Lord, Thou art.

**448**

Tune – Haven of rest. B.H.B.221. C.M.D.

1 OUR SOULS are in God's mighty hand;  
We're precious in His sight;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him in glory bright.

We'll stem the storm; it won't last long  
We'll anchor by-and-by,  
In the haven of eternal rest,  
With Jesus ever nigh.

2 Him eye to eye we soon shall see;  
Our face like His shall shine:  
Oh! what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh! what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white arrayed,  
We'll all unite in praising Him  
Whose glories never fade.

4 When we've been there ten thousand  
years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We'll have no less days to sing God's  
praise,  
Than when we first begun.

5 Then let us hasten to the day  
When all shall be brought home,  
Come, O Redeemer! – come today!  
Come, Jesus! quickly come!

**449**

Tune – Abide with me. S.S.297. 10's

1 THE Lord is risen: now death's dark  
judgment flood  
Is passed, in Him who bought us with  
His blood.  
The Lord is risen; we stand beyond  
the doom  
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty  
tomb.

- 2 The Lord is risen; with Him we also rose,  
And in His grave see all our vanquished foes.  
The Lord is risen: beyond the judgment land,  
In Him, in resurrection-life, we stand.
- 3 The Lord is risen: shut in are we with God,  
To tread the desert which His feet have trod,  
The Lord is risen: the Sanctuary's our place,  
Where now we dwell before the Father's face.
- 4 The Lord is risen: the Lord is gone before;  
We long to see Him, and to sin no more!  
The Lord is risen: our trumpet-shout shall be,  
"Thou hast prevailed! Thy people, Lord, are free!"

**450** Tune - Oh, to be nothing. S.S.(888)133. P.M.

1 OH, TO BE nothing, nothing!  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.  
Emptied that He might fill me,  
As forth to His service I go;  
Broken - that so unhindered  
His life through me might flow.

2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing!  
Only as led by His hand;  
A messenger at His gateway,  
Only waiting for His command.  
Only an instrument ready  
His praises to sound at His will;  
Willing, should He not require me,  
In silence to wait on Him still.

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing!  
Painful the humbling may be,  
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me  
That the world might my Saviour see.  
Rather be nothing, nothing!  
To Him let our voices be raised:  
He is the fountain of blessing,  
He only is meet to be praised.

**451** Tune - O how sweet. E.H.B.141. P.M.  
1 O HEAR ye now the call, ye thirsty ones and weary  
Who seek in vain for pleasures true,  
Upon this barren shore;  
A fountain now is flowing, of joy that passeth knowing  
And whosoever drinketh there shall thirst again no more.  
  
O how sweet will it be to meet by the river  
That flows from the throne of God and the Lamb!  
O how sweet will it be to dwell for ever  
In the blissful presence of the great "I AM!"

- 2 In Christ a living stream of peace and joy is flowing  
For thee, O lost and wandering one,  
though now afar you roam;  
On thee He now is calling; His words of grace are falling;  
Believe and live, and thou shalt dwell in yonder happy home.
- 3 But there shall come a day - a day of deepest sorrow,  
If you refuse the Christ of God who pleadeth now with thee;  
For changed shall be your scorning into a bitter mourning,  
Then why delay? - O come today,  
and His salvation see.

**452** Tune - The Auld House. S.V.72. D.C.M.

1 MY HEART is resting, O my God;  
I will give praise and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made,  
No hands but Thine shall fill;  
The waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

2 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.  
And a new song is in my mouth,  
To long-loved music set;  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

3 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!  
My heart is resting on His truth  
Who hath made all things mine,  
Who draws my captive will to Him,  
And makes it one with Thine.

## 453

Tune – Gospel Bells. R.S.151.  
P.M.

1 THE Gospel bells are ringing,  
Over land from sea to sea;  
Blessed news of free salvation  
Do they offer you and me.  
"For God so loved the world,  
That His only Son He gave;  
Whosoe'er believeth on Him  
Everlasting life shall have."  
. . . Gospel bells! . . how they ring,  
Over land from sea to sea!  
. . . Gospel bells! . . freely bring,  
Blessed news to you and me.

2 The Gospel bells invite us  
To a feast prepared for all;  
Do not slight the invitation,  
Nor reject the gracious call.  
"I am the Bread of Life;  
Eat of Me thou hungry soul:  
Though your sins be red as crimson,  
They shall be as white as wool."

3 The Gospel bells give warning,  
As they sound from day to day,  
Of the fate which doth await them  
Who for ever will delay.  
"Escape thou for thy life!  
Tarry not in all the plain;  
Nor behind thee look, oh never,  
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,  
As they echo far and wide,  
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,  
Through a Saviour crucified.  
"Good tidings of great joy  
To all people do I bring;  
Unto you is born a Saviour,  
Which is Christ the Lord and King."

## 454

Tune – What's the news.  
R.S.111. P.M.

1 WHENE'ER we meet you always say,  
What's the news?  
Pray, what's the order of the day,  
What's &c.

Oh, I have got good news to tell,  
My Saviour hath done all things well,  
And triumphed over death and hell,  
That's &c.

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary,  
That's &c.  
To set a world of sinners free,  
That's &c.

For us he bowed His sacred head,  
For us His precious blood was shed;  
And now He's risen from the dead,  
That's &c.

3 His work reviving all around,  
That's &c.  
And many have the Saviour found,  
That's &c.  
And since their souls have caught the  
flame,  
They shout hosanna to His name,  
And all around they spread His fame,  
That's &c.

4 The Lord has pardoned all my sin,  
That's &c.  
I have the witness now within,  
That's &c.  
And since He took my guilt away,  
And taught me how to watch and pray,  
I'm happy now from day to day,  
That's &c.

## 455

Tune – Deerhurst. B.H.B.122.  
8-7

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted."  
See Him dying on the tree!  
'Tis the Christ by man rejected,  
Yes my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He!  
Many hands were raised to wound  
Him,  
None would interpose to save;  
But the awful stroke that found Him  
Was the stroke that justice gave.

2 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
Nor suppose the evil great,  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed!  
See who bears the awful load!  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed  
Son of Man, and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm foundation,  
 Here's the refuge of the lost;  
 Christ the Rock of our salvation;  
 His the name of which we boast.  
 Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt!  
 None shall ever be confounded  
 Who on Him their hopes have built.

**456** Tune – Pax Tecum. S.S.726

10's

1 PEACE! perfect peace! in this dark  
 world of sin?  
 The blood of Jesus whispers peace  
 within.

2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging  
 duties press'd?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows  
 surging round?

On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is  
 found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones  
 far away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and  
 they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all  
 unknown?

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing  
 us and ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all its  
 powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon  
 shall cease,

And Jesus call to heaven's perfect  
 peace.

**457** Tune – Shall we meet.  
 S.S.(888)240. P.M.

1 SHALL WE MEET beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?  
 Where in all the bright "for ever,"  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Shall we meet? shall we meet?  
 Shall we meet beyond the river?  
 Shall we meet beyond the river?  
 Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
 By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
 Where the towers of crystal shine,  
 Where the walls are all of jasper,  
 Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ the Saviour,  
 When He comes to claim His own?  
 Shall we know His blessed favour,  
 And sit down upon His throne?

**458** Tune – St. John. B.H.B.45.  
 P.M.

1 THE GOSPEL is of God  
 To magnify His Son,  
 For Jesus Christ our Lord,  
 By power God's will hath done:  
 By power He crushed the serpent's  
 head,  
 By power God raised Him from the  
 dead.

2 The Holy Spirit came  
 On Jesus from above;  
 Not "whirlwind" then, nor "flame" –  
 "Descending like a dove;"  
 And lo! from heaven the Father's voice  
 Owned Him in whom He doth rejoice.

3 The Saviour Christ the Lord  
 'Mid guilty sinners came,  
 Maintained the truth of God,  
 Bore grief, reproach, and shame:  
 Unwearied in His love, His grace,  
 He took the guilty sinner's place.

4 Alone upon His cross,  
 God's judgment Jesus bore,  
 He paid in full the cost  
 Of glory evermore:  
 His precious blood was freely shed,  
 And Jesus crushed the serpent's head!

5 By resurrection now  
 God doth His rights declare,  
 Let men and angels bow  
 To Jesus everywhere:  
 For to "this Man," God's Son is given  
 All power on earth, all power in heaven.

**459** Tune – Only remembered.  
S.S.798. or, Come back to Erin.  
P.M.

1 SINGING OF JESUS, singing of  
Jesus,

Trying to serve Him wherever I go;  
Pointing the lost to the way of Sal-  
vation,

This be my mission, a pilgrim below.  
When in the praise of my Saviour I  
mingle,

When to exalt Him my voice I would  
raise;

'Tis for His glory whose arm is our  
refuge,

Him would I honour, His name  
would I praise.

2 Singing of Jesus glad hymns of  
salvation,

Lifting the soul on her pinions of  
love,

Dropping a word or a thought by the  
wayside,

Telling of rest in the mansions above.  
Singing of Jesus who died to redeem

us,

And of the grace that He loves to  
bestow,

Life everlasting, the gift of His Spirit,  
Joy full of glory to pilgrims below.

3 Singing of Jesus, my blessed Re-  
deemer,

God of the pilgrims, of Thee I will  
sing,

When o'er the billows of time I am  
wafted,

Still with Thy praise shall eternity  
ring.

Glory to God for the prospect before  
me,

Soon shall my spirit to heaven  
ascend,

Singing to Jesus, oh, blissful em-  
ployment,

Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

2 When the woes of life o'er take me –  
Hopes decieve, and fears annoy –  
Never shall the cross forsake me –  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

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

**461** Tune – Seeking for me.

R.S.115. P.M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem  
came,  
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;  
Oh, it was wonderful – blest be His  
name!  
Seeking for me, for me!

Seeking for me, for me! . . .  
Seeking for me, for me! . . .  
Oh, it was wonderful – blest be His  
name!  
Seeking for me, for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,  
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set  
free;  
Oh it was wonderful, how could it be?  
Dying for me, for me!

Dying for me, for me! . . .  
Dying for me, for me! . . .  
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?  
Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,  
While I was wand'ring afar from the  
fold,  
Gently and long did He plead with my  
soul,  
Calling for me, for me!

Calling for me, for me! . . .  
Calling for me, for me! . . .  
Gently and long did He plead with my  
soul,  
Calling for me, for me!

**460** Tune – St. Oswald. R.S.488.  
8-7

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from  
on high –  
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;  
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,  
Coming for me, for me!

Coming for me, for me! . . .  
Coming for me, for me! . . .  
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,  
Coming for me, for me!

**462** Tune – Haven of Rest.  
B.H.B.221. C.M.D.  
1 NOW I CAN READ my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

We'll stem the storm; it won't be long;  
We'll anchor by and by,  
In the haven of eternal rest,  
With Jesus ever nigh.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come  
And storms of sorrow fall;  
Soon shall I safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**463** Tune – Kilmarnock.  
B.H.B.366. C.M.

1 THE GOSPEL of the grace of God,  
Unchangeably the same,  
"Forgiveness" speaks through Jesus'  
blood,  
"Salvation," in His name.

2 "Eternal life" for ever sure,  
To all who do believe;  
"Eternal glory" kept secure,  
For those who Christ receive.

3 Nor height, nor depth, nor earth,  
nor hell,  
Shall ever them remove,  
Who in the heart of Jesus dwell,  
Who know and trust His love.

**464** Tune – Regent Square.  
B.H.B.31. 8-7-4  
1 SPEED THY SERVANTS, Saviour,  
speed them,  
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;  
They were bound, but Thou hast freed  
them;  
Now they go to free the slaves:  
Be Thou with them,  
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and homes and all forsaking,  
Lord, they go at Thy command,  
As their stay Thy promise taking,  
While they traverse sea and land:  
Oh, be with them!  
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Where 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 a Saviour's grace alone.

**465** Tune – A few more years.  
R.S.259. S.M.D.

1 I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love the Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.

But happy now I am,  
And happy shall I be,  
Till gazing on my Lord the Lamb,  
I all His, love shall see!

2 I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

- 3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child:  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.
- 5 They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head,  
They gently closed my bleeding  
wounds.  
My fainting soul they fed.
- 6 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.

**466** Tune – Nothing to pay. E.H.B. 153

1 NOTHING TO PAY? – no not a whit;  
Nothing to do? – no, not a bit;  
All that was needed to do or to pay,  
Jesus has done in His own blessed way.

2 Nothing to pay? – no, not a stroke;  
Gone is the captor, gone is the yoke;  
Jesus at Calvary severed the chain,  
And none can imprison His freeman  
again.

3 Nothing to fear? – no, not a jot;  
Nothing unclean? – no, not a spot;  
Christ is my peace, and I've nothing at  
stake,  
Satan can that neither harass nor shake.

4 Nothing to settle? – all has been paid;  
Nothing of anger? – peace has been  
made,  
Jesus alone is the sinner's resource,  
Peace He has made by the blood of His  
cross.

**467** Tune – Beyond the swelling  
flood S.S.915. P.M.

1 IN ROBES made white through Jesus'  
blood  
We soon shall meet beyond the flood,  
And hold sweet converse free from  
pain,  
Nor ever fear to part again,  
Beyond the swelling flood!

Beyond . . . the swelling flood!  
Beyond . . . the swelling flood!  
Beyond . . . the swelling flood!  
We'll meet to part no more,  
We'll meet . . . to part no more,  
We'll meet . . . to part no more,  
We'll meet . . . to part no more,  
Beyond the swelling flood!

- 2 I fear not now what ills may come:  
By faith I see my heavenly home,  
And hear the angel-voices say,  
"Thy God shall wipe all tears away,"  
Beyond the swelling flood!
- 3 O meeting blest, with friends so dear,  
What sounds shall greet the list'ning  
ear?  
What thrills of rapture wake the soul  
As back those golden gates shall roll,  
Beyond the swelling flood!
- 4 Dear Saviour, guide my willing feet,  
That I may have that joy complete;  
And live to praise through endless day  
The love that dries all tears away,  
Beyond the swelling flood!

**468** Tune – Thine the glory. B.H.B.157. P.M.

1 WE PRAISE Thy great love, our **Father**  
**and God;**  
Rejoicing in Jesus, whom Thou hast  
bestow'd.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory  
Hallelujah! Amen.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us  
again.

2 Accepted in Christ, who has stood in  
our place,  
We shall show in **the glory** God's  
riches of grace.  
Hallelujah! **come in glory!**  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! **come in glory!** come  
quickly again.

- 3 We **work** for Him now, till – His body  
complete –  
The Bride and the Bridegroom in glory  
shall meet.
- 4 And, Jesus, we **wait** for the time Thou  
shalt come.  
We long for Thy presence, our heavenly  
home.

5 We praise Thee, O God, for the springs  
by the way,  
That refresh us, lone pilgrims, while our  
Lord is away.

Are you washed . . . in the blood . . .  
In the soul-cleansing blood of the  
Lamb?  
Are your garments spotless? are  
they white as snow?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

## 469 Tune – Beneath the Cross.

S.S.139.

7-6

1 I AM NOT TOLD to labour,  
To put away my sin;  
So foolish, weak, and helpless,  
I never could begin;  
But blessed truth – I know it!  
Though ruined by the fall,  
Christ has my soul redeemed –  
Yes! Christ has done it all!

2 I have not now to seek Him;  
In love He sought for me,  
When far from Him I wandered  
In sin and misery;  
He op'd my ears and gave me  
To listen to His call;  
He sought me and He found me!  
Yes! Christ has done it all!

3 And now I cannot please Him  
In aught I say or do.  
Unless He daily helps me  
His glory to pursue;  
Still helpless and still feeble,  
On His strong arm I fall.  
My strength in pressing onward –  
Yes! Christ must do it all!

4 And when in heavenly glory  
My ransomed soul shall be  
From sin and all pollution  
For ever, ever free,  
I'll cast my crown before Him,  
And loud His grace extol –  
"Thou Hast Thyself redeemed me;  
Yes! Thou hast done it all!"

## 470 Tune – Are you washed.

R.S.171.

P.M.

1 HAVE YOU TRUSTED Jesus and His  
saving power?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?  
Are you fully trusting in His grace this  
hour?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's  
side?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?  
Do you rest each moment in the  
Crucified?  
Are you washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?  
3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will  
your robes be white?  
Pure and white in the blood of the  
Lamb?  
Will your soul be ready for the  
mansions bright,  
And be washed in the blood of  
the Lamb?

## 471 Tune – Helmsley. S.S.161.

8-7-4

1 LO! HE COMES with clouds descending,  
Once for guilty sinners slain;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train;  
Hallelujah!

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall then behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day –  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment! come away!

## 472 Tune - Stella. B.H.B.355 or Jesus of Nazareth, as No.38. 6-8's

1 WHEN FIRST o'erwhelmed with sin  
and shame,  
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,  
Burdened with guilt and full of fear,  
Yet, drawn by love, I ventured near,  
And pardon found, and peace with God,  
In Jesus' rich, **atoning blood.**

2 My sins are gone, my fears are o'er;  
I shun God's presence now no more;  
He sits upon a throne of grace,  
He bids me boldly seek His face;  
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,  
I see that rich, **atonung blood.**

3 Before His face my Priest appears,  
My Advocate the Father hears;  
That precious blood before His eyes  
Both day and night for mercy cries;  
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,  
The voice of that **atonung blood.**

4 By faith that voice I also hear;  
It answers doubt, it stills each fear;  
The accuser seeks in vain to move  
The wrath of Him whose name is Love:  
Each charge against the sons of God  
Is silenced by th' **atonung blood.**

**473** Tune—Constancy. B.H.B.330. P.M.

1 I WILL NEVER, never leave thee,  
I will never thee forsake;  
I will guard and save, and keep thee,  
For my name and mercy's sake;  
Fear no evil, only all My counsel take.

For I'll never, never leave thee,  
I will never thee forsake.

2 When the storm is raging round thee,  
Call on me in humble prayer,  
I will fold my arms about thee,  
Guard thee with the tenderest care;  
In the trial I will make thy pathway  
clear.

3 When the sky above is glowing,  
And around thee all is bright,  
Pleasure like a river flowing,  
All things tending to delight,  
I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps  
aright.

4 When thy soul is dark and clouded,  
Filled with doubt, and grief, and care,  
Through the mist by which 'tis  
shrouded  
I will make a light appear  
And the banner of My love I will  
uprear.

**474** Tune — Lenox. B.H.B.181.  
6-6-6-6-8-8

1 LET EARTH and heaven agree,  
Let men with angels join,  
To sing salvation free,  
The work of grace divine;  
To praise the great atoning Lamb,  
And all His wondrous love proclaim.

2 Jesus! life-giving sound,  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given  
In which the sons of men can boast  
But His who seeks and saves the lost.

3 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from guilt set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
His heart o'erflows with sacred joy,  
And songs of praise his lips employ.

4 Jesus! all praise above:  
We sing Thy blessed name,  
We sing Thy dying love,  
Thy rising power proclaim;  
But, soon to give Thee worthy praise,  
Both heaven and earth their voice shall  
raise.

**475** Tune — Gotha. B.H.B.238. 8-7

1 TO THY CROSS, O Christ, I'm clinging;  
All my refuge and my plea;  
Matchless is Thy loving kindness,  
Else it had not stoop'd to me.

2 Long my heart has heard Thee calling,  
But I thrust aside Thy grace;  
Yet! O boundless condescension,  
Love is shining from Thy face.

3 Life eternal — light eternal —  
Close me safely, sweetly in;  
Saviour, let Thy balm of healing  
Ever keep me free from sin.

**476** Tune — Jesus saves; or, To the  
work. S.S.751. P.M.

1 LOOKING only to Jesus the Crucified  
One  
Who invites all that mourn, will you  
come? will you come?  
God has laid all my sins on His Son on  
the Cross:  
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste  
but as dross.

Jesus died, Jesus died,  
Sound the tidings forth – Sound the  
tidings forth –  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves,  
Shout the victory, the victory.

2 Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour  
who died,  
That my fears might be quelled, and my  
tears all be dried;  
But, alas, my proud heart was too  
stubborn to yield  
To His kind invitation to come and  
be healed.

3 But at length God in mercy has led me  
to see  
That if I would find safety to Christ I  
must flee;  
The avenger of blood I have seen  
on my track,  
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never  
turn back.

4 Still to Jesus I look, though life's journey  
be long.  
When approaching the river let this be  
my song –  
All my sins washed away in the peace-  
speaking blood;  
Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and  
take me to God.

**477** Tune – Fix your eyes.  
E.H.B.157. P.M.

1 WOULD YOU LOSE your load of sin?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.  
Would you know God's peace within?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.  
Jesus, who on the cross did die,  
Jesus, who loves and lives on high,  
He alone can justify –  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

2 Would you know your sins forgiven?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.  
Would you have a home in heaven?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

3 Weary, heavy-laden soul,  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.  
He can save and make thee whole –  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

4 Heed not what you feel within,  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.  
He can break the power of sin,  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

**478** Tune – In the Name. S.S.672.  
C.M.D.

1 OH, WHAT A GIFT the Father gave  
When He bestowed His Son  
To save poor, ruined, guilty man,  
By sin defiled, undone!

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

2 For I was lost and vile indeed,  
To every sin a prey,  
Till God in mercy interposed,  
And turned my night to day.

3 Now I can call the Saviour mine,  
Though all unworthy still;  
I'm sheltered by His precious blood,  
Beyond the reach of ill.

4 Come all who trust in Jesus now  
And tell our joys abroad;  
Let thankful hymns of praise ascend  
For Christ the gift of God.

**479** Tune – Only trust Him.

R.S.196

1 ANGELS REJOICE o'er sinners saved  
Joy doth each bosom swell,  
As round the radiant shores they fly,  
The blessed news to tell.

Another soul to Jesus born,  
And ransomed from the fall;  
To Thee, O Lord, the praise we give,  
Thou, Thou shalt have it all.

2 Nor angels only – Jesus sees  
The trophy of His grace;  
And, oh, what radiant happy smiles  
Beam in the Saviour's face!

3 The "Man of Sorrows" now hath joy,  
The long lost sheep is found –  
The sheep for which He bled and died,  
He has it safe and sound.

4 The Father too, He says, "Tis meet  
We merry be, and glad;  
The dead's alive, the lost is found!"  
Oh, who could now be sad?

**480**

Tune – Pisgah. B.H.B.185.

- 1 UNTIL I SAW the blood,  
‘Twas hell my soul was fearing,  
And dark and dreary in my eyes  
The future was appearing;  
While conscience told its tale of sin  
And caused a weight of woe within.
- 2 Until I saw the blood,  
For mercy I was crying,  
As if to move the heart of God,  
Or win His favour trying;  
But all the seeking seemed in vain,  
The wished for peace I could not gain.
- 3 But when I saw the blood,  
And looked at Him who shed it,  
My right to peace was seen at once,  
And I with transport read it;  
I found myself to God brought nigh,  
And “Victory!” became my cry.

**481**

Tune – Christ is all. R.S.724. 8-8-8

- 1 LET ALL who know the joyful sound  
With gladness send the tidings round,  
And tell that God is love:  
That God so loved the world, He gave  
His own dear Son, the world to save:  
God's message from above.
- 2 That all who in the Son believe,  
Shall never perish, but receive  
Life endless and divine:  
No condemnation e'er shall know,  
From death to life they pass below,  
And then in glory shine.
- 3 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!  
Let him that heareth, too, say, Come!  
Whoever thirst may come:  
Water of life is freely given,  
Till Christ the Lord descends from  
heaven;  
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

**482**

Tune – The Gospel of Thy Grace. R.S.162. 6-6-8

- 1 O LORD! “with one accord,”  
We gather round Thy throne  
To hear Thy Holy Word,  
To worship Thee alone.  
Oh! may our loosened tongues  
proclaim,  
That Thou, our God, art still the same.

- 2 We have no strength to meet  
The storms that round us lower,  
Keep Thou our trembling feet

In every trying hour;  
More than victorious shall we be,  
If girded with Thy panoply!

- 3 And may that living wave,

That issues from on high,  
Whose golden waters lave  
Thy throne eternally,  
Flow down in power on us today,  
And none shall go unblessed away.

- 4 Anoint us with Thy grace,

To yield ourselves to Thee,  
To run our daily race  
With joy and energy,  
Until we hear the Bridegroom say,  
“Rise up, My love, and come away!”

**483**

Tune – Ballerma. B.H.B.371. C.M.

- 1 PLUNGED IN A GULF of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!  
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining courts above  
With joyful haste He sped,  
Died on the cross, lay in the grave,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest note  
His praise can ne'er be told.

**484**

Tune – Crowning Day.

S.S.176.

- 1 OH, COME, poor needy sinner,  
Come, turn aside and see  
Christ's wonderful redemption,  
The fruit of Calvary;  
The Saviour sits exalted,  
Salvation now is free,  
And the Lord Himself is calling –  
Calling thee.

