Hymnal

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in
God my Saviour

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Hymnal

A Compilation of Familiar Hymns for use at Meetings where the larger Collections are not available

Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.
Board of Foreign Missions

New York
1901

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Prayers.

Almighty God, Who hast promised to be present with Thy people, and to grant their requests in the name of Thy well-beloved Son; regard us we humbly beseech Thee, with Thy favor; and for the sake of Him Who is our only Saviour and Mediator with Thee, fulfil Thy promise in our behalf, that our thoughts being lifted up, and our desires drawn forth unto Thee, we may render Thee acceptable worship; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

✝

O MOST merciful Saviour and Redeemer, Who wouldest not that any should perish, but that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth; fulfil Thy gracious promise to be present with those who are gone forth in Thy name to preach the gospel of salvation in distant lands. Be with them in all perils by land or by water, in sickness and distress, in weariness and painfulness, in disappointment and persecution. Bless them, we beseech Thee, with Thy continual favor; and send Thy Holy Spirit to guide them into all truth. O Lord, let Thy ministers be clothed with righteousness, and grant that Thy word spoken by their mouths may never be spoken in vain. Endue them with power from on high, and so prosper Thy work in their hands, that the fulness of the Gentiles may be gathered in, and all Israel be saved. Hear us, O Lord, for Thy Mercy's sake, and grant that all who are called by Thy name may be one in Thee, and may abound more and more in prayers and offerings for the coming of Thy kingdom throughout the world, to Thy honor and glory, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end. *Amen.*

O GOD, Who hast prepared for them that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding ; Pour into our hearts such love towards Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

✝

O GOD, Who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and didst send Thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are afar off, and to them that are nigh ; grant that all the people of heathen lands may seek after Thee and find Thee ; and hasten, O Lord, the fiulfilment of Thy promise to pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

✝

ALMIGHTY God, Who by Thy Son Jesus Christ didst give commandment to the holy apostles that they should go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature ; grant to us Whom Thou hast called into Thy church a ready will to obey Thy Word, and fill us with a hearty desire to make Thy way known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Look with compassion upon the heathen that have not known Thee, and on the multitudes that are scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. O heavenly Father, Lord of the harvest, have respect, we beseech Thee, to our prayers, and send forth laborers into Thine harvest. Fit and prepare them by Thy grace for the work of their ministry : give them the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind : strengthen them to endure hardness ; and grant that by their life and doctrine they may show forth Thy glory, and set forward the salvation of all men ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

✝

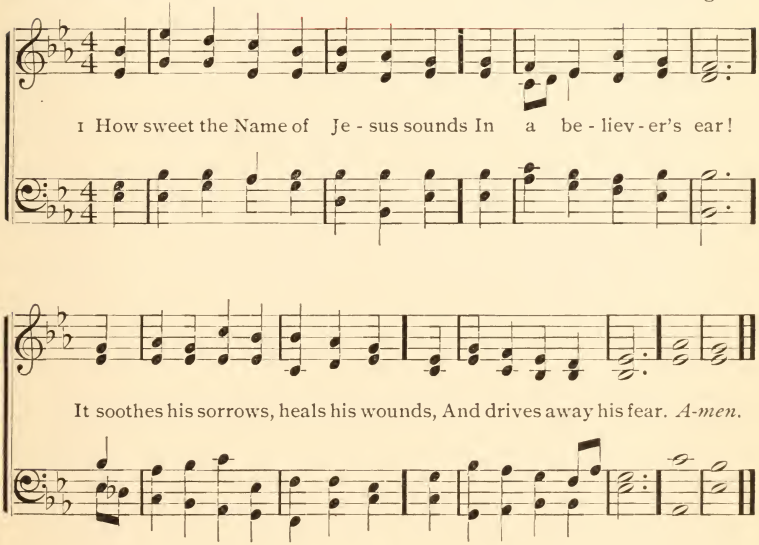
THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with us all. *Amen.*

✝

Hymnal

1 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest..

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

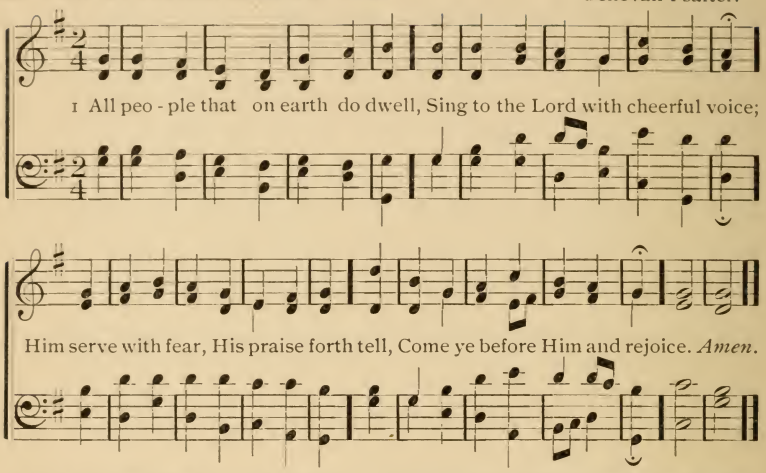
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

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

Rev. John Newton.

2 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter.



2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe.

3

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

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

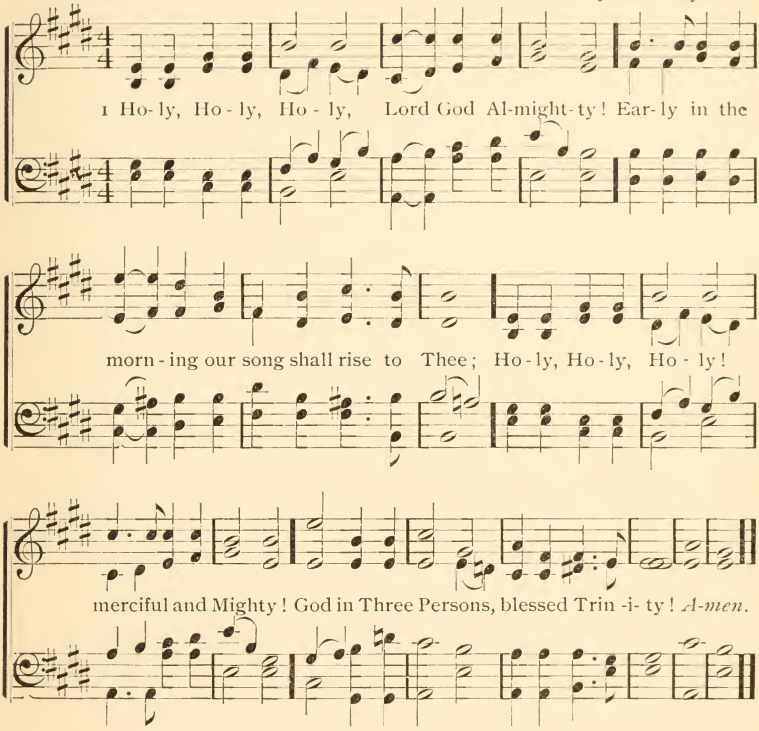
DOXOLOGY

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.

Bishop Thomas Ken

4 NICÆA 11 12 12 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.



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,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

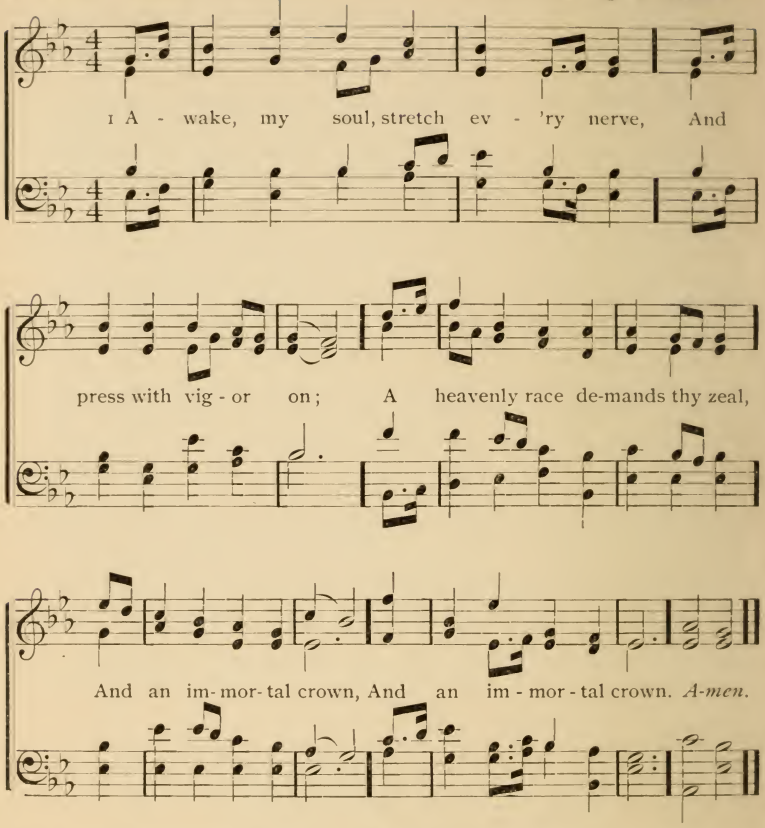
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

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, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

5 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

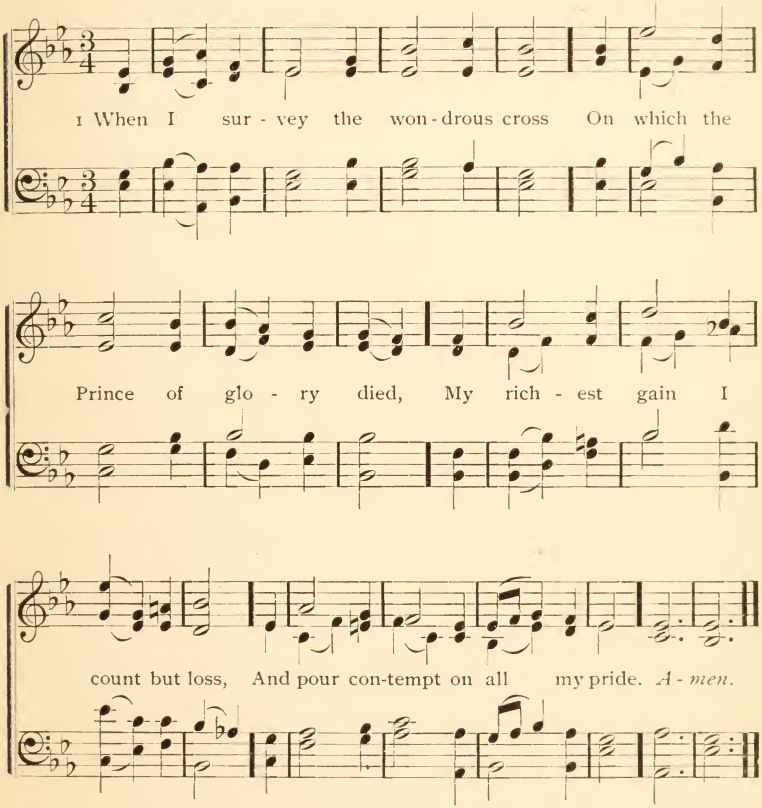
4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

6 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

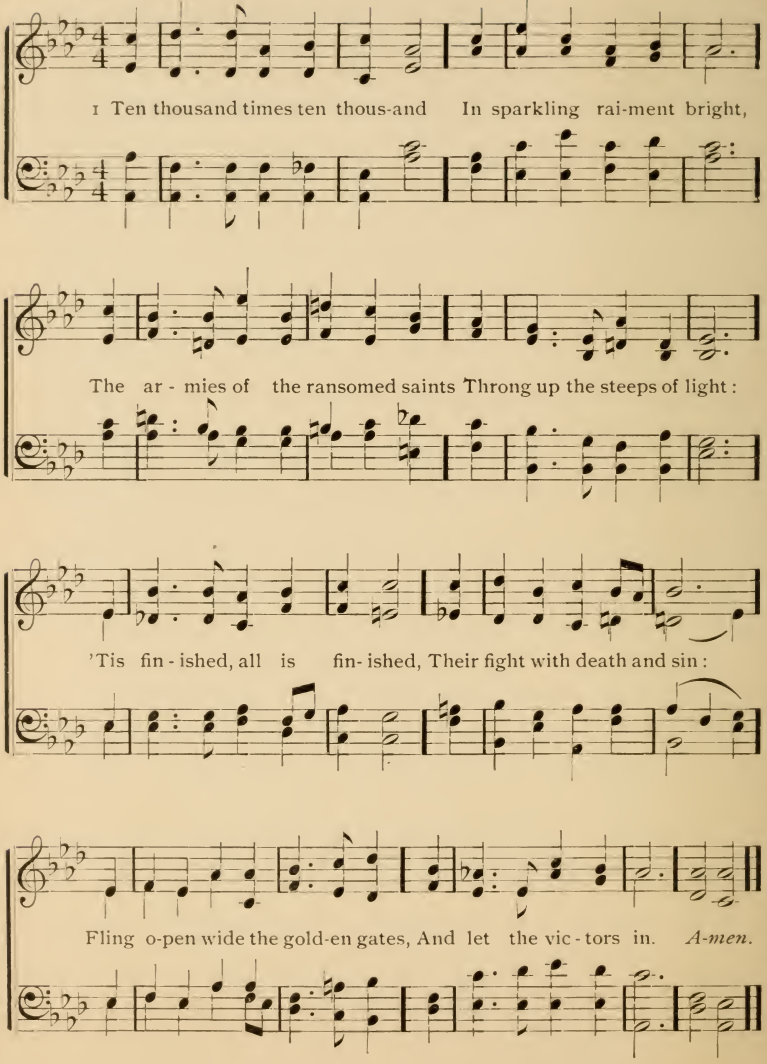
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

Rev. Isaac Watts.

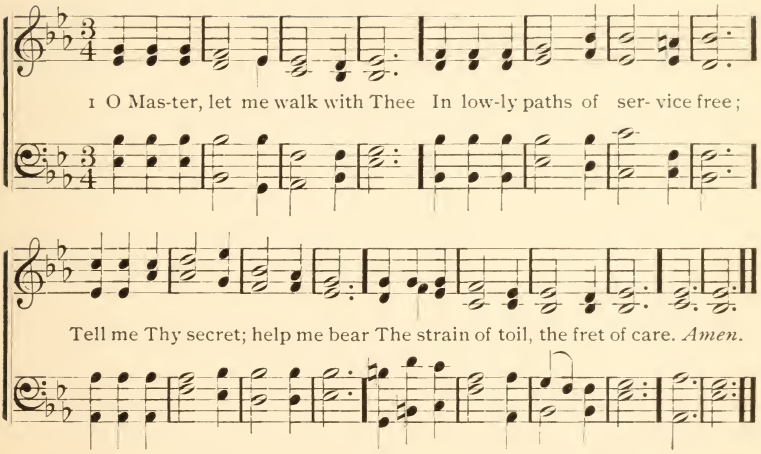
7 ALFORD 7 6 8 6 7 6 8 6

Rev. John B. Dykes.



