

HYMNS

FOR MISSIONS

WORDS ONLY

F-46.111

P2436

**BIGLOW & MAIN,
NINTH ST., 81 RANDOLPH STREET,
YORK CHICAGO.**

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✓
HYMNS FOR MISSIONS

WITH TUNES.

(WORDS ONLY.)

✓ ✓
SET FORTH UNDER THE AUTHORITY

OF THE

✓ ✓
Parochial Missions Society of the United States.

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BIGLOW & MAIN,

PUBLISHERS,

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PREFACE.

IT is scarcely necessary to say that in sending forth this collection of Mission Hymns, the Parochial Missions Society only attempts temporarily to supply in part what many feel to be a great and immediate want.

To give our Church a permanent Mission Hymn Book is not our province, even if it were within our power.

Experience has abundantly proved, that for at least some departments of aggressive missionary effort, the hymns of our Hymnal are not sufficient. Those who confine themselves to their use, labor at serious disadvantage, at least in their effort to reach certain classes.

It is hoped that most of the hymns and tunes here printed, if they sometimes seem to fall below the classic standards of the Church's Hymnology, will yet be found when more widely used, as they certainly have proved in the somewhat restricted experience of the compilers, means by which to reach and teach some who, in our great communities or scattered hamlets, do not often hear the voice of the Great Shepherd.

W. S. RAINSFORD,
G. R. VAN DE WATER,
J. W. SHACKELFORD,

Committee.

HYMNS FOR MISSIONS.

1

UPLIFT the Banner ! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and
wide :
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2

Uplift the Banner ! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine !

3

Uplift the Banner ! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4

Uplift the Banner ! Let it float [wide ;
Skyward and seaward, high and
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified !

5

Uplift the Banner ! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine ;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours,
We conquer only in that sign.

2

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Of Jesse's stem extol the rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4

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.

5

Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And shout in universal song
And crown Him Lord of all.

6

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet might fall,
Join in the everlasting song
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

MY faith looks up to Thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray :
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream,
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. AMEN.

4

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, oh, 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 ;
Vile, 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. AMEN.

5

COME ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord ;
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

HYMNS FOR MISSIONS.

CHORUS :

3

Only trust Him ! Only trust Him !
 Only trust Him now.
 He will save you, He will save you,
 He will save you now.

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 out-stretched to save,
 Like a watchman set to guard the way
 From that eternal grave.

2

For Jesus shed His precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow ;
 Plunge now into the crimson flood
 That washes white as snow.

4

3
 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
 That leads you into rest ;
 Believe in Him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

Upon that Cross of Jesus,
 Mine eye at times can see,
 The very dying form of One,
 Who suffered there for me ;
 And from my smitten heart with tears,
 Two wonders I confess—
 The wonders of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.

4

Come then, and join this holy band,
 And on to glory go,
 To dwell in that celestial land
 Where joys immortal flow.

5

6

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, [heat,
 From the burning of the noontide
 And the burden of the day.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow,
 For my abiding place ;
 I ask no other sunshine
 Than the sunshine of His face !
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,—
 My sinful self, my only shame,
 My glory, all the Cross.

2

O safe and happy shelter,
 O refuge tried and sweet,
 O trysting-place where Heaven's love
 And Heaven's justice meet !
 As to the holy Patriarch
 That wondrous dream was giv'n,
 So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
 A ladder up to heav'n.

7

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 hath been the midnight,
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

2

O Christ, He is the Fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love !
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :

There to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3

Oh, I am my Belovèd's ;
And my Belovèd'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.

4

With mercy and with judgment
My web of timè 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 my King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth
But on His piercèd hand :
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land. AMEN.

8

LOVE of Jesus all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine ;
Ceasless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid,
Lift Thou up my fainting head,
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillow'd on Thy loving breast.

2

Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me ;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place ;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour :
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3

Thou hast wrought this fond desire.
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy :
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

9

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own.

2

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

3

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear ;

Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smile is thine ;
 What a Saviour died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou re-
 pine ?

4

Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by
 pray'r ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee
 there,
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

10

TROSS'D with rough winds, and faint
 with fear,
 Above the tempest, soft and clear,
 What still small accents greet mine
 ear ?
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

2

'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white ;
 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light !
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

3

These raging winds, this surging sea,
 Have spent their deadly force on Me ;
 They bear no breath of wrath to thee ;
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

4

This bitter cup, I drink it first ;
 To thee it is no draught accurst ;
 The hand that gives it thee is pierced ;
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

5

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
 Mine arms are underneath thy head,
 My blessing is around thee shed ;
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

6

When on the other side thy feet
 Shall rest, 'mid thousand welco
 sweet, [glad,
 One well-known voice thy hear^t shall
 'Tis I ; be not afraid. AMEN.

11

O HOLY Saviour, friend² unseen,
 The faint, the weak, on Thee may
 lean,
 Help me thro'out life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.

2

Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
 When, as the branches to the vine,
 My soul may cling to Thee ?

3

What though the world deceitful
 prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove,
 With patient, uncomplaining love,
 Still would I cling to Thee.

4

Oft when I seem to tread alone,
 Some barren waste with thorns o'er-
 grown,
 A voice of love in gentle tone
 Whispers, " Still cling to Me."

5

Though faith and hope awhile be
 tried,
 We ask not, need not aught beside.
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
 The souls that cling to Thee.

6

They fear not life's rough storms to
brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark
wave
Because they cling to Thee. AMEN.

12

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art,
When shall I find my willing
heart
All taken up with Thee ?
My thirsty spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2

Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3

God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart ;
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4

O that I could forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice :
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

AMEN.

13

TEN thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light ;
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

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

Oh, 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 ; [sig
Show in the heavens Thy promise
Thou Prince and Saviour, come !

14

HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory ;

We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, in grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favor ;
The love divine, that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever.

3

Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near
The fire of tribulation ;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall break through them
And sing the song of Moses. [all,

4

By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us ;
The world despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us ;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right
To call us up to heaven. [hand,
AMEN.

15

COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2

Sent by my Lord, on you I call :
The invitation is to all ;
Come, all the world, come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3

See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace !

4

This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in this moment at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

16

GO, labor on; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

2

Go, labor on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not ;
The Master praises ;—what are men ?

3

Go, labor on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening
on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth
away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and
pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wand'rer to come in.

5

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight cry, Behold I come.