- Oh, the Lord Himself is calling,  
He is calling now for thee;  
Sinner, heed the gracious message,  
At once to Jesus flee.
- Oh, come, trust thyself to Jesus,  
If thou wouldst happy be,  
While the Lord Himself is calling –  
Calling thee.
- 2 Oh! come, poor thirsty sinner,  
Come, turn aside and see  
The wells of free salvation  
O'erflowing now for thee.  
Our God is still dispensing  
His grace and mercy free;  
While the Lord Himself is calling –  
Calling thee.
- 3 Poor, helpless, doubting sinner,  
There's blessed news for thee;  
All strength belongs to Jesus,  
He gained the victory;  
He breaks the bonds of Satan,  
He sets the captives free;  
Oh! the Lord Himself is calling –  
Calling thee.
- 4 No longer doubt the message,  
No longer stay away;  
A full, a free salvation  
His blood provides today.  
Oh! trust thy soul to Jesus,  
If thou wouldst happy be;  
While the Lord Himself is calling –  
Calling thee.
- 485** Tune – Sinners, whither. R.S.242. 8-5
- 1 HO, YE THIRSTY, Jesus calls you;  
Jesus came to give  
Wine and milk of free salvation;  
Come to Him and live!
- Whosoever will may take it!  
Hear the Gospel cry!  
Without price and without money,  
Come to Him and buy.
- 2 Wherefore do ye spend your treasure  
Where there is no bread?  
Only by the living Saviour  
Dying souls are fed.
- 3 None can be too vile for Jesus;  
None can be too poor;  
By His blood are peace and pardon,  
Mercies ever sure.
- 4 Oh, His tender love and pity!  
Still He calls today;  
Never one to Him who cometh  
Shall be cast away.
- 5 From all sin He came to save us;  
Satan's slaves to free;  
To His royal feast He bids us;  
Sinner, taste and see.
- 486** Tune – Sweet hour of prayer. R.S.560. D.L.M.
- 1 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known:  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting souls to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
- 3 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight.  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"
- 487** Tune – Blessed Lord. S.V.352. 8-7-4
- 1 BLESSED LORD, our souls are longing,  
Thee, our risen Head, to see;  
And the cloudless morn is dawning,  
When Thy saints shall gathered be;  
Grace and glory,  
All our fresh springs are in Thee.

- 2 All the joy we now are tasting  
Is but as the dream of night:  
To the day of God we're hastening,  
Looking for it with delight.  
Thou art coming,  
And wilt satisfy our sight.
- 3 True, the silent grave is keeping  
Many a seed in weakness sown;  
But the saints in Thee now sleeping,  
Raised in power, shall share Thy  
throne.  
Resurrection!  
Lord of Glory! 'tis Thine own.
- 4 As we sing, our hearts grow lighter;  
We are children of the day;  
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;  
Faith regards not the delay:  
Sure the promise,  
We shall meet Thee on the way.

**488** Tune - I will give you rest.  
E.H.B.67. P.M.

1 O COME TO ME, said Jesus,  
Thou weary soul oppress'd;  
And take my yoke upon you,  
And I will give you rest.  
  
Come, and I will give you rest,  
Come, and I will give you rest,  
Come, and I will give you rest,  
Thou weary wanderer, come.

2 O come to Me, said Jesus,  
Thy sins like mountains grow;  
But though they be as scarlet,  
They shall be white as snow.

3 O come to Me, said Jesus,  
And thou shall be forgiv'n,  
And have a crown of glory  
Prepared by Me in heaven.

**489** Tune - Auld Lang Syne.  
C.M.D.

1 HOW BLESSED is the tie that binds  
Believers' hearts in one!  
How sweet the hope that tunes our  
minds  
In harmony divine!

It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace hath given;  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
That we shall meet in heaven.

- 2 What though our lot in trial here  
Or poverty be cast!  
What though around our sorrowing  
hearts  
May howl the wintry blast!  
Yet still we share the blissful hope.
- 3 From Burmah's shores, from India's  
strand,  
From Afric's burning plain,  
From Europe's and Columbia's land,  
We hope to meet again.
- 4 No lingering hope, no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows;  
There love shall beam from every eye,  
And joy for ever grows.

**490** Tune - Man of Sorrows.  
B.H.B.147.

- 1 JESUS! SAVIOUR! Precious Name  
Of the Son of God, Who came  
Ruined sinners to redeem!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Leaving scenes of purest light,  
Veiling glory fair and bright,  
"Cross of Christ," oh, wondrous sight!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Lost and in our sins were we;  
Spotless, sinless, holy, He,  
Bearing guilt upon the tree!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Bruised in the sinner's stead,  
E'en to death He bowed His head;  
"It is finished!" loudly said -  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 Him as Lord we gladly own  
Seated on His Father's throne;  
Soon we'll sing in sweeter tone,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

**491** Tune - To God be the glory.  
R.S.7. P.M.

- 1 HOW SWEET is the story of God's  
boundless love,  
That brought His blest Son from the  
glory above,  
Who died in our stead upon Calvary's tree,  
Obtaining redemption that we might  
be free.

Sound His praise! Sound His praise!  
All the work has been done.

Praise His name! praise His name!  
God's own blessed Son;  
We give Him the glory, our Saviour  
and Friend,  
Our song is of Jesus and never will end.

3 On Calvary see Him, who died in our  
stead,  
Exhausting God's judgment, when for  
us He bled;  
God's wrath He endured on Calvary's  
tree,  
By weakness and dying, the victor  
was He.

2 How wondrous the story! the claims of  
the throne  
Were met by the blood, which for guilt  
did atone;  
The judgement of sin has been borne  
by the Son,  
Who glorified God in the work He has  
done.

4 Oh! why remain distant, when God  
calls thee near,  
In love that dismisses all bondage and  
fear?  
Oh, why remain Christless, when thou  
may'st be blest?  
Oh, why remain weary, when Christ  
giveth rest?

3 How brilliant the glory where Christ is  
enthroned!  
How rightly His name above others is  
owned!  
Yes, Jesus, the Saviour, the glory-  
crowned Lord,  
Is worthy by all to be ever adored.

5 The moments are fleeting; then, haste,  
nor delay,  
Secure God's salvation, while still 'tis  
today;  
Eternity's ages thy soul has to face –  
In blackness of darkness, or riches of  
grace.

4 How blessed the hope of all those who  
believe,  
That Jesus is coming, "His own" to  
receive,  
What rapture! what glory! for ever  
will be,  
When, "caught up" to meet Him, their  
Saviour they see.

**493** Tune – Showers of blessing.  
S.S.306. P.M.

**492** Tune – Hanover. B.H.B.77.  
11's  
1 HOW WONDROUS a Saviour is God's  
blessed Son,  
How great and eternal the work He  
has done!  
God's glory maintained by His death  
on the tree,  
While mercy flows freely to you and  
to me.

1 CHRIST IS the Saviour of sinners,  
Christ is the Saviour for me;  
Long I was chained in sin's darkness,  
Now by His grace I am free.  
  
Saviour of sinners,  
Saviour of sinners like me,  
Shedding His blood for my ransom,  
This is the Saviour for me.

2 How free is the pardon His blood has  
procured!  
How blessed the welcome His name  
has ensured  
To all who confess Him their Saviour  
and Lord,  
Now brought into favour, believing  
His word.

2 Now I can say I am pardoned,  
Happy and justified, free,  
Saved by my blessed Redeemer,  
This is the Saviour for me.  
  
3 Just as I was He received me,  
Seeking from judgment to flee,  
Now there is no condemnation,  
This is the Saviour for me.  
  
4 Loved with a love that's unchanging,  
Blessed with all blessings so free,  
How shall I tell out His praises?  
This is the Saviour for me.  
  
5 Soon shall the glory be dawning,  
Then when His face I shall see,  
Sing, O my soul, in thy gladness,  
This is the Saviour for me.

**494**Tune - German Evening Hymn  
R.S.445. 8-7

- 1 HAST THOU HEARD Him, seen Him,  
known Him?  
Is not thine a captured heart?  
"Chief among ten thousand" own Him,  
Joyful choose the better part.
- 2 Idols once they won thee, charmed  
thee,  
Lovely things of time and sense;  
Gilded, thus does sin disarm thee,  
Honey'd lest thou turn thee hence.
- 3 What has stript the seeming beauty  
From the idols of the earth?  
Not the sense of right or duty,  
But the sight of peerless worth.
- 4 Not the crushing of those idols,  
With its bitter void and smart,  
But the beaming of His beauty,  
The unveiling of His heart.
- 5 Who extinguishes their taper  
Till they hail the rising sun?  
Who discards the garb of winter  
Till the summer has begun?
- 6 'Tis that look that melted Peter,  
'Tis the face that Stephen saw,  
'Tis the heart that wept with Mary,  
Can alone from idols draw.
- 7 Draw and win, and fill completely,  
Till the cup o'erflow the brim;  
What have we to do with idols,  
Who have companied with Him?

**495**Tune - Gotha. B.H.B.238.  
8-7

- 1 I HAVE HEARD Him, and observed  
Him,  
Seen His beauty rich and rare,  
Seen His majesty and glory,  
And His bliss beyond compare.
- 2 I have heard the voice that speaketh  
Sweetest music to mine ear,  
Words of power, and love, and mercy,  
Ah! none other half so dear.
- 3 I have known the secret purpose,  
Dwelling in that heart of love,  
To redeem His scattered members,  
Join them to Himself above.
- 4 What have I to do with idols,  
When such visions fill mine eye?  
How be occupied with shadows,  
While the substance passes by?

5 Shine the moon's fair beams at noon-tide?  
Can the stars be seen by day?  
Nay, beside excelling glories  
Lesser beauties fade away.

**496**Tune - Land Ahead. S.S.938.  
P.M.

- 1 "LAND AHEAD!" its trees are waving  
O'er the hills of fadeless green,  
And the living waters laving  
Shores where white-robed forms are seen.
- Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
When on that eternal shore,  
Drop the anchor, furl the sail,  
Safe at home within the veil.

- 2 Now my heart with joy is bounding,  
As I see the heavenly land,  
Hear the golden harps resounding,  
From the glorious blood-washed band.
- 3 Farewell earth, thy grief and sadness,  
All thy bitterness and tears  
Are exchanged for joy and gladness,  
Death and darkness disappears.
- 4 Now we're safe from all temptation,  
All the storms of life are past;  
Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
We are safe at home at last.
- 5 Hark! the tide of rapture swelling,  
Thee, Lord Jesus, we adore,  
Every lip with wonder telling  
Praise to Thee for evermore.

**497**Tune - Giessen B.H.B.14.  
6-8's

- 1 OH, DRAW ME, Saviour, after Thee;  
So shall I run and never tire:  
With gracious words still comfort me,  
Be Thou my hope, my soul desire;  
Free me from every weight, nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if Thou art near.
- 2 What in Thy love possess I not?  
My star by night, my sun by day,  
My spring of life, when parch'd with drought,  
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,  
My robe before the throne of God!

3 From all eternity, with love  
 Unchangeable, Thou hast me view'd;  
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
 Thy tender mercies me pursued;  
 Ever with me may they abide,  
 And close me in on every side.

## 498 Tune - The old old story is true R.S.172. P.M.

1 THERE'S A WONDERFUL story I've  
 heard long ago,  
 'Tis called the sweet story of old,  
 I hear it so often wherever I go -  
 That same old story is told;  
 And I've thought it was stange that so  
 often they'd tell  
 That story as if it were new,  
 But I've found out the reason they love  
 it so well:  
 That old, old story is true.

That old, old story is true, that old, old  
 story is true,  
 But I've found out the reason they love  
 it so well:  
 That old, old story is true.

2 They told of a Being so lovely and pure,  
 That came to the earth to dwell;  
 To seek for His lost ones and make  
 them secure  
 From death and the power of hell.  
 That He was despised and with thorns  
 He was crowned,  
 On the cross was extended to view;  
 And oh, what sweet peace in my heart  
 since I found  
 That old, old story is true.

3 He arose and ascended to heaven  
 we're told,  
 Triumphant o'er death and hell:  
 He's preparing a place in the city of gold,  
 Where loved ones for ever may dwell;  
 Where our kindred we'll meet and we'll  
 never more part,  
 And oh, as I tell it to you,  
 It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart,  
 That old, old story is true.

4 Oh, that wonderful story I love to repeat,  
 Of peace and goodwill to men;  
 There's no story to me that is half so  
 sweet  
 As I hear it again and again;

He invites you to come, he will freely  
 forgive,  
 And this message he sendeth to you:  
 There's a mansion in glory for all who  
 believe,  
 That old, old story is true.

## 499 Tune - Boylston. B.H.B.222. S.M.

- 1 "TOGETHER with the Lord;"  
     What bursts of light I see!  
     Light, life, and joy are in that word;  
     "As He is so are we."
  - 2 Together judged and slain;  
     Yea, "dead," as in His grave;  
     But freed from sin, we rise again,  
     And life eternal have!
  - 3 "Together with the Lord,"  
     Nor curse, nor death to see;  
     But "seated" - oh! that glorious word -  
     Where "heavenly places" be.
  - 4 And "heirs" we are with Him  
     Of God - oh, wondrous love!  
     "Joint heirs with Christ;" in bliss  
     supreme  
     To reign with Him above.
  - 5 And with Him "glorified  
     Together" we shall be,  
     To dwell for ever at His side  
     And all His love to see.
  - 6 In newness now of life,  
     We would our powers employ;  
     Save sin, to know no other strife.  
     Save Christ, no other joy.
- 500** Tune - Land ahead. S.S.938. P.M.
- 1 WITHOUT BLOOD is no remission  
     Thus the Lord proclaims from  
     heaven,  
     Blood must flow - on this condition,  
     This alone, is sin forgiven;  
     Yes, a victim must be slain,  
     Else all hope of life is vain.
  - 2 But the victim - who shall find it,  
     Such a one as sinners need?  
     To the altar who shall bind it,  
     Who shall make the victim bleed?  
     Such a victim as must die.  
     All the world could not supply.

- 3 God Himself provides the victim;  
Jesus is the Lamb of God;  
Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict Him,  
While he bears the sinner's load.  
Jesus' blood – His blood alone  
Can for human guilt atone.
- 4 Joyful truth! He bore transgression  
In His body, on the cross!  
Through His blood there's full remission  
For the vilest, even for us:  
Jesus for the sinner bleeds,  
Nothing more the sinner needs.
- 501** Tune – Come unto Me.  
S.S.424. P.M.
- 1 "COME UNTO ME, and I will give you rest;"  
What blessed words to weary ones addressed!  
They come from Him who knew the depth of woe,  
And felt for sinners as none here below.  
  
"Come unto Me! come unto Me!  
Come unto Me! and I will give you rest.  
I will give you rest, I will give you rest."
- 2 "Come unto Me!" yes, come in all your sin!  
Through Jesus' blood the vile may enter in  
May come to God who knows their guilt and need,  
Assured the blood was shed for them indeed.
- 3 "Come unto Me!" the blessed Son of God,  
Thus told on earth in every step He trod  
The heart of Him who is in nature love,  
And is beseeching men that love to prove.
- 4 "Come unto Me!" yes, God Himself says, "Come!"  
He sees afar and runs to welcome home  
Unworthy sinners who have nought to plead  
But God's own love and their exceeding need.
- 5 "Come unto Me!" oh, blessed open door  
For those who but for Christ had hoped no more:  
Oh! love of God! told out in full extent,  
When Jesus to those depths of darkness went.
- 6 "Come unto Me!" thus Christ the risen Lord  
Now speaks from glory through the written Word;  
As Victor now, He can with triumph shout,  
"Whoever comes to Me I'll not cast out!"
- 502** Tune – Battle Hymn.  
B.H.B.357.
- 1 JESUS LIVED – He lived for sinners,  
Outcast, in the world He made:  
Lived, that in His blessed person,  
God's full grace might be displayed.
- 2 Jesus died – He died for sinners,  
On the cross He cried, "forgive;"  
Died, that lost and ruined rebels,  
Through His precious blood might live.
- 3 Jesus rose – He rose for sinners,  
Proving that the work was done;  
Sweet assurance that the Father Was well pleased with His Son.
- 4 Jesus lives – He lives for sinners,  
High upon the Father's throne;  
Liveth evermore to succour Those who make his love their own.
- 5 Jesus loves – He loveth sinners  
Loveth more than tongue can say;  
Prove Him now, accept His mercy,  
Turn not from such love away.
- 503** Tune – Take me as I am.  
S.S.476.
- 1 JESUS, THE SOUL that trusts in Thee,  
From guilt and condemnation free,  
Is saved, and saved eternally,  
In Thee, the risen Lord.
- 2 As seated with Thyself on high,  
By precious blood to God brought nigh,  
They find a constant, full supply,  
In Thee, the risen Lord.

- 3 Their sin and judgment borne away,  
They wait the coming cloudless day,  
When Thou Thy glory shalt display,  
Jesus, the risen Lord.
- 4 Oh! let the streams of mercy flow;  
Upon the smouldering embers blow,  
And light a flame of love below,  
To Thee, the risen Lord.
- 5 Save, Jesus, save! and oh, revive  
The souls which Thou hast made alive,  
That for Thy glory each may strive,  
Jesus, the risen Lord.

**504** Tune – Worship. B.H.B.76.

- 1 OH! COME to Jesus now – Jesus is here;  
Before Him lowly bow – Jesus is here;  
Too many go away,  
Too many still delay,  
Though Jesus bids them stay – Jesus is here.
- 2 Come then to Jesus now – Jesus is here;  
And low before Him bow – Jesus is here;  
Oh! ye that feel your sin,  
And coming long have been,  
Now find your rest in Him – Jesus is here.
- 3 Come, come to Jesus now – Jesus is here;  
Old, young, together bow – Jesus is here;  
Oh! what a glorious thing,  
Sin's weary load to bring,  
And lose it while we sing – Jesus is here.
- 4 All then to Jesus now – Jesus is here;  
All round Him joyous bow – Jesus is here;  
Soon we shall reach the shore,  
Where we shall praise Him more,  
And sing for evermore – Jesus is here.

**505** Tune – Evensong. B.H.B.57.  
or, All through the night.

1 Are your souls the Saviour seeking?  
Peace, peace – be still;  
'Tis the Lord Himself is speaking –  
Peace, peace – be still.  
For before the world's foundation  
God secured a full salvation;  
Happy people – chosen nation! –  
Peace, peace – be still.

- 2 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spoken,  
Peace, peace – be still;  
The destroyer sees the token –  
Peace, peace – be still.  
On God's Word we boldly venture –  
All our hopes in Jesus centre,  
Into rest our souls can enter,  
Peace, peace – be still.

- 3 Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth,  
Peace, peace – be still;  
Whatsoe'er your spirit dreadeth –  
Peace, peace – be still.  
Though with mighty foes engaging,  
War with sin and Satan waging,  
Storms of trial fiercely raging –  
Peace, peace – be still.

- 4 Jesus walks upon the ocean,  
Peace, peace – be still;  
He shall hush its loud commotion –  
Peace, peace – be still.  
Soon shall end our days of sighing,  
Pain and sorrow, death and crying;  
Till that hour on God relying –  
Peace, peace – be still.

**506** Tune – Bullinger. R.S.399.  
P.M.

- 1 I AM TRUSTING Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee!  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In Thy precious blood;  
Trusting Thee to bring me safely  
Home to God.
- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou alone shalt lead;  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;  
On Thy name I call;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

**507** Tune – Dismissal. R.S.945.  
8-7-4

- 1 GUIDE US, O Thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrims through this barren land;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold us by Thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven!  
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open wide the crystal fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Be Thyself our cloudy pillar  
All the dreary desert through:  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still our strength and shield.
- While we tread this vale of sorrow  
May we in Thy love abide;  
Keep us, O our gracious Saviour!  
Cleaving closely to Thy side;  
Still relying  
On our Father's changeless love.
- 4 Saviour! come, we long to see Thee,  
Long to dwell with Thee above,  
And to know, in full communion,  
All the sweetness of Thy love.  
Come, Lord Jesus!  
Take Thy waiting people home.

**508** Tune – I am He that liveth. S.S.171. P.M.

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

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

2 He lives! He lives! what glorious consolation!  
Exalted at His Father's own right hand;  
He pleads for us, and by his intercession  
Enables all His saints by grace to stand.

3 He comes! He comes! oh blest anticipation!  
In keeping with His true and faithful word;  
To call us to our heavenly consum-  
mation –  
Caught up to be "for ever with the Lord."

**509** Tune – Must I go. S.S.789.  
8-7

- 1 HAIL! THOU ONCE despised Jesus!  
Earth's rejected Heir and 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:  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,  
Where for us Thou dost abide!  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at the Father's side  
There, for sinners, Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

**510** Tune – Jesus of Nazareth. R.S.256. 6-8's

- 1 WHAT WILL YOU DO in that great day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
When all the pomp and glory here,  
Like morning dew shall disappear –  
And you, from out your lonely tomb,  
Shall stand in judgement's awful doom?

2 When God's great trump shall wake the dead,  
Where will you hide your once fair head?  
What will you do? where can you go,  
Amid that fearful scene of woe,  
Where none can help, and all alone  
You stand before that "great white throne?"

3 What will you do when lightnings flash,  
This wide world quivers, thunders crash?  
The "earth shall melt with fervent heat,"  
But you - oh where can you retreat?  
Not e'en the grave can hide you more,  
For death and hell their dead restore.

4 Oh, awful day! who would not be  
Sheltered, O Lamb of God, in Thee?  
Safe at Thy side - when wild and loud  
The shrieks of that unnumbered crowd  
Shall rend the heavens and fill the skies,  
Till judgment's doom shall close their cries.

## **511** Tune - Who is He. R.S.34. P.M.

1 WHO IS HE in yonder stall,  
At whose feet the shepherds fall?

'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!  
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!  
At His feet we humbly fall -  
Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!

2 Who is He in deep distress,  
Fasting in the wilderness?

3 Who is He the people bless  
For His words of gentleness?

4 Who is He to whom they bring  
All the sick and sorrowing?

5 Who is He who stands and weeps  
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

6 Who is He the gathering throng  
Greet with loud triumphant song?

7 Lo! at midnight, Who is He  
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

8 Who is He on yonder tree  
Dies in grief and agony?

9 Who is He who from the grave  
Comes to succour, help, and save?

10 Who is He who from His throne  
Rules through all the worlds alone?

## **512** Tune - Life for a look. R.S.169. P.M.

1 ARE YOU WEARY and sad 'neath the burden of sin?  
Does it fill all your soul with dismay?  
And to meet the just claims of a sin-hating God  
Do you know you have "nothing to pay?"

Come! Come, come unto Him!  
If you own with repentance you've  
"nothing to pay,"  
He will freely and "frankly forgive."

2 All your tears and your sorrow will never atone,  
Nor by works can you clear away sin -  
Then turn to the One who can save you alone,  
To the Saviour in confidence cling.

3 He's the One who has come from God's glory above,  
To save you from ruin and loss;  
For He paid the full debt in his own precious blood  
When He "put away sin" on the cross.

4 Then come, ruined sinner, no longer delay,  
Nor in bondage and misery live;  
If you own with repentance, you've  
"nothing to pay,"  
He will freely and "frankly forgive."

## **513** Tune - Come away ,O ye thirsty E.H.B.150. P.M.

1 COME AWAY, O ye thirsty to the waters,  
Hear the voice of the Spirit and the Bride;  
They are calling, Let everyone that heareth  
Gladly drink the gentle-flowing tide.

Whosoever, whosoever,  
 "Whosoever will" may drink the  
 living water,  
 Freely flowing, there for all;  
 "Whosoever will" may drink for  
 evermore.

2 Come away, O ye dying ones that  
 languish  
 For a draught that your vigour will  
 renew,  
 Will you linger and perish by the  
 wayside,  
 With the cool bright water just in  
 view?

3 Come away, and be reconciled by  
 Jesus,  
 He has died that in glory you might  
 live;  
 He will greet you with welcome at the  
 fountain,  
 And His blessing freely, freely give.

**514** Tune – Christ is all. R.S.724. 8-8-6  
 1 BY FAITH I look where Christ has gone,  
 And see upon his Father's throne,  
 A man with glory crowned;  
 His brow is marred, and on His side –  
 Whence flowed the cleansing purple  
 tide –  
 And hands, and feet, a wound.

2 Here is the record of the past –  
 Fruit of my sins that bound Him fast  
 To the accursed tree;  
 In every wound I read my guilt,  
 And thank Him that his blood was spilt  
 To set my conscience free.

3 I look again, and now I see  
 That blessed man engaged for me,  
 His hands uplifted high;  
 Before the throne of God He pleads,  
 God's great High Priest, He intercedes,  
 And so preserves me nigh.

4 Once more I gaze upon that face,  
 And lo! as if to leave His place  
 He seems about to rise;  
 Recalling His "I quickly come,"  
 I learn His thought – to fetch me home,  
 To praise Him in the skies.

5 What love! He washed my sins away,  
 Thus boldness in the Judgement Day  
 For me there doth remain.  
 What grace! now occupied with me,  
 He wills I should His glory see,  
 When He returns again.

**515** Tune – I hear Thy welcome  
 voice R.S.269. P.M.

1 DECIDE for Christ today,  
 And God's salvation see;  
 Yield soul and body, heart and will  
 To Him who died for thee!

Christ alone can save –  
 Break the power of sin;  
 Christ doth fully satisfy  
 The heart that cleaves to Him.

2 Decide for Christ today,  
 Thyself thou canst not save;  
 Helpless and guilty, dead and blind,  
 No longer judgement brave.

3 Decide for Christ today,  
 His blood speaks on the Throne  
 To sanctify and make thee nigh  
 Where God Himself is known.

4 Decide for Christ today,  
 Confess him as thy Lord;  
 Proclaim to all the Saviour's worth,  
 How faithful is His word.

5 Decide for Christ today,  
 Procrastinate no more;  
 Now mercy pleads, soon wrath will  
 burn –  
 The Judge is at the door.

**516** Tune – Dix. B.H.B.255. 6-7's

1 FROM THE CROSS up-lifted high,  
 Where the Saviour deigned to die,  
 What melodious sounds I hear,  
 Bursting on my ravished ear! –  
 "Love's redeeming work is done,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burden groan?  
 On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owns the ransom paid;  
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,  
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

3 "Spread for thee the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To the Father's bosom pressed,  
All thy sins to Him confessed;  
Never from His house to roam,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

4 Oh! The Father's boundless love,  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of sea,  
Lasting as eternity:  
Love that found me, wondrous thought,  
Found me when I sought Him not.

