



# Campaign Melodies

22.

Don't go away without Jesus,  
Oh, don't go away without Him,  
He will save your soul,  
He will make you whole,  
Oh, don't go away without Him.

23.

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me,  
See on the Portals He's waiting and  
watching,  
Watching for you and for me.  
Come Home, come Home,  
Ye who are weary, come Home.  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is  
calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come Home.  
Time is now fleeting, the moments  
are passing,  
Passing from you and from me,  
Shadows are gathering, death-beds  
are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.

Oh! for the wonderful Love He has  
promised,  
Promised for you and for me.  
Though we have sinned, He has  
Mercy and Pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

## GOOD-BYE CHORUS.

Good-bye, our God is watching o'er  
you,  
Good-bye, His Mercy go before you,  
Good-bye, and we'll be praying for  
you,  
So, good-bye, may God Bless you.



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24.

Almost persuaded, now to believe,  
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive,  
Seems now some soul to say,  
Go Spirit, Go Thy Way,  
Some more convenient day,  
On Thee, I'll call.

Almost persuaded, harvest is past,  
Almost persuaded, doom comes at  
last,  
Almost cannot avail,  
Almost is but to fail,  
Sad, sad that bitter wail,  
Almost—but lost.

Oh, be persuaded! Christ never fails,  
Oh, be persuaded! His Blood avails,  
Can save from every sin,  
Cleanse you, without, within.  
Will you not let Him in?  
Open the door.

# Campaign Melodies

## — THEME CHORUS —

Swing wide the door of your heart  
To the King of Kings.  
Bid Him enter, Wonderful Peace He  
brings.  
He will shelter you  
Under His outstretched Wings,  
Swing wide the door of your heart  
To the King of Kings.

Please do not take away.

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1. Send a great revival in my soul,  
Send a great revival in my soul,  
Let the Holy Spirit come and take  
control,  
And send a great revival in my soul.
2. He lives, He lives,  
Christ Jesus lives to-day.  
He walks with me and talks with me  
Along life's narrow way.  
He lives, He lives,  
Salvation to impart.  
You ask me how I know He lives.  
He lives within my heart.
3. Everybody ought to know, everybody  
ought to know,  
Everybody ought to know who Jesus  
is.  
Everybody ought to know, everybody  
ought to know,  
Everybody ought to know who Jesus  
is.  
He's the Lily of the Valley,  
He's the Bright and Morning Star,  
He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand,  
Everybody ought to know.
4. For God so Loved the world,  
He gave His only Son  
To die on calvary,  
From sin to set me free.  
One day He's coming back,  
What glory that will be,  
Wonderful His Love to me.
5. Something happened when He saved  
me,  
Happened in my heart, happened in  
my heart,  
Something happened when He saved  
me,  
Something happened in my heart.
6. Life begins when Jesus comes in,  
Bringing peace and gladness within,  
Gone sin and sorrow,  
And bright each to-morrow,  
For life begins when Jesus comes in.

7. Do you want a Friend who'll never  
leave you?  
Do you want a Guide for every day?  
Do you want a Light to guard your  
footsteps?  
Do you want your sins all washed  
away?  
Do you want a Power that will help  
you?  
Do you want a life that's full and  
free?  
Let me introduce you to the Saviour,  
Jesus Christ has done it all for me.
8. Under the Blood of Jesus,  
Safe in the Shepherd's fold,  
Under the Blood of Jesus,  
Safe while the ages roll.  
Safe though the worlds may crumble,  
Safe though the stars grow dim,  
Under the Blood of Jesus,  
I am secure in Him.
9. Jesus Christ is the Way,  
Jesus Christ is the Truth,  
Jesus Christ is the Life,  
And he's mine, mine, mine.
10. Trust in the Lord and don't despair,  
He is a Friend so true,  
No matter what your troubles are,  
Jesus will see you through.  
Sing when the day is bright,  
Sing in the darkest night,  
Every day, all the way,  
Let us sing, sing, sing.
11. To die for my sin was why He left  
Heav'n,  
So I'd live anew with my sin all for-  
giv'n,  
Now daily enjoying His Love and  
His Grace,  
I look for His Coming when I'll see  
His Dear Face.
12. Christ for me, it is Christ for me,  
He's my Saviour, my Lord, and King,  
I'm so happy, I'll shout and sing,  
Christ for me, it is Christ for me,  
Every day as I go my way,  
It is Christ for me.