8 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews.



2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden.

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2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

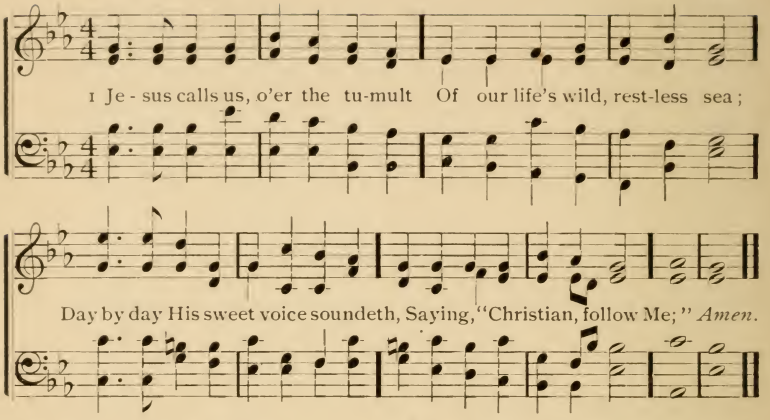
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Dean Alford.

9 LOWTON 8 7 8 7

Albert Lowe.



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

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

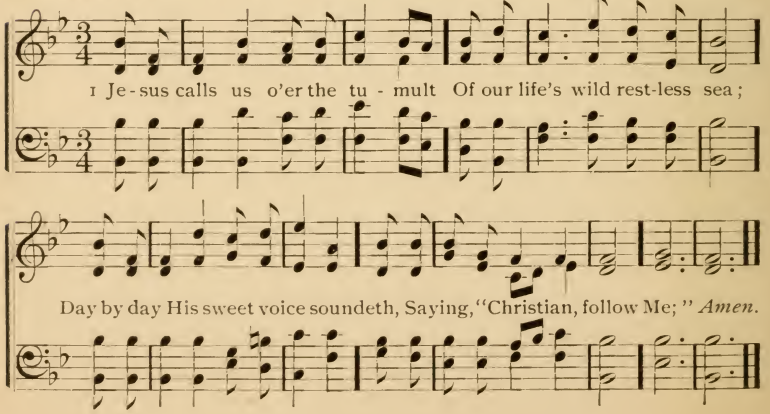
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander.

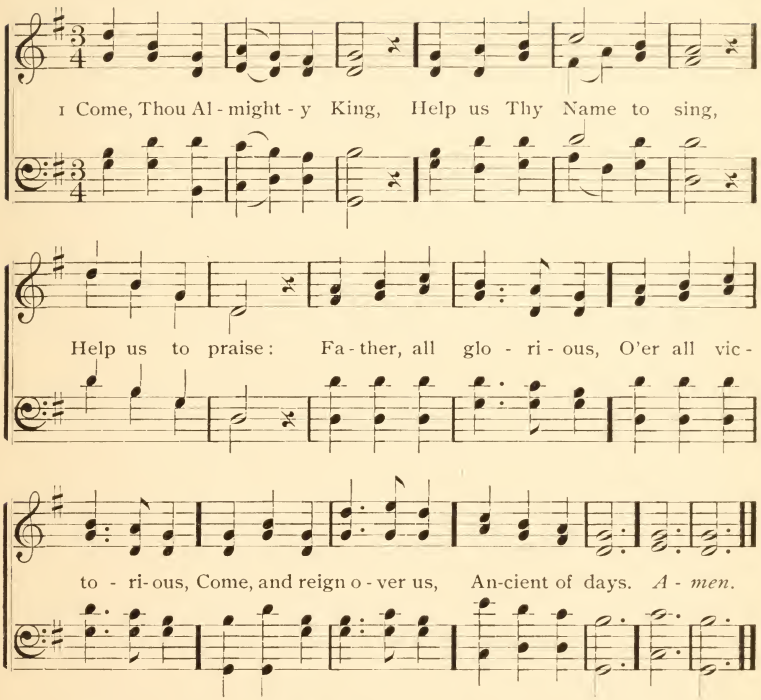
STOCKWELL 8 7 8 7 (Second Tune.)

Darius E. Jones.



10 TRINITY 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Felice di Giardini.



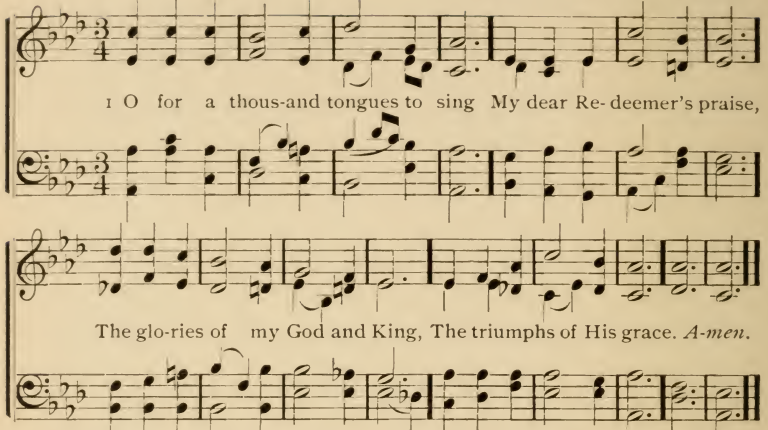
2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

11 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

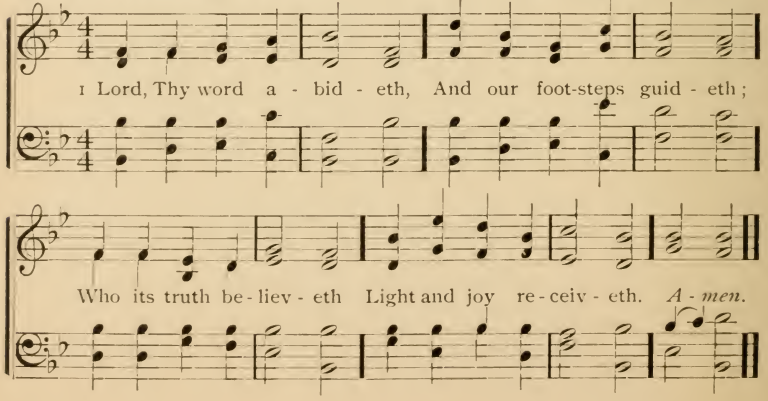
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

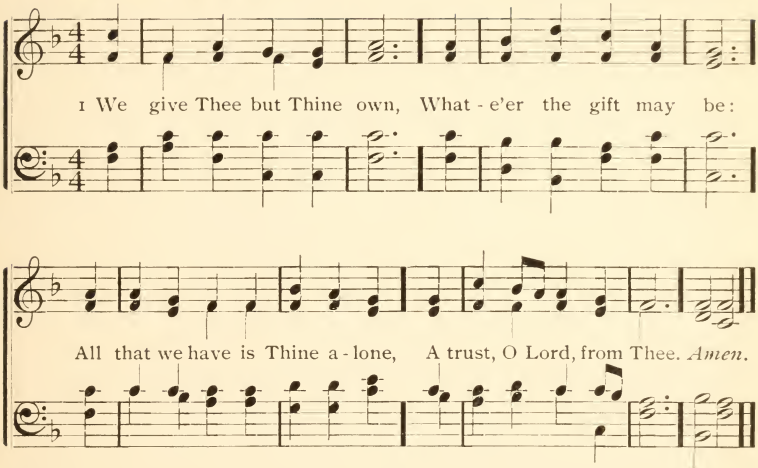
12 ST. CYPRIAN 6 6 6 6

Rev. Richard R. Chope.



13 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry John Gauntlett.



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How.

---

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us ;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

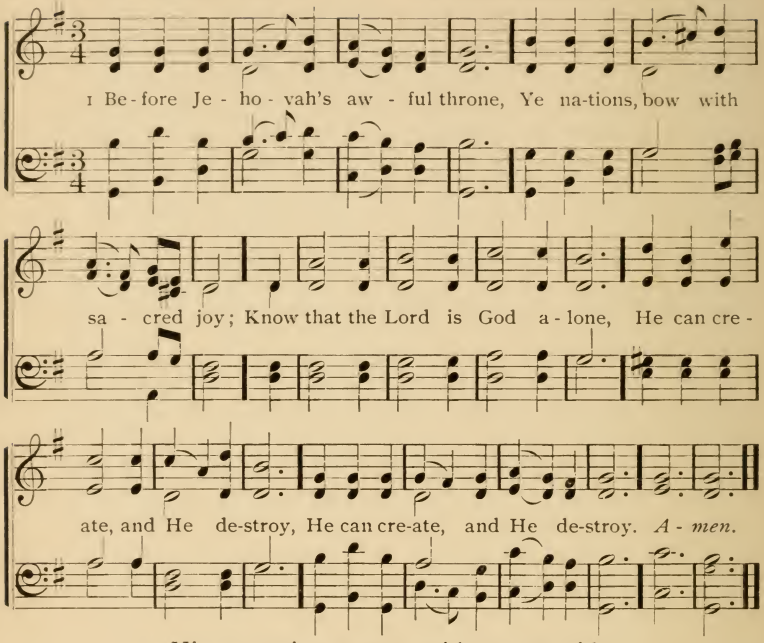
4 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

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

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

14 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua.



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

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

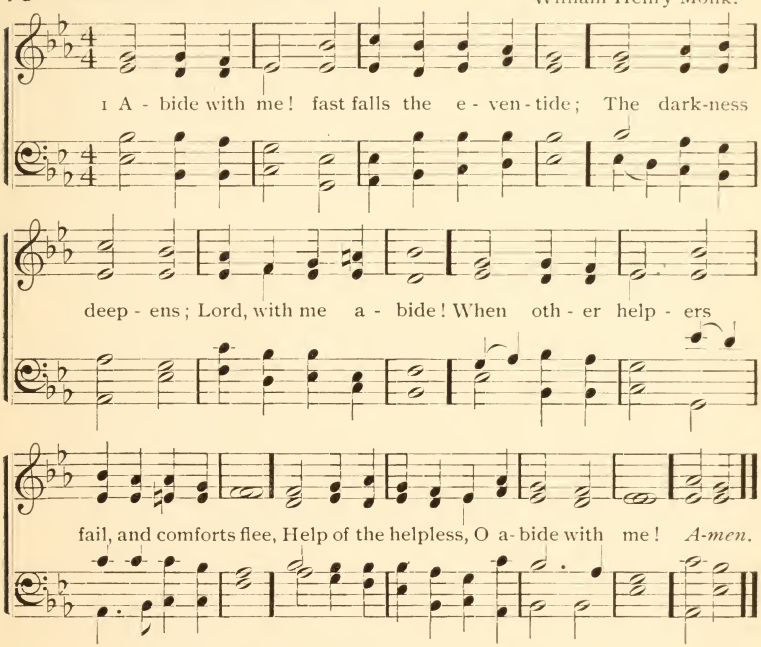
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts

15 EVENTIDE 10 10 10 10.

William Henry Monk.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

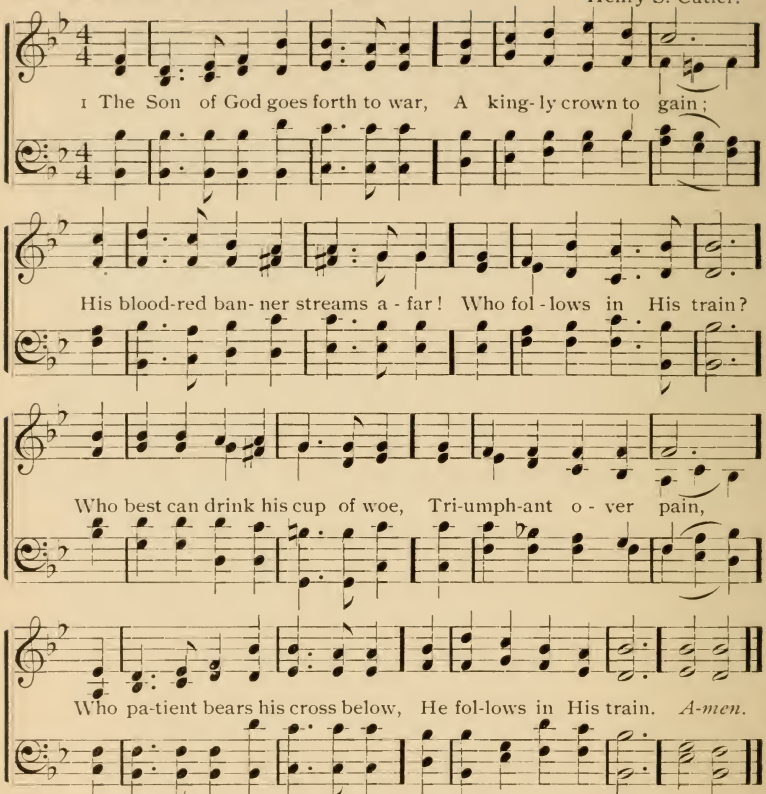
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

16 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler.



2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

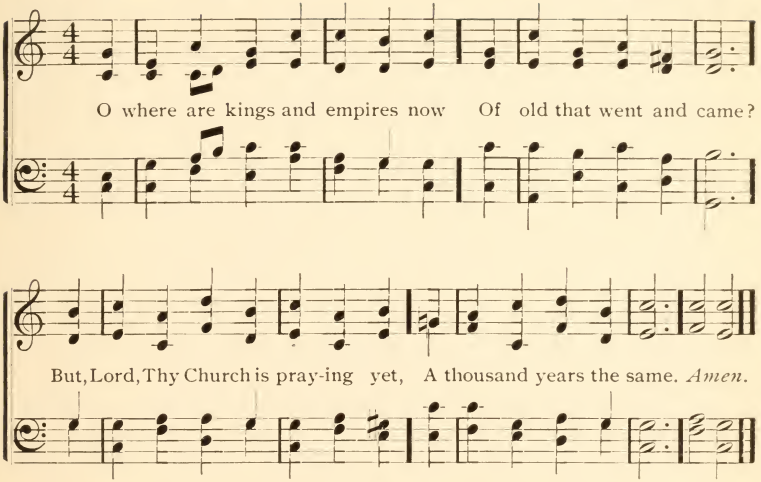
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

17 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft.