**517** Tune - I know not the hour. S.S.980.

1 I KNOW NOT the hour when my  
Saviour will come  
To take me away to His own blest  
home,  
But I know that He's coming, and He  
has said "soon;"  
Then that will be glory for me.

Then that will be glory for me: yes, that will  
be glory for me:  
But I know that He's coming, and He has  
said "SOON;"  
Then that will be glory for me.

2 In love He has told me there are  
mansions up there  
But now He has gone a place to  
prepare,  
And then He'll come back, and His  
home I shall share,  
And that will be glory for me.

3 So with loins tightly girded, and lamp  
burning bright,  
I'll work, wait and watch through the  
long dark night,  
For Him who is coming, then oh, what  
delight!  
His presence is glory for me.

5 O sinner, come with me, the door's  
open wide,  
The blood is still cleansing that  
flowed from His side;  
On Calvary's cross, "It is finished," He  
cried,  
He offers the glory to thee.

5 The Lord's on the throne, God has  
raised up his Son -  
He could not be there if the work  
were not done;  
But now that it is, just "Believe on  
the Son,"  
And the glory is certain for thee.

**518** Tune ~ Hampton. B.H.B.91  
S.M.

1 REST of the saints above,  
Jerusalem of God,  
Who in Thy palaces of love -  
Thy golden streets hath trod.

2 To me Thy joy to tell,  
Those courts secure from ill,  
Where God Himself vouchsafed to  
dwell,  
And every bosom fill?

3 Who shall to me that joy  
Of saint-thronged courts declare,  
Tell of that constant sweet employ  
My spirit longs to share?

4 That rest secure from ill,  
No cloud of grief e'er stains,  
Unfailing praise each heart doth fill,  
And love eternal reigns.

5 The Lamb is there, my soul -  
There God Himself doth rest,  
In love divine diffused through all,  
With Him supremely blest.

6 God and the Lamb! -tis well,  
I know that source divine  
Of joy and love no tongue can tell,  
Yet know that all is mine.

7 There on the hidden bread  
Of Christ - once humbled here -  
God's treasured store - for ever fed  
His love my soul shall cheer.

8 There in effulgence bright,  
Saviour and Guide, with Thee  
I'll walk, and in Thy heavenly light  
Whiter my robe shall be.

9 God and the Lamb shall there  
The light and temple be,  
And radiant hosts for ever share  
The unveiled mystery.

**519** Tune – Duke Street.  
B.H.B.212. L.M.  
1 THE LORD shall come, the earth shall  
quake,  
The mountains to their centre shake;  
And, with'ring from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come; but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the  
dead.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, in flaming fire,  
To execute God's righteous ire.

4 While sinners in despair shall call,  
"Rocks hide us! mountains on us fall!"  
The saints already with the Lord,  
Are safe according to His Word!

**520** Tune – Arlington. S.S.(888)634  
C.M.

1 REJOICE! Rejoice! ye saints rejoice!  
Rejoice with one accord;  
Rejoice with all your heart and voice,  
In Christ the exalted Lord.

2 Rejoice! Rejoice! lift up your head,  
And praise the living God;  
That for your souls the Saviour shed  
His own most precious blood.

3 Rejoice! Rejoice! in His sweet Name,  
With all His saints above:  
Our Jesus still abides the same,  
And changeless in His love.

4 Rejoice! Rejoice! let praise abound  
Before Jehovah's throne,  
For dead ones raised and lost ones  
found.  
And prodigals brought home.

5 Rejoice! Rejoice! ye happy band  
Of pilgrims bound for heaven;  
For mercies countless as the sand  
Have to your souls been given.

6 Rejoice! Rejoice the Lord shall come,  
According to His word;  
And gather all his ransomed home,  
"For ever with the Lord."

**521** Tune – God is love. B.H.B.39.  
P.M.

1 ARISE, ye saints, arise and sing,  
God is light.

Your holiest praises to Him bring;  
God is light.  
Twas this in which He ever dwelt;  
Twas this in which His throne is built;  
Twas seen where Jesus' blood was spilt;  
God is light.

2 Above, around, beneath we see,  
God is light.

In ages past, or yet to be,  
God is light.  
This truth is writ before our eyes,  
On earth, in hell, above the skies,  
Or on the cross where Jesus dies,  
God is light.

3 'Tis seen in all His ways with men,  
God is light.

'Tis seen in each that's born again,  
God is light.

And when yon clouds again are riven,  
And Christ the Lord descends from  
heaven  
This witness true shall still be given,  
God is light.

4 And in the last great wrathful day,  
God is light.

The judgment will this truth display,  
God is light.  
And ransomed myriads shall proclaim,  
Jehovah's great and glorious Name;  
Through all eternity the same.  
God is light.

**522** Tune – Oh, the blood of.  
G.S.31. P.M.

1 FROM SALEM'S gates advancing slow  
What object meets mine eyes?  
What means yon majesty of woe;  
What mean yon mingled cries?

Oh, the blood of Jesus,  
The precious blood of Jesus,  
Oh, the blood of Jesus,  
It cleanses from all sin.

2 Who can it be who groans beneath  
Yon ponderous cross of wood?  
Whose soul's o'erwhelmed in fears of  
death,  
Whose body's bathed in blood?

- 3 Is this the Man, can this be He,  
The prophets have foretold,  
Should with transgressors numbered  
be,  
And for my crimes be sold?
- 4 Oh lovely sight, Oh heavenly form,  
For sinful souls to see;  
I'll creep beside Him as a worm,  
And see Him die for me.

**523** Tune – Hamburg. R.S.573.  
L.M.

1 THE CROSS! the Cross! oh, that's our

gain!

Because on that the Lamb was slain;  
'Twas there the Lord was crucified –  
'Twas there for us the Saviour died.

2 What wondrous cause could move Thy  
heart  
To take on Thee our curse and smart,  
Well knowing we should often be  
So cold, so negligent of Thee?

3 The cause was love; we sink with shame  
Before our blessed Jesus' name;  
That He should bleed and suffer thus,  
Because He loved and pitied us!

**524** Tune – Eastgate. B.H.B.346.  
C.M.

1 COME, SINNER, to the gospel feast;

Oh, come without delay;

For there is room on Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul:  
Room in the grace of God above,  
To heal and make thee whole.

3 There's room in heaven among the  
choir,  
And harps and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.

4 There's room around the Father's  
board  
For thee and thousands more;  
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord!  
Yes, come this very hour.

**525** Tune – Silchester. B.H.B.242.  
S.M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which God  
supplies  
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power:  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take to arm you for the fight  
The armour of your God.

4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,  
And stand complete at last.

5 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care;  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all His soldiers "Come;"  
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from  
high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

**526** Tune – I do believe. R.S.137.  
C.M.

1 UNTIL I HEARD of Jesus' love,  
A sinner, Lord, was I;  
I had no thought of things above,  
I was afraid to die.

I now believe, I do believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross He shed His  
blood,  
From sin to set me free.

2 But when I saw Thee on the cross,  
All wounded there for me,  
My very heart I thought would break,  
I felt I must love Thee.

3 My eyes were filled with burning tears,  
For pardon then I cried –  
But Jesus quickly quell'd my fears;  
He said, "For thee I died."

4 I know that God, for Jesus' sake,  
My sins has washed away;  
Now should I die, in heav'n I'll wake,  
And sing through endless day!

**527** Tune – Zurich. B.H.B.252. S.M.

1 DOWN to the depths of woe  
Christ came to set me free;  
He bared His breast, received the blow  
Which justice aimed at me.

2 There justice met my sin  
On the accursed tree;  
To prove His love, my heart to win,  
He "gave Himself for me."

3 My sin was all condemned  
In Him upon that tree;  
I trust Him now, the sinner's Friend,  
Who gave Himself for me.

4 Before the throne complete'  
I know myself to be;  
His work well done, He took His seat  
Accepted there for me.

**528** Tune – St. Agnes. Durham. B.H.B.137. C.M.

1 JESUS the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind!

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

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
No tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus – what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our crown wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

**529** Tune – Nearer to Thee. S.S.581.

P.M.

1 I'M BUT a stranger here;  
Heaven is my home.  
Earth is a desert drear;  
Heaven is my home.  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand,  
Heaven is my fatherland –  
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?  
Heaven is my home.  
Short is my pilgrimage;  
Heaven is my home.  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be over past;  
I shall reach home at last;  
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home.  
I shall be glorified;  
Heaven is my home.  
There, with the good and blest,  
Those I've loved most and best,  
I shall for ever rest;  
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not;  
Heaven is my home.  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home.  
For I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

**530** Tune – Mainzer. B.H.B.59. L.M.

1 DEAR SHEPHERD of thy chosen flock,  
Thy people's shield, their shadowing  
rock,  
Once more we meet to hear Thy voice,  
Once more before Thee to rejoice.

2 Oh! may Thy Spirit by Thy word,  
Refresh each wearied heart, dear Lord;  
Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,  
And loving more Thyself to know.

3 Thine is the heart our griefs to feel,  
And Thine the love each wound to heal;  
Home Thou art gone for us to care,  
Returning soon to take us there.

**531**

Tune – We're marching to Zion  
R.S.357. P.M.

1 COME YE that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But children of the heavenly King  
Should spread His praise abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 There shall we see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry,  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

**532**

Tune – Tallis B.H.B.73.  
C.M.

1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour pass'd;  
A mourner all His life was He –  
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave;  
It found on earth no resting place,  
Save only in the grave.

3 Dead to the world, with Him who died  
To win our hearts, our love,  
We, risen with our risen Head,  
In spirit dwell above.

4 By faith, His boundless glories there  
Our wond'ring eyes behold –  
Those glories which eternal years  
Can never all unfold.

5 This fills our hearts with deep desire  
To lose ourselves in love;  
Bears all our hopes from earth away,  
And fixes them above.

**533**

Tune – Mannheim B.H.B.254.  
8-7-4

1 JESUS ONCE was dead, now liveth,  
Lo! He lives for evermore;  
He who all our sins forgiveth,  
He who all our sorrows bore:  
Hallelujah!  
We our risen Lord adore.

2 High the Conqueror's state and  
glorious,  
Son of God, and Son of Man;  
He returns to heaven victorious,  
Finished all that He began:  
Thus to save us,  
Sovereign love's mysterious plan.

3 Sing, 'tis done, from heaven's own  
treasure  
All the fearful debt is paid;  
All transgression's perfect measure  
God has on our Surety laid:  
And for ever  
Is the sacrifice He made.

4 Tell around the wide creation  
What redeeming love hath done;  
Publish full and free salvation  
Thro' the blood of God's dear Son:  
Hallelujah!  
His the glory – His alone.

**534**

Tune – Howards. B.H.B.172.  
C.M.

1 O BLESSED Saviour! is Thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Fain would we give our hearts, our  
minds,  
Our lives, our all, to Thee.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth  
Which in Thyself we see:  
We love Thee for the shameful cross  
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast  
Than for his friend to die;  
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain:  
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,  
With heavenly glory crowned:  
Thou didst partake of human flesh,  
Beset with sorrows round.

- 5 Thou wouldst like sinful man be made  
In everything but sin,  
That we as like Thee might become,  
As we unlike have been.
- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every heavenly grace,  
From glory into glory changed,  
Till we behold Thy face.
- 7 O Lord! we treasure in our souls  
The memory of Thy love;  
And ever shall Thy name to us  
A grateful odour prove.

**535** Tune – Regent Square.  
B.H.B.74. 8-7-4

- 1 HOLY SAVIOUR! we adore Thee,  
Seated on the throne of God;  
While the heavenly hosts before Thee,  
Gladly sing Thy praise aloud,  
“Thou art worthy!  
We are ransomed by Thy blood.”
- 2 Saviour, though the world despised  
Thee,  
Though Thou here wast crucified,  
Yet the Father’s glory raised Thee,  
Lord of all creation wide;  
“Thou art worthy!  
We shall live for Thou hast died.”
- 3 And though here on earth rejected,  
‘Tis but fellowship with Thee,  
What besides could be expected  
Than like Thee our Lord to be?  
“Thou art worthy!  
Thou from earth hast set us free.”
- 4 Haste the day of Thy returning  
With Thy ransomed Church to reign,  
Then shall end our days of mourning,  
We shall sing with rapture then,  
“Thou art worthy!  
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen.”

**536** Tune – Kilmarnock.  
B.H.B.366. C.M.

- 1 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
O height, O depth of love!  
Once slain for us upon the tree,  
We’re one with Thee above.
- 2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confessed and borne by Thee:  
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
To set Thy members free.

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

- 4 O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery –  
That Thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with Thee.
- 5 Soon, soon, shall come that glorious  
day,  
When seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one!

**537** P.M.

- 1 HE BORE the sin!  
Alone He bore the load;  
For us He drank the cup –  
Jesus, the Son of God,  
He bore the sin.
- 2 He paid the debt!  
He paid it with His blood;  
Each claim He satisfied –  
All that we owe to God.  
He paid the debt!
- 3 He made the peace!  
He silences each fear;  
He is Himself the peace,  
By blood He brings us near.  
He made the peace!

- 4 The foe He fought!  
Our foe and His He slew  
He leads us in the war,  
Almighty to subdue.  
The foe He fought!
- 5 He won the life!  
Life by His death He won  
That life He giveth us,  
The glory and the crown.  
He won the life!

**538** Tune – St. Stephen. B.H.B.332  
C.M.

- 1 OH! blessed Saviour, Lamb of God,  
Before Thy face I fall;  
Thou art my life, my strength, my peace,  
My righteousness – my all.

- 2 The burden of my many sins  
Thou barest on the tree;  
But they are all for ever gone,  
And I'm for ever free.
- 3 Sweet was the love that caused thee,  
Lord,  
To pass the angels by,  
To bear Jehovah's wrath for me,  
And on that cross to die.
- 4 But Thou hast conquered death and hell,  
The victory is won;  
And Thou art seated, glorified,  
Upon the Father's throne.
- 5 Thou royal Prince of Life and Peace,  
Son of the Father, hail!  
I love to sing Thy matchless worth,  
And how Thou didst prevail.
- 6 The sunshine of Thy Father's face,  
Lights all my path below,  
Communion with Thyselv, as well,  
'Tis heaven on earth to know.
- 539** Tune – Near the cross. R.S.390 P.M.
- 1 SAFE IN CHRIST the weakest child  
Stands in all God's favour;  
All in Christ are reconciled  
Through that only Saviour.  
  
Safe in Christ! safe in Christ!  
He's their glory ever;  
None can pluck them from His hand,  
They shall perish never.
- 2 Once their sins on every side  
Seemed to tower o'er them;  
Christ has stemmed the angry tide,  
Been through death before them.
- 3 In His death they've crossed the sea,  
Passed through condemnation;  
Well they may triumphant be,  
Saved through God's salvation.
- 4 On the resurrection side,  
Death's dark sea behind them;  
All their sins beneath the tide,  
None can ever find them.
- 5 Now by faith the justified  
Know that God is for them;  
To the world they're crucified,  
Glory is before them.

- 540** Tune – The sweet by-and-by. R.S.305. P.M.
- 1 LET US SING of His love once again,  
Of the love that can never decay,  
Of the blood of the Lamb who was slain,  
Till we praise Him again in that day.
- In the sweet by-and-by  
We shall meet in the home of our Lord.
- 2 There are cleansing and healing for all  
Who will wash in the life-giving flood:  
There is life everlasting and joy  
At the right hand of God through the blood.
- 3 Even now while we taste of His love,  
We are filled with delight at His name.  
But what will it be when above  
We shall join in the song of the Lamb?
- 4 Then we'll march in His name till we come  
At His bidding to enter our rest;  
And the Father shall welcome us home  
To our place in the realms of the blest.
- 541** Tune – Jesus saves. R.S.200. P.M.
- 1 RANSOMED SAINTS, your voices raise,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
Sing aloud your heavenly lays,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
Whisper in the sinner's ears,  
Not thy works, and not thy tears,  
Can dispel thy guilty fears,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**
- 2 Yes, He died upon the cross,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
There He suffered shame and loss,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
There He did for sin atone,  
Dying on that cross alone;  
Now upon the Father's throne,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**
- 3 Tell the joyous news around,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
Make the very heavens resound,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
Weary not to tell the news,  
That if thousands still refuse,  
All shall be without excuse:  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**

4 Soon the heavens shall hear His voice,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
 Then His people will rejoice,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**  
 When He calls His own away,  
 Never more shall mercy say,  
 This is still salvation's day,  
**Jesus saves, Jesus saves!**

**542** Tune – Only trust Him. P.M.  
 R.S.196.

1 "COME, let us reason," saith the Lord,  
 Your sins of crimson dye  
 Shall be like snow, or white as wool,  
 When you on Christ rely.

Only trust Him! only trust Him!  
 Only trust Him now!  
 He will save you! He will save you!  
 He will save you now!

2 "Come, heavy-laden, toiling – all!"  
 The loving Saviour cried –  
 Oh, He will give the weary rest;  
 For such alone He died.

3 Come, thirsty ones, who oft have  
 drained  
 The cup of pleasure dry,  
 For Jesus only life can give –  
 A life that ne'er shall die.

4 Come as thou art, with all thy sins;  
 Come with thy hardened heart;  
 Come with thy cares, thy doubts, thy  
 fears,  
 All grace He will impart.

5 Come, now, while yet His mercy lasts.  
 Perhaps thou wilt not see  
 To-morrow's sun; thy soul to-night  
 May be required of thee!

**543** Tune – Come to the Saviour.  
 R.S.123. P.M.

1 OH, WHAT a Saviour, Jesus the Lord!  
 Worthy to be for ever adored;  
 Now in His grace He speaks through  
 His word,  
 Bidding the weary "Come."

Oh, how sweet to hear His blessed  
 voice,  
 Whoso hears may well in Him rejoice:  
 No one could merit His gracious choice  
 But all who will may come.

2 Oh, what a Saviour, Jesus on high!  
 Rich is the grace which He doth supply;  
 Wondrous the love which brought Him  
 to die,  
 Perishing souls to save.

3 Oh, what a Saviour! Jesus who came  
 Down to the cross, despising the shame;  
 Now in the glory, still He's the same;  
 Oh, how He loves to save!

4 Oh, what a Saviour! great was the load  
 Laid upon Jesus, blest Son of God;  
 No other plea but Christ's precious  
 blood  
 E'er could avail for me.

**544** Tune – Solid Rock. R.S.420.

1 BEHOLD, the Saviour at the door!  
 He gently knocks – has knocked  
 before;  
 He waited long – is waiting still;  
 You use no other friend so ill.

Open the door, He'll enter in,  
 And sup with you, and you with Him.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands,  
 With open heart and outstretched  
 hands;  
 Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows  
 His matchless kindness to His foes.

**545** Tune – I hear Thy welcome  
 voice. R.S.269.

1 ALL THINGS are ready – Come!  
 Come to the supper spread;  
 Come, rich and poor; come, old and  
 young,  
 Come, and be richly fed.

I am coming, Lord – coming now to Thee;  
 Trusting in Thy precious blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 All things are ready – Come!  
 The invitation's given,  
 Through Him who now in glory sits  
 At God's right hand in heaven.

4 All things are ready – Come!  
 The door is open wide;  
 Oh, feast upon the love of God!  
 For Christ, His Son, has died.

- 4 All things are ready – Come!  
All hindrance is removed;  
And God, in Christ, His precious love  
To sinful man has proved!
- 5 All things are ready – Come!  
To-morrow may not be;  
Oh, sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee.

**546** Tune – Whosoever will. R.S.93  
P.M.

- 1 HARK, the glorious gospel, sounding  
far and wide,  
Sinner, do not perish, Christ was  
crucified;  
Come and take salvation, life for  
evermore;  
Come and rest in Jesus' love.

Resting in His love, resting in His love,  
We are safe from judgment, through His  
precious blood;  
Happy blessed people, joyfully secure  
Singing of our Saviour's love.

- 2 Simply trusting Jesus, none can trust  
in vain,  
Trembling, doubting sinner, you may  
rest obtain,  
Love delights in giving, can you still  
refrain?  
Come and trust in Jesus' love.

- 3 Those who trust in Jesus taste of  
heavenly joy,  
Peace that comes from Jesus nothing  
can destroy;  
Living here for Jesus, what a sweet  
employ  
Telling of a Saviour's love.

**547** Tune – Room for Jesus.  
R.S.122. 8-7

- 1 SINNER, HARK! 'tis God proclaiming  
Full salvation now to thee;  
If thou wilt believe on Jesus,  
He who died on Calvary.

Trusting Jesus, Jesus only,  
He can wash thy sin away;  
Nought of thine can ever save thee,  
Jesus bids thee come today.

- 2 All thy working, weeping, praying,  
Never could salvation win;  
'Tis the blood of God's beloved  
Cleanseth sinners from all sin.
- 3 Thou hast wandered, sadly wandered,  
Down the broad and crowded way,  
Near to hell, and far from heaven,  
But He bids thee turn today.
- 4 Yes, He waits in grace so wondrous,  
Waits to bid thee welcome home,  
Longs with outstretched arms to save  
thee  
From thy dark impending doom.
- 5 Dare you hesitate, or longer  
Trifle with His loving heart?  
Soon will grace give way to judgment,  
Now 'tis "come," but then "depart."

**548** Tune – There is a Fountain.  
S.S.129. P.M.

- 1 HO! YE that thirst, approach the spring  
Where living waters flow;  
Free to that open fountain all  
Without a price may go.  
  
Without a price may go,  
Without a price may go;  
Free to that open fountain all,  
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight  
Will ye in crowds repair?  
How long your strength and substance  
waste  
On trifles light as air?

- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies  
That health and pleasure give;  
Incline your ear and come to Me,  
The soul that hears shall live.

- 4 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear  
Is open to your call;  
While offered mercy still is near,  
Before His footstool fall.

**549** Tune – Christ receiveth sinful  
men. S.S.390. 7's

- 1 BLESSED Saviour! Son of God,  
Thou hast borne sin's heavy load,  
That my ruined soul might be  
Cleansed, redeemed, and won for  
Thee.

Blessed Lord, O precious Lord!  
Worthy One, by saints adored!  
Object of the Father's heart,  
In Thy glory I'll have part.

- 2 Thou in deepest, truest love,  
Cam'st from glory's heights above,  
That a wretched one like me  
Might for ever dwell with Thee.
- 3 Love with Thine none can compare,  
Sinners saved Thy throne to share,  
Is a mystery divine;  
Yet this prospect, Lord, is mine.

**550** Tune – French. B.H.B.343.  
C.M.

- 1 AND DID the Holy and the Just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surpassing mercy, love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the ruined sinner's place,  
And suffered in His stead:  
For man (oh, miracle of grace!)  
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Jesus! my soul adoring bends  
To love, so full, so free;  
Though vile I am, that love extends  
Its sacred power to me.
- 5 What glad return can I impart  
For favours so divine?  
Oh, take my all, my weary heart,  
And make it only Thine.

**551** Tune – The risen Lamb.  
R.S.ch.20. P.M.

- 1 THE GOSPEL trumpet now doth sound!  
Glory to the Lamb once slain!  
Come and spread God's news around!  
Glory to the Lamb once slain!

The Lamb, the Lamb, the risen Lamb,  
I love the sound of Jesus' Name,  
It sets my spirit in a flame,  
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

- 2 Christ has died upon the tree;  
He tasted death for you and me.
- 3 The Lord is risen from the dead;  
Captivity is captive led.
- 4 His blood has washed my sins away,  
God's justice now's my rest and stay.
- 5 My life is now in Jesus risen,  
And I am on my way to heaven.
- 6 The Lord Himself will come again;  
Come, sinners, all be ready then.

**552** Tune – The gate ajar. S.S.372.

- 1 THE NIGHT is wearing fast away,  
The glorious day is dawning,  
When Christ shall all His grace display  
The fair millennial morning.
- 2 Gloomy and dark the night hath been,  
And long the way, and dreary;  
And sad the weeping saints are seen  
And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 3 Ye mourning pilgrims dry your tears,  
And hush each sigh of sorrow;  
The light of that bright morn appears,  
The long sabbatic morrow.
- 4 Lift up your heads – behold from far  
A flood of splendour streaming;  
It is the bright and morning Star  
In living lustre beaming.
- 5 And see that star-like host around  
Of angel bands attending;  
Hark! hark! the trumpet's gladd'n'g sound,  
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
- 6 He comes the Bridegroom promised long;  
Go forth with joy to meet Him,  
And raise the new and nuptial song,  
In cheerful strains to greet Him.
- 7 Adorn thyself, the feast prepare;  
With hallelujahs swelling,  
He comes, with thee all joys to share,  
And make this earth His dwelling.

**553** Tune - Tidings, happy tidings.  
R.S.97. P.M.

1 TIDINGS, happy tidings! Hark, hark  
the sound!  
Hear the joyful echo through the world  
resound!  
Christ the Lord proclaims them, hear  
and heed the call,  
Come, ye starving ones that perish,  
room, room for all.

"Whosoever cometh," Jesus will  
receive,  
"Whosoever thirsteth," Jesus will  
relieve;  
See the living fountain, flowing full and  
free;  
Oh, that blessed "Whosoever" - **that  
means me!**

2 Tidings, happy tidings! Hark, hark, they  
say:-  
Do not slight the warning; come, oh  
come today;  
Christ the loving Saviour, still repeats  
the call;  
"Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, room,  
room for all!"

3 Tidings, happy tidings! Hark, hark  
again,  
Rushing o'er the mountain, sweeping  
o'er the plain,  
Onward goes the message, 'tis the  
Saviour's call,  
"Come, for everything is ready; room,  
room for all!"