# Hymns for Special Occasions



## 1. All Hail the Power.

C.M.—Meth. 91, App. 6.

All hail the power of Jesu's name;  
Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
To crown Him Lord of all.  
Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.  
Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.  
Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crowned Lord of all.  
O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

## 2. Abide With Me.

10 10 10 10.  
Meth. 948.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.  
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!  
I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with  
me.  
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
ness;  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.  
Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing  
eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

## 3. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

L.M.—Meth. Old Hundredth 2.

All people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth  
tell;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.  
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His folk, He doth us feed;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.  
O enter then His gates with praise;  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.  
For why? The Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

## 4. And Can It Be.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Meth., Sagina 371, or Worsley 270.

And can it be, that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?  
Amazing love! how can it be  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!  
'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine!  
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
Let angel minds inquire no more.  
He left His Father's throne above,  
So free, so infinite His grace!  
Emptied Himself of all but love,  
And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;  
For, O my God, it found out me!  
Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee  
No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine  
Bold I approach the eternal throne  
And claim the crown, through Christ my  
own.







Nor on this land alone,  
But be God's mercies known  
From shore to shore:  
Lord make the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.

### 15. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Meth Austria 228, Hyfzbul 880

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!  
Hail, Thou Galilean King!  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame!  
By Thy merits we find favour;  
Life is given through Thy name.  
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made:  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven;  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.  
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
Thou art ever to abide;  
All the heavenly host adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Mother's side:  
Thou art sinners' Thou art pleading,  
Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
All in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessings,  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits!  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

### 16. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

C.M.—Meth. 99, St. Peter.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.  
It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

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

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

### 17. I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

8.5.8.8.3. Meth. Trust, 521, Bullinger App. 21, Sankey 841.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee;  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

### 18. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

D.C.M.—Vox Dilecti 154, Noel 130, Sankey 216.

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!

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live!

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am the dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright!  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

### 19. I Give My Heart to Thee.

D.S.M.—Meth 658.

I give my heart to Thee,  
O, Jesus most desired!  
And heart for heart the gift shall be,  
For Thou my soul hast freed:  
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,  
Thou only hearts dost love;

I would love Thee, as Thou lovest me,  
O Jesus most desired!  
What offering can I make,  
Dear Lord, to love like Thee?

That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take  
A human form like mine!  
Give me thy heart, My son:  
Lord, Thou my heart hast won:  
Here finds my heart its rest,  
Repose that knows no shock,  
The strength of love that keeps it blest  
In Thee, the rock:  
My soul, as girt around,  
Her citadel hath found!

### 20. I Lift My Heart to Thee.

10.10.10.10. St. Agnes 772, Cords of Love 622

I lift my heart to Thee,  
Saviour Divine;  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine.  
Is there on earth a closer bond than this—  
That my Beloved's mine, and I am His?

Thine am I by all ties;  
But ~~only~~ Thine,  
That through Thy sacrifice  
Thou, Lord, art mine.  
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly  
wound

Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.  
To Thee, Thou dying Lamb,  
I all things owe;  
All that I have, and am,  
And all I know.

All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not my own; Lord, I am Thine.  
How can I, Lord, withhold  
Life's brightest hour  
From Thee; or gathered gold,  
Or any power?

Why should I keep one precious thing  
From Thee,  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear  
self for me?

### 21. I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

C.M.—Meth. Richmond 1, Sankey 881.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend His cause,  
Maintain the honour of His word,  
The glory of His cross.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first  
saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled  
away;

It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day!