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe.

18

1 Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is that vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

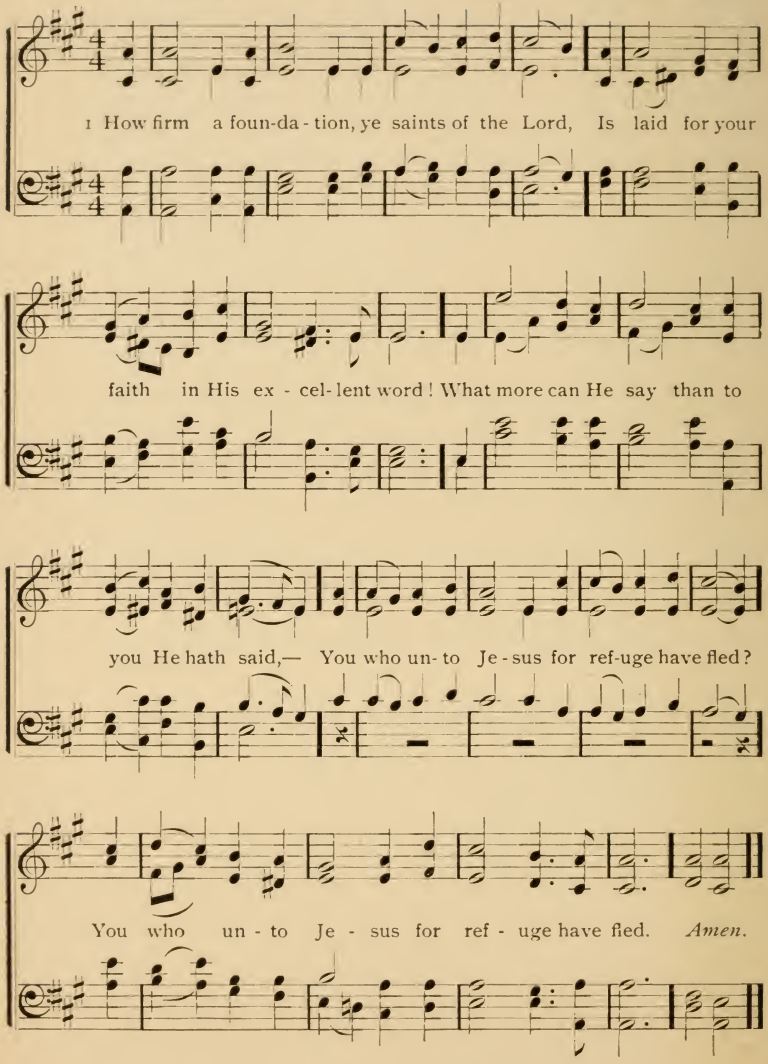
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious Day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

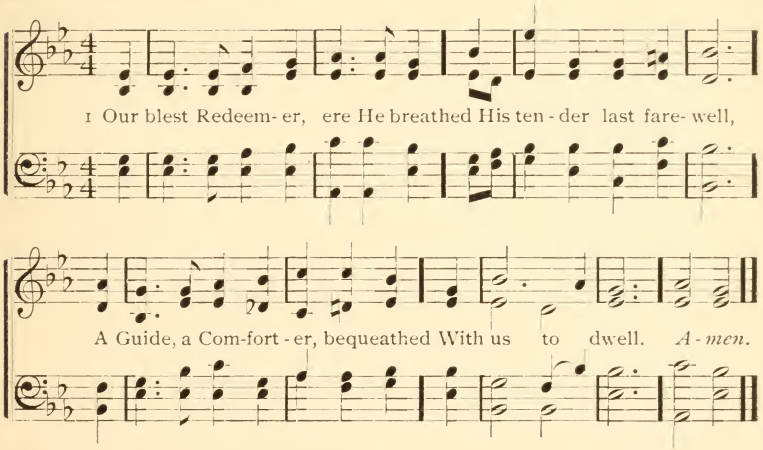
19 ADESTE FIDELES 11 11 11 11

J. Reading.



20 ST. CUTHBERT 8 6 8 4

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each tho't, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

---

2 "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.

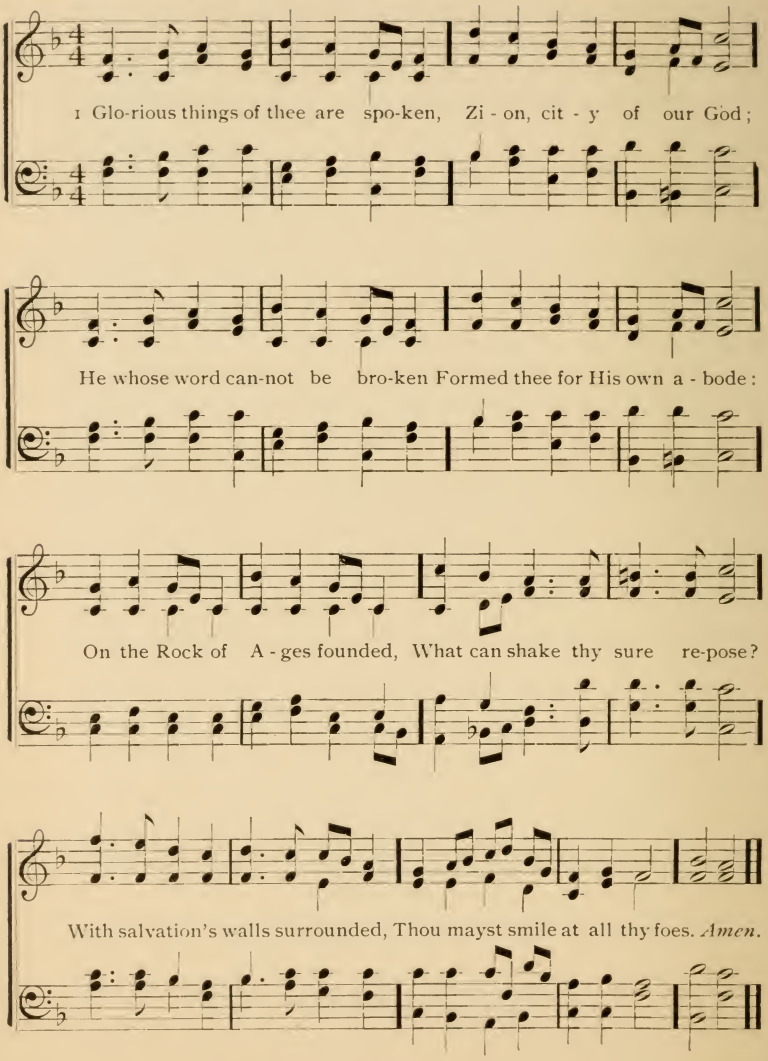
3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's Selection.

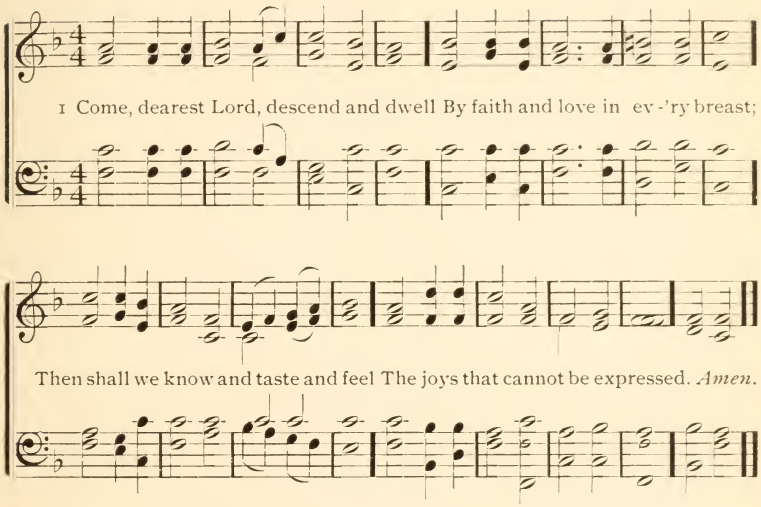
21 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8 7 8 7 D.

Joseph Haydn.



22 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver.



2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

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2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

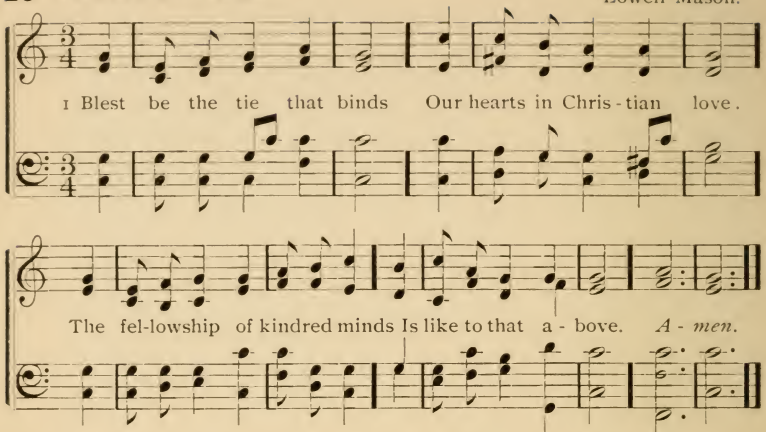
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton.

23 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

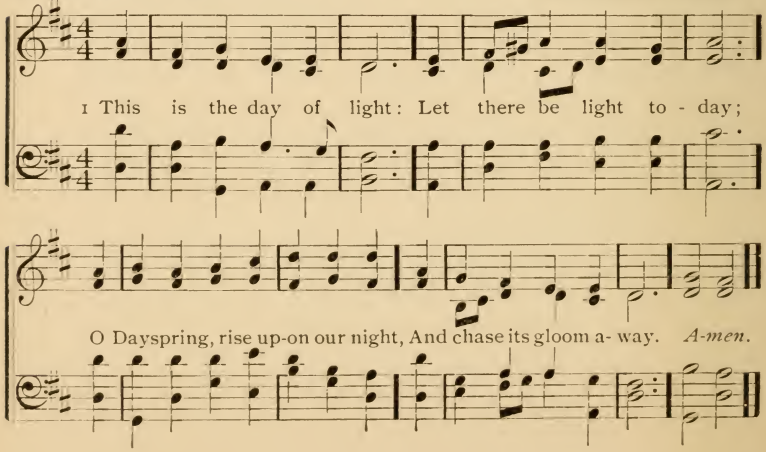
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett.

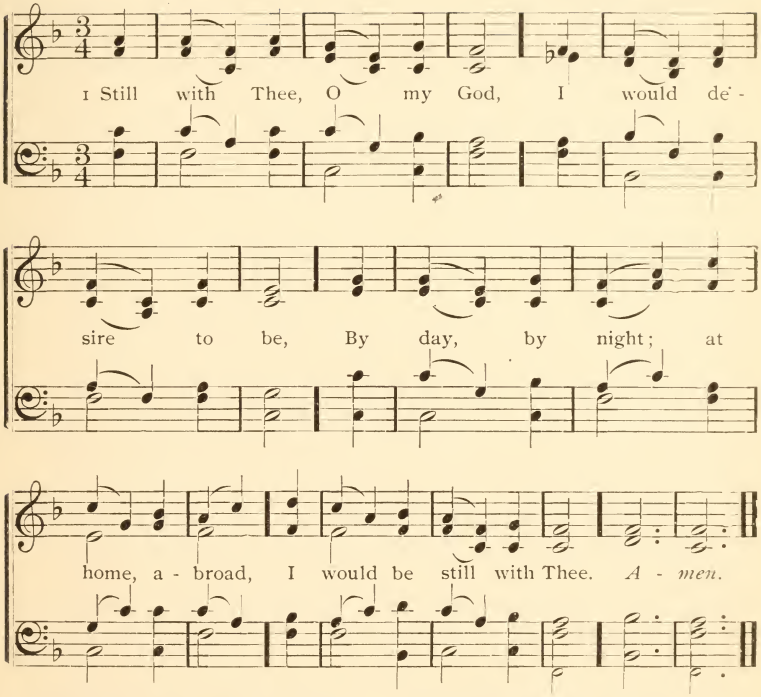
24 SWABIA S. M.

Old German Chorale.



25 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns.

---

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill:
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

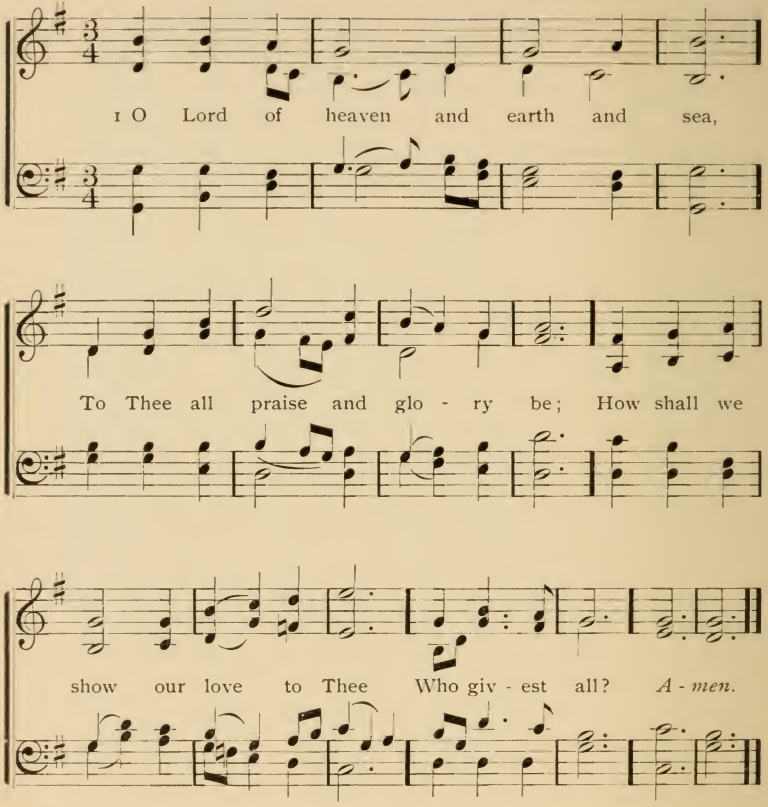
4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton.