**554** Tune - Communion.  
B.H.B.217. L.M.

1 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 should 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!"

**555** Tune - Ewing. B.H.B.263.  
7-6

1 THE NIGHT shall soon be over,  
The morning soon shall dawn:  
The twilight and the darkness  
Alike shall soon be gone.  
Soon, soon shall come the dayspring,  
When we from earth shall rise,  
To bright celestial glories,  
Far, far beyond the skies.

2 There joy in all its fulness,  
And pleasures evermore,  
Shall fill the heart with raptures  
That ne'er were known before;  
For we shall see our Jesus,  
The dearest object there,  
The Chief among ten thousand,  
The altogether fair.

3 We'll turn from all the glory  
Of that thrice-blessed place,  
And drawing near to Jesus,  
Shall gaze upon His face.  
Yes, yes, 'tis Jesus only  
Can satisfy the heart,  
Not e'en the brightest glory  
Can lasting joy impart.

4 We ne'er shall tire in gazing  
Upon our Jesus' face;  
We ne'er shall cease in praising  
The wonders of His grace;  
Throughout eternal ages  
We'll worship and adore  
The glorious, loving Jesus,  
Who all our sorrows bore.

5 Oh, may the love of Jesus  
Constrain us here below  
To cast aside earth's pleasures,  
Its vain pursuits forego!  
May none but Jesus only  
Our praises here employ,  
To serve Him, and Him only,  
Our chiefest aim and joy.

**556** Tune – Was it for me. R.S.81.  
L.M.D.

1 WAS IT FOR ME, for me alone,  
The Saviour left His glorious throne –  
The dazzling splendour of the sky –  
Was it for me He came to die?

It was for me, yes, all for me;  
Oh, love of God, so great, so free;  
Oh, wondrous love, I'll shout and sing,  
He died for me, my Lord, the King.

2 Was it for me sweet angel strains,  
Came floating o'er Judea's plains,  
That starlight night so long ago?  
Was it for me God planned it so?

3 Was it for me the Saviour said,  
"Pillow thy weary, aching head,  
Trusting on Thy Saviour's breast?"  
Was it for me? Can I thus rest?

4 Was it for me He wept and prayed,  
When prostrate in the garden laid,  
That night within Gethsemane?  
Was it for me, that agony?

5 Was it for me He bowed His head,  
Upon the cross and freely shed  
His precious blood – that crimson tide?  
Was it for me the Saviour died?

**557** Tune – As I bid adieu; or  
Lion of Judah. B.H.B.160.

1 AS I BID ADIEU to the world's fancied  
pleasures

You pity my weakness, alas! did you  
know,  
The joys of salvation, that best hidden  
treasure,  
Would you have me forsake them?  
Ah, never, ah no.

2 In the gay scenes of life I was happiness  
wooing,  
But ah, in its stead, I encountered  
but woe;  
And found I was only a phantom pur-  
suing,  
I never once found it, ah never, ah no.

3 How bright now the sunbeams of glory  
are shining  
Around my sweet path as to heaven  
I go

With Christ in my heart, on His promise  
reclining,  
Shall I yield up my treasure? Ah  
never, ah no.

4 But now in the path which you call  
melancholy,  
I drink of the joys that the world  
does not know;  
Come taste them and try them, you'll  
own your past folly,  
Nor again bid me flee them, ah never,  
ah no.

5 By the counsels of Jesus my feet are  
directed,  
My faithful Companion, we intimate  
grow;  
With His love I am blest, by His arm  
I'm protected;  
Would you have me forsake them?  
Ah never, ah no.

**558** Tune – Numberless as the sands.  
S.S.998. P.M.

1 WHEN WE ENTER the portals of Glory,  
And the great host of ransomed we  
see,  
As the numberless sands of the seashore,  
What a wonderful sight that will be.

Numberless as the sand on the seashore,  
Numberless as the sand on the shore,  
Oh, what a sight 'twill be,  
When the ransomed host we see,  
As numberless as the sand on the seashore.

2 When we see all the saved of the ages,  
Who from cruel death partings are  
free,  
Meeting there with a heavenly greeting,  
What a wonderful sight that will be.

3 When we stand by the beautiful river,  
'Neath the shade of the life-giving  
tree,  
Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise,  
What a wonderful sight that will be.

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,  
And His glory and majesty see,  
While as King of all kingdoms He  
reigneth,  
What a wonderful sight that will be.

**559**

Tune – Consolation. R.S.176.

11's

- 1 O TURN YE, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says  
Come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;  
Come wretched come starving, come happy to be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,  
And pardon you freely, if you will believe.  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

- 4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain  
To soothe your affliction or banish your pain?  
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,  
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky?

- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

**560**

Tune – Almost persuaded.

R.S.251. P.M.

- 1 WHY wilt thou linger, why wilt thou die?  
God's wrath upon thee, judgment so nigh;  
Now is salvation's day,  
Tread the blood-sprinkled way;  
Sinner, no more delay,  
Jesus will come!

- 2 Soon will the Saviour close fast the door,  
Tidings of mercy sound nevermore!  
Time's course will soon be run,  
Stay then, thou Christless one,  
Think of the great white throne,  
Judgment will fall!

- 3 Then the dread sentence, "Depart from Me!"  
Room for repentance gone, gone for aye:  
Endless the sinner's doom,  
Darkness and dismal gloom;  
Now in God's house there's room,  
Jesus will save!

- 4 Glory before thee, pilgrim press on;  
Share now the sorrow, share soon the crown:  
Tell forth the Saviour's fame,  
Honour His holy name,  
Bear now His cross and shame,  
Pilgrim, press on!

**561**

Tune – Jackson. B.H.B.125.

C.M.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
Upon their works have built;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
Their actions full of guilt.

- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,  
Without one vaunting word;  
And, humbled low, confess their guilt  
Before heaven's righteous Lord.

- 3 No hope can on the law be built  
Of justifying grace;  
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,  
Condemns him to his face.

- 4 Jesus! how glorious is Thy grace!  
When in Thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

**562**

Tune – Consolation. R.S.176.

- 1 OH, WHY NOT, say why not, God's message receive,  
Why not at this moment believe it and live?  
It tells of the Saviour, atoning for sin,  
And all who believe have salvation in Him.

- 2 Why sorrow, or grieve, or in misery stay,  
Or wait for more feeling on some future  
day;  
What feeling of thine, or what grief can  
compare  
With all He once suffered, thy burden  
to bear?
- 3 'Tis not thy remorse, nor thy sorrow  
and fear,  
Not e'en thy repentance, thy conscience  
can clear?  
These could not atone for, or put away  
sin,  
Or give thee the peace which thou  
needest within.
- 4 The anguish for sin that once fell on  
the Lord,  
The wrath He endured, as told out in  
His Word;  
The death which He suffered, the life  
He now lives,  
Their infinite worth to the sinner He  
gives.
- 5 No longer delaying, the message  
receive –  
'Tis God who now bids thee believe  
it and live;  
He sends the good tidings to gladden  
thy soul,  
And bids thee receive it – that measure-  
less whole!

**563** Tune – Hark, the Gospel.  
R.S.212. 8-7-4

- 1 HARK! the Gospel news is sounding,  
Christ has suffered on the tree;  
Streams of mercy are abounding,  
Grace for all is rich and free.  
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who  
died for thee.
- 2 Oh! escape to yonder mountain:  
Refuge find in Him today;  
Christ invites you to the fountain,  
Come and wash your sins away;  
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while  
you may.
- 3 Grace is flowing like a river,  
Millions there have been supplied;  
Still it flows as fresh as ever  
From the Saviour's wounded side;  
None need perish, all may live, for  
Christ has died.

- 4 Christ alone shall be our portion;  
Soon we hope to meet above;  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love;  
All His fulness we shall then for ever  
prove.

**564** Tune – Only waiting. S.S.1029  
or, What a Friend. As No.68.

- 1 WHEN we reach our peaceful dwelling,  
On the strong eternal hills,  
And our praise to Him is swelling,  
Who the vast creation fills,  
When the paths of prayer and duty  
And affliction, all are trod,  
And we wake and see the beauty  
Of our Saviour and our God.
- 2 With the light of resurrection,  
When our changed bodies glow,  
And we gain the full perfection  
Of the bliss begun below –  
Oh! twill be a glorious morrow,  
To a dark and stormy day,  
When we smile upon our sorrow,  
When the storms have passed away.

- 3 When we wave the palms of glory,  
Through the long eternal years,  
Shall we e'er forget the story  
Of our mortal griefs and fears;  
Shall we e'er forget the sadness  
And the clouds that hung so dim,  
When our hearts are filled with gladness,  
And our tears are dried by Him?

**565** Tune – Hiding in Thee.  
S.S. 519.

- 1 OH, I have been at the brink of the  
grave,  
And stood on the edge of its deep, dark  
wave,  
And I've thought in the still, calm hours  
of the night,  
Of those regions where all is forever  
bright;  
And I feared not the wave  
Of the gloomy grave,  
For I knew that Jehovah was "mighty  
to save."
- 2 I have watched the solemn ebb and flow  
Of life's tide, which was fleeting sure  
tho' slow;  
I've stood on the shore of eternity,  
And heard the deep roar of its rushing  
sea;

Yet I feared not the wave  
Of the gloomy grave,  
For I knew that Jehovah was "mighty  
to save."

- 3 And I found that my only rest could be  
In the death of the One who had died  
for me;  
For my rest has been bought with the  
price of the blood  
Which flowed from the veins of the Son  
of God;  
So I fear not the wave  
Of the gloomy grave,  
For I know that Jehovah is "mighty  
to save."

**566** Tune – When peace like a river.  
B.H.B.88. P.M.

- 1 I HAVE been at the altar and witnessed  
the Lamb  
Burnt wholly to ashes for me;  
And watched its sweet savour ascending  
on high,  
Accepted, O Father, by Thee.
- 2 And lo, while I gazed at the glorious  
sight  
A voice from above reached mine  
ears:  
"By this thine iniquity's taken away,  
And not a spot on thee appears."

- 3 "An end of thy sin has been made for  
thee here  
By Him who its penalty bore,  
With blood it is blotted eternally out,  
And I will not remember it more."

- 4 O Lord, I believe it, with wonder and  
joy –  
Confirm, thou, this precious belief;  
While daily I learn that I am, in myself,  
Of sinners the vilest and chief.

**567** Tune – Hanover. B.H.B.235.  
10-11

- 1 ALL YE that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should  
die?  
Your ransom and peace, your surely  
He is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like  
His.
- 2 For what you have done His blood  
must atone,  
In grace God hath punished for you His  
dear Son;

The Lord in the day of His anger did  
lay  
Our sins on the Lamb, and He bore  
them away.

- 3 He answered for all; oh, come at His call,  
And low at His cross with astonishment  
fall;  
But lift up your eyes at Jesus' cries,  
Impassive He suffers, immortal He dies.
- 4 My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus' blest name,  
He purchased the grace which now I  
embrace;  
O Father, Thou knowest He died in my  
place.

**568** Tune – My beautiful home.  
E.H.B.74. P.M.

- 1 ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,  
Above the ills and cares of life,  
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,  
My home is there! my home is there!

My beautiful home, my beautiful home  
In the land where the glorified ever shall  
roam,  
Where angels bright wear robes of light,  
My home is there! my home is there!

- 2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,  
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,  
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,  
My home is there! my home is there!

- 3 Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,  
Away from worldly loss and gain,  
From all temptation, tears, and care,  
My home is there! my home is there!

- 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair,  
My home is there! my home is there!

**569** Tune – Neander. B.H.B.232.  
8-7-4

- 1 LAMB OF GOD, we bow before Thee,  
Calvary's tale creation awed;  
Well may Thy redeemed adore Thee,  
While we sound this note abroad –  
Calvary's victim  
Vindicates the throne of God.

- 2 Rock of Ages, rent asunder,  
     'Riven 'neath the wrath of God;  
     Safe within those clefts we wonder,  
         While we sound this note abroad –  
             Calvary's victim  
             Reconciles the world to God.
- 3 Saviour God, the altar's craving  
     Thou hast satisfied with blood;  
     Now in heaven fresh incense waving,  
         Sweetly sounds this note abroad –  
             Calvary's victim  
             Fills with joy the heart of God.
- 4 Man of sorrows, God of glory,  
     Wondrous path Thy foot hath trod;  
     Cross and crown rehearse the story,  
         Joyous sound this note abroad –  
             Calvary's victim  
             Now adorns the throne of God.

## 570 Tune – When the pearly gates.

R.S.793. P.M.

- 1 I HAVE given up all for Jesus, this vain world is nought to me,  
     All its pleasures are forgotten in remembering Calvary;  
     Though my friends despise, forsake me,  
         and on me the world looks cold,  
     I've a friend that will stand by me when the pearly gates unfold.  
  
     Life's morn will soon be waning and the evening bells will toll,  
     But my heart will know no sadness when the pearly gates unfold.

- 2 When the voice of Jesus calls me, and the angels whisper low,  
     I will lean upon my Saviour through the valley as I go;  
     I will claim His precious promise, more to me than worlds of gold –  
         “Fear no evil, I'll be with thee when the pearly gates unfold.”
- 3 Just beyond the verge of Jordan, just beyond its chilling tide,  
     Blooms the tree of life immortal, and the living waters glide;  
     In that happy land of spirits, flowers bloom on hills of gold,  
     And the angels will be waiting when the pearly gates unfold.

## 571 Tune – Glad Tidings.

B.H.B.327.

- 1 RAISE, raise loud our voices;  
     Here, here Heaven begin;  
     Sing, sing, each heart rejoices;  
         Jesus has died for our sin:  
             Praise, praise, O praise!  
             Jesus has died for our sin.

- 2 All, all He hath completed;  
     Here, here He bore our doom;  
     Now, now Hell is defeated;  
         Jesus is raised from the tomb:  
             Praise, praise, O praise!  
             Jesus is raised from the tomb.

- 3 Peace, peace to us He's speaking,  
     Down, down poureth His love:  
     Clean, clean us He is keeping,  
         Jesus is pleading above:  
             Praise, praise, O praise!  
             Jesus is pleading above.

- 4 On, on thus we are hastening:  
     Through, through trials we go:  
     Fresh, fresh grace we are tasting,  
         Jesus is with us below:  
             Praise, praise, O praise!  
             Jesus is with us below.

- 5 Soon, soon we shall behold Him;  
     Soon, soon with Him shall reign;  
     Soon, soon we shall be like Him,  
         Jesus is coming again:  
             Praise, praise, O praise!  
             Jesus is coming again.

## 572 Tune – Lion of Judah.

B.H.B.160. 11's

- 1 'TIS the voice of Jehovah commands thee, awake!  
     For time is fast passing, thy soul is at stake;  
     Eternity's darkness and gloom draweth nigh;  
     Then awake, ere ye perish – for “why will ye die?”
- 2 Awake, **careless sinner**, God bids thee awake!  
     Why rush madly on to the fierce burning lake?  
     'Tis folly to trifle the moments away;  
     Then awake! O awake! and be saved while ye may.

3 Awake, **false professor**, O think not  
thy form  
Will shield thee from wrath in that  
pitiless storm;  
When the judgment of God as great  
billows shall roll  
In dire destruction o'er each Christ-  
less soul.

4 And thou, **poor deceived one**,  
arouse thee, awake!  
Be warned of thy danger, O learn thy  
mistake;  
Thy life may **seem** righteous, thy  
"works" suit thee well,  
But 'tis Jesus alone who can save thee  
from hell!

5 Ye **anxious ones**, listen, O hark to  
God's Word,  
Proclaiming salvation thro' Jesus the  
Lord;  
His precious blood, shed on the cross  
long ago,  
Can save thee from sin and deliver  
from woe.

**573** Tune - I know not what awaits  
S.S.564.

1 I KNOW what is before me;  
God kindly opens mine eyes,  
And clearly to faith's vision keen  
Bright heavenly scenes do rise,  
As on toward my home I press -  
My home beyond the skies.

Though through this world of sorrow  
My pilgrim path is shown,  
Yet on I march with quickened step,  
And sing, "I'm going home!"  
Yes, on I march with quickened step,  
And sing, "I'm going home!"

2 I know no other prospect  
But glory, far away:  
The only morrow known to faith  
Is God's eternal day;  
And nought I meet along the road  
My onward course can stay.

3 "I know not what awaits me"  
Along my path below;  
But I know it leads me home to God,  
So on with joy I go;  
And many a blessing now, in grace,  
The Father doth bestow.

4 The end I know already;  
My God hath made it sure:  
Tis glory bright at His right hand,  
And pleasures evermore,  
And now I'd trust Him on the voyage  
To such a blissful shore.

5 And shall I fear the billows  
Which round my barque do foam,  
When I know they only speed me on,  
Toward my Saviour's throne?  
No; even on the angry waves  
I'll sing, "I'm going home!"

**574** Tune - Selma. B.H.B.325.  
S.M.

1 ARM OF THE LORD awake!  
Exalt the Saviour slain!  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
"Revive Thy work again!"

2 Arise, O Lord, in power,  
Make known Thy saving name,  
And now in this accepted hour,  
"Revive Thy work again!"

3 Come now, O mighty Lord!  
And get Thee glorious gain;  
Give power unto Thy preached Word,  
"Revive Thy work again!"

4 Since Jesus doth rejoice,  
O'er poor repentant men,  
Hear now our supplicating voice,  
"Revive Thy work again!"

5 According to Thy Word,  
For evermore the same,  
By Thine own quickening Spirit, Lord,  
"Revive Thy work again!"

6 Now give us gladsome hours,  
O God of glorious fame!  
And "calm awakenings, heavenly  
showers,"  
"Revive Thy work again!"

**575** Tune - Christ is all. R.S.724.  
P.M.

1 I ENTERED once a house of care,  
Both age and poverty were there,  
Yet peace and joy withal.  
I asked the lonely mother whence  
Her helpless widowhood's defence;  
She told me Christ was all.

- Christ is all, all in all –  
Yes, Christ is all in all.  
Christ is all, all in all –  
Yes, Christ is all in all:
- 2 I stood beside a dying bed,  
There lay a boy with aching head,  
Waiting the Saviour's call.  
I watched his smile, 'twas sweet as May,  
And as his spirit passed away  
He whispered, Christ is all.
- 3 I saw the martyrs at the stake,  
The flames could not their courage  
shake,  
Nor death their souls appal.  
I asked them whence their strength  
was given,  
They looked triumphantly to heaven,  
And shouted, Christ is all.
- 4 I saw salvation's heralds go  
To Afric's clime and Greenland's snow,  
To save from Satan's thrall.  
Nor friend nor home they counted dear,  
'Mid pain and sorrow owned no fear;  
They knew that Christ was all.
- 5 I dreamt that hoary time had fled,  
The earth and sea gave up her dead,  
A fire dissolved this ball.  
I saw the Church's ransomed throng,  
And heard the music of their song;  
'Twas Christ is all in all.
- 6 Then come to Christ, Oh come today,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit say.  
The Bride repeats the call.  
His blood will wash your crimson stain,  
His love will soothe your weary pain,  
And Christ be all in all.

**576** Tune – Spohr. R.S.161 or,  
O Christ what burdens as 26.  
P.M.

- 1 FATHER, I KNOW that all my life,  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that will surely come  
I do not fear to see:  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
To wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

- 3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro;  
Seeking for some great thing to do  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be grateful as a child,  
And guided where to go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.
- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 There are briars besetting every path,  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer!  
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.
- 7 In a service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my innermost heart is taught the  
truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

**577** Tune – St. Stephen. B.H.B.332  
C.M.

- 1 WE THANK Thee, Lord, for weary days,  
When desert springs were dry,  
And first we knew what depth of need  
Thy love could satisfy.
- 2 Days when beneath the desert sun,  
Along the toilsome road,  
O'er roughest ways we walked with  
One,  
That One the Son of God.
- 3 We thank Thee for that rest in Him  
The weary only know –  
The perfect, wondrous sympathy  
We needs must learn below.
- 4 The sweet companionship of One,  
Who once the desert trod;  
The glorious fellowship with One,  
Upon the throne of God.

- 5 The joy no desolation here  
Can reach, or cloud, or dim,  
The present Lord, the living God,  
And we alone with Him.
- 6 We know Him as we could not know,  
Through heaven's golden years;  
We there shall see His glorious face,  
But Mary saw His tears.
- 7 The touch that heals the broken heart  
Is never felt above;  
The angels know His blessedness,  
His way-worn saints His love.
- 8 When in the glory and the rest  
We joyfully adore,  
Remembering the desert way  
We yet shall praise Him more.
- 9 And now in perfect peace we go  
Along the way He trod,  
Still learning from all need below  
Depths of the heart of God.

**578** Tune - Scatter seeds of.  
S.S.(888) 12.

1 PRAISE the peerless name of Jesus.  
Sing of Him for evermore;  
Praise the precious name of Jesus,  
Tell its value o'er and o'er.  
Jesus Christ is God's salvation;  
All who live through Jesus' name  
Were in death and condemnation,  
Heirs of Adam's sin and shame.  
'Tis through Thy death, Lord  
Jesus,  
Faith can wondrous blessings  
claim.

2 Precious blood, the blood of Jesus,  
Did for all my sins atone;  
Sprinkled blood, the blood of Jesus,  
Speaks for ever from the throne.  
Telling how His life was given,  
And that He who once was dead -  
Son of Man, God's Son from Heaven -  
Is "the Saviour," as He said.  
Oh, precious blood of Jesus!  
For a world of sinners shed.

3 At this name supreme of "JESUS"  
Every knee, God saith, shall bow;  
Lord of all, 'tis this same Jesus  
Whom the world refuses now.  
Every eye shall gaze upon Him,  
Every tongue confess His name;

Every glory centres in Him,  
Wronged of men, and put to shame.  
Oh, blessed name of Jesus!  
Now His matchless worth proclaim.

4 Praise the peerless name of Jesus,  
Tell of Him for evermore;  
See Him in God's glory - JESUS,  
Who the weight of judgment bore.  
In the cross, Thy death, Lord Jesus,  
God required what is past;  
Thou art Alpha and Omega,  
Thou art First and Thou art Last;  
Now in Thy name, Lord Jesus,  
All God's counsel standeth fast.

**579** Tune - Happy day. E.H.B.123.

- 1 O TELL ME no more  
Of this world's vain store;  
The time for such trifles with me now  
is o'er.
- 2 A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound;  
To dwell I'm determined on that happy  
ground.
- 3 The souls that believe,  
In Paradise live;  
And me in that number will Jesus  
receive.
- 4 My soul, don't delay,  
He calls thee away!  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the  
glad day.
- 5 No mortal doth know  
What He can bestow -  
What light, strength, and comfort; go  
after Him, go!
- 6 Perhaps for His name,  
Poor dust as I am,  
Some works I shall finish with glad  
loving aim.
- 7 I still (which is best)  
Shall on His dear breast,  
As at the beginning, find pardon and  
rest.
- 8 And if I'm to die  
"Receive me," I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot say  
why.
- 9 But this I do find,  
To Him I'm so joined,  
He'll not live in glory and leave me  
behind.

**580** Tune – Settled for ever.  
E.H.B.116.

1 HARK! HARK! the voice of Christ, the  
sinner's Saviour,  
In glory seated on His Father's throne,  
Telling of love and everlasting favour  
For sinners far from God, by sin  
undone.

Message of Jesus, message of love,  
Telling of welcome to that bright home  
above.

2 It is the voice of Him now crowned with  
glory.  
Telling of life for "whosoever will;"  
How sweet the sound of that entrancing  
story,  
Which tells of love for guilty sinners  
still.

3 Blest words! they speak to us of God's  
salvation,  
Worked out by Christ alone upon  
the cross,  
Who by His blood redeems from every  
nation,  
And saves His people from eternal  
loss.

4 Now weary souls who rest and peace  
are seeking,  
Who long for One to meet their  
deepest need.  
Hear in the Word the voice of Jesus  
speaking,  
And trust in Him who makes them  
free indeed.

5 Soon Jesus' voice of love may cease  
appealing.  
And in your face the door of mercy  
close,  
Spurn not the voice of Him with heart  
so feeling,  
Who proved His love by dying for  
His foes.

**581** Tune – Whitchurch. B.H.B.7.  
8's

1 THE MOMENT a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified Lord,  
His pardon at once he receives,  
Redemption in full through His blood;  
Though thousands and thousands  
of foes  
Against Him in malice unite,  
Their rage He through Christ can  
oppose,  
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

2 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;  
A principle, active and young,  
That lives under pressure and load;  
That makes out of weakness more  
strong,  
And draws the soul upward to God.

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 know His forgiveness as just,  
And look for His love to the end.

**582** Tune – Darwell. B.H.B.342.

1 HE SAVES because He will:  
Man's will was to be lost;  
But Jesus interposed,  
And paid the fearful cost;  
His precious blood He freely gave,  
That He the guilty ones might save.

2 He saves because He will:  
For this He came to die;  
No mortal claimed His aid,  
Love brought Him from on high.  
Pure, sovereign, unrequited love,  
Brought Jesus from the realms above.

3 He saves because He will;  
Delighting still to bless;  
He loves to clothe the soul  
In God's own righteousness –  
A righteousness which God can own  
Wrought out by His beloved Son.

**583** Tune – Corinth. B.H.B.229.  
8-7-4

1 ON HIS FATHER's throne is seated  
Christ the Lord, the Living One!  
All His toil on earth completed,  
All His work for sinners done;  
In the glory  
See Him – God's eternal Son!

2 Every knee shall bow before Him,  
Every tongue confess His name:  
Ransomed myriads adore Him  
Who endured the sinner's shame!  
From the glory,  
God doth now His worth proclaim!