Jesus, my God! I know His name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.  
Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure  
What I've committed to His hands  
Till the decisive hour.  
Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

### 22. In Full and Glad Surrender.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. Day of Rest 776.

In full and glad surrender  
I give myself to Thee;  
Thine utterly, and only,  
And evermore to be.  
O Son of God, Who lovest me,  
I will be Thine alone;  
And all I have, and all I am,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus;  
O make my heart Thy throne:  
It shall be Thine, my Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.  
O, come and reign, Lord Jesus,  
Rule over everything;  
And keep me always loyal  
And true to Thee, my King.

### 23. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

8.7.8.7.7. Meth., Seaborn Mariners 765.

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

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

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way:  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessings, pain and pleasures,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joy that through all time abides.

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

### 24. It Passeth Knowledge.

10.10.10.10.4.

Meth. 436.

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of  
Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus! Yet this soul of mine  
Wonders of Thy love, in all its breadth and  
length,  
Its height and depth, and everlasting  
strength,  
Know more and more,



It passeth talking, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus! Yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus! Yet this heart of mine  
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,  
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,  
Nigh unto God.

O fill me, Saviour, Jesus, with Thy love!  
Lead, lead me to the living fount above;  
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee.

And then, when Jesus face to face I see,  
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
My soul shall sing.

## 25. Jesus! and Shall It Ever Be.

L.M.—Meth., Blockley 360.

"Jesus! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?  
Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, 'tis this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—'tis my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

## 26. Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

L.M.—Meth. Wrentham 109, Ellm 791.

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.

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.

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.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Best when our faith can hold Thee fast.  
O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
Make all our moments calm and bright,  
Chase the dark night of sin away,  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

## 27. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

Meth. Near the Cross 199, Sankey 134.

Jesus keep me near the Cross:  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all—a healing stream—  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross,  
Be my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

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

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

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

## 28. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7. Meth. Hollingside 110,  
Sankey 227.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past!  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

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.

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;

Pity and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.  
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.

## 29. Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet.

Meet.

L.M.—Meth., Pentecost 817.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever brings Thee where they come,  
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

Amen.

## 30. Just As I Am.

L.M.—Meth. Gainsworthy 853, Sankey 473.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

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!

## 31. Lord, Speak to Me.

L.M.—Meth. Ellm 825, or Alex. 262.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

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

O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

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

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

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

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

## 32. Let Earth and Heaven Combine.

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6. Meth. Adoration 142, Millennium 114.

Let earth and heaven combine,  
Angels and men agree,  
To praise in songs divine  
The incarnate Deity,  
Our God contracted to a span,  
Incomprehensibly made man.

He laid His glory by,  
He wrapped Him in our clay;  
Unmarked by human eyes,  
The latent Godhead lay;  
Infant of days He here became,  
And bore the mild Immanuel's name.

Unsearchable the love  
That hath the Saviour brought;  
The grace is far above  
Or man or angels thought;  
 suffice for us that God, we know,  
Our God, is manifest below.

He deigns in flesh to appear,  
Widest extremes to join;  
To bring our vilest near,  
And make us all divine:  
And we the life of God shall know,  
For God is manifest below.

Made perfect first in love,  
And sanctified by grace,  
We shall from earth remove,  
And see His glorious face:  
Then shall His love be fully showed,  
And man shall then be lost in God.



### 33. Like a River Glorious.

Meth. Armageddon 117, Hermes 820.

Like a river glorious  
Is God's perfect peace,  
Over all vicissitudes  
In its bright increase;  
Perfect, yet it floweth  
Fuller every day—  
Perfect, yet it groweth  
Deeper all the way.

Stayed upon Jehovah,  
Hearts are fully blest;  
Findings, as He promised,  
Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow  
Of His blessed hand,  
Never foe can follow,  
Never traitor stand;  
Not a surge of worry,  
Not a shade of care,  
Not a blast of hurry  
Touch the spirit there.

Every joy or trial  
Falleth from above,  
Traced upon our dial  
By the Sun of Love.  
We may trust Him fully  
All for us to do;  
They who trust Him wholly  
Find Him wholly true.

### 34. Man of Sorrows.

Meth. Gethsemane 76, Sankey 102.