17

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus plead for me;
 Lest by base denial,
 I depart from Thee.
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favor
 Suffer me to fall.

2

With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm:
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm.
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or in darker semblance
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

3

Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil and woe;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below;
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

4

When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesus, take me, dying,
 To eternal life.

AMEN.

18

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar;
 Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant o'er pain;
 Who patient bears his cross below.
 He follows in His train?

2

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save;
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong.
 Who follows in his train?

3

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mock'd the cross and flame;
 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel
 The lion's gory mane; [feel,
 They bow'd their necks the death to
 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 array'd; [heaven
 They climb'd the steep ascent of
 Through peril, toil and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train. AMEN.

19

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy Name shall call;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall:

Hear, then, in love,
O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on
high.

2

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love ;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :

Hear, then, in love,
O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on
high.

3

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on
high.

4

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on
high.

AMEN.

20

FAR from my heav'nly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry,
Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung ;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

3

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee :
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

4

To Thee, to Thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

5

God of my life, be near :
On Thee my hope I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

21

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying, [grave ;
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHORUS—Rescue the perishing, care
for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save

2

Tho' 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

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter, [store.
Feelings lie buried that grace can re-
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [once more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate

4

Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it ; [provide,
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them ; [died.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has

22

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
'Till every foe is vanquish'd,
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 unnumber'd 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,
And, watching unto 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.

23

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

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.

24

THE day is past and over ;
 All thanks, O Lord to Thee ;
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me thro' the coming night.

2

The joys of day are over ;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me thro' the coming night.

3

The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be :
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight
 And guard me thro' the coming night.

4

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I,
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphant shall cry,
 " Against him I have now prevailed ;
 Rejoice ! the child of God has failed."

5

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.

O loving Jesus, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.
 AMEN.

25

MY hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righte-
 ousness ;
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
 All other ground is shifting sand.

2

When clouds and darkness veil His
 face,
 I rest on His unchanging grace ;
 On ev'ry high and stormy gale
 My anchor holds within the vale.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
 All other ground is shifting sand.

3

His Word, His Covenant, His Blood,
 Support me in the 'whelming flood ;
 When all around my soul gives way
 He then is all my help and stay.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
 All other ground is shifting sand.

4

When He shall come, with trumpet
 sound,
 Oh ! may I then in Him be found ;
 Clothed in His righteousness alone,
 Faultless to stand before the Throne.
 On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
 All other ground is shifting sand.

26

REST of the weary, joy of the sad ;
 Hope of the dreary, light of the
 glad ; [end ;
 Home of the stranger, strength to the
 [Friend.
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and

2

Pillow, where, lying, love rests its
head ;
Peace of the dying, life of the dead ;
Path of the lowly, prize at the end ;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and
Friend.

3

When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee
cry ;
Crown of the humble, cross of the high ;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4

Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee, blessing, glory and
praise :—
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

27

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark
world of sin ? [within.
The blood of Jesus whispers peace

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 ? [is found.
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm

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 ? [throne.
Jesus we know, and He is on the

6

Peace, perfect peace, death shadow-
ing us and ours ? [its powers.
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all

7

It is enough : earth's struggles soon
shall cease, [peace.
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect
AMEN.

28

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

2

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

3

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

2

Come to Jesus ! sin no more,
But on thy bended knees implore,
And knock in faith at mercy's door,
He's sure to welcome thee.

3

Come to Jesus ! lift an eye ;
There's pray'r in ev'ry contrite sigh
And ev'ry groan, for God is nigh,
He'll bow His ear to thee.

4

Come to Jesus ! all is free
Hark ! how He calls, " Come unto Me !
I cast out none, I'll pardon thee."
Oh, thou shalt welcome be.

5

Come to Jesus ! cling to Him,
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,
Thou shalt at last the vict'ry win ;
And He will welcome thee.

6

Come to Jesus ! do not stand,
The father draws—'tis His command,
And none shall pluck thee from His
No—that can never be. [hand,

7

Come to Jesus ! Lord, I come ;
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home ;
I know He'll welcome me.

32

DRAW near and take the body of
your Lord, [outpour'd.
And drink the holy blood for you

2

Saved by His body, hallow'd by his
blood, [to God.
With souls refresh'd we render thanks

3

Salvation's Giver, Christ, the only
Son, [won.
By His dear cross and blood the vict'ry

4

Offered was He for greatest and for
least, [Priest.
Himself the Victim and Himself the

5

Victims were offer'd by the law of old
Which in a type celestial mysteries
told.

6

He, Ransomer from death, and Light
from shade, [to aid.
Now gives His holy grace His saints

7

Approach ye then with faithful hearts
sincere, [here.
And take the pledges of salvation

8

He, that in this world rules His
saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields.

9

With heavenly bread makes them
that hunger whole, [soul.
Gives living waters to the thirsting

10

O Judge of all, our only Saviour Thou,
In this Thy feast of love be with us
now.

33

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
 reviv'd,
 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 look'd to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 'Till trav'ling days are done.

34

COME to our poor nature's night
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Holy Ghost, the Infinite
 Comforter divine.

2

We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord,
 Sick and faint Thy strength afford;
 Lost until by Thee restor'd,
 Comforter divine.

3

Orphans are our souls and poor,
 Give us from Thy heavenly store
 Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
 Comforter divine.

4

Like the dew Thy peace distil,
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
 Comforter divine.

5

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
 Make Thy temple in each breast,
 Sanctify Thy place of rest,
 Comforter divine.

6

In us—for us—intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter divine.

7

In us Abba Father cry,
 Earnest of our bliss on high
 Seal of immortality,
 Comforter divine.

8

Search for us the depth of God,
 Bear us up the starry road
 To the height of Thine abode,
 Comforter divine.

35

"COME unto Me, ye weary,
 And I will give you rest."
 Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
 Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
 It tells of benediction,
 Of pardon, grace and peace,
 Of joy that hath no ending,
 Of love which cannot cease.

2

“Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light.”
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3

“Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.”
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4

And “Whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.”
Oh, patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

36

HARK, the voice of Jesus crying,
“Who will go and work to-day?
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

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
With your prayers and with your
bounties,
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

4

If, among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
“Feed my lambs,” said Christ our
Shepherd,
“Place the food within their reach.”
And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

5

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.”

37

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,
O words with heav'nly 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 foll'wer I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom, [bloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

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.

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.