- 3 Man the cross to Him awarded,  
Man the Saviour crucified!  
Thus man's judgment stands recorded,  
Thus was justice satisfied!  
By the glory  
Christ was claimed, on earth who  
died!
- 4 Son of Man! His incarnation  
Opened first the tale of grace;  
Son of God! in new creation  
Leader of a chosen race!  
Well may glory  
Crown Him in the ordered place.
- 584** Tune – Have you counted the cost. B.H.B.66. P.M.
- 1 WE ARE SAVED by grace, we are saved  
by grace,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood,  
We are saved by grace, and we love to  
trace  
The pathway marked by blood.  
We are born of God, we are born of God,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood,  
We are born of God, and we'll sound  
abroad  
Salvation through the blood.  
We shall rest above, we shall rest above,  
When our days of toil are o'er,  
We shall rest above in the home of love,  
When time shall be no more.
- 2 We have access now, we have access  
now,  
To God through Jesus' blood,  
We have access now, and with joy  
we bow,  
And gaze upon the blood.  
We are near to God, we are near to God,  
Made nigh by Jesus' blood,  
We are near to God, and we'll sound  
abroad  
Salvation through the blood.
- 3 We have passed from death, we have  
passed from death,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood,  
We have passed from death by the  
Spirit's breath,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.  
We have peace with God, we have  
peace with God,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.  
We have peace with God, and we'll  
sound abroad  
Salvation through the blood.
- 4 We are on our way, we are on our way,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood,  
We are on our way to eternal day,  
Redeemed by Jesus' blood.  
We are heirs of God, we are heirs  
of God,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood,  
We are heirs of God, and we'll sound  
abroad  
Salvation through the blood.

**585** Tune – Art thou weary. R.S.152. P.M.

- 1 PRECIOUS, precious Name of Jesus,  
To the heart how sweet,  
Sitting pardoned, resting peaceful,  
At His feet.
- 2 Wondrous, precious Name of Jesus,  
Meeting all our need,  
Word eternal, God incarnate,  
Woman's seed.
- 3 Precious name "Jehovah – Saviour,"  
Sweetest name on earth,  
To the "Friend of Sinners" given  
From His birth.
- 4 Holy, precious Name of Jesus,  
Son of Man, of God,  
All prevailing, sin it cancels  
By the Blood.
- 5 Scorned, derided Name of Jesus,  
Nailed o'er Calvary's tree,  
Tree of anguish, shame, and cursing,  
There for me.
- 6 Name of Jesus, heaven exalted  
High o'er every name,  
Every knee before it bowing,  
Glad acclaim.
- 7 Honoured, worshipped, Name of Jesus,  
Song in glory bright,  
Every harp and voice extolling,  
In the light.
- 8 Precious, saving Name of Jesus,  
Sinner's perfect plea,  
Same today, the same for ever,  
Same for me.

**586** Tune – Worthy, worthy. B.H.B.348. P.M.

1 THERE'S SALVATION full and free,  
There's a pardon now for thee,  
If your need you really see –  
Will you come?

- 2 There's a Saviour true and tried,  
Who can cleanse the deepest-dyed,  
And present them justified –  
Will you come?
- 3 There's a heaven bright and fair,  
There are many mansions there,  
One of which thou mayest share –  
Will you come?
- 4 There's an awful place of woe –  
There's a hell where you must go,  
If you die unsaved; but Oh!  
Will you come?
- 5 There's no time for you to lose,  
Jesus' love do not abuse,  
Heaven or hell, which do you choose?  
Will you come?
- 587** Tune – My God, I have found.  
B.H.B.157. P.M.
- 1 WE PRAISE THEE, O God, for the Son  
of Thy love  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone  
above.
- Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again!
- 2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit  
of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and  
illumined our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that  
was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has  
cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of  
all grace  
Who has bought us and sought us, and  
guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy  
love,  
May each soul be rekindled with love  
from above.
- 6 Revive us again, rouse the dead from  
their tomb!  
May they come now to Jesus, while yet  
there is room.

- 588** Tune – When the Lord to  
Bethany. S.S.80. P.M.
- 1 THERE'S a wondrous word I've often  
heard,  
It was spoken long ago  
By the God of grace, to a guilty race  
Who have chosen sin and woe.  
“Though your sins be red as by crimson  
dyed,  
And deep like the scarlet's glow,”  
Yet, by trusting in the Crucified  
“They shall be white as snow.”  
“They shall be as white as snow,”  
“They shall be as white as snow.”  
By the blood of the Lamb, who for  
sinners died,  
“They shall be as white as snow.”
- 2 No art of man, nor his newest plan  
Can remove sin's crimson stains;  
By the cleansing blood of the Lamb  
of God,  
Not a spot or trace remains.
- 3 O sinner, say, will you come to-day,  
And prove His promise true;  
That faithful word of a sovereign Lord  
Shall be then fulfilled to you.
- 589** Tune – Beneath the Cross.  
B.H.B.23. 7-6
- 1 HOW SWEET to work for Jesus!  
How sweet as days go by,  
To toil for Him, Who died for sin;  
Our Master now on high.  
Yes, work for Him is blessed,  
More blest than tongue can tell:  
We work and wait, outside the gate,  
Inside by faith we dwell.
- 2 How sweet to work for Jesus!  
And now, at close of day,  
Our songs of praise to Him we raise,  
Who leads us on life's way.  
We lift our eyes to heaven,  
And see the glory shine;  
And now, to-night in Him delight  
And say, “My Lord is mine.”
- 3 How sweet to work for Jesus!  
And each day nearer home,  
To tell the love that beams above,  
Until the Lord shall come.  
To preach and sing of Jesus,  
To pray for those in sin;  
Until at last the desert past,  
We shall be home with Him.

4 How sweet to work for Jesus!  
 Oh, keep us close to Thee,  
 Until our feet rest on the street  
 Where faith's fair mansions be.  
 Until our eyes are gazing,  
 Upon our Saviour's brow;  
 Till then we wait, outside the gate,  
 And work for Jesus now.

**590** Tune – Pardon, peace, and power. S.S.780. P.M.

1 HE GAZED upon Him as He walked;  
 He watched Him as He trod;  
 And said with rapt and reverent mien,  
 "Behold the Lamb of God."

Yes 'was Jesus come to bless,  
 The Son of God . . . the Saviour true,  
 He came to die . . . instead of me,  
 I love to sing His praise, my Saviour true.

- 2 On Him the glory of that hour  
 Shone with no fitful gleam;  
 But bright to His adoring eyes  
 Who Israel's Lord had seen.
- 3 At last the stars of prophecy  
 Had melted into day;  
 And shadows from the ages gone  
 Had passed in light away.
- 4 At last the voices of the past,  
 That thrilled through hearts on earth,  
 Had deepened to angelic praise  
 O'er Bethlehem's wondrous birth.
- 5 For now the living Lord appears  
 Where God as Jesus trod;  
 And faith absorbed in rapture cries,  
 "Behold the Lamb of God."
- 6 Have you, in this a later day,  
 Had heart and soul sufficed  
 By Him who fills heaven's highest throne,  
 God's Lamb, the risen Christ?

**591** Tune – Trim your lamps. R.S.521. P.M.

1 SINNER if Christ should come tonight,  
 Would'st thou put on the robe of white,  
 Or ne'er be happy more?

"Come to Me," says the Saviour,  
 "All thy sins I bore."

If now the voice should cry "arise,"  
 Would'st thou soar upwards to the  
 skies,  
 Or sink for evermore?

3 When Christ's own hand shall shut the gate,  
 Will you exclaim, "Too late, too late!"  
 Outside salvation's door?

4 Shall Jesus, standing here, again  
 Stretch out His hands to thee in vain?  
 Oh! now His love implore!

5 Tomorrow! death may bring thee woe;  
 Tonight you may His mercy know,  
 His mercy ever sure.

6 Oh! wilt thou turn thy restless eye  
 From earth to Christ on Calvary,  
 And love Him evermore?

7 Oh! wilt thou rest thy weary heart  
 Upon His breast – "the better part,"  
 And sorrow all be o'er?

**592** Tune – Evan. B.H.B.8. C.M.

- 1 HE SLEEPS in Jesus – blessed sleep  
 To God's own children given;  
 His body to the earth we give,  
 His spirit is in heaven.
- 2 He sleeps in Jesus – resting aye,  
 God's peace upon his brow;  
 The mantle of eternity  
 Is round our brother now.
- 3 He sleeps in Jesus – he has reached  
 His heavenly home at last:  
 And toil and sorrow, felt no more,  
 Are records of the past.
- 4 He sleeps in Jesus peacefully –  
 The smiles of heaven his;  
 He gazes on the face of Christ –  
 And this is happiness.
- 5 He sleeps in Jesus – brother, rest,  
 While tears of sorrow fall;  
 Eyes weep on earth, but thou art there  
 Where Christ is all in all.
- 6 He sleeps in Jesus, lay him low;  
 Let dust to dust descend,  
 To wait the resurrection word  
 And glory without end.

**593** Tune – Joy, joy, joy.

B.H.B.117. P.M.

1 Come, come, come, for the day of grace is ending,  
 Come, come, come, for the door will soon be shut.  
 Will you come? Will you come?  
 To the Saviour who has died?  
 He will save; He will save;  
 And you will not be denied.

For He loves to save, and He waits to bless,  
Will you come to Him and your sins confess?  
Will you own the Lord your righteousness  
And trust in Him today?

2 Come, come, come, for the Lord who died is coming,  
Come, come, come, lest you linger and be lost.  
When He comes! when He comes!  
He will take His own away  
To His home; to Himself,  
And the mansions of the day;  
Where the streets do shine in the glory fair;  
Where the saints redeemed shall their bright crowns wear;  
And the songs rise sweet on the heavenly air –  
And Christ is all in all.

3 Come, come, come, for the angels wait to welcome;  
Come, come, come, for the Lord of angels calls.  
Once again, once again,  
Will you come to Jesus now?  
As He waits, as He waits,  
Low before Him contrite bow.  
He is here today, and He waiting stands,  
With His wounded side, and His pierced hands,  
Oh, then heed His loving, His blest commands,  
And come to Jesus now.

**594** Tune – I will. S.S.474. P.M.

1 AGAIN the word has reached my list'ning soul,  
The word divine and true;  
And God has offered me eternal life  
My Lord, what shall I do?  
  
I come! . . . I come! . . . I come! my Saviour now;  
I come Thou wilt receive;  
Thy pardoning grace will welcome even me;  
I will Thy love believe.

2 My wandering feet have trod the downward road,  
I knew no rest or home;

No peace within, no hope of life beyond,  
But now to Thee I come.

3 I've sinned for years, my sins are dark and foul,  
But Christ has died for me;  
And I will rest upon His finished work,  
The work of Calvary.

4 No deeds of mine, no tears or prayers could bring  
Peace to my soul within;  
I trust the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,  
It cleanses from all sin.

5 And never more my soul shall doubt  
His love,  
Who gave Himself for me;  
But ever more my life to Him belongs,  
Whose heaven I soon shall see.

**595** Tune – Almost persuaded. R.S.251. P.M.

1 STILL undecided?  
Look to thy heart;  
Grieve not the Spirit,  
Lest He depart.  
Why wilt thou longer wait?  
Come ere it be too late;  
Jesus at mercy's gate  
Grace will impart.

2 Still undecided?  
Slight not the voice  
Breathing so kindly:  
"Make Me thy choice;  
Look at my hands and see  
I bore the nails for thee,  
I died to make thee free;  
Come and rejoice."

3 Still undecided?  
Time flies apace.  
Jesus entreats thee;  
Spurn not His grace.  
What if the word were passed;  
This night should be thy last?  
Where would thy soul be cast?  
Where hide thy face?

4 Still undecided?  
What shall we say?  
Still undecided?  
Yet we will pray.  
Oh! may the Spirit move!  
Oh may the God above  
Melt thy poor heart to love –  
Melt thee today!

**596**

Tune - When mothers of Salem  
R.S.683. P.M.

- 1 WHEN Jesus was dwelling on earth,  
a man of sorrows,  
For fallen sinful man in grace and mercy  
to die,  
He listened to the sinner's plea,  
And gave this invitation free -  
"Come all that labour, and I will give  
you rest."
- 2 Now seated in glory, His work of  
suff'ring over,  
His loving heart is still the same as  
when He came to die;  
He still says, "Sinners, come to Me,  
And I from sin will set you free.  
Come all that labour, and I will give  
you rest."
- 3 O listen, O listen, 'tis Jesus speaks in  
mercy,  
Turn not away from love like this, for  
why will you die?  
O listen to His loving voice,  
Twill make your troubled hearts  
rejoice -  
"Come all that labour, and I will give  
you rest."
- 4 A bright home in glory the Saviour is  
preparing,  
For all who trust His precious blood to  
wash away their sins;  
Believe, and make this home your  
own,  
Trust now in Christ and Him alone;  
"Come all that labour, and I will give  
you rest."

**597**

Tune - We are glad we ever  
heard. Old S.V.453. P.M.

- 1 HARK! from angel bands is swelling  
forth the song,  
As o'er Bethlehem's plain with holy joy  
they throng,  
Telling forth the birth of the Saviour  
promised long,  
In the lowly manger laid.  
Blessed news! joyful news!  
Sound the joyful tidings forth!  
Heaven comes to earth to make tidings  
known,  
That the Christ of God, great David's  
royal Son,  
The Incarnate Word, the Eternal hath  
come down  
To reveal the Father's love.

2 From the realms of bliss, the glory  
bright above,  
Came the Saviour of men in the  
pilgrimage of love,  
And with all the powers of the evil one  
He strove,  
From the manger to the tomb.

3 'Tis a joyous theme, that Jesus lived  
with men,  
That He died on the Cross, and  
ascended up again,  
That the soul who believes may be  
justified; oh! then  
Come and make this love your own!

**598**

Tune - Linden. B.H.B.58.  
6-8's

- 1 OUR FATHER! for Thy gift divine,  
The Holy Ghost, whose light and  
love  
Within our darkened bosoms shine,  
Through Jesus glorified above,  
To Thee in grateful love we raise,  
Adoring songs of joy and praise.
- 2 Wondrous and perfect is Thy grace,  
From everlasting age which flowed;  
Thy Spirit doth its current trace,  
Thence down to Calvary's cross of  
blood,  
Nor stays it there, that grace flows on,  
As endless ages roll along.
- 3 Oh wondrous grace! that we should  
know  
A part in that eternal love!  
And won thereby, could e'er forego  
The earthly things, that love to prove;  
Thy Spirit wrought this work divine,  
The glory evermore be Thine.
- 4 His cords of love, they bind in one,  
The saints with Jesus now on high;  
This fellowship on earth begun,  
No time shall break th' eternal tie;  
Thy Spirit, from Thy Word revealed,  
Draws forth this treasure long concealed.

**5**

Oh! may His power in us fulfil  
Thy thoughts of wisdom and of love,  
May we, conformed to Thy will,  
Live in the world as raised above,  
Till all Thy saints, in light, shall be  
A temple meet, O Lord, for Thee.

**599**

Tune - Dennis. B.H.B.351.

S.M.

- 1 **ATONEMENT** is by blood,  
The blood of God's dear Son:  
In it - God's righteousness is seen,  
By it - salvation's won.
- 2 **Forgiveness** is by blood,  
Forgiveness from all sin;  
No protestations, tears, or prayers, -  
Blood only, maketh clean.
- 3 **Pardon** is through the blood,  
Pardon from sin's deep guilt;  
Secure is he whose only hope  
Upon the blood is built.
- 4 **Remission** is by blood,  
Remission full and free;  
The searching eye of God no sin  
Upon the saved can see.
- 5 **Access** is by the blood -  
"The new and living way;"  
Access to God is only so;  
Approach, whoever may.
- 6 The **glory** is by blood -  
The cross will people heaven;  
For none can sing the sweet, new song  
But they by blood forgiven!

**600**Tune - When the storms of life.  
R.S.425. P.M.

- 1 WHEN, with heart oppressed with  
sorrow  
And the dread of what's to be, -  
Sweet are then the words of Jesus, -  
"Come, ye labouring, come to Me."
- He will save... me!.. He will bless.. me!..  
Though my sins ..with cares oppress  
me! ..
- He will save... me!.. He will bless.. me!..  
In the fulness of His love!

- 2 Nought to do, and nought to bring Him,  
But a burdened heart of sin;  
Sweet the accents of His mercy  
Ever crying, - "Call them in -"
- 3 Oh, such love it woos my spirit!  
Oh, such love! it draws me near;  
How can doubting longer hold me,  
When He tells me, "Do not fear -"

4 Lo! I come - I bow this moment -  
Take me, wretched as I am!  
Lord, I rest on what Thou sayest,  
Faithful, holy is Thy name!

**601**Tune - Hark, hark, hear.  
B.H.B.327. P.M.

- 1 PEACE, peace, calm as a river,  
Peace, peace, deep as the sea,  
Peace, peace, lasting for ever,  
Made upon Calvary's tree;  
Peace, peace, sweet peace!  
Made upon Calvary's tree.
- 2 Rest, rest, ne'er to be broken,  
Rest, rest, happy, profound,  
Rest, rest, Christ hath it spoken,  
Rest in Himself only found;  
Rest, rest, sweet rest!  
Rest in Himself only found.
- 3 Joy, joy, ever abiding,  
Joy, joy, perfect and sure,  
Joy, joy, restful confiding,  
Joy, which shall ever endure;  
Joy, joy, sweet joy!  
Joy, which shall ever endure.
- 4 Home, home, just on before us,  
Home, home, beautiful home!  
Home, home, radiant and glorious,  
There, 'neath the heaven's high  
dome;  
Home, home, sweet home!  
There, 'neath the heaven's high  
dome.
- 5 Come, come, no longer straying,  
Come, come, all shall be thine,  
Come, come, Jesus obeying,  
Soon then in glory to shine;  
Come, come, oh, come  
Soon then in glory to shine.

**602**Tune - Even me. S.S.485.  
P.M.

- 1 HARK! the Saviour's voice from heaven  
Speaks a pardon full and free;  
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;  
Boundless mercy flows for thee.  
Even thee, even thee,  
Boundless mercy flows for thee.
- 2 See the healing fountain springing  
From the Saviour on the tree;  
Pardon, peace, and cleansing bringing,  
Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee,  
even thee.

3 Hear His love and mercy speaking,  
"Come, poor sinner, come to Me;  
Though thy heart for sin be breaking  
I have rest and peace for thee, even  
thee."

4 Every sin shall be forgiven,  
Thou through grace a child shalt be;  
Child of God, and heir of heaven,  
Yes, a mansion waits for thee, even  
thee.

5 Then in love for ever dwelling,  
Jesus all thy joy shall be;  
And thy song shall still be telling  
All His mercy did for thee, even thee.

**603**

D.S.M.

1 I BLESS the Christ of God;  
I rest on love divine;  
And with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call this Saviour mine.  
His cross dispels each doubt;  
I bury in His tomb  
Each thought of unbelief and fear,  
Each lingering shade of gloom.

2 I praise the God of grace;  
I trust His truth and might;  
He calls me His, I call Him mine,  
My God, my joy, my light.  
In Him is only good,  
In me is only ill;  
My ill but draws His goodness forth,  
And me He loveth still.

3 'Tis He who saveth me,  
And freely pardon gives;  
I love because He loveth me,  
I live because He lives.  
My life with Him is hid,  
My death has passed away,  
My clouds have melted into light,  
My midnight into day.

**604** Tune - Nearer Home. R.S.348. D.S.M.

1 OUR FATHER and our God!  
We bless Thy sacred name;  
The promises to us fulfilled,  
Thy faithfulness proclaim;

Through Jesus glorified,  
The Holy Ghost hath come,  
To swell within Thy children's breast,  
The earnest of their home.

2 The treasures that are found  
In Jesus He displays;  
He wins our heart, by Jesus' love,  
To love of Jesus' ways;  
And by His power constrained,  
The witness round we give  
Of Jesus and His sacrifice,  
Through whom the dead may live.

3 He, by Thy faithful word,  
Sheds, on our pathway, light;  
And He upon Thy people's hearts  
That holy word doth write.  
The promises become  
To us a portion sure;  
And, in the hope of things to come,  
We by His might endure.

4 Him may we never grieve,  
But walk in light and love,  
In joy of holy fellowship,  
Foretaste of joy above.  
Led by Thy Spirit on,  
As sons of God, unknown,  
Sealed, till the full redemption's day  
When Thou Thy sons wilt own.

**605** Tune - Petra. B.H.B.350. 7's

1 CHIEF OF SINNERS though I be,  
Jesus shed His blood for me;  
Died, that I might live on high,  
Lives, that I may never die.  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am His, and He is mine.

2 Oh! the height of Jesus' love,  
Higher than the heavens above;  
Deeper than the depths of sea,  
Lasting as eternity;  
Love that found me, wondrous thought,  
Found me when I sought Him not.

3 Jesus only can impart  
Balm, to heal the wounded heart,  
Peace, that flows from sin forgiven,  
Joy, that lifts the soul to heaven;  
Faith and hope to walk with God,  
In the way that Enoch trod.

4 O my Saviour! help afford,  
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word;  
When my wayward heart would stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Give the grace to speed me home,  
Watching, hoping, till Thou come.

## 606 Tune - Piety. B.H.B.40.

1 OUR FATHER! we adore and praise  
Thy name, for all Thy wondrous grace  
To us in Jesus shown;  
For all the gifts and blessings shed  
From Christ, our Saviour, Lord, and  
Head,  
Exalted to Thy throne.

2 The promised Comforter bestowed  
Now dwells in all the sons of God,  
And seals them thus Thine own;  
Through Him we "Abba, Father" cry,  
With filial love to Thee draw nigh,  
And worship at Thy throne.

3 'Tis His into the truth to lead,  
To teach us on Thy Word to feed,  
To show us things to come.  
In prayer 'tis He reveals our need,  
And helps the promises to plead,  
Before our Father's throne.

4 Oh! grant renewings of His grace,  
That all Thy glory in the face  
Of Jesus we may see;  
And, as with unveiled face we view  
That glory, to His image true  
We may conformed be.

5 Now may He take of Christ's and show,  
Till love, and joy, and praise o'erflow  
In each renew'd heart;  
There may He shed abroad Thy love,  
And there, ungrieved, thy Holy Dove  
His heavenly peace impart.

## 607 Tune - Silchester. B.H.B.55.

1 BLEST PARACLETE! now come  
To dwell our souls within;  
Nor ever leave us till we pass  
Beyond this world of sin.

2 O blessed is His work!  
Remembrance to restore  
Of all the Lord hath said and done -  
This is the Spirit's power!

3 He speaks not of Himself,  
But Christ who bore our sin,  
Taking the fulness of the Head -  
He fills complete from Him.

4 Of promise He's the seal:  
And present earnest given  
Of that inheritance divine  
Reserved for us in heaven.

5 What sympathies are His  
In weakness or in grief;  
Swift to reveal some bright'ning word,  
Some promise of relief!

6 Blest Comforter and Guide!  
Through all our heavenward way,  
He leads us where the Lord will come,  
To take His saints away.

## 608 Tune - Thou didst leave Thy... S.S. 35.

1 THE GLORY of grace we see in the face  
Of Jesus, "the First and the Last;"  
It floweth now free, for you and for me,  
For on Him the judgment hath pass'd.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;  
There is room in my heart for Thee;  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come;  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Yes, Jesus hath died, and hence is supplied  
A pardon so worthy of God;  
Discharged is the debt, and holiness met,  
Transgressions all cancelled by blood.

3 I know it full well, and now I can tell  
Of judgment passed over and gone,  
And whoso believes, that moment receives  
A pardon direct from the throne.

4 Then why wilt thou die - dear sinner,  
oh! why?  
When mercy is waiting for thee!  
Bow low at the throne, thine unworthiness own  
And thou shalt be happy and free.

**609** Tune – Come to the Saviour.

R.S.226. P.M.

1 COME to the Saviour, come to the  
Saviour,

Who speaks from the glory above;

With tender voice and true,

He is calling now to you,

To partake of His own precious love.

2 He, upon Calvary, He, upon Calvary,  
An offering for sinners became;

He paid the debt of sin,

That forgiveness might flow in

Unto all who believe in His name.

3 But there is danger, but there is danger  
Each moment you sadly delay;

Love's door is open now,

And the waves of mercy flow.

O believe in the Saviour today!

4 Then in the glory, then in the glory,  
Where He is now gone, you shall be;

So happy then for aye,

There to spend eternal day,

O then, now to His loving arms flee!

**610** Tune – Redeemed. S.V.419.

P.M.

1 REDEEMED! how the Scriptures pro-  
claim it!

Redeemed and for ever set free!

How blessed the soul that's forgiven,

Soon, soon in the glory to be!

Redeemed! . . . Redeemed! . . .

Redeemed, and for ever set free!

Redeemed! . . . Redeemed! . . .

Soon, soon in the glory to be!

2 How sad is the service of Satan!

How cruel the bondage of sin!

How blest when the chains are all  
broken,

And songs of deliverance begin!

3 How joyful the pilgrim of Zion,

The city of God and the Lamb!

Whose pearly gates shut out for ever  
All sadness, and sorrow, and shame.4 Then, there the redeemed shall be  
happy,And happy because they're re-  
deemed,To gaze on their blessed Redeemer,  
Whose glory upon them has beamed!**611** Tune – To God be the glory.

R.S.7. 11's

1 HOW BLEST are the Scriptures, they  
tell us of love,That God sent the Saviour, His Son,  
from above,The ransom from guilt; the atonement  
for sin;

And life everlasting by dying to win.