Man of Sorrows—what name  
For the Son of God, Who came  
Ruined sinners to reclaim!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
In my place condemned He stood;  
Sealed my pardon with His blood!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless we;  
Spotless Lamb of God was He:  
Zion's atonement—canst thou be?  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was He to die,  
It is finished! was His cry;  
Now in heaven exalted high:  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we'll sing—  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

### 35. My God, I Love Thee.

C.M.—Meth. Beatitudes 604, St. Peter 99.

My God, I love Thee—not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because who love Thee not  
Are lost eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
And death itself—and all for me,  
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell!

Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord!

When God I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Because Thou art my loving God  
And my eternal King.

### 36. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

11.11.11.11. Meth. 487, Alex. 69, Sankey 659.

My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art  
mine;

For Thee all the follies of sin I resign:  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art  
Thou;

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.  
I love Thee because Thou hast first loved  
me,

And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
tree;

I love Thee for wearing the thorns on  
Thy brow;

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.  
I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in  
death,

And praise Thee as long as Thou leadest  
me breath;

And say when the death-dew lies cold on  
my brow,

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.  
In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee and dwell in Thy sight.

I'll sing with the glittering crown on my  
brow,

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

### 37. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Alex. 201, Meth. Nearer to Thee 468, Sankey 581.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Then though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,  
-The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest to me,  
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony gates  
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

### 38. O Come, All Ye Faithful.

Meth., Adeste Fideles 118.

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;

Come and behold Him  
Born the King of angels;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
True God of true God,  
Light of Light eternal,

Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb,  
Son of the Father,  
Begotten, not created;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God  
in the highest;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.  
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;

Jesus, to Thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

### 39. O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

C.M.—Meth., St. Anne 878.

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

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the dawning sun!

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downy by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

### 40. Our Blest Redeemer.

8.6.844. Meth. St. Cuthbert 283.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,

A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All-powerful as the wind He came,  
As viewless too.

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

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each  
fear,

And speaks of heaven:  
And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying, see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwellings-places,  
And worshipping Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three!

### 41. O for a Closer Walk with God.

C.M.—Meth. Belmont 766.

O for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is that soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
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What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.



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

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

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.

#### 42. O For a Thousand Tongues.

E.M.—Meth. Richmond 1, App. Lyngham 8.

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace!

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

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

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

See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

#### 43. O Happy Day that Fixed My Choice.

L.M.—Meth. Happy Day 744, Sankey 868.

O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

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

O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him Who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest!  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;  
With Him of every good possessed.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

#### 44. O Thou Who Camest from Above.

L.M.—Meth. Melcombe 73.

O Thou Who camest from above  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart!  
There let it for Thy glory burn  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.  
Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me;  
Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

#### 45. O Lord and Master of Us All.

E.M.—Meth. Wiltshire 57, Lynton 442.

O Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy way, we hear Thy call,  
We trust our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us: Thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn;  
The love that draws us nearer Thee  
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;  
And, naked to Thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light,  
Of Thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,  
Thou dost our service own;  
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,  
And Thou rejectest none.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done;  
The solemn shadow of Thy cross  
Is better than the sun.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,  
What may Thy service be?  
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,  
But simply following Thee.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee  
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

#### 46. Once to Every Man.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. Meth. Austria 16, Sankey 319.

Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
For the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight;  
And the choice goes by for ever  
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,  
When we share her wretched lot;  
Ere her cause brings fame and profit,  
And 'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses,  
While the coward stands aside,  
Till the multitude make virtue  
Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs  
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,  
Telling us new Calvaries ever  
With the cross that turns not back.  
New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,  
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
Though her portion be the scaffold,  
And upon the throne be wrong,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above His own.

#### 47. Praise My Soul.

Meth., Regent Square 12.

Praise my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing?  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise the everlastings King.

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

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes:  
Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Wide as His mercy flows!

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

#### 48. Rock of Ages.

7.7.1.7.7.7. Meth. Redhead 498, Sankey 287.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy numbing side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

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.

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

#### 49. Saviour, While My Heart is Tender.

8.7.8.7.7.