38

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases—
He all my sorrows shares.

3

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord—
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child ;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

39

CALL them in,—the poor, the wretch-
ed,
Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold ;
Peace and pardon freely offer : [gold?
Can you weigh their worth with
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 stranger 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 broken-hearted,
Cow'ring '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 ;
Call them in,—the lost and lonely,
Christ is coming—call them in.

40

YES, we part, but not forever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell ;
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a long, a last farewell,
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this passing vale.

2

Oh, what meetings are before us !
Brighter far than tongue can tell,
Glorious meetings to restore us—
Him with whom we love to dwell,
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell !

3

Thus we part, but not forever,
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell !
They who love the Savior, never
Know a last, a long farewell,
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale.

41

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.

CHO.—Draw me nearer, blessed Lord,
To the Cross where Thou hast died ;
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed
Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2

Consecrate me now to Thy service,
By the pow'r of grace divine ; [Lord,
Let my soul look up with a steady
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
Till I cross the narrow sea ; [touch
There are heights of joy that I may
not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

42

I WAS wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me :
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me !
My sheep should never fear Me,
I am the Shepherd true."

2

At first I would not hearken,
 But put off till to-morrow;
 But life began to darken,
 And I was sick with sorrow:
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along his way,
 "O silly souls," &c.

3

At last I stopped to listen,
 His voice could ne'er deceive me;
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,
 So anxious to relieve me:
 And I thought I heard Him say,
 As He came along His way,
 "O silly souls," &c.

4

He took me on His shoulder,
 And tenderly He kissed me;
 He bade my love grow bolder,
 And said how He had missed me:
 And I'm sure I heard him say,
 As He went along His way,
 "O silly souls," &c.

5

I thought His love would weaken
 As more and more He knew me;
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go thro' me:
 And I always hear Him say,
 As He comes along His way,
 "O silly souls," &c.

6

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
 What will best and always please us;
 Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus!
 We shall ever hear Him say,
 As He goes along His way,
 "O silly souls," &c.

43

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild, restless sea;
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2

As of old Apostles heard it,
 By the Galilean lake, [dred,
 Turned from home, and toil and kin-
 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 Thine obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

44

JESUS Christ is passing by;
 Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
 As the precious moments flee,
 Cry, "Be merciful to me."

2

Jesus Christ is passing by;
 Will He always be so nigh?
 Now is the accepted day,
 Seek for healing while you may.

3

Fearest thou He will not hear?
 Art thou bidden to forbear?
 Let no obstacle defeat;
 Yet more earnestly entreat.

4

Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of
 Me?"
 Rise and tell Him all thy need;
 Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5

"Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
 Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
 Let it penetrate my soul;
 All my heart and life control."

6

Oh how sweet! the touch of power
 Comes; it is salvation's hour:
 Jesus gives from guilt release;
 Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7

Glory to the Saviour's Name!
 He is ever still the same;
 To His matchless honor raise
 Never-ending songs of praise.

45

A PILGRIM thro' 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.

46

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to
 face; [things unseen;
 Here faith can touch and handle
 Here would I grasp with firmer hand
 Thy grace, [lean.
 And all my weariness upon Thee

2

Here would I feed upon the bread
 of God; [of heav'n;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine
 Here would I lay aside each earthly
 load; [given.
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-

3

I have no help but Thine; nor do I
 need [upon;
 Another arm save Thine to lean
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy
 might alone.

4

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; [cleansing blood;
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the love
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my
 peace, [Lord, my God.
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O

5

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear; [past and gone;
 The feast, though not the love, is
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou
 art here [and Sun.
 Nearer than ever—still my Shield

6

Feast after feast thus comes and
 passes by, [above;
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast
 Giving sweet foretastes of the festal
 joy, [bliss and love.
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of
 AMEN.

47

I AM coming to the Cross;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 I am counting all but dross;
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting Lord in Thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me
 now.

2

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
 "I will cleanse thee from all sin."

3

Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store.
 Soul and body Thine to be,
 Wholly Thine for evermore.

4

In the promises I trust,
 Now I know the blood applied.
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5

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

CHO.—Still I'm trusting, Lord, in
 Thee
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
 Jesus saves me, saves me now.

48

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

CHO.—I need Thee, oh I need Thee;
 Ev'ry 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 fulfill.

5

I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

49

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.

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 or 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. **AMEN.**

50

MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of ev'ry precious thing.

2

Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill ;
The waters of the earth have failed
And I am thirsty still.

3

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

4

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!

5

I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

6

There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best.

7

A prayer, reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

51

MOURNER wheresoe'er thou art,
At the cross there's room!
Tell the burden of thy heart;
At the cross there's room!
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine ev'ry fear,
Only speak and He will hear
At the cross there's room!

2

Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not,
At the cross there's room!
Seek that consecrated spot;
At the cross there's room!
Heavy laden, sore oppress'd,
Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the cross there's room!

3

Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
"At the cross there's room!"
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free;
At the cross there's room!

4

Blessed thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
Oh that all the world might know,
At the cross there's room!

52

THROUGH the love of God our
Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that heal'd us;
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to
shield us;
All must be well.

2

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation.
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3

We expect a bright to-morrow;
 All will be well.
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well.
 On our Father's love relying
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living or in dying,
 All must be well. AMEN.

53

O JESUS, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end;
 Be Thou forever near me,
 My Master and my Friend!
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2

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

3

O let me hear Thee speaking,
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion
 The murmurs of self-will;
 Oh! speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control.
 Oh! speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

4

Oh! let me see Thy features,
 The look that once could make
 So many a true disciple
 Leave all things for Thy sake;
 The look that beamed on Peter,
 When he Thy name denied:
 The look that draws Thy lovers
 Close to Thy pierced side.

5

Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
 And in them plant my own;
 My hope to follow duly,
 Is in Thy strength alone.
 Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end,
 And then in heaven receive me.
 My Saviour and my Friend. AMEN.

54

O JESUS, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-clos'd door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er;
 We bear the name of Christians,
 His name and sign we bear;
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,
 To keep Him standing there.

2

O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
 And lo! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred;
 O love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait!
 O sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate!

3

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

AMEN.

55

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be forever.