Precious word! Precious word!  
May it speak to my soul!  
Precious word! Precious word!  
Making wounded ones whole;  
No gift could be greater, save Jesus  
the Lord,  
The voice of Jehovah, His life-giving  
word!2 That word when creation was shrouded  
in night,Drove back the dark curtains, and lo!  
there was light!His voice o'er the vast waste of waters  
was heard,

And lo! the creation in beauty appeared!

3 And still it has power; His Word is the  
same,As it now points to Jesus, and tells how  
He cameTo save from destruction, to glorify God,  
And publish salvation alone through

His blood.

**612** Tune – Blessed assurance.

R.S.417. P.M.

1 PERFECT Salvation – Jesus hath died!

Perfect forgiveness flows from His side:  
Justice no longer lifteth the rod,

Satisfied wholly, answered in blood.

This is my story, this is my song,

Telling of Jesus all the day long.

This is my story, this is my song,

Telling of Jesus all the day long.

2 Righteous remission now can be  
known,Fulness of pardon right from the  
throne;

Now for the guilty mercy is free,

God can in Jesus answer each plea.

- 3 Right of redemption now is the Lord's,  
He, our near Kinsman, — joy it affords!  
He, the Redeemer, suffering the loss,  
Peace is triumphant, won at the Cross!
- 4 Tell it out loudly, sweet is the sound!  
Widely proclaim it all the world round:  
None are too guilty pardon to have,  
Christ is in glory waiting to save!

**613** Tune – Jesus loves me. R.S.670. 7's

- 1 JESUS DYING on the tree  
Means eternal life to me;  
Means that grace o'er sin had sway,  
Means that love hath had its way.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus  
loves me!  
Yes, Jesus loves me! He died upon  
the tree.

- 2 Jesus dying on the tree  
Means Jehovah's just decree –  
Words of Him who cannot lie:—  
"Whoso sinneth, he shall die."
- 3 Jesus dying on the tree  
Means the sentence passed on me  
Has descended on His head,  
And that He hath died instead.
- 4 Jesus dying on the tree  
Means that mercy now is free;  
Free to bless, since He hath died,  
And God's justice satisfied.
- 5 Jesus dying on the tree  
Means – and oh, how blest to see –  
That believing, I'm forgiven,  
White as snow, and meet for heaven.

**614** Tune – Beulah land. R.S.389. L.M.

- 1 OH, for a burst of holy song!  
Like heavenly anthems, loud and long;  
To Him who bore sin's guilt away,  
And turned the darkness into day.
- O happy song! O precious song!  
Heaven shall the holy strain prolong;  
More beautiful it soon shall be,  
When clothed with immortality;

Ah, then, when glory's rest is come,  
How sweet! how loud! the song –  
**at home.**

2 Our stammering tongues would  
speak abroad  
The glories of the Saviour – God,  
Would gladly tell what He has  
done –  
What wondrous trophies He has  
won.

- 3 Eternal mercies from on high  
Have come to rebels doomed to die,  
Sealed with the seal of precious  
blood,  
Stamped with the impress of our  
God.
- 4 Mercies how vast! yet glory soon  
Shall crown the mighty victories  
won;  
And shouts shall rise through end-  
less days  
To celebrate **redeeming grace.**

**615** Tune – Thine, Jesus, Thine. B.H.B.138.

- 1 YES, He has come  
Down from the peerless throne,  
Has laid His former glory by,  
Leaving for us, the heaven's bright joy –  
O wondrous love!
- 2 And He has been  
Upon this barren scene –  
The Father's heart has open laid,  
And reconciliation made –  
O wondrous love!
- 3 For us He died;  
The Lamb, the crucified,  
Has borne the culprit's fearful doom,  
Has lain within the silent tomb,  
O wondrous love!
- 4 He rose again  
From death's dark cold domain;  
And in that all victorious hour,  
He broke its stern resistless power,  
O wondrous love!
- 5 Now for His own'  
He fills yon azure throne;  
Heaven's pearly gates were thrown  
aside  
When He arose who once had died,  
O wondrous love!

6 He'll come again  
And prove "the hope" not vain;  
For saints shall meet Him in the air,  
His heart, His home, His throne to  
share,  
O wondrous love!

## 616 Tune - Trim your lamps and be ready. B.H.B.240. P.M.

1 AGAIN the voice of mercy sounds,  
Declaring God's free grace abounds  
Wherever sin is known.  
  
For the lost and the guilty,  
Is salvation won!

2 No goodness doth Jehovah claim,  
Save goodness treasured in the name  
Of His beloved Son.

3 E'en children dear the tidings hear,  
And fly to Christ the refuge near,  
Whose blood can cleanse alone.

4 Oh, great the joy of sins forgiven!  
And meetness for the bliss of heaven,  
Life's pilgrimage to crown.

5 No longer wait, now, now decide;  
With Christ Jehovah's satisfied.  
He all the work hath done.

6 Then will we sing in heaven above,  
As trophies of God's wondrous love,  
Rehearsing round the throne,

2 Yes, at the Cross and there alone,  
I found the Saviour near,  
And heard His voice in sweetest tone,  
Say, "Trust, and never fear."

3 O, can I e'er forget the joy,  
Of that blest meeting place?  
That gift divine sent from on high -  
God's saving wondrous grace!

4 Still at the cross I love to be,  
Its glories ne'er grow dim,  
My Lord, my Life, my all I see  
As gazing upon Him.

5 And when amid the radiant throng  
In glory I shall be,  
"The Cross! the Cross!" shall be my song  
Of endless victory!

## 618 Tune - He arose, He arose. R.S.352.

1 JESUS, the Paschal Lamb,  
Suffered for sin,  
Dying the death of shame,  
Glory to win.

Then from the grave He arose . . .  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign,

He arose! . . . He arose! . . .  
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 No condemnation now,  
Sin's debt is paid;  
See on the Conqueror's brow  
Glory displayed.  
Yes, from the grave He arose . . .

3 Mercy now free for all,  
Why will ye die?  
Loved ones now heed the call,  
Mercy is nigh.  
Since from the grave He arose . . .

4 Soon He will come again,  
Do not delay!  
Life in Him now obtain,  
Wait then the day.

## 617 Tune - At the Cross. R.S.611. C.M.

1 A SWEET remembrance fills my soul,  
As musing o'er the past,  
When He who wounded made me whole,  
And peace was known at last.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I  
first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away,

It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

When from the skies He will come . . .  
To receive His saints to their bright  
home . . .  
When He comes as victor o'er the dark  
domain,  
When He comes for ever with His  
saints to reign,  
He will come! . . . He will come!  
Hallelujah! Christ will come!

**619** Tune – Let the lower lights. R.S.445. 8-7

1 CALVARY'S Cross is to the sinner  
All his hope, and all his stay,  
Hoary head or young beginner,  
Rich or poor, or sad or gay.

Calvary's Cross the only refuge!  
Calvary's Cross the only plea!  
Calvary's Cross! oh, blessed shelter!  
On it God's salvation see!

- 2 Calvary's Cross, no other token  
Will or can Jehovah give;  
Hanging there of Christ 'tis spoken,  
"Look to Him, and looking – live."
- 3 Calvary's Cross, 'tis God's one answer,  
Tears nor groans can e'er avail,  
All who on its fulness venture  
Must eternally prevail.
- 4 Calvary's Cross, the sight how glorious,  
Jesus dies – yet triumphs there!  
And for all the saved victorious,  
Wins a home in heaven, so fair.

**620** Tune – Christ is all. R.S.724. 8-8-6

- 1 O WONDROUS grace! that found a  
plan  
To rescue guilty, fallen man,  
And ease him of his load;  
And found a ransom in the Son,  
To save the sinner, lost, undone,  
And meet the claims of God!
- 2 O wondrous grace! soul-saving power!  
The surety met the darkest hour,  
When justice gave the blow;  
He bore the curse; He bore it all;  
Nor let one murmuring accent fall,  
Through all the scenes of woe.

3 O wondrous grace! There, there He  
made  
An end of sin – the debt He paid,  
To ransom and redeem;  
Now God is free to save and bless,  
Consistent with His righteousness,  
The soul which looks to Him.

4 O wondrous grace! still soaring high!  
To save! Ah, more – to GLORIFY  
And give the soul a place  
In Him who bore the curse, the load, –  
The risen, blessed Saviour-God,  
O wondrous, wondrous grace!

5 And O what folly to refuse  
Such wondrous grace, such blessed  
news,  
So pure, unasked-for love!  
Accept it! it is freely given,  
This wondrous, perfect grace of heaven,  
And all its fulness prove!

**621** Tune – Spohr. R.S.161.  
or, O Christ what burdens, as  
No.26. 8-6

- 1 WHAT is the foulest thing on earth?  
Bethink thee now, and tell;  
It is a soul by sin defiled,  
'Tis only fit for hell;  
It is the loathsome earthly den,  
Where evil spirits dwell.
- 2 And what's the purest thing on earth?  
Come tell me if you know;  
'Tis that same soul by Jesus cleansed,  
Washed whiter far than snow;  
There's nought more pure above the  
sky,  
And nought else pure below.
- 3 God's eye of flame that searches all,  
And finds e'en heaven unclean,  
Rests on that soul in full delight,  
For not a spot is seen;  
Cleansed every whit in Jesus' blood,  
Whate'er its guilt has been.
- 4 Thou Lamb of God! thy wondrous  
grace  
This great redemption wrought;  
Not only snatched from yawning hell,  
But to God's bosom brought;  
And raised the ruined wrecks of sin  
Above created thought.

**622**

Tune – Saviour like a Shepherd  
S.S.1164. 8-7-4

- 1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us!  
Without Thee we cannot go:  
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
Thou hast laid the tyrant low;  
Let Thy presence  
Cheer us all the journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,  
Saviour, what a love is Thine!  
Hitherto Thy power has brought us,  
Power and love in Thee combine;  
Lord of glory  
Ever on Thy people shine!

- 3 Through the desert, waste and  
cheerless,  
Though our destin'd journey lie,  
Rendered by Thy presence fearless,  
We may every foe defy;  
Naught shall move us,  
While we see the Saviour nigh.

- 4 When we halt (no track discov'ring),  
Fearful lest we go astray,  
O'er our path Thy pillar hov'ring –  
Fire by night, and cloud by day –  
Shall direct us;  
Thus we shall not miss our way.

- 5 When we hunger Thou wilt feed us,  
Manna shall our camp surround,  
Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,  
Streams shall from the rock abound.  
Happy people,  
What a Saviour we have found!

**623**

Tune – Consolation. B.H.B.96.  
11's

- 1 OH, WHAT shall we feel in Thy presence  
when first  
The visions of glory upon us shall burst!  
Since now our soul longeth, and  
seeketh for Thee;  
Oh! when, blessed Saviour, Thy face  
shall we see?

- 2 That face once so marred we shall gaze  
on at length,  
And fearless behold as the sun in its  
strength;  
Those eyes, flames of fire, that so  
searching we prove,  
Shall beam on us then inexpressible  
love.

- 3 Thy voice, like great waters, how calmly  
our soul

Shall hear in the glory its deep waters  
roll!  
Though now it rebukes us and humbles  
our pride,  
It shall speak only love to Thy glorified  
Bride.

- 4 O Thou, who this world as a lone  
pilgrim trod,  
Thy Father, our Father, Thy God is our  
God;  
To Thee we behold the bright Ser-  
aphim bow!  
Lord Jesus, what glory doth rest on  
Thee now!

- 5 The Spirit has shown God's deep  
purpose to be,  
To empty, then fill us with glory like  
Thee,  
And now Thou dost wait Thy full joy to  
impart,  
For the day of espousals, the joy of Thy  
heart.

- 6 Now moment by moment to answer  
our needs,  
Thy blood, holy Saviour, in right-  
eousness pleads,  
And sheltered by that, how serene and  
how calm,  
Our souls on Thy bosom are shielded  
from harm.

- 7 We see Thee, Lord Jesus, with great  
glory crowned,  
And waiting Thy coming, in peace  
would be found;  
The visions of glory have turned all to  
dross –  
For Thee, give us grace to count all  
things but loss.

**624**

Tune – The gate ajar.

S.S.372.

- 1 SOON from above,  
With voice of love,  
The Saviour will be calling,  
When all His own  
Raised, changed, and gone  
Before Him will be falling.

He's coming soon, He's com .ing soon . . .  
He's coming soon – from glory:  
He's coming soon, He's com .ing soon . . .  
He's coming soon – from glory.

- 2 O'er all the scene,  
With interest keen,  
Bright angels will be gazing,  
But fairest there,  
Among the fair,  
The saved will songs be raising.
- 3 At home, at rest,  
For ever blest,  
Arrayed with deathless glory,  
With harps well strung,  
Each ransomed tongue  
Shall swell redemption's story!
- 4 Shall you? Shall I?  
With holy joy,  
His coming hail with pleasure,  
And Him adore,  
For evermore,  
Our Lord, our Life, and Treasure.

**625** Tune - Hanover. B.H.B.77. 10-11

- 1 THOUGH 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 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."

**626** Tune - Anticipation. B.H.B.321.

- 1 AH! WHAT life and benediction  
All around the cross I see!  
Death and sin and crucifixion -  
Hell impaled upon the tree.  
Great Deliv'rer!  
Wondrous work for Thee, for me.
- 2 From the grave I see the glory,  
Oft it lights my anxious eye;  
There I read the blissful story  
Of a life no more to die:  
And believing,  
See my portion in the sky.
- 3 Within the veil I see a splendour  
Resting on the Lord Divine,  
Telling me that every member,  
Ransom'd from the ills of time,  
Will for ever  
In His glorious likeness shine.
- 4 Heir of glory! incorruption  
Never can be lost to thee,  
Since He made a long destruction  
Of thy sins upon the tree.  
Heir of glory!  
What a hope for thee, for me.

**627** Tune - Lion of Judah.

B.H.B.160. 11's

- 1 PRESS forward and fear not, the  
billows may roll.  
But the power of Jesus their rage can  
control;  
Though waves rise in anger, their  
tumult shall cease;  
One word of His bidding shall hush  
them to peace.
- 2 Press forward and fear not; tho' trial  
' be near,  
The Lord is our refuge - whom then  
shall we fear?  
His staff is our comfort, our safeguard  
His rod!  
Then let us be steadfast and trust in our  
God.
- 3 Press forward and fear not; be strong  
in the Lord,  
In the power of His promise, the truth  
of His word;  
Through the sea and the desert our  
pathway may trend,  
But He who hath saved us will save to  
the end.

4 Then forward and fear not; we'll speed  
on our way;  
Why should we e'er shrink from our  
path in dismay?  
We tread but the road which our leader  
has trod;  
Then let us press forward, and trust in  
our God.

**628** Tune – Zacher. B.H.B.251. 7's

1 O MY SAVIOUR crucified,  
Near Thy cross would I abide,  
There to look with steadfast eye,  
On Thy dying agony.

2 Jesus bruised and put to shame  
Tells me all Jehovah's name;  
God is love, I surely know  
By the Saviour's depth of woe.

3 In His spotless soul's distress  
I perceive my guiltiness;  
Oh! how vile my low estate,  
Since my ransom was so great!

4 Dwelling on Mount Calvary,  
Contrite shall my spirit be;  
Rest and holiness shall find,  
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

**629** Tune B.H.B.168. P.M.

1 NOW I have found – Jesus is mine;  
His love shall never end – Jesus is mine;  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace – Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old – Jesus is  
mine;  
He will my faith uphold – Jesus is mine;  
He will my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy – Jesus is  
mine.

3 When earth shall pass away – Jesus is  
mine;  
In that great judgment day – Jesus is  
mine  
Oh! what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold the King,  
On tuneful harp to sing – Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality – Jesus is mine;  
Welcome, eternity – Jesus is mine;  
He my redemption is,  
Wisdom and righteousness,  
Life, Light, and Holiness – Jesus is mine.

5 Father Thy name I bless – Jesus is mine;  
Thine was the sovereign grace, praise  
shall be Thine,  
Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou madest my soul embrace Jesus  
as mine.

**630** Tune – Dunfermline. B.H.B.87

1 A MIND at enmity with God,  
O what a word is this!  
A sinner on the downward road,  
Refusing life and peace.

2 By nature and by practice far,  
How very far from God!  
Regardless of His gift of grace,  
Despising Jesus' blood.

3 So far, so very far from God,  
Thy lost condition know;  
The vilest wretch of Afric's race  
Is just as near as thou.

4 How strange that sin should be so dear –  
Dearer than life or heaven –  
That coming wrath moves not thy fear,  
With sins all unforgiven.

5 Why should thy lot destruction be  
Since such a choice is thine?  
A kinsman Saviour died for thee;  
Say, "Lord I claim Thee mine."

**631** Tune – Rousseau. R.S.131. 8-7

1 "ABBA, Father," Lord we call Thee,  
Hallow'd name! from day to day:  
'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee:  
None but children "Father" say.  
This high glory we inherit,  
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood,  
God the Spirit with our spirit  
Witnesseth we're sons of God.

2 God's own purpose gave us being,  
When in Christ in that vast plan,  
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,  
Long before the world began.

- Oh, what love the Father bore us!  
 Oh, how precious in His sight,  
 When He gave the Church to Jesus!  
 Jesus – His whole soul's delight!
- 3 Though our nature's fall in Adam  
 Shut us wholly out from God,  
 Thine eternal counsel brought us  
 Nearer still through Jesus' blood:  
 For in Him we found redemption,  
 Grace and glory in the Son:  
 Oh, the height and depth of mercy!  
 Christ and the elect are one.
- 4 Richest stores of heavenly blessings  
 God has given in Christ, His Son,  
 With the Holy Spirit's power  
 Safe to lead His children on:  
 "Abba, Father," makes all certain,  
 Both by word, and oath, and blood:  
 Abba saith, "They are my people,"  
 And they say, "The Lord's my God."
- 5 Hence through all the changing seasons,  
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,  
 Nothing changeth God's affections,  
 Love divine shall bring us through:  
 Soon shall all Thy blood-bought  
 children  
 Round the throne their anthems  
 raise,  
 And in songs of rich salvation  
 Shout to God's eternal praise.
- 632** Tune – Thou Shepherd of Israel  
 S.V.339. 8's
- 1 "WHAT think you of Christ?" is the test  
 To try both your state and your  
 scheme;  
 You cannot be right in the rest  
 Unless you think rightly of Him.  
 As Jesus appears in your view –  
 As He is beloved or not –  
 So God is disposéd to you,  
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 2 Some take Him a creature to be –  
 A man, or an angel at most;  
 But they have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched and  
 lost;  
 So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in His blood  
 Nor on His protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure He is God.
- 3 Some call Him a Saviour in word,  
 But mix their own works with His  
 plan;  
 And hope He will afford  
 When they have done all that they  
 can:  
 If doings prove rather too light  
 (A little they own they may fail),  
 They purpose to make up full weight  
 By casting His Name in the scale.
- 4 Some style Him "the Pearl of great  
 price,"  
 And say, He's the fountain of joys;  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys;  
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,  
 And, while they salute Him, betray;  
 Oh, what will profession like this  
 Avail in His terrible day?
- 5 If asked what of Jesus I think,  
 Though still my best thoughts are  
 but poor  
 I say He's my meat and my drink,  
 My life, and my strength, and my  
 store!  
 My Shepherd, my trust, and my friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.
- 633** Tune – St.John. B.H.B.45. 6-6-6-6-8-8
- 1 HE COMES! the King of kings!  
 His sword is on His thigh;  
 Crowned with His many crowns  
 Of highest majesty;  
 Clothed with a vesture dipped in blood,  
 His mighty name "**The word of God.**"
- 2 He comes! the Heir of all,  
 Now all shall own His sway;  
 The Bridegroom with His Bride  
 His glories shall display:  
 But Oh, His love what tongue can tell?  
 Eternal! vast! unsearchable!
- 3 "Behold, I quickly come,"  
 Responsive to Thy Word,  
 The Spirit and the Bride  
 Cry, "Quickly come, O Lord!"  
 Nought else can satisfy her heart,  
 But to be with Thee, where Thou art!

**634**

Tune – The sweet by-and-by.  
S.S.964. P.M.

1 THERE'S a voice that is calling to thee,  
And it pleads with its tenderest tone,  
While it bids thee from God's wrath  
to flee,

And whispers, To Jesus now come!

Sinner, hear and obey,

'Tis the voice of the Spirit that cries;  
While He strives, yield to Him,  
Do not quench the convictions that  
rise.

2 There's a Saviour now waiting for thee,  
With His heart and His arms open  
wide;  
Will you come, and from judgment be  
free  
Through the Lamb who on Calvary  
died?

3 There's a fountain that's open for thee,  
Go wash then, be clean from thy sin:  
Not a spot nor a stain shall there be  
If but once thou art cleansed therein.

4 There's a mansion preparing for thee;  
With its pleasures that none can  
conceive:  
And eternally happy thou'll be,  
If thou wilt but on Jesus believe.

**635**

Tune – The lifeboat. S.S.1063.  
P.M.

1 CHRIST is the only Saviour, mighty to  
save,  
He who suffered once for sins, and  
sank 'neath the wave.  
Sing how the wrath of God on Calvary's  
cross He bore;  
How by death He conquered death,  
and lives evermore.

Christ is the Saviour, He NEVER will  
fail;  
All hope to save oneself could nothing  
avail;  
Man is a total wreck, can never reach  
the shore;  
All who trust in Jesus Christ are saved  
evermore.

2 Christ in that hour of darkness, lost  
ones to save,  
Braved Himself the ocean depths, and  
battled the wave;

Though all Jehovah's billows rolled  
o'er His head,  
Son of man and Son of God, He rose  
from the dead.

3 Oh, what a mighty Saviour, JESUS  
who died!  
Strong enough to bear His own above  
the angry tide;  
Not e'en the feeblest saint will Christ  
ever fail,  
Never will the gates of hell against Him  
prevail.

4 O blessed risen Saviour, living today!  
Living, too, to guide Thine own through  
all the stormy way;  
None have the power to pluck Thy  
saints from Thine hand,  
Thou wilt safely bring Thine own home  
to the Better Land.

**636**

Tune – Pascal. R.S.947.  
L.M.

1 JESUS, Thy dying love I own,  
A love unfathomed and unknown!  
All other love can measured be,  
But not Thy dying love to me.

2 Oh, wonder to myself I am,  
Thou loving, bleeding, suffering Lamb,  
That I can scan the mystery o'er,  
And not be moved to love Thee more!

3 'Tis well, my Lord, that 'twas Thy love,  
Not mine, that brought Thee from  
above;  
And well that 'twas Thy bitter grief,  
Not mine, that gave my soul relief.

4 Oh! I am weary of my love,  
That doth so little tow'rds Thee move;  
Yet do I constant, inly groan,  
To know the depths of all Thine own.

5 Loved, and forever on Thy throne,  
Adored and loved, thou timeless One,  
Thou wilt through one eternal day,  
The height and depth of all display.

6 Meanwhile, Thou precious, wondrous  
Lamb,  
Content at least with this I am,  
To count my love too mean to own,  
And know but Thine – Thy love alone.

**637**

Tune - Nicaea.

R.S.25.  
P.M.

1 HOLY, 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! all the saints adore  
Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee,  
Which wert and art, and evermore shalt  
be.

3 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 pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 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!

## HYMNS FOR THE CHILDREN

**638**Tune - Jesus is our Shepherd.  
B.H.B.109. 11's

1 IF I come to Jesus,  
He will make me glad;  
He will give me pleasure  
When my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be,  
He is gently calling little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,  
He will save my soul,  
Seal me by His Spirit,  
Cleanse, and make me whole.

3 If I come to Jesus,  
He will take my hand,  
He will kindly lead me  
To the better land.

4 There with happy children,  
Robed in snowy white,  
I shall see my Saviour,  
In that world so bright.

**639**Tune - Morning light. R.S.657.  
7-6

1 THERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious Name He bears.

2 There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
Where Jesus dwells in glory,  
A home of peace and joy.  
No home on earth is like it,  
Or can with it compare;  
For everyone is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

3 There's a crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky –  
And all who look for Jesus,  
Shall wear it by and by.  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who trust the Saviour,  
And love His Name below.

**640**Tune - Happy land. R.S.680.  
6-4

1 THERE is a happy land  
Far, far away:  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
"Worthy is our Saviour King,"  
Loud let His praises ring –  
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come, away;  
Why will ye doubt and stand?  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with Thee!  
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye—  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
On then to Jesus run;  
Trust In God's beloved Son;  
Then bright above the sun  
We'll reign for aye.

**641** Tune – I think when I read.  
R.S.675. P.M.

1 I THINK when I read that sweet story  
of old,  
When Jesus was here among men.  
How He called little children, as lambs  
to His fold,  
I should like to have been with Him then.  
I wish that His hands had been placed  
on my head.  
That His arms had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen His kind  
look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

2 Yet still to the Saviour, by faith I  
may go.  
And believe in His infinite love;  
And if I am saved by His grace here  
below,  
I shall see Him in glory above.  
In that beautiful place He has gone to  
prepare  
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,  
"For such is the kingdom of heaven."

**642** Tune – Studley. B.H.B.299.  
7's

1 CHILDREN, can you tell me why  
Jesus came to bleed and die?  
He was happy, high above,  
Dwelling in His Father's love;  
Yet He left His joy and bliss  
For a wicked world like this.  
  
2 We were all by sin undone,  
Yet He loved us, every one;  
Down to earth He kindly came,  
On the cross to bear our shame,  
And to wash away our guilt  
In the precious blood He spilt.

3 He was once for sinners slain,  
Now He lives above again,  
Where He's waiting to receive  
All who will His love believe.  
This, dear children – this is why  
Jesus came to bleed and die.