26 ALMSGIVING 8 8 8 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.



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

3 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

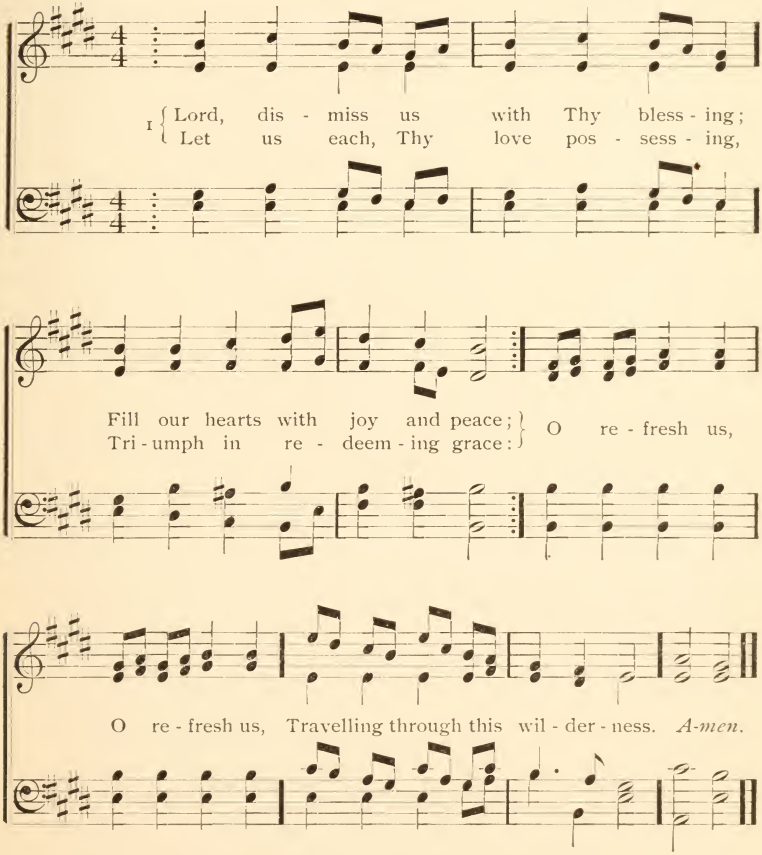
4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly we will give to Thee
Who givest all;

5 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.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

27 SICILIAN MARINERS 8 7 8 7 4 7

Sicilian Melody.

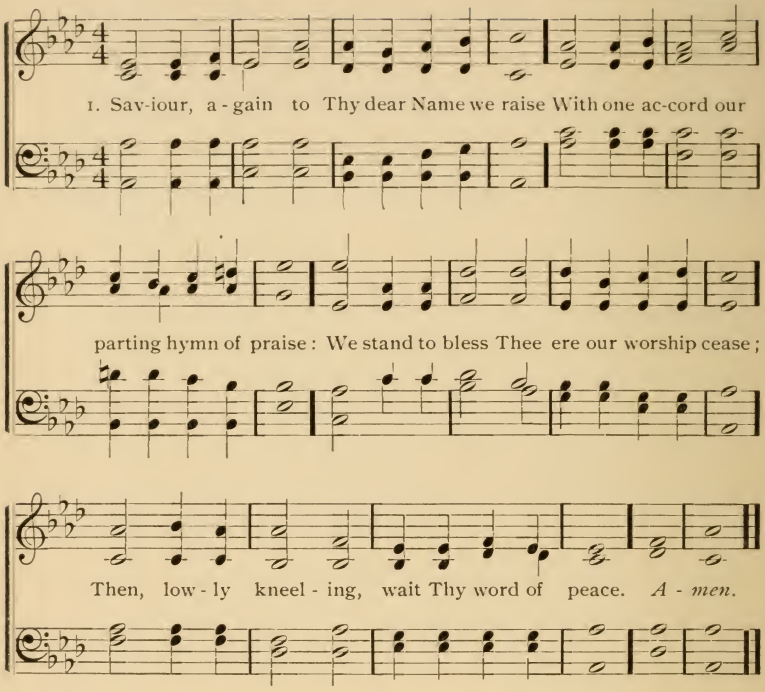


2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

28 ELLERS 10 10 10 10

Edward J. Hopkins.



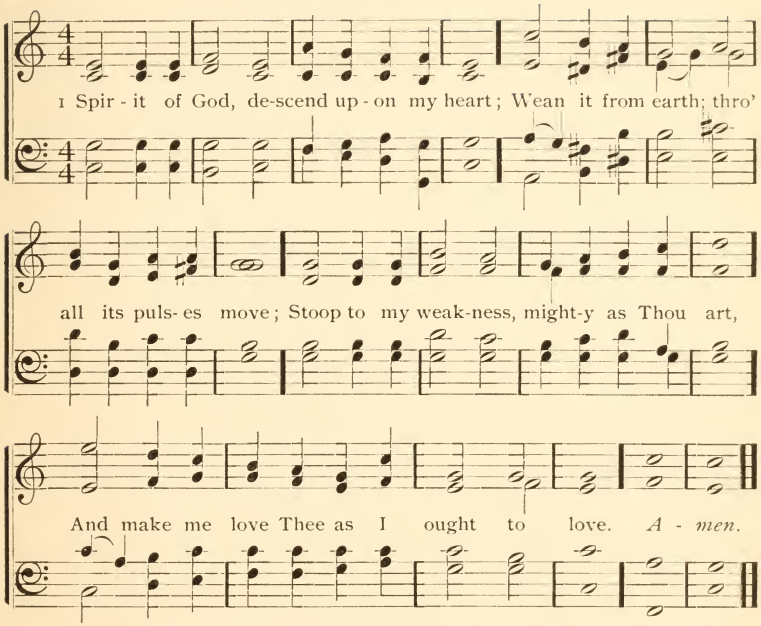
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton.

29 MORECAMBE 10 10 10 10



2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross— there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

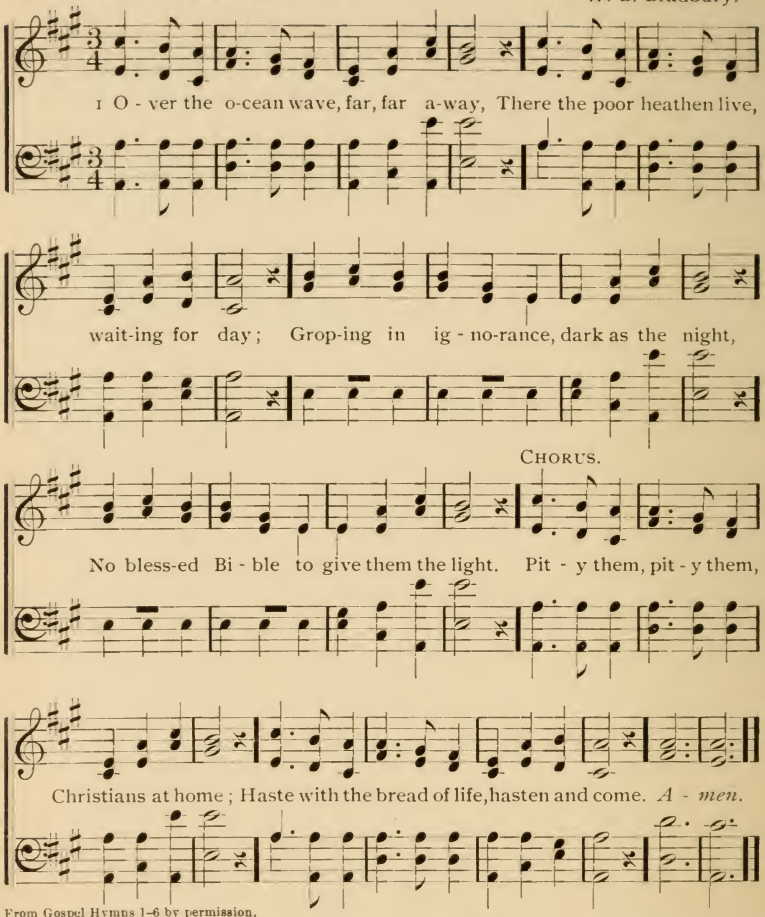
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

3 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly.

30 OVER THE OCEAN WAVE

W. B. Bradbury.

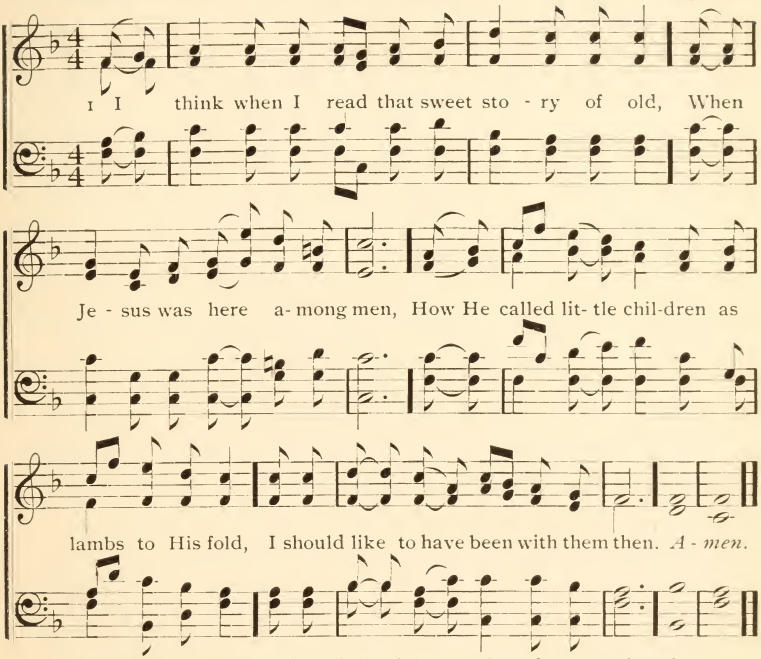


From Gospel Hymns 1-6 by permission.

2 Here in this happy land we have the light,
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;
Shall we not send to them Bibles to read,
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, O see them come!
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

31 SWEET STORY 11 8 11 9 Irregular. English.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above

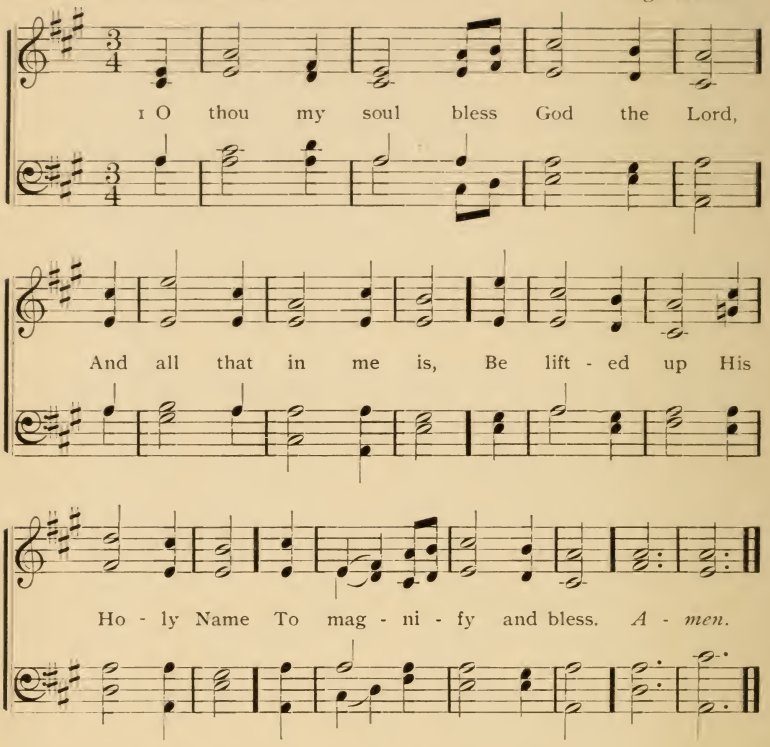
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Mrs. Jemima Luke.

32 MARTYRDOM C. M. (Psalm 103.)

Hugh Wilson.



2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst not go down,
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

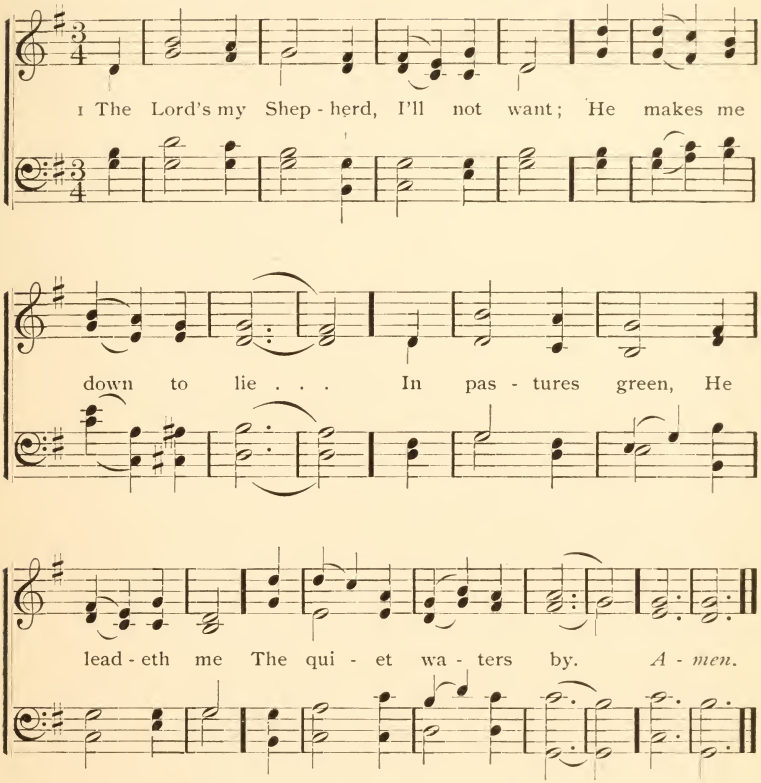
5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far;
So great to those that do Him fear
His tender mercies are:

7 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He
From us removed, in tender love,
All our iniquity.

33 BELMONT C. M. (Psalm 23.)

Arr. from William Gardiner.



2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n 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.