2

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

3

Lift thine ear, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it repositeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him forever. AMEN

56

PRAISE, praise ye the Name of
Jehovah our God; [abroad.
Declare, O declare ye His glories
Proclaim ye His mercy from na-
tion to nation,

Till the uttermost islands have
heard His salvation;
For His love floweth on free and full
as a river, [and ever.
And His mercy endureth for ever

2

Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for
sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave, and as-
cended again;
And who soon shall return when these
dark days are o'er, [power;
To set up His kingdom in glory and
For His love floweth on free and full
as a river, [ever!
And His mercy endureth for ever and

3

Then the heaven and the earth and
the sea shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the
glad voice, [in green,
The sands of the desert shall flourish
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the
scene; [as a river,
For His love floweth on free and full
And His mercy endureth for ever and
ever!

4

Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious
day, [people to reign,
For her King cometh down with His
And His presence shall bless her with
Eden again; [as a river,
For His love floweth on free and full
And His mercy endureth for ever and
ever!

57

O, THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity,

Plead in vain and proudly answer'd,
 "All of self, and none of Thee,
 All of self, and none of Thee."

2

Yet, He found me ; I beheld Him
 Bleeding on the cursed tree,
 Heard Him pray,
 " Forgive them, Father,"
 And my wistful heart said faintly—
 " Some of self, and some of Thee."

3

Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
 Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
 Brought me lower, while I whis-
 pered,
 " Less of self, and more of Thee."

4

Higher than the highest heavens,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
 Grant me now my spirit's longing,—
 " None of self, and all of Thee."

58

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
 Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
 From a love so true and deep ?
 Was there ever kinder shepherd,
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round his feet ?

2

It is God ! His love looks mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems ;
 'Tis our Father, and his fondness,
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

3

There is no place where earth's sor-
 rows
 Are more felt than up in heaven ;
 There is no place where earth's fail-
 ings
 Have such kindly judgment given.
 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in His blood.

4

There is grace enough for thousands.
 Of new worlds as great as this ;
 There is room for fresh creations
 In that upper home of bliss.
 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind ;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

5

But we make his love too narrow,
 By false limits of our own ;
 And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.
 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed ;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

6

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,
 And oh ! come not doubting thus,
 But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His great tenderness for us.
 If our love were but more simple
 We should take Him at His word ;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

59

THOU hidden love of God, whose
 height, [knows,
 Whose depth unfathom'd no man
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2

Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove,
 And fain I would ; but tho' my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions
 rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3

Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to
 share?
 Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there.
 Then shall my heart from earth be
 free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

4

O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive ;
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but Thee.

5

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call :
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all :
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

60

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in pray'r !
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in pray'r.

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 ?
 Rest on Him thy spirit's burden,
 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.

61

WORK, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work, 'mid springing flow'rs ;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

2

Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon :
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store :
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work for daylight flies :
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more :
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

62

O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sin that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

3

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

4

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb. AMEN.

63

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless
 days ?

2

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let night disown each radiant star ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness
 flee.

3

Ashamed of Jesus ! O as soon
 Let morning blush to own the sun ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His Name.

5.

Ashamed of Jesus ! empty pride ;
 I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;
 And O may this my portion be,
 My Saviour not ashamed of me. AMEN

64

ONLY one prayer to-day,
 One earnest, tearful plea ;
 A litany from out the heart—
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

2

Altho' my sin is great,
 Still to my God I flee ;
 Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
 "Have mercy, Lord, on me."

3

Because of Jesus' Cross,
And that unfathom'd sea— [world,
The crimson tide which laves the
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4

No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be :
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

5

In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free ;
In life to die, in death to live—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

65

“ 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

Day is declining, and the sun is low :
The shadows lengthen, light makes
haste to go.

3

The bridal hall is filling for the feast,
Pass in, pass in and be the Bride-
groom's guest.

4

It fills, it fills that hall of jubilee !
Make haste, make haste: 'tis not too
full for thee.

5

Yet there is room ! Still open stands
the gate, [late.
The gate of love; it is not yet too

6

Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for
thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7

All heaven is there; all joy ! Go in, go
in, [win.
The angels beckon thee the prize to

8

Louder and sweeter, sounds the loving
call: [tal hall.
Come, lingerer, come; enter that fes-

9

Ere night that gate may close, and
seal thy doom:
Ther the last, low, long cry, “ No
room, no room ! ”
REF.—“ No room, no room ! ” Oh,
woeful cry, “ No room ! ”

66

LD, I hear of show'rs of blessing,
L Thou art scatt'ring full and free !
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;
Let one drop but fall on me—
Even me !

2

Pass me not ! O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me—
Even me !

3

Pass me not ! O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me !

4

Pass me not! O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me—
 Even me!

5

Have I long in sin been sleeping—
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me—
 Even me!

6

Love of God—so pure and changless;
 Blood of God—so rich and free;
 Grace of God—so strong and bound-
 Magnify it all in me— [less,
 Even me!

7

Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
 All my heart to Thee is springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—
 Even me!

67

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 ev'ry hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home.

2

What tho' 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

Therefore I murmur not;
 Heaven is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home.
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand,
 Heaven is my fatherland,
 Heaven is my home. AMEN.

68

JESUS, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 And, altho' the way be cheerless,
 We will follow calm and fearless:
 Guide us by Thy hand,
 To our Fatherland.

2

If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For through many a foe
 To our home we go.

3

When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When oppressed by new temptations,
 Lord, increase and perfect patience:
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

4

Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won:
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us.
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland. AMEN.

69

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 a 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 sendest 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

And, when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. **AMEN.**

70

JESUS my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling
place,
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and
more.

2

Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and
more.

3

Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and
more.

4

Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou blest Saviour, Thou art
mine;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and
more.

71

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come
down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2

Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry loving breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3

Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing ;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be :
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

72

THERE is a Name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine 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 me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste and wild.

4

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.

5

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

6

And there with all the blood-bought
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

73

YE that pass by, behold the Man,
The man of Grievs condemned for
you !
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2

See there His temples crown'd with
thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,

His streaming feet transfixed and
torn,
The fountain gushing from His side !

3

Where is the King of Glory now !—
The everlasting Son of God ?
Th' Immortal hangs His languid
brow ;
Th' Almighty faints beneath His

4

Beneath *my* load He faints and dies :
I filled His soul with pangs un-
known,
I caused those mortal groans and cries
I killed the Father's only Son.

74

COME my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2

Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For His grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3

With my burden I begin :
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,

5

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

75

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

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
My shield and hiding-place, [build,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4

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.