**643** Tune – The bright for evermore  
S.S.948. P.M.

- 1 THERE is a land, a happy land,  
Whose skies are ever bright,  
Where evening shadows never fall:  
The Saviour is its light.  
If we trust the Saviour here,  
We shall dwell in glory there,  
In that happy land so fair,  
In that bright for-evermore.
- 2 There is a clime, a peaceful clime,  
Beyond life's narrow sea,  
Where every storm is hushed to rest:  
There let our treasure be.
- 3 There is a home, a glorious home,  
A heavenly mansion fair;  
And all who know the Saviour here  
Will bid us welcome there.
- 4 We long to leave these fading scenes.  
That glide so quickly by;  
And join the shining host above,  
Where joy can never die.

**644** Tune – Here we suffer.  
P.S.H.184. P.M.

- 1 HERE we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again.  
In heaven we part no more.  
  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful,  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 Boys and girls will be in heaven,  
Whose souls were saved and sins  
forgiven,  
Through faith in Jesus' blood.
- 3 Teachers, too, shall meet above,  
And all who rest in Jesus' love,  
Will meet to part no more.
- 4 Oh! how happy that will be,  
Jesus Christ our Lord to see,  
Exalted on His throne.
- 5 Every one shall sing with joy,  
And eternity employ  
In praising Christ the Lord.

**645**

Tune – Suffer the children.  
R.S.683. P.M.

- 1 WHEN mothers of Salem  
Their children brought to Jesus,  
The stern disciples drove them back,  
And bade them depart;  
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,  
And sweetly looked and kindly said,  
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

- 2 For I will receive them  
And fold them to my bosom,  
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs –  
Oh! drive them not away;  
For if they in their hearts believe,  
They shall with Me in glory live,  
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

- 3 How kind was the Saviour  
To bid these children welcome.  
But there are many thousands  
Who have never heard His name;  
The Bible they have never read,  
They know not that the Saviour said,  
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

- 4 How happy the children  
Who rest on Jesus' bosom,  
And there, like little folded lambs,  
Lie safely and at rest;  
Thence, none can pluck them e'er  
away.  
For He who keeps them loves to say,  
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

**646** Tune – Can you count. E.H.B.  
114, or, He tells me words,  
as No.2. P.M.

- 1 CAN you count me the leaves on the  
forest tree?  
Or the sands on the sea-washed  
shore?  
Or the flowers bedecking the fragrant  
lea?  
Or the grains of the harvest store?

If you can, I can tell you His love to me,  
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

- 2 Can you number the locks of glossy hair  
On the blooming, youthful head?  
Can you count me each particular star  
Which shines when the day is sped?

- 3 Can you number the blades of grass  
which grow  
In the meadows all around?  
Or the sparkling, glittering drops of dew  
At the sun's uprising found?

- 4 Ye cannot! and oh, I cannot tell  
The depth of the love divine  
Which rescued my soul from death  
and hell,  
And tells me that heaven is mine!

Deep, vast, unknown is His love to me,  
Who died for my sins on Calvary's tree.

**647**

Tune – He arose. E.H.B.107.  
P.M.

- 1 JESUS came from glory,  
Jesus came from glory,  
Jesus came from glory,  
To seek and save the lost.

Jesus came, Jesus came,  
Jesus came to earth, to seek and save the  
lost.

- 2 Jesus died on Calvary,  
To ransom sinners lost.
- 3 Jesus Christ is risen,  
And seated on the throne.

- 4 Jesus' blood is cleansing,  
Is cleansing from all sin.

- 5 I believe in Jesus,  
Who died and lives for me.

I believe, I believe,  
I believe in Him, who died and lives for me.

**648**

Tune – Joy, joy, joy.  
B.H.B.117.

- 1 COME, come, come, to a loving  
Saviour waiting,  
Come, come, come, to His arms spread  
open wide;  
There is rest, there is rest,  
In a full salvation known;  
There is peace, there is peace,  
Found in Jesus' cross alone;  
Blessed hour of joy when the soul is  
saved!  
When the banner of love o'er the lost  
is waved,  
And the soul made free, so long  
enslaved,  
And the wanderer finds his home.

2 Come, come, come, 'tis a Saviour  
kindly calling.  
Come, come, come, He has waited  
long for thee,  
Look away, look away,  
For the world can nought  
afford,  
It is false, it is cruel,  
For it crucified the Lord;  
To the golden sceptre of mercy bow,  
Let the moment of yielding to Christ  
be now,  
Then journey on with a joy-lit brow,  
To thy happy, happy home!

**649** Tune – Jesus loves me. R.S.670 P.M.

1 JESUS from His home on high  
Came into this world to die,  
That I might from sin be free –  
Bled and died upon the tree.

Yes, Jesus loves me! . . .  
Yes, Jesus loves me!  
Yes, Jesus loves me! . . .  
The Bible tells me so.

2 I can see Him even now,  
With His pierced thorn-clad brow,  
Agonizing on the tree;  
O, what love, and all for me!

3 Saviour, I on Thee believe,  
To my heart Thy love receive,  
Thou hast loved and died for me,  
Now I'd love and live for Thee.

**650** Tune – Oh! how He loves. B.H.B.289. 8-4

1 JESUS little children blesses,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Fondly He each lamb caresses,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Would you wish to go to heaven?  
Come and have your sins forgiven;  
None from Him were ever driven:  
Oh, how He loves!

2 Trust Him – He will ne'er deceive you,  
Oh, how He loves!  
He will to His arms receive you,  
Oh, how He loves!  
He will keep and ne'er forsake you,  
But for ever happy make you,  
And to endless glory take you,  
Oh, how He loves!

**651** Tune – Art thou weary. R.S.152. P.M.

1 BITTEN by the fiery serpents  
Many dying lay;  
But the Lord who loved the people,  
Then did say:

2 "Make a brazen fiery serpent,  
Put it on a pole;  
Whosoever looketh on it,  
Shall be whole."

3 We, by sin and Satan wounded,  
Helplessly did lie;  
But the Son of God from heaven  
Came to die.

4 Lifted up in pain and anguish,  
He was crucified –  
Jesus bore the sinner's judgment  
When He died.

5 Now exalted high in heaven.  
Ready to forgive,  
Whosoever trusteth in Him  
Then shall live.

**652** Tune – Evan. B.H.B.8. C.M.

1 THERE is a Book, a holy Book,  
By God to sinners given,  
To shew the way of life and peace,  
And mark the path to heaven.

2 It tells me of my lost estate,  
All guilty and defiled:  
It says I must be born of God,  
Ere I can be His child.

3 It tells me of the Lamb of God,  
Who died upon the tree,  
To bear the wrath and curse of God  
And set the sinner free.

4 This Book shall be my early guide,  
My lamp to give me light,  
My spring of joy in life's glad day,  
My comfort in its night.

**653** Tune – Zurich. B.H.B.156. S.M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,  
Within the manger laid,  
A stranger and an outcast in  
The world His hands had made.

2 Behold the Lamb of God,  
The gentle, holy boy,  
Within the home at Nazareth,  
His earthly parent's joy.

- 3 Behold the Lamb of God,  
Nailed to the shameful tree,  
A victim in the sinner's stead,  
In pain and agony.
- 4 Behold the Lamb of God,  
Upon the throne above,  
The same today as when He died,  
Unchanging in His love.

**654** Tune – Remember me. B.H.B.6. C.M.

- 1 UPON an altar built of stone  
The sacrifice was laid,  
The offerer stood and saw it burn  
To ashes in his stead.
- 2 A sinner, guilty and condemned  
Before His God was he;  
Yet, in his spotless offering,  
Accepted and set free.
- 3 So Christ the Holy Lamb of God,  
Was lifted up to die:  
Himself the costly sacrifice  
That brings the sinner nigh.
- 4 I bring no other offering,  
I seek no other plea,  
It is enough that Jesus died  
And rose again for me.

**655** Tune – Dunfermline. B.H.B.75 C.M.

- 1 LIKE as the days of Noah were,  
So shall they also be,  
When Christ, the Son of Man, shall  
come  
Whom every eye shall see.
- 2 Before the flood, they ate, they drank,  
And married day by day;  
And knew not till the flood did come  
And took them all away.
- 3 So now men live, and buy, and sell,  
And peace and safety cry;  
Not knowing in their unbelief,  
That Christ the Lord is nigh.
- 4 The Ark, the Ark, and it alone,  
Was safety in the flood.  
So Jesus and no other name  
Saves sinners by His blood.
- 5 All who were in the Ark were safe,  
For God had shut them in;  
So all Christ's sheep are in His hand,  
And none can pluck from Him.

**656** Tune – I love to think. S.S. 991.  
1 I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,  
Where white-robed angels are,  
Where many a friend is gather'd safe  
From fear, and toil, and care.

There'll be no parting,  
There'll be no parting there.

- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise  
In endless joyous strains.
- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The saint's eternal home,  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns  
ne'er fade,  
And all our joys are one.
- 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps – the songs for ever ours –  
The walks – the golden street.

**657** Tune – When He cometh. R.S.659. P.M.

- 1 THERE is **mercy** with Jesus  
For dear little children,  
Though wayward, though sinful,  
Though lost and undone;  
There is mercy with Jesus, all purchased  
on Calvary,  
There is mercy with Jesus for dear little  
ones.
- 2 There is **pardon** with Jesus  
For dear little children,  
Who long for salvation,  
And rest for their souls;  
There is pardon with Jesus, all pur-  
chased on Calvary,  
There is pardon with Jesus for dear  
little ones.
- 3 There is **glory** with Jesus  
For dear little children,  
With Him in the heavens, –  
His home in the skies;  
There is glory with Jesus, all purchased  
on Calvary,  
There is glory with Jesus for dear little  
ones.

- 4 How blessed! how blessed!  
The dear little children,  
All safe in the bosom  
Of Jesus so kind;  
For He is the Shepherd, so loving and  
tender,  
His lambs are His treasure; how sweet  
to be His!

**658** Tune – I feel like singing. S.S. 218.  
1 THE MIGHTY LORD of all the earth,  
Was once a child like me,  
The Son of God who loved to show  
What children dear should be.

Come, praise Him, praise Him, praise  
Him on the way,  
Praise Him, praise Him, come praise Him  
every day.

2 Obedient, tender, loving, meek,  
So holy, and so true,  
The Father's blessed, perfect will,  
Was His delight to do.

3 And from the state of childhood pure,  
As years their courses ran,  
He lived – the Father's well beloved –  
Then died for guilty man.

4 Raised from the dead, no more to die,  
He lives in heaven's abode;  
The Holy Ghost proclaiming still –  
"Behold the Lamb of God."

5 O Saviour, Thee I would behold,  
And seek for grace to be  
In all my thoughts, and words, and  
ways,  
Each moment more like Thee.

**659** Tune – Jesus loves me. S.S. 1155.  
1 BLEEDING Lamb of Calvary,  
'Twas our sins which pierced Thee;  
'Twas our sins which made Thee bear,  
All that weight of anguish there.

Yes, loving Saviour!  
In blessing, O bless me!

2 Dying Lamb of Calvary,  
On the cross our Surety,  
There Thou didst Thy life-blood give,  
That poor dying ones might live.

3 Pleading Lamb of Calvary,  
Pleading e'en upon the tree;  
All who helped to nail Thee there  
Have an interest in that prayer.

4 Rising Lamb of Calvary,  
From the powers of darkness free,  
Lord of life and glory, now,  
Peace and pardon to bestow.

5 Coming Lamb of Calvary,  
Coming that Thine own may be  
Evermore before Thy face,  
Living trophies of Thy grace!

**660** Tune – Singing glory. R.S.674. P.M.

1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand,  
Whose sins through Christ are all  
forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

Singing glory, glory, glory,  
Singing glory, glory, glory.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed;  
They dwell in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair?  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To purge away their sin;  
Now washed in that most precious  
flood,  
Behold them white and clean.

**661** Tune – Wait and murmur not. S.S.710. P.M.

1 O GUILTY sinner, won't you come,  
And join yon ransomed throng so  
fair,  
Millions have entered, yet there's room;  
Who would not fain be feasting  
there?

Oh, haste, quickly haste, and linger not,  
Oh, haste, quickly haste, and linger not,  
Oh, haste, oh, haste, oh, haste and linger  
not.

- 2 Bow'd down beneath the wrath of God,  
On hell's dark brink, oh, dreadful  
thought;  
Wake up, the Spirit speaks the word;  
To Calvary haste, oh, linger not.
- 3 If sins like mountains now arise,  
Oh, think who bore them on the tree;  
In dying agonies He cries,  
"Tis finished," now redemption's  
free.
- 4 Press on tho' sore the conflict be,  
Now death and hell are on thy track;  
The arms of love outstretched for thee,  
Haste, quickly haste, and linger not.

**662** Tune – Him that cometh.  
S.S.362. P.M.

1 THY Saviour calls! oh, come and see  
What things He hath prepared for thee!  
Life, love, and joy from God on high,  
By Christ Himself to thee brought nigh.

Him that cometh, him that cometh,  
Him that cometh to Me,  
I will in no wise, I will in no wise,  
I will in no wise cast out.

2 The Saviour calls! oh, can it be  
That call has no sweet charm for thee?  
Wilt thou not turn and give Him heed?  
Wilt thou not think while He doth  
plead?

3 The Saviour calls! He knows thy sin;  
But trust Him now, He'll enter in;  
And He thy heart will satisfy,  
And every needed grace supply.

**663** Tune – When the Lord to  
Bethany. S.S.80. P.M.

1 THERE is love, true love, and the heart  
grows warm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the word of life has a wondrous  
charm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.  
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is  
spread

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
For His heavenly voice brings to life the  
dead,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

'Twas a happy, happy day in the olden  
time,

When the Lord to Bethany came;  
Open wide the door, let Him enter now,  
For His love is ever the same!

His love is ever the same!

His love is ever the same!

Open wide the door, let Him enter now,  
For His love is ever the same!

2 There is peace, sweet peace, and the  
life grows calm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the trusting soul sings a sweet soft  
psalm,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
There is faith, strong faith, and our  
home seems near,

When the Lord to Bethany comes;  
And the crown more bright, and the  
cross more dear,

When the Lord to Bethany comes.

**664** Tune – Tell me more about  
Jesus. S.S.45. P.M.

1 'Tis known on earth and heaven too,  
'Tis sweet to me, because 'tis true,  
The "old, old story" is ever new!  
Tell me more about Jesus.

"Tell me more about Jesus!"

"Tell me more about Jesus!"

Him would I know who loved me so!  
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

2 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and  
die;

Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky;  
Life's dearest joys flit fleetest by;

"Tell me more about Jesus!"

3 When overwhelmed with unbelief,  
When burdened with a blinding grief;  
Come kindly then to my relief:  
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

4 And when the glory-land I see,  
And take the place prepared for me,  
Through endless years my song shall  
be:  
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

**665** Tune – Casting all your care.  
S.S.878. C.M.

1 HOW sweet, my Saviour, to repose  
On Thine Almighty power!  
To feel Thy strength upholding me,  
Through every trying hour!

"Casting all . . . your care upon Him . . .  
 Casting all . . . your care upon Him . . .  
 Casting all . . . your care upon Him . . .  
 For He careth, He careth for you."

- 2 It is Thy will that I should cast  
   My ev'ry care on Thee;  
   To Thee refer each rising grief,  
   Each new perplexity.
- 3 That I should trust Thy loving care,  
   And look to Thee alone,  
   To calm each troubled thought to rest  
   In prayer before Thy throne.
- 4 Why should my heart, then, be distrest,  
   By dread of future ill?  
   Or why should unbelieving fear  
   My trembling spirit fill?
- 666** Tune - Hanover. B.H.B.284  
 10-11
- 1 YE 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  
   All 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.

## DOXOLOGIES

**667** Tune - Regent Square. B.H.B.307. 8-7-4

1 UNTO Him who loved us - gave us  
   Every pledge that love can give;  
   Freely shed His blood to save us;  
   Gave His life that we might live:  
   Be the Kingdom,  
   And dominion,  
   And the glory evermore.

**668** Tune - Ashley. B.H.B.360. P.M.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
 Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

**669** Tune - I have a friend. C.S.608. P.M.

I HAVE a Friend whose faithful love  
   Is more than all the world to me,  
   'Tis higher than the heights above,  
   And deeper than the soundless sea.  
   So old, so new,  
   So strong, so true:  
 Before the earth received its frame  
**He loved me,** - Blessed be His name!

He held the highest place above,  
   Adored by all the sons of flame,  
   Yet, such His self-denying love,  
   He laid aside His crown and came  
   To seek the lost,  
   And, at the cost  
 Of heavenly rank and earthly fame;  
**He sought me,** - Blessed be His name!

It was a lonely path He trod,  
   From every human soul apart,  
   Known only to Himself and God  
   Was all the grief that filled His heart;  
   Yet from the track  
   He turned not back,  
 Till where I lay in want and shame,  
**He found me,** - Blessed be His name!

Then dawned at last that day of dread  
   When, desolate, yet undismayed,  
   With wearied frame and thorn-crowned-  
   head  
   He, now forsaken and betrayed,  
   Went up for me  
   To Calvary,  
 And dying there in grief and shame,  
**He saved me,** - Blessed be His name!

Long as I live my song shall tell  
 The wonders of His matchless love;  
 And when at last I rise to dwell  
 In the bright home prepared above,  
 My joy shall be  
 His face to see,  
 And bowing, then with loud acclaim,  
**I'll praise Him,** — Blessed be His name!

## 670 Tune – Ballerma. B.H.B.374 C.M.

- 1 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,  
 My God to magnify;  
 Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
 And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessed is the man whose trust  
 Upon the Lord relies;  
 Respecting not the proud, nor such  
 As turn aside to lies.

## 671 Tune – Some day the silver. S.S.978, or Giessen. B.H.B.14.

- 1 LORD JESUS, Thou who only art  
 The endless source of purest joy,  
 Oh! come and fill this longing heart –  
 May nought but Thee my thoughts  
 employ.  
 Teach me on Thee to fix my eye,  
 For none but Thee can satisfy.
- 2 The joys of earth can never fill  
 The heart that's tasted of Thy love;  
 No portion will I seek until  
 I reign with Thee, my Lord, above,  
 When I shall gaze upon Thy face,  
 And know more fully all Thy grace.
- 3 When from Thy radiant throne on high  
 Thou didst my fall and ruin see,  
 Thou cam'st on earth for me to die  
 That I might share Thy throne with  
 Thee.  
 Loved with an everlasting love,  
 My hopes, my joys are all above.

4 Oh, what is all that earth can give –  
 I'm called to share in God's own joy;  
 Dead to the world, in Thee I live,  
 In Thee I've bliss without alloy:  
 Well may I earthly joys resign,  
 "All things" are mine: and I am  
 Thine.

5 Till Thou shalt come to take me home,  
 Be this my one ambition, Lord –  
 Self – sin – the world to overcome,  
 Fast clinging to Thy faithful word,  
 More of Thyself each day to know  
 And more into Thine image grow.

## 672 Tune – Calling today. R.S.133. P.M.

- 1 JESUS is tenderly calling thee home –  
 Calling today! calling today!  
 Why from the sunshine of love wilt  
 thou roam –  
 Farther and farther away?  
  
 Call...ing today,...call...ing today...  
 Je...sus is call...ing, is tenderly  
 calling today.
- 2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest –  
 Calling today! calling today!  
 Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt  
 be blest –  
 He will not turn thee away.
- 3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now,  
 Waiting today! waiting today!  
 Come with thy sins – at His feet lowly  
 bow –  
 Come and no longer delay.
- 4 Jesus is pleading, oh list to His voice,  
 Hear Him today! hear Him today!  
 They who believe on His name shall  
 rejoice –  
 Quickly arise, come away.

## 673 Tune – 'Tis heaven there. R.S.368. P.M.

- 1 SINCE CHRIST my soul from sin set  
 free,  
 This world has been a heav'n to  
 me;  
 And, 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe,  
 'Tis heaven my Jesus here to know.

Oh, hallelujah, yes, 'tis heav'n,  
 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;  
 On land or sea, what matters where?  
 Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

- 2 Once heaven seemed a far-off place,  
 Till Jesus showed His smiling face;  
 Now it's begun within my soul,  
 'Twill last while endless ages roll.
- 3 What matters where on earth we dwell,  
 On mountain top, or in the dell?  
 In cottage, or in mansion fair,  
 Where Jesus is, 'tis heaven there.

**674** Tune – Out of Christ  
 R.S.240. P.M.  
 1 OUT OF CHRIST, without a Saviour,  
 Oh, can it, can it be?  
 Like a ship without a rudder,  
 On a wild and stormy sea!

Oh, to be without a Saviour,  
 With no hope or refuge nigh!  
 Can it be, O blessed Saviour,  
 One without Thee dares to die?

- 2 Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Lonely and dark the way;  
 With no light, no hope in Jesus,  
 Making bright the cheerless day.
- 3 Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 No help nor refuge nigh;  
 How can you, oh careless sinner,  
 Dare to live, or dare to die?
- 4 Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Dark will the voyage be;  
 Clouds will gather, storms surround  
 you,  
 Oh, to Christ for refuge flee!
- 5 Out of Christ, without a Saviour,  
 Trust Him with all thine heart,  
 Ere the door of mercy closes,  
 And you hear His word, "Depart."

**675** Tune – Room for Jesus.  
 R.S.122. 8-7  
 1 HAVE you any room for Jesus,  
 He who bore your load of sin?  
 As He knocks and asks admission,  
 Sinner will you let Him in?

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

- 2 Room for pleasure, room for business,  
 But for Christ the crucified,  
 Not a place that He can enter,  
 In your heart for which He died?

3 Have you any room for Jesus,  
 As in grace He calls again?  
 Oh, to-day is time accepted,  
 Tomorrow you may call in vain.

- 4 Room and time now give to Jesus,  
 Soon will pass God's day of grace;  
 Soon thy heart left cold and silent,  
 And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

**676** Tune – Oh, could I speak.  
 S.S.205. 8-8-6  
 1 COME, LET US SING the matchless  
 worth  
 And sweetly sound the glories forth,  
 Which in the Saviour shine,  
 To God and Christ our praises bring;  
 The song with which the heavens ring,  
 Now let us gladly join.

- 2 How rich the precious blood He spilt,  
 Our ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin against our God;  
 How perfect is His righteousness,  
 In which unspotted beauteous dress  
 His saints have always stood.

3 Great are the offices He bears,  
 And bright His character appears,  
 Exalted on the throne;  
 In songs of sweet untiring praise  
 We would, to everlasting days,  
 Make all His glories known.

- 4 And soon the happy day shall come,  
 When we shall reach our destined  
 home,  
 And see Him face to face;  
 Then with our Saviour, Master, Friend,  
 The glad eternity we'll spend,  
 And celebrate His grace.

**677**

Tune - When you and I were  
young. P.M.

1 HAVE you thought of the great  
Judgement Day, sinner,  
Of One who will sit on His throne,  
From whose Face heaven and earth  
flee away, sinner,  
While you stand before Him alone.  
No shelter for you will there be, sinner,  
From Him who as Judge sitteth,  
there,  
No place whereto you may flee, sinner,  
Oh, how will you shrink in despair.

2 All the dead, small and great, on that  
day, sinner,  
From earth and from sea shall arise.  
Death and Hell cannot hold back their  
prey, sinner,  
Nor hide the lost souls from His eyes.  
Your sins you will meet on that day,  
sinner,  
The Books shall your record unfold.  
No prayer will that guilt wash away,  
sinner,  
No ransom of silver or gold.

3 In the Lamb's Book of Life on that day,  
sinner,  
Your name will be sought for in vain;  
To the dread Lake of Fire cast away,  
sinner,  
For ever you'll linger in pain;  
Unless in the day of His grace, sinner,  
You trust in the Christ who has died,  
Who suffered for sin in your place,  
sinner,  
On Calvary's tree crucified.

**678**

Tune - God is calling. R.S.125.  
P.M.

1 GOD IS CALLING the prodigal, come  
without delay,  
Hear, oh, hear Him calling, calling  
now for thee,  
Though you've wandered so far from  
His presence, come today,  
Hear His loving voice calling still . . .  
Call . . . ing now for thee . . .  
Oh! wea . . . ry prodigal, come . . .  
Call . . . ing now for thee . . .  
Oh! wea . . . ry prodigal, come . . .

2 Patient, loving and tenderly still the  
Father pleads,  
Hear, oh, hear Him calling, calling  
now for thee,  
Oh, return while the Spirit in mercy  
intercedes,  
Hear His loving voice calling still . . .

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy  
Father, and to spare,  
Hear, oh, hear Him calling, calling  
now for thee,  
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is  
waiting there,  
Hear His loving voice calling still . . .

**679**

Tune - Grace is free. R.S.219.  
P.M.

1 THERE'S NOTHING like the old, old  
story,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
Which saints and martyrs tell in glory,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
It brought them thro' the flood and  
flame,  
By it they fought and overcame,  
And now they cry thro' His dear name,  
Grace is free, grace is free!

There's nothing like the old, old story,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
Which saints and martyrs tell in glory,  
Grace is free, grace is free!

2 There's only hope in trusting Jesus,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
From sin that doomed He died to free us,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
Who would not tell the story sweet  
Of love so wondrous, so complete,  
And fall in rapture at His feet!  
Grace is free, grace is free!

3 From age to age the theme is telling,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
From shore to shore the strains are  
swelling,  
Grace is free, grace is free!  
And when that time shall cease to be,  
And faith is crowned with victory,  
'Twill sound through all eternity,  
Grace is free, grace is free!

**680** Tune – Winchester. B.H.B.236

C.M.