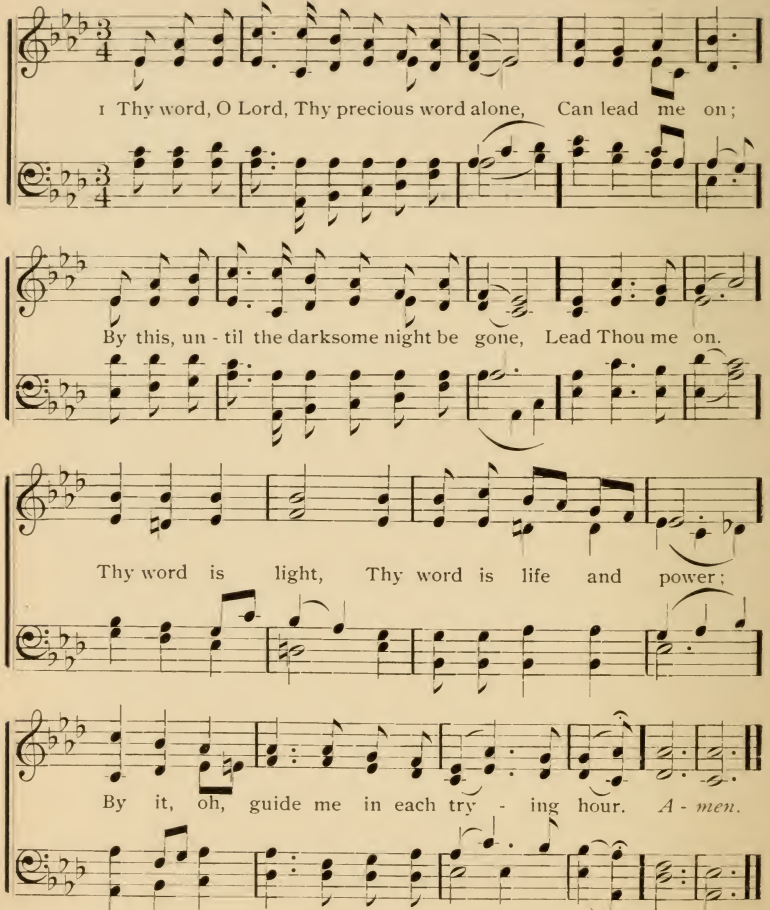
4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter.

34 LUX BENIGNA 10 4 10 4 10 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.

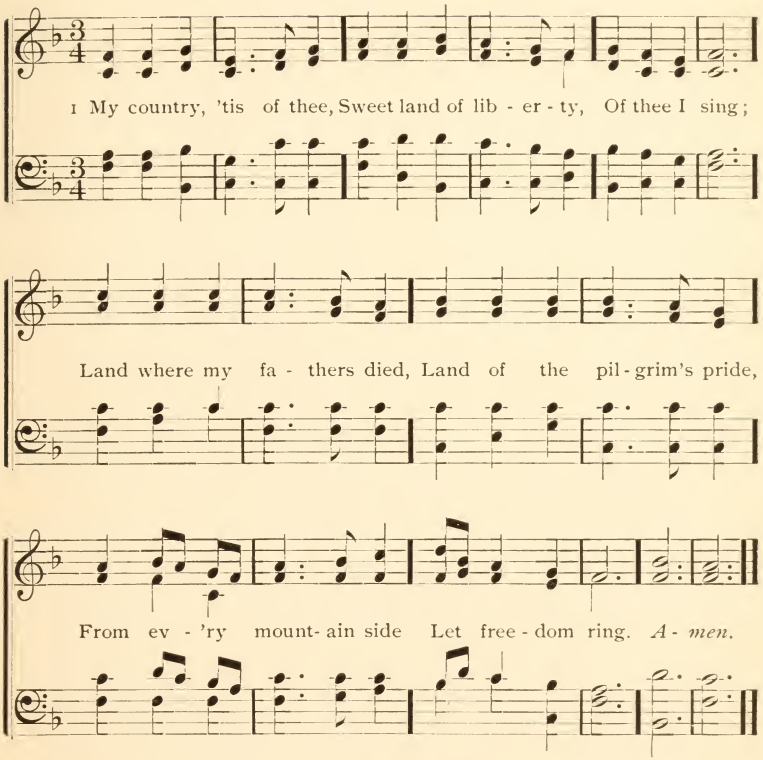


2 Whate'er my path, led by the word,
Oh, lead me on. ['tis good;
Be my poor heart Thy blessèd word's abode;
Lead Thou me on.
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by Thy word, close following Thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way:
Oh, lead me on.
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey;
Lead Thou me on.
My every step shall then be well defined,
And all I do according to Thy mind.

35 AMERICA 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Harmonia Anglicana.



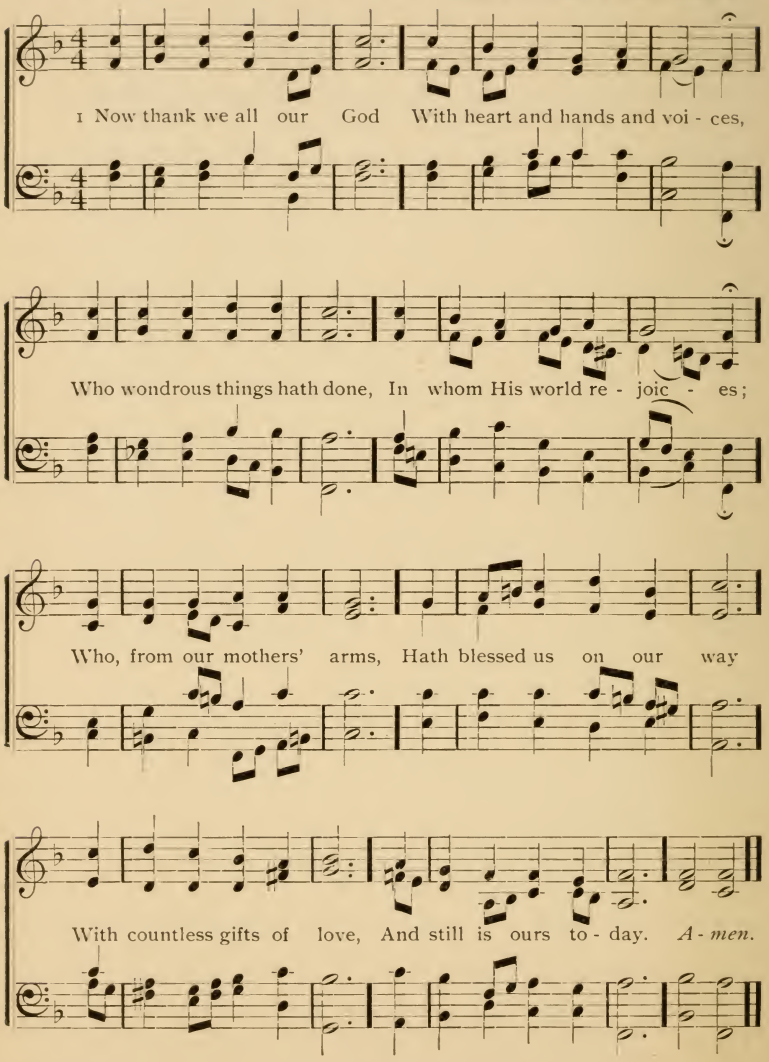
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

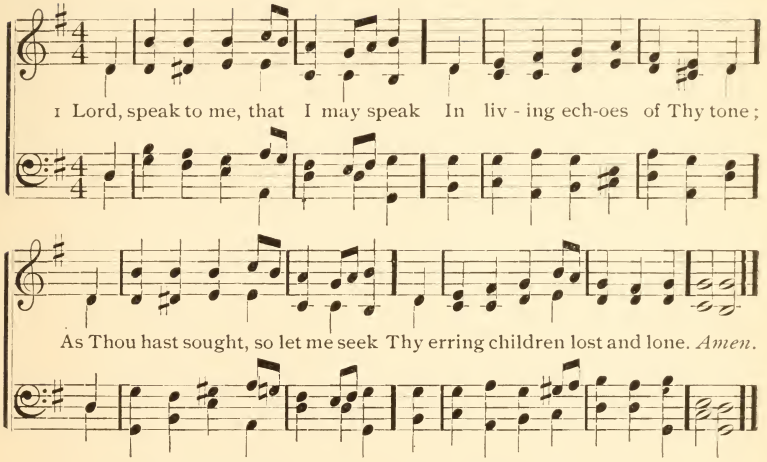
Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

36 NUN DANKET 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica.



37 CANONBURY L. M.

Robert Schumann.



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

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

4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord.
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

F. R. Havergal.

---

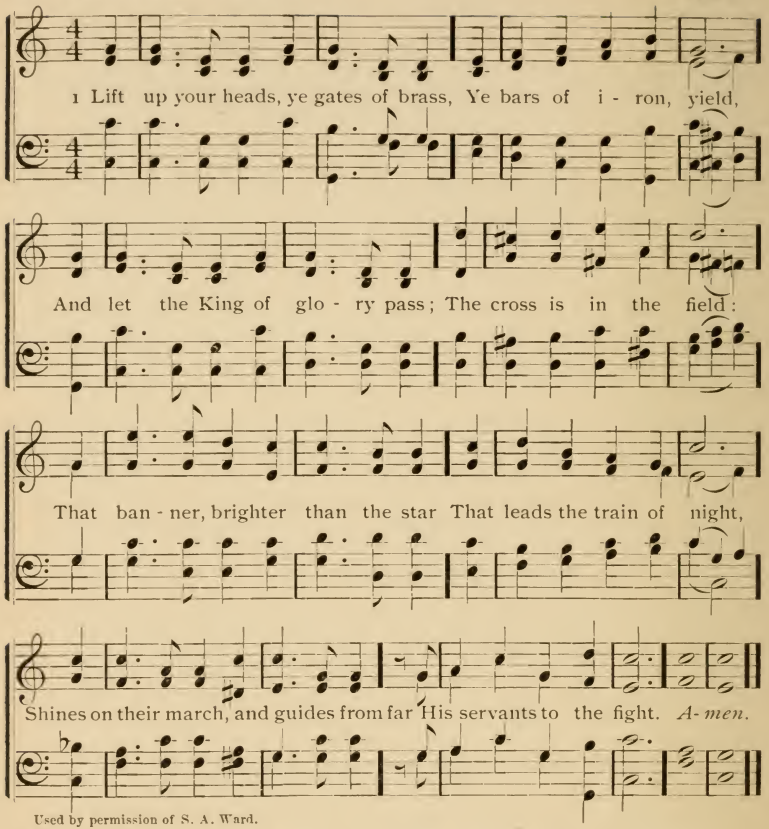
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

38 CALDWILL C. M. D.

S. A. Ward.



Used by permission of S. A. Ward.

2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post;

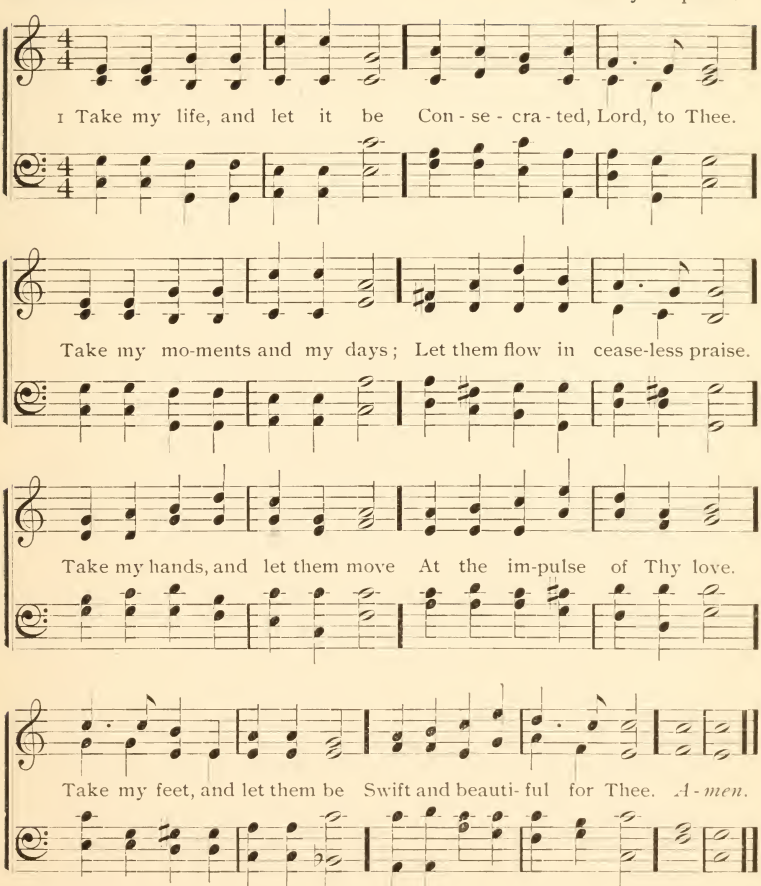
3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.

4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery.

39 CULFORD 7 7 7 7 D.

Edward J. Hopkins.