5

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

76

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed ?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and
Be at rest !" [coming,

2

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide ?
 " In His feet and hands are wound-
 And His side ! " [prints

3

Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns ?
 " Yes, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns ! "

4

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 " Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away ! "

5

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 " Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past ! "

6

Finding, following, serving, trusting,
 Is He sure to bless ?
 " Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
 Answer, Yes ! "

77

NO ; not despairingly
 Come I to Thee ;
 No ; not distrustingly
 Bend I the knee.
 Sin hath gone over me,
 Yet is this still my plea,
 Yet is this still my plea,
 Jesus hath died.

2

Ah, mine iniquity
 Crimson hath been
 Infinite, infinite,

Sin upon sin ;
 Sin of not loving Thee,
 Sin of not trusting Thee,
 Infinite sin.

3

Lord, I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin ;
 All I am, tell I Thee,
 All I have been.
 Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Lord, make me clean.

4

Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all ;
 Loving and kind art Thou,
 When poor ones call ;
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God,
 Pass o'er my soul.

5

Then all is peace and light
 This soul within :
 Thus shall I walk with Thee
 The loved unseen.
 Leaning on Thee my God,
 Guided along the road,
 Nothing between. AMEN.

78

" CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet re-
 pose,"
 Hear thy guardian Angel say ;
 Thou art in the midst of foes ;
 " Watch and pray."

2

Principalities and pow'rs,
 Must'ring their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
 " Watch and pray."

3

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambushed lies the evil one ;
 " Watch and pray."

4

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
 " Watch and pray."

5

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
 " Watch and pray."

6

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
 " Watch and pray."

79

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare ;
Speak with the voice that wakes the
And make Thy people hear. [dead,

2

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death ;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the bread of life,
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.

5

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours ?

80

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd.
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite known,
Could my tears forever 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 mine eyes shall 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.

81

O! DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against
the light!

Poor sinner, harden not the heart;
Thou would'st be sav'd—Why not
to-night?

2

To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night?

3

The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou would'st 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 would'st be saved—Why not
to-night?

5

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun?
Thou would'st be saved—Why not
to-night?

82

O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:—

2

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne.
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;—

3

A humble, holy, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4

A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And filled with love divine, [good,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and
A copy, Lord, of Thine;—

5

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

83

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2

No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the memory find, [frame,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The 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
Nor 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 prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.

84

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

2

Once more 'tis even-tide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills, draw
near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art
here.

3

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

4

And some have found the world is
vain, [free;
Yet from the world they break not
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;

And they who fain would serve Thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6

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

7

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless
fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

85

COME! with all Thy sorrow,
Weary wandering soul,
Come to Him who loves thee,
He will make thee whole.
There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest!

2

He, thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be,
Cast on Him thy burden,
He will care for thee,
There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest!

3

Come, in faith believing.
To His will resigned,
Ask and He will give thee,
Seek and ye shall find.
There is rest in Jesus,
Sweet, sweet rest!

4

See the door of mercy !
 Would't thou enter there ?
 Knock and He will open,
 Lo ! the key is prayer.
 There is rest in Jssus,
 Sweet, sweet rest !

86

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
 Because Thy promise I believe, [lieve!
 O Lamb of God, I come !

6

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

7

Just as I am, of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and
 height to prove,
 Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

87

WEARY of earth and laden with my
 sin, [in;
 I look to Heav'n and long to enter
 But there no evil thing may find a
 home, ["Come."
 And yet I heard a voice that bids me

2

So vile I am, how dare I hope to
 stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land?
 Before the whiteness of that throne
 appear ? [draw me near.
 Yet there are Hands stretched out to

3

The while I fain would tread the
 heavenly way,
 Evil is ever with me day by day ;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings
 fall, [loosed from all."
 "Repent, confess, thou shalt be

4

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
 His are the Hands stretched out to
 draw me near, [atone,
 And His the blood that can for all
 And set me faultless there before the
 throne.

5

'Twas He who found me on the death-
 ly wild, [Father's child.
 And made me heir of heaven, the

And day by day, whereby my soul may
live, [give.
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will

6

O great Absolver, grant my soul may
wear [prayer ;
The lowliest garb of penitence and
That in the Father's courts my glor-
ious dress [eousness.
May be the garment of Thy right-

7

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me right-
eous Lord ; [reward ;
Thine all the merit, mine the great
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the
golden crown ; [laid down.
Mine the life won, and Thine the life

8

Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all
I owe, [bestow ;
Yet let my full heart, what it can,
Like Mary's gift let my devotion
prove,—
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

88

THO' love may weep with breaking
heart, [Thine,
There comes, O Christ, a day of
There is a morning star may shine,
And all these shadows shall depart,
There is a morning star may shine,
And all these shadows shall depart.

2

Tho' faith may droop and tremble
here,
That day of light shall surely come—
His path hath led him safely home,
When twilight breaks, the dawn is
near.

3

Tho' hope seem to have hoped in
vain,
And Death seem King of all below ;
There yet shall come the morning
glow,
And wake our slumb'ers once again.

89

ON the Resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !

2

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness—
Wrapt in sleep.

3

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn,
Till there breaks the last and bright-
Eastern morn. [est

4

But thy soul in contemplation,
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Breaking at the Resurrection
Into song.

5

Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

6

Oh ! the beauty, oh ! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day !
Which shall not, thro' endless ages,
Pass away !

7

On that happy Easter morning
 All the graves their dead restore :
 Father, sister, child and mother,
 Meet once more.

8

To that brightest of all meetings
 Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last ;
 To Thy Cross, thro' death and judg-
 Holding fast. [ment,

90

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
 Ere it pass for aye away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

2

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,
 Ere that awful doom appears.

3

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at the door,
 Ere it close for evermore.

4

By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die.

5

By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.

6

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace,
 Ere our eyes behold Thy face.

91

JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts ;
 Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light
 of men,

From the best bliss that earth imparts,
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art
 good ;
 To them that find Thee, All in All.

3

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to
 fill.

4

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we
 see ; [fast.
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee

5

O Jesus, ever with us stay ; [bright ;
 Make all our moments calm and
 Chase the dark night of sin away ;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
 AMEN.

92

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
 Whose goodness faileth never ;
 I nothing lack if I am His,
 And He is mine for ever.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight,
 Thy Unction, grace bestoweth,
 And oh ! what transport of delight
 From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

6

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

93

O MOST merciful,
 O most bountiful,
 God the Father Almighty,
 By the Redeemer's
 Sweet intercession,
 Hear us, help us
 When we cry.