- 1 MY RIGHT and title, Lord, to be  
A guest at Thine own board  
Is, Thou hast said, "Remember Me;"  
I need no other word.
- 2 If ever I remembered, Lord,  
I would remember now,  
Each drop of woe, each dying word,  
Thy weary, suffering brow.
- 3 I would remember all the grief,  
Which once was laid on Thee,  
Thy sorrows are a sure relief  
To those that fall on me.
- 4 I would, I would remember, Lord,  
But oh, my thought is poor,  
What wrath for sin was on Thee poured,  
What death Thou didst endure.
- 5 O what rich mem'ries Thee will greet,  
In glory coming now;  
What crowns on crowns shall shortly  
meet,  
Upon Thy loved, loved brow!
- 6 My soul will haste to take her part  
In all that glorious scene,  
And long, with full adoring heart,  
To see as Thou art seen.

**681** Tune – Melcombe. B.H.B.219  
or, Holley. S.S.599. L.M.

- 1 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 pleasure  
there.
- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross  
First weaned my soul from earthly  
things,  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of  
kings.
- 3 Great fountain of delight unknown,  
No longer sink beneath the brim,  
But overflow and pour me down  
A living and life-giving stream.

**682** Tune – Almsgiving. R.S.49.

P.M.

- 1 O LORD of heaven, and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all?
- 2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone;  
And freely with that Blessed One  
Thou givest all.
- 3 We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end,  
Whatever Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.
- 4 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give!  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all!
- 683** Tune – A Ruler once came.  
R.S.118. P.M.
- 1 A RULER once came to Jesus by night  
To ask Him the way of salvation and  
light;  
The Master made answer in words true  
and plain,  
"Ye must be born again!"
- "Ye must be born again!" . . .  
"Ye must be born again!" . . .  
"I verily, verily say unto thee –  
"Ye must be born again!" . . .
- 2 Ye children of men, attend to the word,  
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord;  
And let not this message to you be in  
vain:  
"Ye must be born again!"
- 3 O ye who would enter this glorious rest,  
And sing with the ransomed the song of  
the blest –  
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,  
"Ye must be born again!"
- 4 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns  
to see,  
At the beautiful gate may be watching  
for thee;  
Then list to the note of this solemn  
refrain:  
"Ye must be born again!"

**684** Tune – Eastgate. B.H.B.346. C.M.

- 1 O LAMB of God! we lift our eyes  
To Thee amidst the throne!  
Shine on us, bid Thy light arise,  
And make Thy glory known.
- 2 We know Thy work for ever done,  
Ourselves alive and free –  
Graced with the Spirit of the Son,  
Made nigh to God in Thee.
- 3 Yet would we prove Thine instant  
grace,  
Thy present power would feel;  
Lift on us now Thy glorious face,  
Thyself, O Lord, reveal.
- 4 From Thy high place of purest light,  
O Lamb amidst the throne!  
Shine forth upon our waiting sight,  
And make Thy glory known.

**685** Tune – I'm depending. R.S.143. P.M.

- 1 ON THE GOLDEN streets of heaven  
all men hope to walk some day,  
Yet so many are not willing to accept  
the living way;  
But while others build on good works  
or opinions if they may,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I'm depending  
on the blood.

In the soul-cleansing blood of the Saviour  
I've been washed in the crimson flood;  
Tho' the world may say there is hope  
some other way,  
I'm depending on the blood.

- 2 Some will tell us that God's mercy is  
their only hope and plea,  
That a soul He could not punish  
throughout all eternity;  
But I read that my dear Saviour died  
for sinners just like me,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I'm depending  
on the blood.
- 3 As we look back through the ages where  
the kings and prophets trod,  
We may see their altars reeking with  
the sacrifice and blood,  
But those types were only pointing to  
the Paschal Lamb of God,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I'm depending  
on the blood.

4 'Tis the burden of that chorus over on  
the streets of light,  
That the blood from Calvary's mountain  
hath washed all their garments  
white;  
So I'll shout along life's pathway till I  
reach that land so bright;  
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I'm depending  
on the blood.

**686** Tune – Death is coming. R.S.242. P.M.

- 1 SINNERS, whither will you wander?  
Whither will you stray?  
Oh, remember life is slender!  
'Tis but a short day.

Death is coming, coming, coming,  
And the judgment day;  
Hasten sinner, hasten sinner,  
Seek the narrow way.

- 2 Satan has resolved to have you  
For his lawful prey;  
Jesus Christ has died to save you:  
Haste, oh, haste away!
- 3 Listen to the invitation,  
Whilst He's crying, "Come!"  
If you miss the great salvation,  
Hell will be your doom.
- 4 Would you 'scape the awful sentence,  
From destruction flee;  
Seek the Lord by true repentance,  
Haste to Calvary.

**687** Tune – What a Gospel. N.H. & S.89. P.M.

- 1 "IT IS FINISHED!" what a Gospel!  
Nothing has been left to do  
But to take with grateful gladness  
What the Saviour did for you.

It is finished, Hallelujah!  
It is finished, Hallelujah!  
Christ the work has fully done,  
Hallelujah!  
All who will may have their pardon  
Through the blood of God's dear  
Son.

- 2 "It is finished!" what a Gospel!  
Here each weary laden breast,  
That accepts God's great salvation,  
Enters into perfect rest.

3 "It is finished!" what a Gospel!  
Jesus died to save your soul;  
Have you taken His salvation?  
Have you let Him make you whole?

**688** Tune – In tenderness He.  
R.S.141. P.M.  
1 IN TENDERNESS He sought me,  
Weary and sick with sin,  
And on His shoulders brought me  
Back to His fold again;  
While angels in His presence sang  
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Oh, the love that sought me!  
Oh, the blood that bought me!  
Oh, the grace that brought me to  
the fold,  
Wondrous grace that brought me  
to the fold.

2 He washed the bleeding sin-wounds,  
And poured in oil and wine:  
He whispered to assure me,  
"I've found thee, thou art Mine;"  
I never heard a sweeter voice,  
It made my aching heart rejoice.

3 He pointed to the nail-prints;  
For me His blood was shed,  
A mocking crown so thorny  
Was placed upon His head:  
I wonder what He saw in me  
To suffer such deep agony.

4 I'm sitting in His presence,  
The sunshine of His face,  
While with adoring wonder  
His blessings I retrace.  
It seems as if eternal days  
Are far too short to sound His praise.

5 So while the hours are passing,  
All now is perfect rest;  
I'm waiting for the morning,  
The brightest and the best,  
When He will call us to His side,  
To be with Him, His spotless bride.

**689** Tune – City four square.  
S.S.1012.  
1 IN the land of fadeless day  
Lies "the city four-square;"  
It shall never pass away,  
And there is "no night there."

God shall "wipe . . . away all tears;"  
There's no death . . . no pain, nor fears;  
And they count not . . . time by years,  
For there is . . . "no night there."

- 2 All the gates of pearl are made  
In "the city four-square;"  
All the streets with gold are laid,  
And there is "no night there."
- 3 And the gates shall never close  
To "the city four-square,"  
There life's crystal river flows,  
And there is "no night there."
- 4 There they need no sunshine bright  
In "the city four-square,"  
For the Lamb is all the light,  
And there is "no night there."

**690** Tune – I will pass over you.  
S.S.144. C.M.D.

1 WHEN GOD of old the way of life  
Would teach to all His own,  
He placed them safe beyond the reach  
Of death, by blood alone.

It is His word . . . God's precious word . . .  
It stands for ever true;  
"When I the Lord . . . shall see the blood . . .  
I will pass over you."

2 By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,  
The precious blood was shed,  
When He fulfill'd God's holy word,  
And suffer'd in our stead.

3 O soul, for thee salvation thus  
By God is freely given;  
The blood of Christ atones for sin,  
And makes us meet for heaven.

4 The wrath of God that was our due,  
Upon the Lamb was laid;  
And by the shedding of His blood  
The debt for us was paid.

**691** Tune – Sweet by-and-by.  
R.S.305. P.M.

1 THERE's a Shepherd who died for the  
sheep;  
'Tis Jesus, the blest Son of God;  
And all who believe in His name  
Are saved thro' His sin-cleansing  
blood.

I believe . . . Jesus saves,  
And His blood washes whiter than  
snow,  
I believe . . . Jesus saves,  
And His blood washes whiter than  
snow.

- 2 There's a Saviour who died for the lost;  
Who suffered what tongue cannot tell;  
Yet love led Him on to the cross,  
To save them from sin and from hell.
- 3 There's a King who is coming to reign,  
Whose throne is on righteousness built,  
And all who salvation obtain  
Shall reign thro' the blood that was spilt.

**692**

Tune - Trust and Obey.

R.S.459.

- 1 I'VE A SOUL to be saved;  
May this truth be engraved  
On my mind and my heart while I'm  
young.  
Oh, how awful the cost,  
That my soul should be lost,  
And in hell if I die as I am.

Die as I am; yes, die as I am;  
All hope gone for ever,  
If I die as I am.

- 2 Now the Lord at my door  
In His grace doth implore  
That I open and let Him come in;  
Ere He calls hence away  
All the children of day,  
And forever I'm left as I am.

- 3 From my heart I implore  
That He leave not my door  
Till I open and let Him come in.  
I may trust Him today,  
Have my sins put away,  
And be saved if I come as I am.

Come as I am, yes, come as I am;  
Lost, guilty, and helpless,  
I'll come just as I am.

**693**

Tune - Break Thou the Bread.

R.S.2.

- 1 BREAK THOU the bread of life,  
Dear Lord, to me,  
As Thou didst break the loaves  
Beside the sea.  
Beyond the sacred page  
I seek Thee, Lord;  
My spirit pants for Thee,  
O Living Word!

2 Break Thou the bread of life,  
O Lord, to me,  
That hid within my heart  
Thy word may be;  
Mould Thou each inward thought,  
From self set free,  
And let my steps be all  
Controlled by Thee.

3 Open Thy Word of Truth,  
That I may see  
Thy message written clear  
And plain for me:  
Then in sweet fellowship  
Walking with Thee,  
Thine image on my life  
Engraved will be.

4 Bless Thou the truth, Dear Lord,  
To me, to me,  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee;  
Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall;  
And I shall find my peace,  
My all in all!

**694**

Tune - Have you read.

R.S.694.

P.M.

1 HAVE you read the story of the Cross,  
Where Jesus bled and died;  
Where your debt was paid by His  
precious blood  
That flowed from His wounded side?  
He died an atoning death for thee,  
He died an atoning death;  
Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee  
He died an atoning death!

2 Have you read how they placed a  
crown of thorns  
Upon His lovely brow?  
When He prayed, "Forgive them, oh!  
forgive,  
They know not what they do."

3 Have you read how He saved the dying  
thief  
When hanging on the tree?  
Who looked with pitying eyes and said,  
"O Lord, remember me."

4 Have you read that He looked to  
heaven and said,  
"Tis finished" - 'twas for thee?  
Have you ever said, "I thank Thee, Lord,  
For giving Thy life for me?"

**695** Tune - Hollingside. R.S.428.

1 NAILED upon Golgotha's tree -  
Faint and bleeding. Who is He -  
Hands and feet so rudely torn,  
Wreathed with crown of twisted thorn?  
Once He lived in Heaven above,  
Happy in His Father's love,  
Son of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the Cross, of Calvary.

2 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree -  
Mocked and taunted. Who is He?  
Scoffers tell Him to come down,  
Claim His kingdom and His crown;  
He it was who came to bless,  
Full of love and tenderness,  
Son of Man, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the Cross of Calvary.

3 Nailed upon Golgotha's tree -  
As a victim. Who is He?  
Bearing sin, but not His own,  
Suffering agony unknown.  
He, the promised sacrifice  
For the sinner bleeds and dies,  
Lamb of God, 'tis He, 'tis He,  
On the Cross of Calvary.

**696** Tune - It may be the last time. A.H.B.178.

1 OH COME, sinner, come,  
Oh, why do you delay?  
The pressing invitation is  
That you should come today.  
Tomorrow has no promise  
That it can give to you.  
Tomorrow is eternity  
Just hidden from your view.

Then come, sinner, come,  
Salvation's free for all,  
It may be the last time  
You'll ever hear the call.

2 Oh come, sinner, come,  
The Bride, the Spirit, call,  
Thus saying now to you and me  
That Jesus died for all.  
Oh grieve not then the Spirit,  
Accept Him while you can;  
For God has said, "My Spirit shall  
Not always strive with man."

3 Oh come, sinner, come,  
Accept the proffered grace,  
For death may soon be calling you  
Into his cold embrace.  
The summer will be ended,  
The harvest will be past,  
Your lamentation then will be -  
My soul is lost at last.

**697** Tune - What a Friend. R.S.559. 8-7

1 JESUS, LORD, we know, Thee present,  
At Thy table freshly spread;  
Seated at Thy priceless banquet,  
With Thy banner overhead.  
Precious moments at Thy table,  
From all fear and doubt set free;  
Here to rest, so sweetly able,  
Occupied alone with Thee.

2 Here rejoicing in Thy nearness,  
Gladly by the Spirit led;  
Calmly in the blest remembrance  
Of Thy precious blood once shed.  
Lord, we take each simple token  
In fond memory of Thee;  
Muse upon Thy body broken,  
And Thy blood shed on the tree.

3 Oh, what joy it is to see Thee  
In these emblems gathered here;  
In the bread and wine of blessing,  
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer.  
Lord, behold us met together,  
Members of our risen Head.  
Thus to take the cup of blessing,  
Thus, to share the broken bread.

4 Lord, we know how true Thy promise  
To be with us when we meet;  
When in Thy loved Name we gather  
To enjoy communion sweet.  
Dearer still that looked-for promise  
To each waiting, yearning heart,  
That we soon will be with Thee, Lord,  
And "forever" where Thou art

**698** Tune - Navarre B.H.B.92. 10's

1 HERE, O our Lord, we see Thee face to face;  
Here would we touch and handle things unseen;  
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
And all our weariness upon Thee lean.

- 2 Here would we feed upon the bread of God,  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of Heaven.  
Here would we lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 Ours is the sin, but Thine the righteousness,  
Ours is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;  
Here is our robe, our refuge, and our peace,  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord our God.
- 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 our Shield and Sun.
- 5 But see, the pillar-cloud is rising now,  
And moving onward thro' the desert night;  
It beckons, and we follow, for we know  
It leads us to the heritage of light.
- 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.
- 699** Tune—Land of Beulah. R.S.396 or, What a Friend, as 68. 8-7
- 1 MARVEL NOT that Christ in glory  
All my inmost heart hath won;  
Not a star to cheer my darkness,  
But a light beyond the sun.  
All below lies dark and shadowed;  
Nothing there to rest my heart,  
Save the lonely track of sorrow,  
Where of old He walked apart.
- 2 I have seen the face of Jesus;  
Tell me not of aught beside:  
I have heard the voice of Jesus;  
All my soul is satisfied.

In the radiance of the glory,  
First I saw His blessed face;  
And for ever shall that glory  
Be my home, my dwelling place.

- 3 Sinners, it was not to angels  
All this wondrous love was given,  
But to one who scorned, despised Him,  
Scorned, and hated Christ in heaven.  
From the lowest depths of darkness,  
To the throne in heaven on high:  
Thus in me He told the measure  
Of His love's great mystery.

**700** Tune—Oh, glad and glorious. S.S.367 P.M.

- 1 'TIS A TRUE and faithful saying,  
Jesus died for sinful men;  
Though we've told the story often,  
We must tell it o'er again.  
  
Oh, glad and glorious Gospel,  
With joy we now proclaim  
A full and free salvation,  
Through faith in Jesus' name!

- 2 He has made a full atonement,  
Now His saving work is done;  
He has satisfied the Father,  
Who accepts us in His Son.  
  
3 Still upon His hands the nail-prints,  
And the scars upon His brow;  
Our Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour,  
In the glory standeth now.  
  
4 But remember, this same Jesus  
In the clouds will come again;  
And with Him His blood-bought people  
Evermore shall live and reign.

**701** Tune—Oh, shall I be. S.S.843. or, There is a fountain. S.S.129.

- 1 OH, SHALL I BE amongst that throng,  
. All clothed in robes of white,  
And help to swell that glorious song  
Of rapture and delight?  
  
I shall for I have been redeemed  
With blood of worth untold,  
The blood of Christ, the Lamb of God,  
More precious far than gold.  
  
2 Shall I in glory Christ behold,  
Exalted King and Lord?  
What rapture, yes, what bliss untold  
That moment will afford!

- 3 Oh, shall I see my Saviour's face  
All radiant as the sun;  
And dwell through all eternity  
With God's beloved One?
- 4 Oh, shall I gaze upon the wounds,  
From whence has flowed the blood,  
The cleansed my guilty, sinful heart,  
And brought me nigh to God?
- 5 Oh, shall I ever with the Lord  
As I retrace the past,  
Praise Him for all His wondrous grace  
To me from first to last?

**702** Tune – What will you do.  
S.S.450. P.M.

- 1 OH, WHAT WILL you do with Jesus?  
The call comes low and sweet,  
And tenderly He bids you  
Your burdens lay at His feet.  
O soul, so sad and weary,  
That sweet voice speaks to thee,  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?  
  
What shall the answer be?  
What shall the answer be?  
What will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?

- 2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?  
The call comes loud and clear;  
The solemn words are sounding  
In every listening ear;  
Immortal life's in the question,  
And joy through eternity:  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
Oh, what shall the answer be?

**703** Tune – Warrington. B.H.B.349.  
L.M.

- 1 POOR, WEAK and worthless though  
I am,  
I have a rich Almighty Friend;  
Jesus! the Saviour is His Name,  
He freely loves and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by His power my foes controlled;  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to His chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart – my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with Him above the skies;  
Oh, what a Friend is Christ to me.

**704** Tune – Eternity. R.S.260.  
P.M.

- 1 WHERE WILL YOU spend Eternity?  
This question comes to you and me!  
Tell me, what will your answer be?  
Where will you spend eternity?  
Eternity! Eternity!  
Where will you spend eternity?
- 2 Many are choosing Christ today,  
Turning from all their sins away;  
Heav'n shall their happy portion be.  
Where will you spend eternity?  
Eternity! Eternity!  
Where will you spend eternity?

- 3 Leaving the strait and narrow way,  
Going the downward road today,  
Sad will their final ending be –  
Lost thro' a long eternity!  
Eternity! Eternity!  
Lost thro' a long eternity!
- 4 Turn and believe this very hour,  
Trust in the Saviour's grace and power,  
Then will your joyous answer be,  
Sav'd through a long eternity!  
Eternity! Eternity!  
Saved thro' a long eternity!

**705** Tune – Be in time. R.S.231.  
P.M.

- 1 LIFE AT BEST is very brief,  
Like the falling of a leaf,  
Like the binding of a sheaf,  
Be in time.  
Fleeting days are telling fast,  
That the die will soon be cast,  
And the fatal line be passed,  
Be in time.

- Be in time . . . Be in time . . .  
While the voice of Jesus calls you,  
Be in time . . .  
If in sin you longer wait  
You may find no open gate,  
And your cry be just too late,  
Be in time.

- 2 Fairest flowers soon decay,  
Youth and beauty pass away,  
Oh, you have not long to stay,  
Be in time.  
While God's Spirit bids you come,  
Sinner, do not longer roam,  
Lest you seal your hopeless doom,  
Be in time.

3 Time is swiftly gliding by,  
Death and judgment draweth nigh.  
To the arms of Jesus fly,  
Be in time.  
Oh, I pray you count the cost,  
Ere the fatal line be crossed,  
And your soul in hell be lost,  
Be in time.

4 Sinner, heed the warning voice,  
Make the Lord your final choice,  
Then all heaven will rejoice,  
Be in time.  
Come, from darkness into light,  
Come, let Jesus make you right,  
Come, and start for heaven tonight,  
Be in time.

**706** Tune – Only a sinner. R.S.605. P.M.

1 NOUGHT HAVE I gotten but what I received;  
Grace hath bestowed it since I have believed,  
Boasting excluded, pride I abase;  
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!  
  
Only a sinner saved by grace!  
Only a sinner saved by grace!  
This is my story, to God be the glory,  
I'm only a sinner saved by grace!

2 Once I was foolish and sin ruled my heart,  
Causing my footsteps from God to depart,  
Jesus hath found me, happy my case –  
I now am a sinner saved by grace!

3 Tears unavailing, no merit had I;  
Mercy had saved me, or else I must die;  
Sin had alarmed me, fearing God's face;  
But now I'm a sinner saved by grace!

4 Suffer a sinner whose heart overflows,  
Loving his Saviour, to tell what he knows;  
Once more to tell it, would I embrace –  
I'm only a sinner saved by grace.

**707** Tune – Over the deadline. R.S.230. P.M.

1 O SINNER, the Saviour is calling for thee,  
Long, long has He called thee in vain;  
He called thee when joy lent its crown  
to thy days,  
He called thee in sorrow and pain.

Oh, turn while the Saviour in mercy is waiting,  
And steer for the harbour light;  
For how do you know but your soul  
may be drifting  
Over the deadline tonight?

2 O sinner, thine ears have been deaf to His voice,  
Thine eyes to His glory been dim;  
The calls of thy Saviour have so wearied thee,  
Oh, what if they should weary Him?

3 O sinner, the Spirit is striving with thee;  
What if He should strive never more?  
But leave thee alone in thy darkness to dwell,  
In sight of the heavenly shore?

4 O sinner, God's patience my weary some day,  
And leave thy sad soul in the blast;  
By wilful resistance you've drifted away,  
Over the deadline at last.

**708** Tune – Battle Hymn. B.H.357. P.M.

1 "GOD IS LOVE!" His Word has said it:  
This is news of heavenly birth;  
Speed abroad and widely spread it,  
Make it known through all the earth  
That "God is love!"

2 Not in yonder blessed regions,  
Where the Lord with glory crown'd,  
Reigns amid angelic legions,  
Will the brightest proof be found  
That "God is love!"

3 'Tis on earth the Lord discloses  
All His love, how vast it is;  
Earth's the favour'd spot He chooses  
To display the truth of this,  
That "God is love!"

4 'Tis that "Man of Sorrows" yonder,  
Object of contempt beneath,  
But, in heaven, of highest wonder,  
Teaches fully by His death  
That "God is love!"

- 5 His a throne – the throne of heaven,  
Yet He comes on earth to bleed,  
And for man His life is given:  
This is what declares indeed  
That "God is love!"
- 6 Not for those who ever lov'd Him  
Did the Lord of glory die;  
Pity to the wretched mov'd His heart:  
Who that hears it will deny  
That "God is love?"
- 7 'Tis the truth: away and spread it;  
Spread the tidings far and near;  
O may sinners give it credit,  
And be joyful when they hear  
That "God is love!"

**709** Tune – I think when I read.  
R.S.675. or, Believe me if all  
those.

1 THOU ART "not very far" from the  
kingdom of God,  
Thou hast heard the sweet call of  
the King.  
Thou hast met the glad messenger  
speeding abroad  
His free-hearted welcome to bring.  
And the kingdom looks bright, but the  
world is so dear  
With its labour, and pleasures, and  
sin.  
And yet it were sad to have seen it  
so near  
And never to enter therein.  
Yes, "not very far" from salvation  
by grace,  
But beware, Oh, sinner, beware!  
For "not very far" is a perilous place,  
Thou are lost if thou linger there.

2 Thou art "not very far" from the foot  
of the Cross:  
Its shadow is falling on thee;  
And the blood that redeemeth the sin-  
ner from loss  
Is flowing so rich and so free.  
The cross of atonement, that ransoming  
blood,  
Is a saving or sentencing sight;  
It were death at the foot of the cross to  
have stood,  
And thy robes never washed, nor  
made white.

3 Oh, many were once as near heaven  
as thou,  
But they lingered and lost their day;  
They are weeping, and wailing, and  
wandering now  
On the coasts of the castaway.  
They are far from the kingdom, and  
far from the crown,  
From Christ and His ransoming  
cross;  
Oh, infinite sadness! No tears but His  
own  
Can weep such a fathomless loss.

**710** Tune – Outside the Camp.  
(Airs of Salvation No. 21)

1 OUTSIDE the Camp unto Thy dear  
Name,  
Draw me, O Lamb of God,  
Far from the world with its sin and its  
shame,  
Hallowed is every sod.  
Outside the Camp, 'tis a lonely  
place,  
Outside the city wall;  
Here on Thy breast let my soul ever  
rest,  
Outside the Camp with Thee.

2 Outside the Camp unto Thy dear  
Name;  
This is Thy Word I see.  
Unto that Name, then I share in His  
shame;  
Privileged place to be.  
Feasting on Christ, His reproach to  
share;  
Tempt not my soul away;  
Naught can compare with the blessed-  
ness there,  
Outside the Camp with Thee.

3 Outside the Camp unto Thy dear  
Name,  
Blessed gathering place for me.  
Banner of love from Thy presence  
above;  
Draw forth my soul to Thee.  
Shame on my soul that I ever sought  
Inside the walls to dwell.  
Riches of grace, gazing here on Thy  
face,  
Outside the Camp with Thee.

4 Outside the Camp unto Thy dear Name,  
 Lord, may I here be found;  
 Weaned from the world, with its pomp  
 and its fame;  
 Resting on holy ground.  
 Outside the Camp in Thy company till  
 Earth's little day be done;  
 Then face to face, all Thy mercies to  
 trace,  
 Inside the veil with Thee.

- 711** Tune – Old Hundredth. B.H.B.120.
- 1 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.
- 2 For why the Lord our God is good;  
 His mercies are for ever sure:  
 His truth at all times firmly stood;  
 And shall from age to age endure.

**712** Tune – Dismissal. S.S.287.

1 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,  
 Ever faithful  
 To the truth may we be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given!  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Upward borne by Thee to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 We shall ever  
 Reign with Thee in endless day.

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