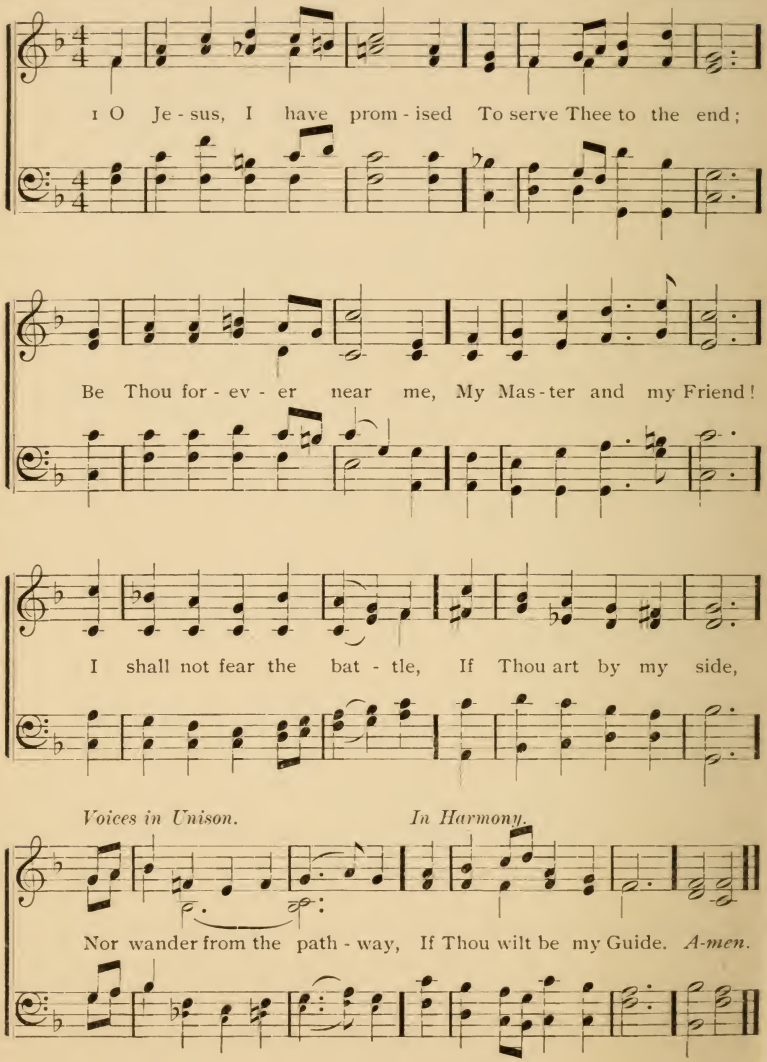
2 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 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.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

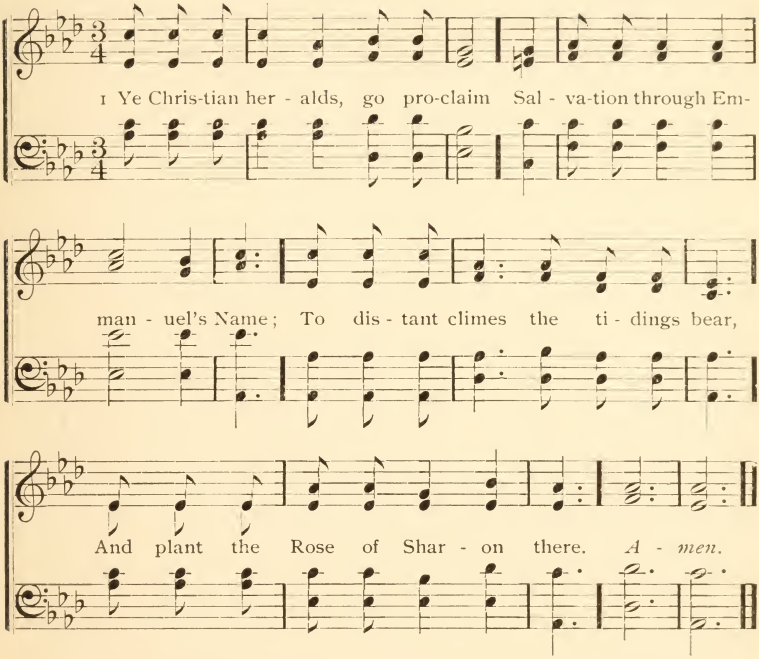
40 DAY OF REST 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

James William Elliott.



41 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner.



2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall;
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Rev. Bourne H. Draper.

---

2 O! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

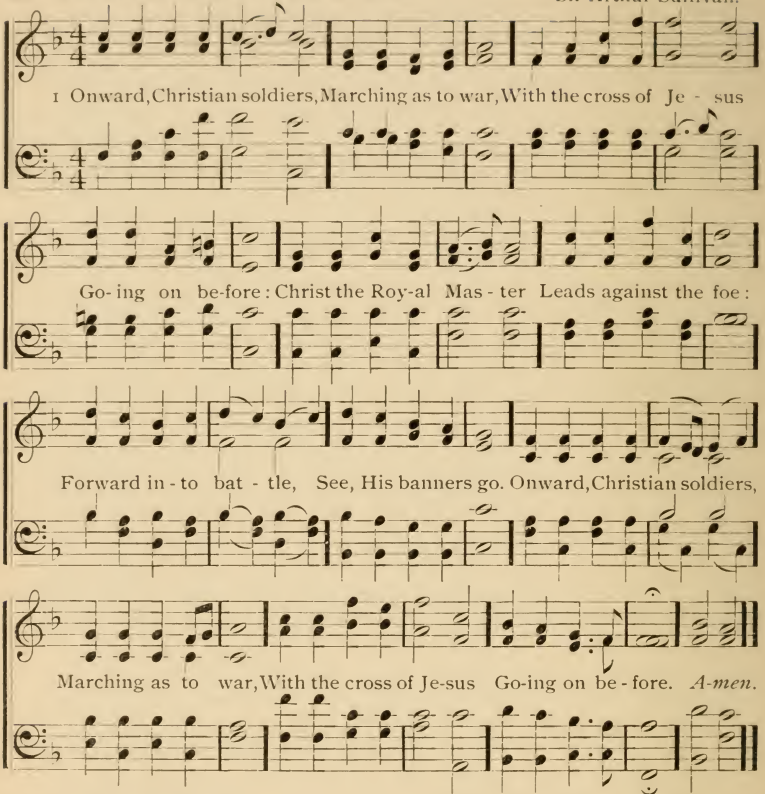
3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

Rev. John E. Bode.

42 ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5 6 5 12 1.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.



2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God:
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

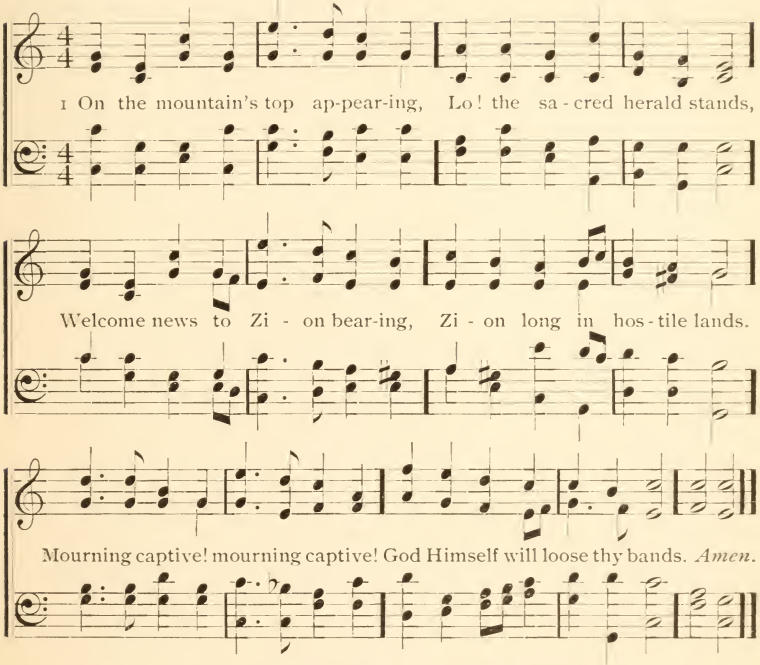
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

43 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 4 7

Henry Smart.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved!

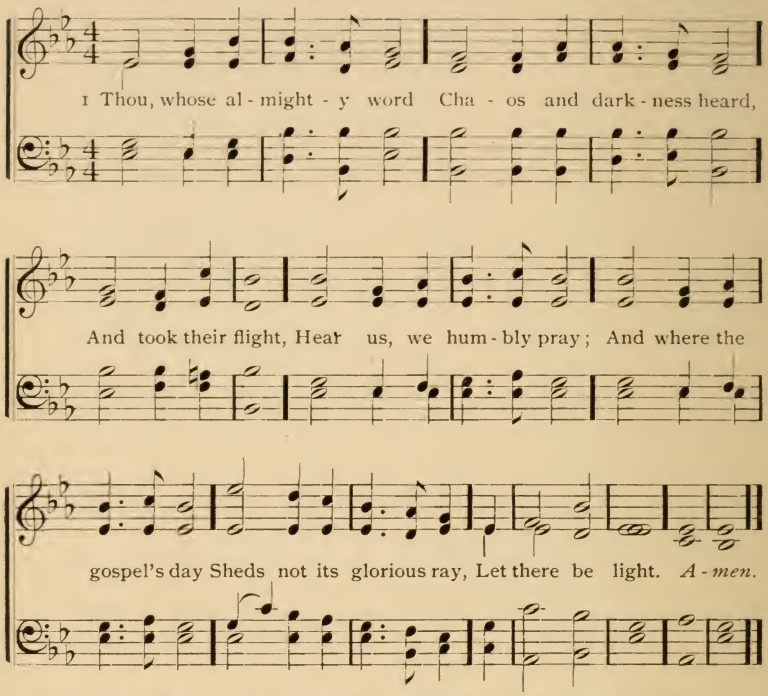
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest!

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

44 OLIVET 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Lowell Mason.



2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

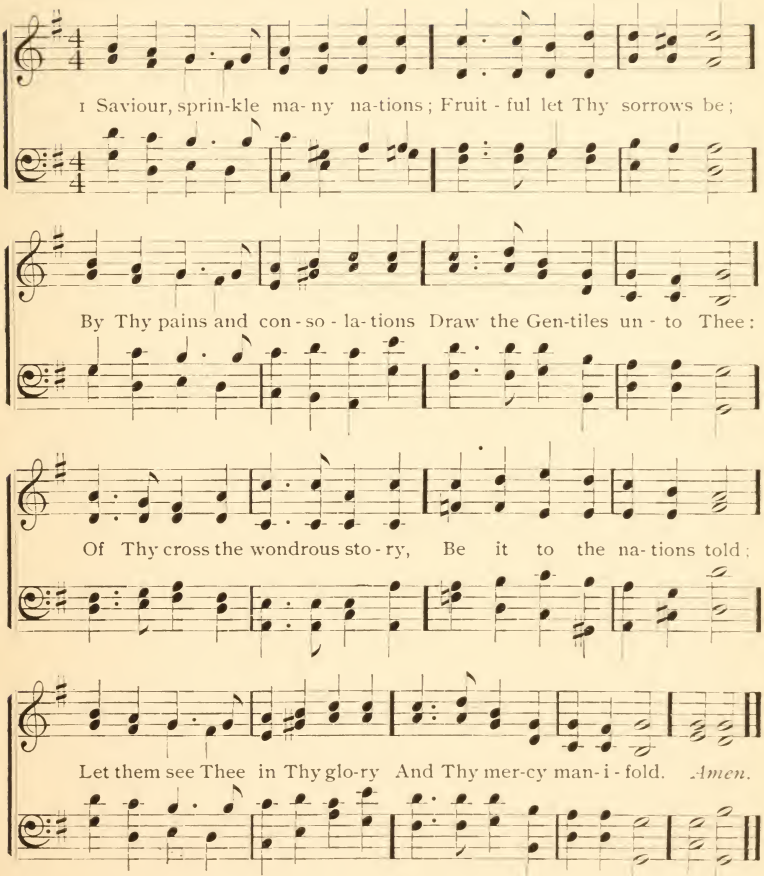
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessèd Three
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

Rev. John Marriott.

45 FALFIELD 8 7 8 7 D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.



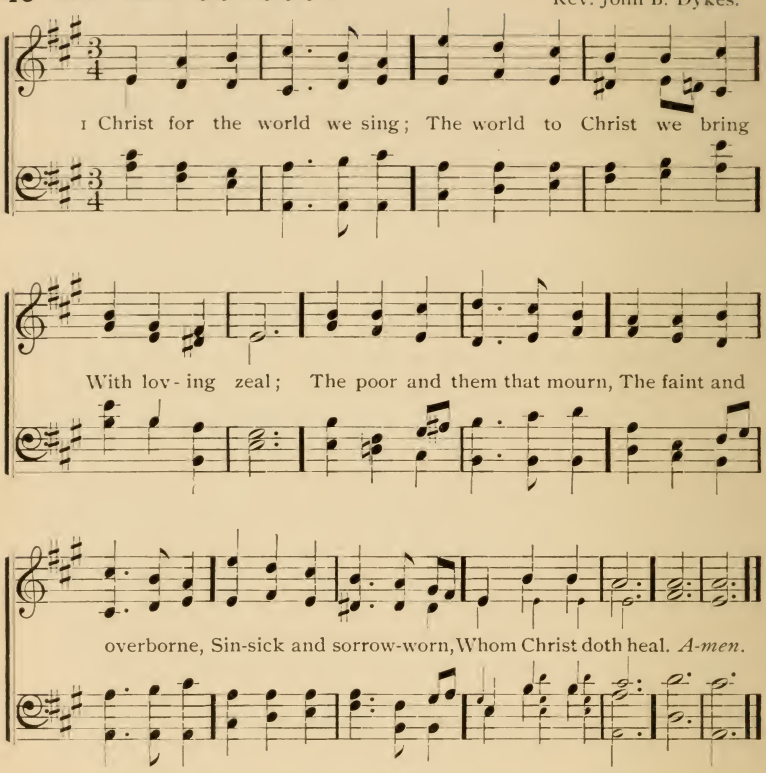
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretch'd the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bishop A. C. Coxe.

46 FIAT LUX 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.



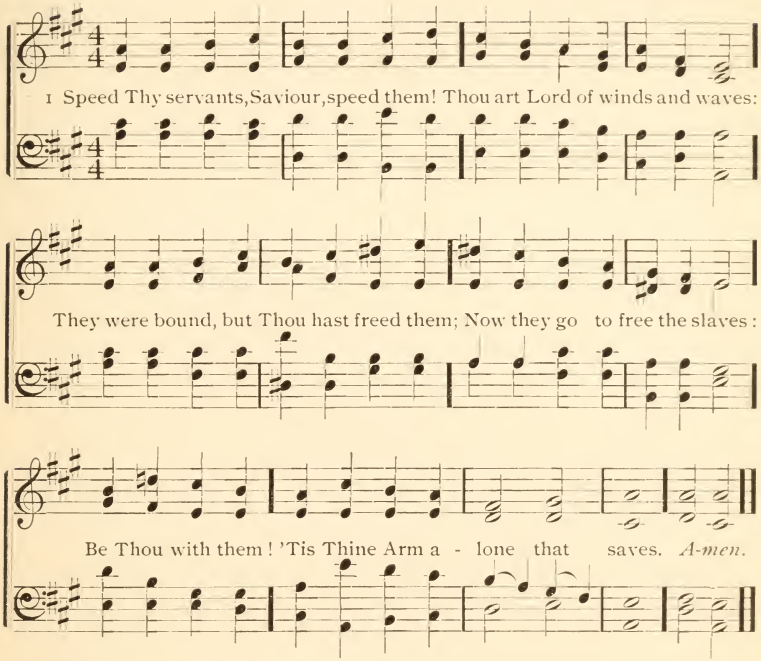
2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

47 SARUM HYMNAL, Tune 244. 8 7 8 7 4 7 Edward John Hopkins.



2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be Thou with them!
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 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!