AMEN.

94

O THOU to whose all searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light ;
 Search, prove my heart, it looks to
 Thee,
 O burst its bonds and set it free.

2

Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
 Bind my affections to the Cross ;
 Hallow each thought ; let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3

If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
 No foes, no violence I fear, [near.
 No harm, while Thou, my God, art

4

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, [heart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my

5

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill. AMEN.

95

JESUS, my Saviour, look on me,
 For I am weary and opprest ;
 I come to cast myself on Thee :
 Thou art my Rest.

2

Look down on me, for I am weak,
 I feel the toilsome journey's length ;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek :
 Thou art my Strength.

3

I am bewilder'd on my way,
 Dark and tempestuous is the night ;
 O send Thou forth some cheering ray :
 Thou art my Light.

4

When Satan flings his fiery darts,
 I look to Thee ; my terrors cease ;
 Thy Cross a hiding place imparts :
 Thou art my Peace.

5

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :
 Thou art my Life. AMEN.

96

WE would see Jesus; for the shadows
lengthen [life;
Across this little landscape of our
We would see Jesus, our weak faith
to strengthen, [strife.
For the last weariness, the final

2

We should see Jesus; for life's hand
hath rested, [and brow;
With its dark touch upon both heart
And tho' our souls hath many a billow
breasted, [now.
Others are rising in the distance

3

We would see Jesus, the great rock
foundation, [ereign grace,
Whereon our feet were set by sov-
Nor life nor death, with all their
agitation, [His face.
Can thence remove us if we see

4

We would see Jesus: other lights are
paling, [joiced to see;
Which for long years we have re-
The blessings of our pilgrimage are
failing, [go to Thee.
We would not mourn them, for we

5

We would see Jesus: yet the spirit
lingers [so long,
Round the dear objects it has loved
And earth from earth can scarce un-
clasp its fingers; [less strong.
Our love to Thee makes not this love

6

We would see Jesus: sense is all too
blinding, [away;
And heaven appears too dim, too far
We would see Thee, Thyself our
hearts reminding, [debt to pay.
What Thou hast suffered our great

7

We would see Jesus: this is all we're
needing; [with the sight;
Strength, joy, and willingness come
We would see Jesus, dying, risen,
pleading; [mortal night.
Then welcome day, and farewell

97

WHEN I survey the wonderous
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
I sacrifice them to His blood. [most,

3

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

4

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

5

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

98

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

2

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love de-
clare ;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all.

3

For peaceful homes and healthful
days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

4

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

5

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

6

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of
heav'n,
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all ?

7

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

8

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand fold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all.

9

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all.

99

LOST one ! wand'ring on in sadness,
None to guide or comfort Thee,
Vainly seeking rest and gladness
Far, far from Me !
Vainly seeking rest and gladness
Far, far from Me !

2

Peace, I offer, and salvation,
Pardon, blood bought, full and
Spurn no more my invitation, [free !
Come ! come to Me !

3

Long I've watch'd thee blindly stray-
Long have I been calling thee, [ing,
Time flies swiftly—no delaying,
Haste ! haste to Me !

4

Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
Jesus' blood my only plea,
Keep me in the paths of blessing,
Close, close to Thee.

5

Then when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven forever,
Blest, blest with Thee.

100

PITY on us, Heav'nly Father,
For the love of Jesus' sake,
And with Thine own Holy Spirit,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

2

By the lonely cradle manger
Over which the angels spake,
Songs of peace, and words of wonder ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

3

By the tender Human Nature
He for us did stoop and take,
All His travail, thirst and hunger ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

4

By the tears, whose loving kindness
From His human eyes did brake
When He stood by human sorrow ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

5

By the words, whose free forgive-
ness
In the dying thief did wake
Hope of Paradise and pardon ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

6

By the thorns, that mocking crown'd
Him,
By the bloody sweat that brake
From His brow, in bitter anguish ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

7

By His limbs outstretch'd and wound-
ed,
By the cleft the spear did make,
By the Blood and by the Water ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake. AMEN

101

FOR a heart by sin deceived,
Bent, with forward will, to take
Its own downward course of madness ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

2

From a soul whose death-like slumber
Will not at Thy call awake,
But sleep on, nor heed its danger ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

3

From foul hands and tho'ts uncleanly
That their resting place would make
In the souls redeemed by Jesus,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

4

In the time of tears and laughter,
When we sleep, and when we wake
Rising, resting, coming, going,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

5

In the hour of our departure, [shake,
When life's ling'ring sands do
Through the cleansing blood of Jesus
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

6

In the glorious Resurrection,
When the dead in Christ awake
At the voice of the Archangel,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

7

In the dreadful day of Judgment,
When the worlds before Thee
quake,
plead our cause, O God our Saviour ;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

102

BY the gracious, saving call,
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have sinned in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee hear us !

2

By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for ever more,
We beseech Thee hear us !

3

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee hear us !

4

By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee hear us !

5

By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of gladness win,
We beseech Thee hear us !

6

By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the Heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee hear us !
AMEN.

103

JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

2

Deeper has the darkness grown,
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

3

Thou our Great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward earth-bound heart;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

4

Foolish, weak and sad we lie,
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our Helper, always nigh;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

5

Help us to bewail our sin,
And in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

6

Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

7

On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

8

May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest and peace provide,
Near to Thy protecting side;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

9

May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

10

When oppressed with troubles sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

11

May we true devotion feel,
To our God a holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

12

May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

13

Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing what we say;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

14

Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thought come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory;
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

15

May Thy grace, within the soul,
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal,
Lord, in mercy, hear us.

16

So at last, from sin set free,
 What we long for, may we see,
 And forever blessed be;
 Lord, in mercy, hear us.

104

LIGHT that from that dark abyss
 Madest all things, none amiss,
 To share Thy beauty, share Thy bliss,
 Come to us: O come.

2

Light that dost o'er all things reign,
 Life that dost all life maintain;
 O life that doth create again,
 Come to us: O come.

3

Light of men, that left the skies,
 Light that look'd through human
 eyes,
 And died in darkness as man dies,
 Come to us: O come.

4

Light that stoop'd to rise and raise,
 Soar'd to God above our gaze,
 And still art near us, all the days,
 Come to us: O come.

5

Light that makest manifest,
 Beautifiest, hallowest,
 Light in Thy joyous strength at rest,
 Come to us: O come.

6

Leave us not to say we see,
 While we shut our eyes to Thee,
 Who knockest very patiently;
 Enter Lord, and come.

7

All our good is Thine alone;
 All our evil is our own;
 O Drive it from before Thy throne,—
 Come to us: O come.

8

Works of darkness put away;
 With Thy harness us array
 To walk in light and wait for day,
 And for Thee to come.

9

We have done great wrong to Thee,
 Yet we do belong to Thee,
 O make our life one song to Thee,
 Come to us: O come.

10

Come in all the majesty
 Of Thy great humility; [Thee,
 Come, the whole earth cries out to
 Come to us: O come.

105

GOD the Father, thron'd on high,
 Saviour, who didst come to die,
 Spirit, who doth sanctify,
 Save us, Holy Trinity.

2

Jesus, Prince of life and light,
 Dwelling now in glory bright,
 Ruling all things by Thy might,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3

Thou Whose Death did death destroy,
 Who through pain didst pass to joy,
 Endless and without alloy,
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4

Thou who didst to heaven ascend,
Still to be the sinners Friend,
Still Thy people to defend,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5

Jesus, raised to God's right hand,
Round Whose Throne the angel band
Waits Thy Word of dread command,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6

Thou Who doth the sceptre bear,
And in heaven a place prepare,
That we may be with Thee there,
Hear us, Holy Jesus,

7

Thou Who must in glory reign,
Conqueror of sin and pain,
Till no enemy remain,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8

Jesus, Who art glorified
In the very flesh that died,
With the pierced Hands and Side,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9

Jesus, though enthroned on high,
Still for our infirmity
Touched with human sympathy,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10

Jesus, in our time of need
Our High Priest to intercede,
Living still Thy Death to plead,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

106

JESUS, able to bestow
On Thy struggling Church below,
More than we can ask or know,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2

Jesus, Who to heaven upborne,
Didst not leave Thy Church to mourn,
Orphaned, comfortless, forlorn,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3

Thou Who still our Saviour Friend,
Didst the Holy Spirit send
To be with us to the end,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4

Jesus, Who Thy Flesh and Blood,
Offered once upon the Rood,
Givest for Thy children's Food,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5

Only Balm for souls distressed,
Happiness of all the blessed,
Peace of those who long for rest,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6

Thou Who, as Thou once didst rise,
Shalt be seen by human eyes
Coming through the parted skies,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7

Thou Who then on quick and dead,
All for whom Thy Blood was shed,
Shalt pronounce the judgment dread,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8

Jesus, God's Incarnate Son,
By Thy work for sinners done;
By the gifts for sinners won,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9

That while pilgrims toiling here,
We Thy Name may love and fear,
And to death may persevere,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10

That when earthly toil is o'er,
We, in rest for evermore,
May behold Thee and adore,
Hear us, Holy Jesus;

107

IN His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed,
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

2

Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

3

See ! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

4

O, whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree ?
He who first carries it—
Who is He ?

107—2

FOLLOW to Calvary—
Tread where He trod,
He who for ever was
Son of God.

2

You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His face;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

3

As the swift moments fly
Through the Blest Week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.

4

Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks the sky ?

107—3

ON the Cross lifted,
Thy Face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.

2

Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood thy throne—
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

3

No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head,
Only the splintered Cross,
— Is Thy bed.

4

Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the Spear;
No voice is nigh, to say,
Help is near.

5

Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day,
Thy friends and kinfolk stand
Far away.

6

Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding Head,
Without rest.

7

Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

8

Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers, Thou
Call'st Thine own.

9

I see Thy Title, Lord,
Inscribed above—
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love!

10

What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me!

107-4

CHILD of my grief and pain,
Watched by My love—
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

2

I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me;
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

3

For thee My blood I shed—
For thee alone:
I came to purchase thee
For Mine own.

4

Weep not for *My* grief,
Child of My love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

107-5

OH, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life,
To the goal.

2

Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

3

Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

4

Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee ;
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

108

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead :
Oh ! how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed !

2

Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice.

3

Mark we whither we are wending ;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

4

As a shadow life is fleeting ;
As a vapor so it flies ;
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise.

5

Wise that we our days may number
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6

Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand ;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

[After fourth and sixth verses.]

Life passeth soon ;
Death draweth near ;
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear ;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign
Through eternity ! AMEN.

109

MY God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's
rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
" Thy will be done."

2

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely
" Thy will be done." [taught,

3

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
" Thy will be done."

4

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine—
" Thy will be done."

5

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
" Thy will be done."

6

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
 "Thy will be done." AMEN.

110

A VOICE is heard on earth of kins-
 folk weeping
 The loss of one they love ;
 But he is gone where the redeem'd
 A festival above. [are keeping.

2

The mourners throng the way, and
 from the steeple
 The funeral bell tolls slow ;
 But on the golden streets the holy
 Are passing to and fro ; [people

3

And saying as they meet, Rejoice !
 another,
 Long waited for is come :
 The Saviour's heart is glad : a
 younger brother
 Hath reached the Father's home.
 AMEN.

111

FOREVER with the Lord :
 Amen, so let it be.
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

2

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !

Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

3

Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd
 heart
 Expands the bow of peace.

4

I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of heaven ;
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower
 That resurrection word,
 That shout of victory :
 Once more, forever with the Lord :
 Amen, so let it be. AMEN.

112

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 can do.

CHO.—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.

113

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from our Saviour's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that
 Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
 Cho.—I do believe, I will believe,
 That Jesus died for me ;
 That on the cross, He shed
 His blood,
 From sin, to set me free.

2

The dying thief, rejoice to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And there have I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.

3

Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r.
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Are sav'd to sin no more.

4

Ere since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

114

OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
 free, [for me ;
 I plunge in the crimson tide open'd
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I
 stand. [in His hand ;
 And point to the print of the nails

CHO.—Oh sing of His mighty love,
 Sing of His mighty love,
 Sing of His mighty love,
 Mighty to save.

2

Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
 No longer in dread condemnation I
 pine ; [grace,
 In conscious salvation I sing of His
 Who lifteth upon me the light of
 His face

3

Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the
 pure ! [cannot cure ;
 No wound hath the soul that His blood
 No sorrow-bowed head but may
 sweetly find rest, [breast.
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus'

4

O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I
 sing, [my King ;
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall
 shout over the grave, [to Save."
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty

115

BROTHER, art thou worn and weary
 Tempted, tried, and sore op-
 press'd ?