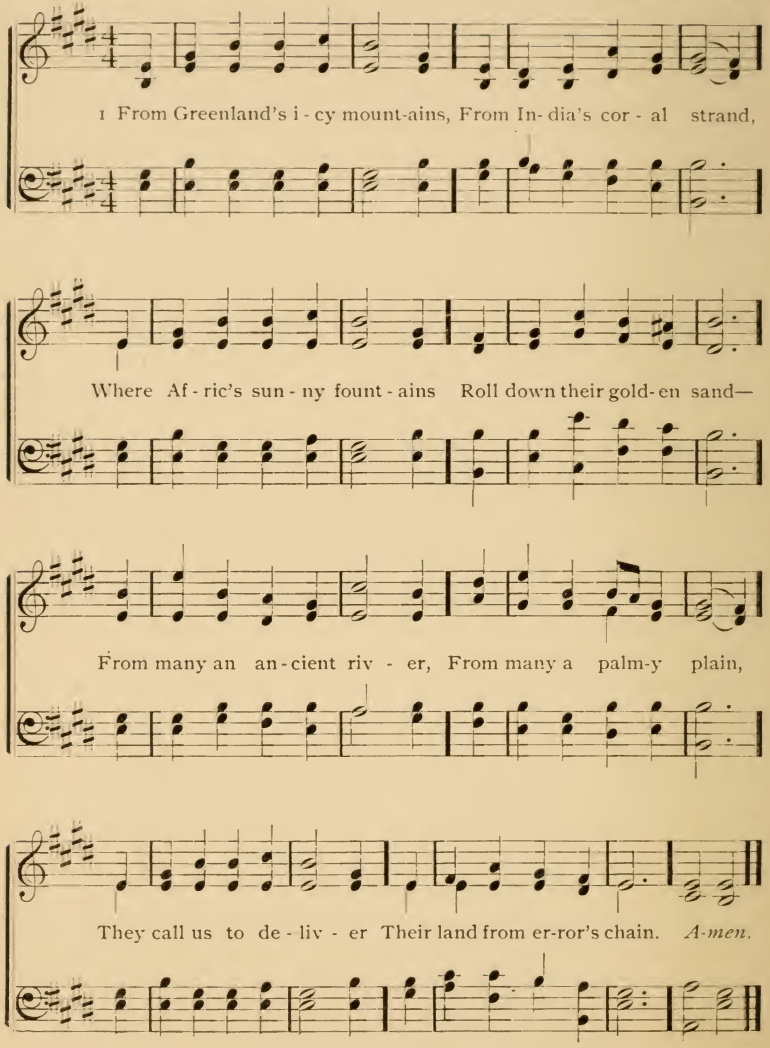
5 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee:
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy Face in Heaven they see;

6 There to reap, in joy forever,
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!

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

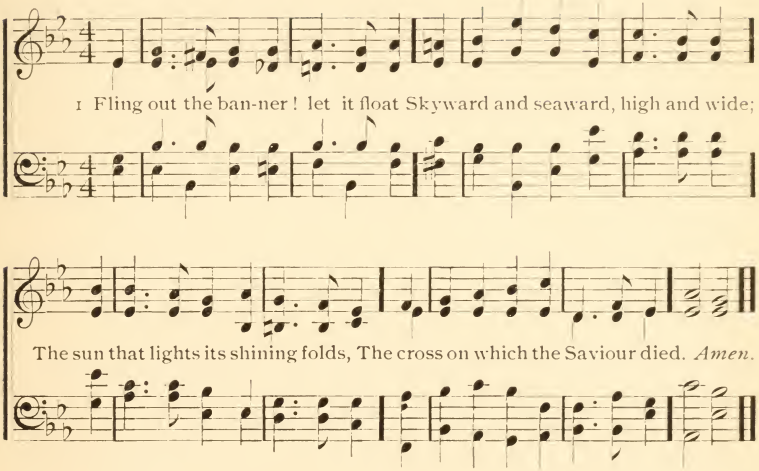
48 MISSIONARY HYMN 7 6 7 6 D.

Lowell Mason.



49 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin.



2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane.

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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.

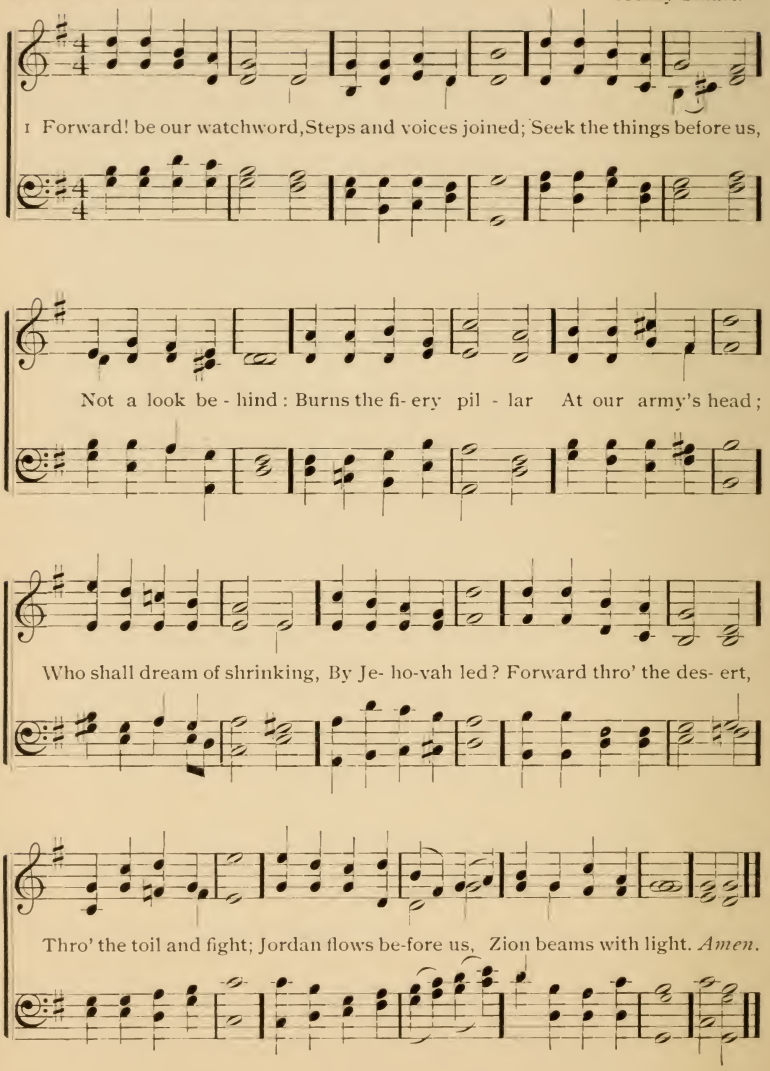
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

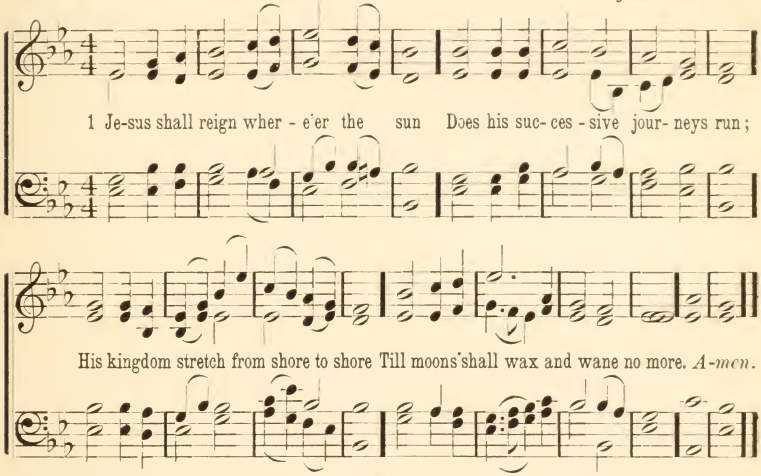
50 FORWARD 6 5 6 5 12 1.

Henry Smart.



51 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton.



2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

---

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's Face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eye be light.

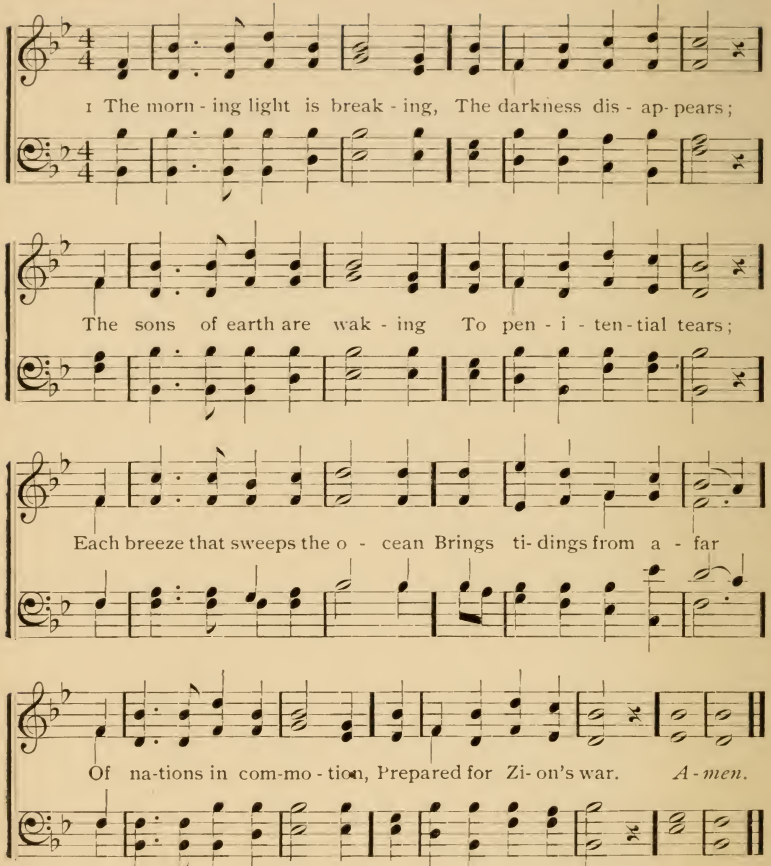
3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Dean Alford

52 WEBB 7 6 7 6 D.

George J. Webb.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

53 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield.

54 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

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

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever,—
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

55 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

1 "The whole wide world for Jesus,"
All creatures great and small,
Come ye, bow down before Him,
God shall be all in all.
Go, Christian men united,
Filled with compassion, sing
The earth's awakening chorus,
Peal forth "Make Jesus King."

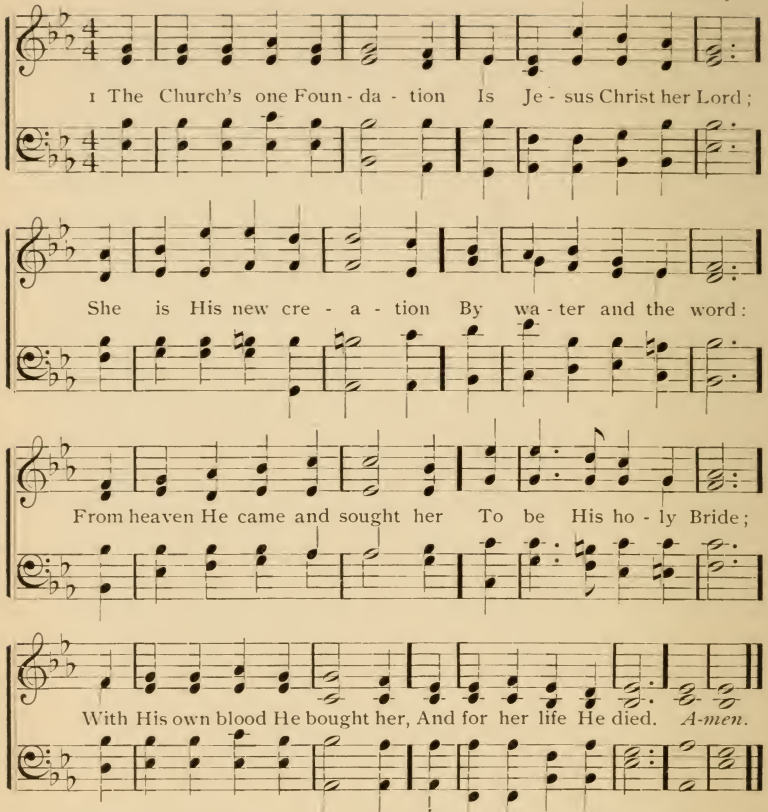
2 "The Gospel of the Kingdom"
Go teach, baptize, to-day
Let all creation listen
Before it pass away.
Those millions groping, longing
For peace, for pardon free,
Tell them the words of Jesus,
Ring out: "Come unto Me."

3 "This generation calleth,"
Shall Christians not obey
Commands of Jesus age-long?
His promise stands to-day:
All power to Me is given,
My banner rests unfurled,
Lo, I am with you alway
Evangelize the world.

Douglas M. Thornton.

56 AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

Samuel S. Wesley.



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

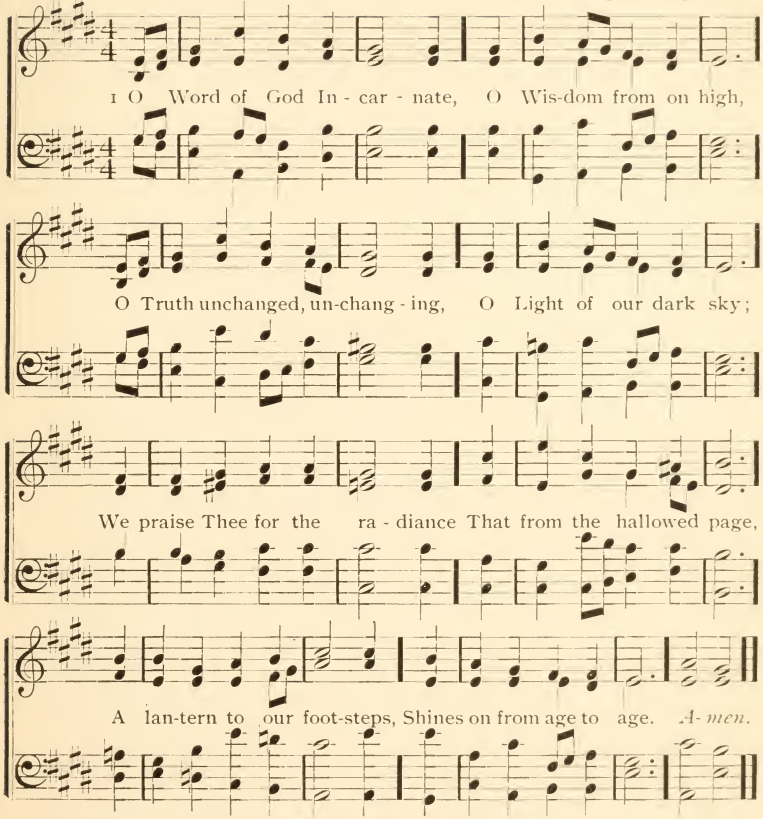
3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone.

57 MUNICH 7 6 7 6 D.

Würtenberg Gesangbuch.



2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

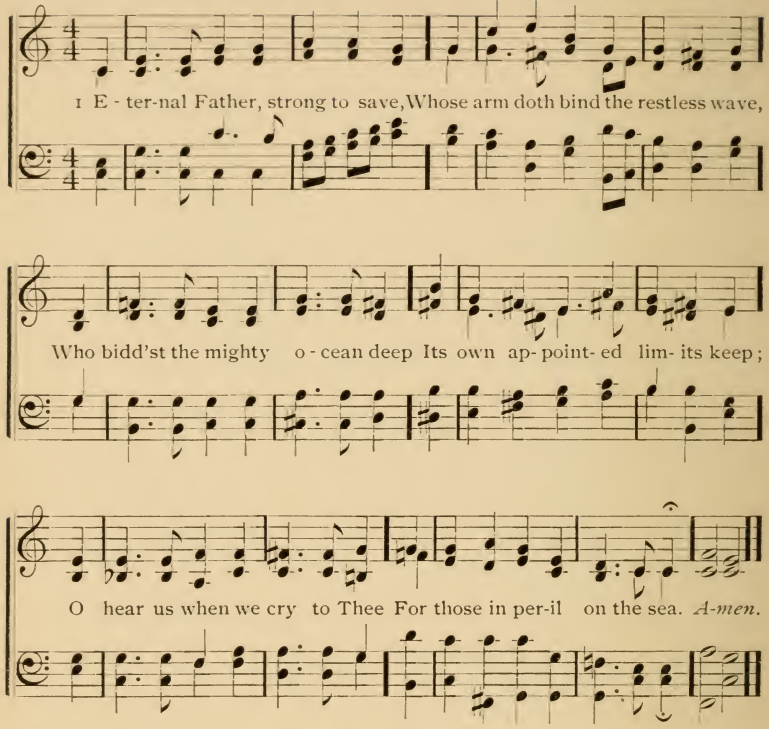
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How.

58 MELITA 8 8 8 8 8 8

Rev. John B. Dykes.



2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

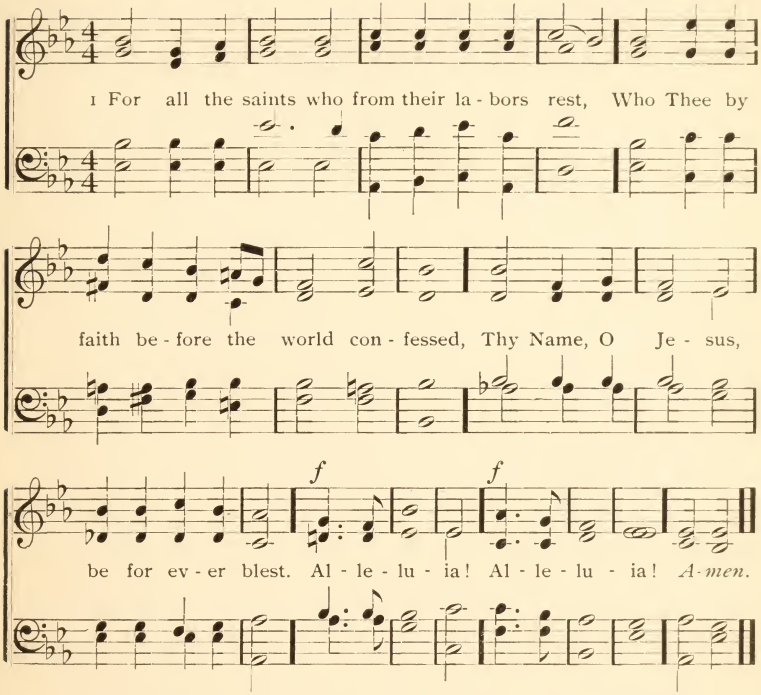
3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea,

William Whiting.

59 SARUM 10 10 10 4

Sir Joseph Barnby.



2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia !

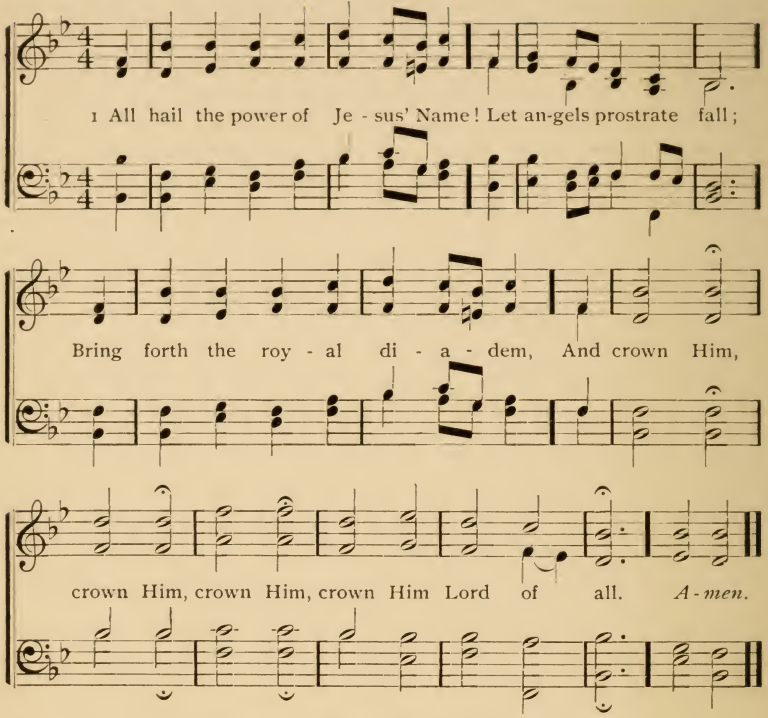
4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia !

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia !

Bishop William W. How.

60 MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole.



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

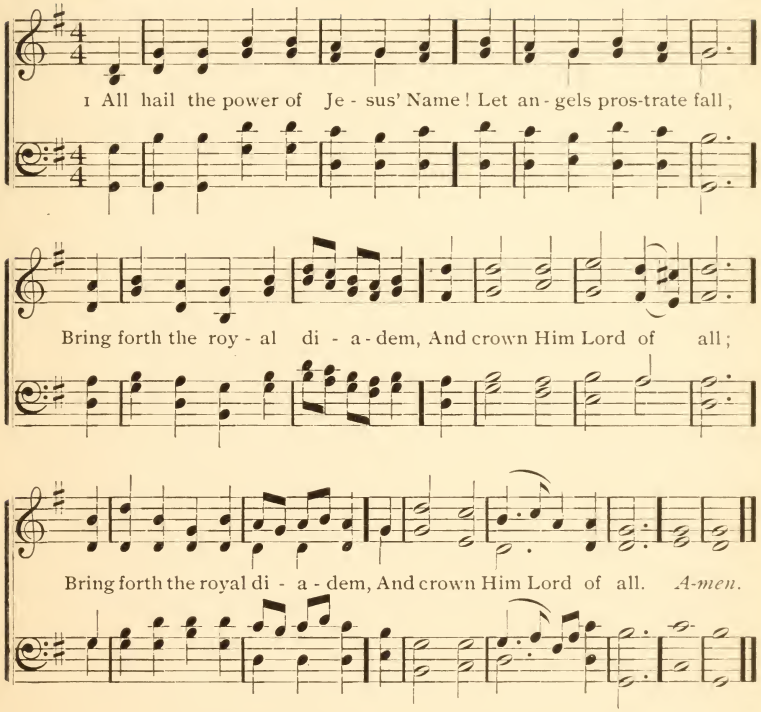
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

61 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden.



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

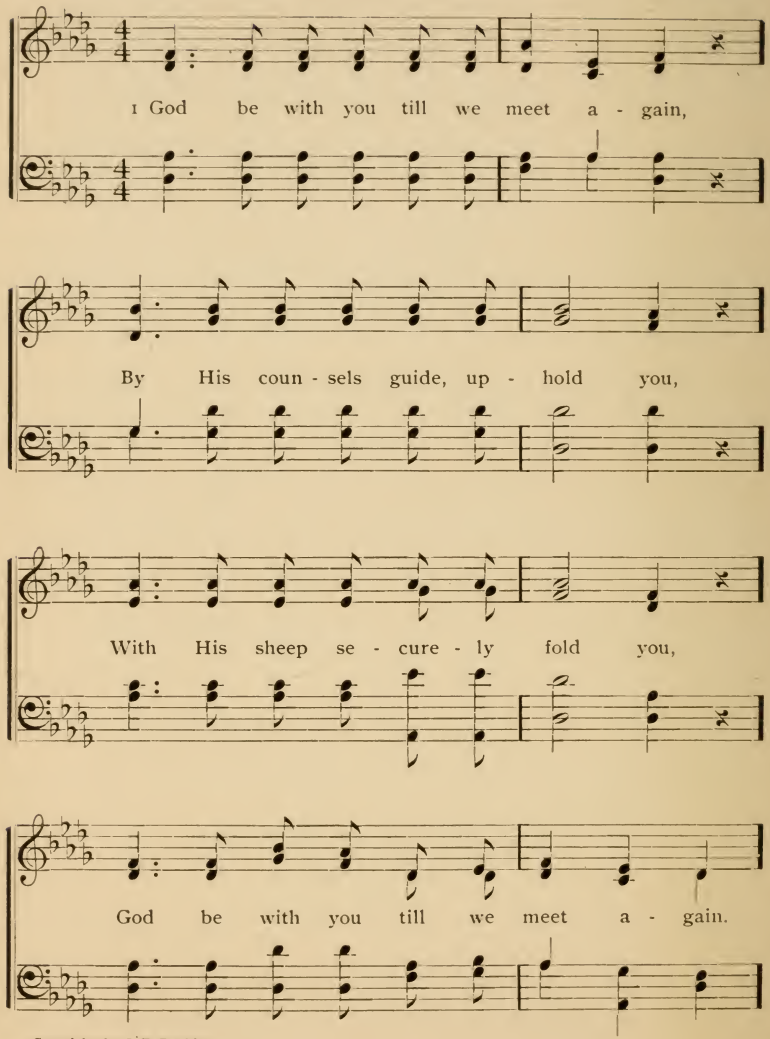
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

62 GOD BE WITH YOU 9 8 8 9 with Refrain.

W. G. Tomer.



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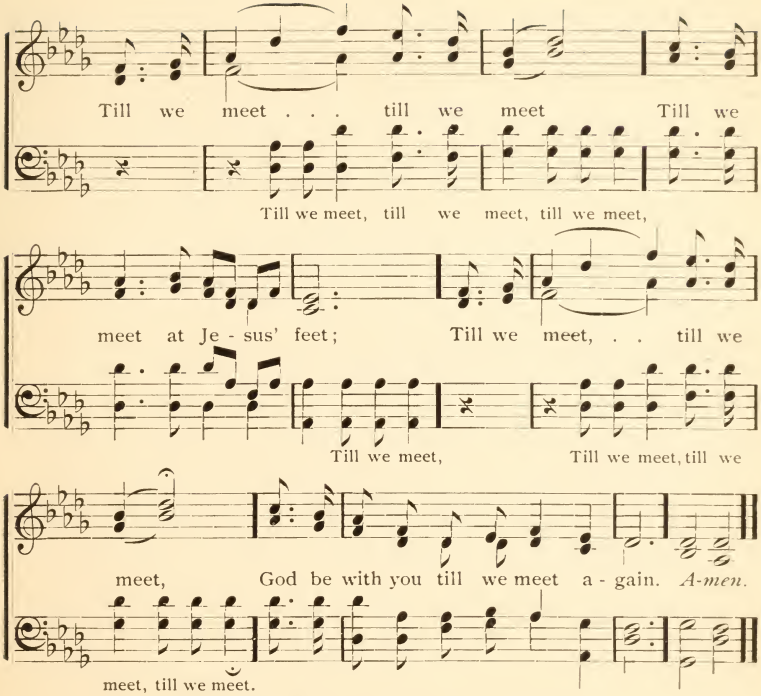


2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

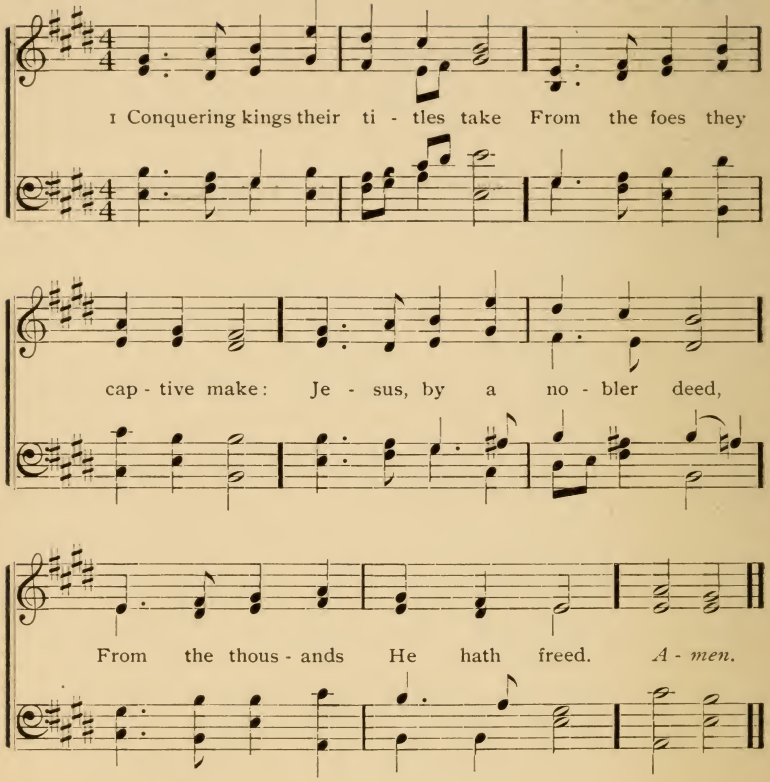
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin.

63 INNOCENTS 7 7 7 7

Ascribed to Pergolesi.



2 Yes ; none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away ?

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.

5 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Paris Breviary.

64 HE LEADETH ME

1 He leadeth me: oh blessèd thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN: 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 calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—REF.

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

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

Used by per. of Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

65 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

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

REFRAIN: I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now my Saviour,—
I come to Thee.

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

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

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

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

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Annie S. Hawks.

66 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

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!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

67 ROCK OF AGES

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,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

68 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

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

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

3 When the sun of 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 there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

69 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

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, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

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

Rev. Charles Wesley.

70 MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST

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

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

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

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

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

71 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

72 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

1 My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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A. J. Gordon.

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