Listen to the word of Jesus,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

REF.—: "Come unto Me, and rest !":
 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

2

Oh, He knows the dark forebodings
 Of the conscience-troubled breast ;
 And to such His word is given,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

3

To the Lord bring all your burden,
 Put the promise to the test ;
 Hear Him say, your burden Bearer,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

4

If in sorrow thou art weeping,
 Grieving for the loved ones missed ;
 Surely then to you He whispers,
 "Come unto Me, and rest !"

3

Trust to Him for all thy future,
 He will give thee what is best ;
 Why then fear when He is saying,
 "Come unto Me and rest !"

116

ONLY a step to Jesus !
 Then why not take it now ?
 Come, and, thy sin confessing,
 To Him thy Saviour bow.

REF.—: Only a step : :]

Come, He waits for thee ;
 Come, and, thy sin confessing,
 Thou shalt receive a blessing ;
 Do not reject the mercy
 He freely offers thee.

2

Only a step to Jesus !
 Believe and thou shalt live ;
 Lovingly now He's waiting,
 And ready to forgive.

3

Only a step to Jesus !
 A step from sin to grace ;
 What hast thy heart decided ?
 The moments fly apace.

4

Only a step to Jesus !
 O why not come, and say,
 Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,
 I give myself away.

117

OH word of words, the sweetest,
 Oh word, in which there lie
 All promise, all fulfillment,
 And end of mystery ;

Lamenting, or rejoicing,
 With doubt or terror nigh,
 I hear the "Come" of Jesus,
 And to His cross I fly.
 REF.—: Come, oh come to Me ; :
 Weary, heavy laden,
 Come, oh come to Me.

2

Oh soul ! why shouldst thou wander
 From such a loving Friend ?
 Cling closer, closer to Him,
 Stay with Him to the end,
 Alas ! I am so helpless,
 So very full of sin,
 For I am ever wand'ring,
 And coming back again.

3

Oh, each time draw me nearer,
 That soon the "Come" may be
 Naught but a gentle whisper,
 To one close, close to Thee ;
 Then over sea and mountain,
 Far from, or near my home,
 I'll take Thy hand and follow.
 At that sweet whisper "Come !"

118

LO ! the day of God is breaking ;
 See the gleaming from afar !
 Sons of earth from slumber waking,
 Hail the bright and Morning Star.

CHO.—Hear the call ! O gird your
 armor on,
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty Sword :
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord !

2

Trust in Him who is your Captain ;
 Let no heart in terror quail ;
 Jesus leads the gath'ring legions,
 In His name we shall prevail.

3

Onward marching, firm and steady,
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
 For the Lord is with you always,
 Till you wear the Victor's crown.

4

Conq'ring hosts with banners waving,
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
 "Christ o'er all the world doth
 reign !"

119

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in
 glory, [friends be few ;
 A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-
 And now He is watching in tenderness
 o'er me, [Saviour too !
 And oh that my Saviour were your

CHO.—: For you I am praying, :
 For you I am praying,
 I'm praying for you.

2

I have a Father : to me He has given
 A hope for eternity, blessed and
 true ; [in Heaven,
 And soon will He call me to meet Him
 But oh that He'd let me bring you
 with me too !

3

I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in
 whiteness, [view ;
 Awaiting in glory my wondering
 Oh, when I receive it all shining in
 brightness, [ing one too !
 Dear friend, could I see you receiv-

4

I have a peace ; it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this
 world never knew ; [Giver,
 My Saviour alone is its Author and
 And oh, could I know it was given
 to you !

5

When Jesus has found you, tell others
 the story, [Saviour too ;
 That my loving Saviour is your
 Then pray that your Saviour may
 bring them to glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas
 answered for you !

120

GOD of mercy and compassion,
 O Look with pity upon me :
 Father let me call Thee Father !
 'Tis Thy child returns to Thee.

REF.—Jesus, Lord ! I ask for mercy,
 Let me not implore in vain !
 All my sins—I now detest them,
 Never would I sin again.

2

By my sins I have deserved
 Death and endless misery ;
 Hell, with all its pains and torments,
 And for all eternity.

3

By my sins I have abandoned
 Right and claim to Heaven above,
 Where the saints rejoice for ever
 In a boundless sea of love.

4

See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
 On the Cross of Calvary ;
 To that Cross my sins have nailed Him,
 Yet he bleeds and dies for me.
 AMEN.

121

O COME to the merciful Saviour
 that calls you, [and forgets ;
 O come to the Lord who forgives
 Though dark be the fortune on earth
 that befalls you,
 There's a bright Home above where
 the sun never sets.

2

O come then to Jesus, Whose Arms
 are extended, [embrace !
 To fold His dear children in closest
 O come, for your exile will shortly be
 ended, [tiful Face.
 And Jesus will show you His beau-

3

Then come to the Saviour, Whose
 mercy grows brighter
 The longer you look at the depth
 of His love ; [cares grow lighter
 And fear not ! 'tis Jesus ! and life's
 As you think of the Home and the
 glory above.

4

Have you sinned as none else in the
 world have before you ?
 Are you blacker than all other crea-
 tures in guilt ? [that bore you
 O fear not ! O fear not ! the mother
 Loves you less than the Saviour
 Whose Blood you have spilt !

122

JESUS, I adore Thee
 God, Eternal Son !
 With the sons of Adam
 Making Thyself one :
 Thou the second Adam
 Didst redeem their loss,
 By the full obedience
 Of Thy bitter cross.

2

Jesus, ris'n, ascended,
 Full of endless Life,
 Over death victorious,
 Finishing the strife :
 Now the tempter's triumph
 Thou hast overthrown,
 Now Thou bidd'st the fallen
 To be Thine alone.

3

One by one Thou call'st them
 From the death of sin,
 By Regeneration
 Thy new Life to win :
 Water with the Spirit,
 Sacrament of grace,
 Cleanses and renews them,
 Gives in Heaven a place.

4

I was made a sharer
 In that Life Divine,
 Then my soul resplendent
 Did with glory shine ;

But too soon I yielded
 To the tempter's claim,
 And my heavenly glory
 Turned to bitter shame.

123

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, O, refresh us,
 Trav'ling thro' 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, Ever faithful,
 To the truth may we be found.

3

So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, May we ever
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