St. Oswald 664.

Saviour, while my heart is tender,  
I would yield that heart to Thee,  
All my powers to Thee surrender,  
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;  
Let my youthful heart be Thine;  
Thy devoted servant make me;  
Fill my soul with love divine.

Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,  
Only do Thou guide my way;  
May Thy grace through life attend me,  
Gladly then shall I obey.

Let me do Thy will or bear it;  
I would know no will but Thine;  
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,  
I that life to Thee resign.

Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,  
To Thy service set apart;  
Suffer me to leave Thee never;  
Seal Thine image on my heart.

#### 50. Simply Trusting Every Day.

Meth. 517, Sankey 836.

Simply trusting every day,  
Trusting through a stormy way;  
Even when my faith is small,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.



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

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

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

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

### 51. Stand Up for Jesus.

7.6.7.687.6.6. Meth. 821, Sankey 680.

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

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

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 Christian's armour,  
And watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

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.

### 52. Sun of My Soul.

L.M.—Meth. Hursley 942, Abends 942.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

### 53. Take My Life and Let It Be.

7.7.7.7. Meth. Nottingham App. 19.

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.

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.

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  
Even, only, all for Thee!

### 54. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Meth. 161, Sankey 1181.

Tell me the old, old story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child;  
For I am weak, and weary,  
And helpless, and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon;  
The early dew of morning  
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember in the summer  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me the story always,  
If you would really be  
In any time of trouble  
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and, when that world's glory  
Shall dawn upon my soul,  
"Tell me the old, old story—  
Christ Jesus makes these whole!"

### 55. There is a Fountain.

E.M.—Meth. 201, Hensbun 104, Sankey 129.

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

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

O dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

### 56. The Son of God.

D.C.M.—Meth. Beulah 583, St. Leonards 509.

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 over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below,  
He follows in His train.

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

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

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

### 57. Thou Great Redeemer.

E.M.—Hensbun 104.

Thou great Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of Thee;  
No music's like Thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.

Our Jesus shall be still our theme  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name  
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all that favoured throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

### 58. Thou Whose Almighty Word.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

Meth., Moscow 880.

Thou whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray  
Let there be light!



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

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight:  
Move on the water's face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

Blessed and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Grace, love, and might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide,  
Let there be light!

### 59. Thy Life Was Given for Me.

6.6.6666. Meth. 391, Sankey 621.

Thy life was given for me,  
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,  
That I might ransom'd be,  
And quicken'd from the dead:  
Thy life was given for me;  
What have I given for Thee?

Thy Father's home of light,  
Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
Were left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone:  
Yea, all was left for me;  
Have I left aught for Thee?

And Thou hast brought to me  
Down from Thy home above  
Salvation full and free.

Thy pardon and Thy love:  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;  
What have I brought to Thee?

O let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent,  
World-pleasures all be niven,  
And joy with sufferings blent:  
Thou gavest Thyself for me;  
I give myself to Thee.

### 60. To You, O Men.

L.M.—Simeon 301.

To you, O men, the task is given,  
To save a world by strife some niven;  
Amid the clash of force and might  
Your regal Christ leads in the fight.

The battle's joined, the task's at hand,  
Be one of Christ's own loyal band;  
Work while ye may, His holy will,  
Till all His sovereign will fulfill.

Have ye no care for earth's sore ill?  
The Lamb that died on Calvary's hill  
Now stands upon His heavenly throne,  
Waiting to claim the world His own.

He waits, nor is His waiting vain;  
Earth's host, who now travail in pain,  
Shall sing the glad, triumphant song,  
A glad, united, joyous throng.

Be ye lift up, ye gates of brass,  
The King of Glory's hosts must pass;  
They come, and songs of joy unraise,  
The King of peace their song of praise.

### 61. Was There Ever Kindest Shepherd?

8.7.877. Meth. 818.

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 kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

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.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven.  
There is no place where earth's failings  
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.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

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.

### 62. We Love the Place, O God.

6 6 6 6.

Meth. 677, Quam Dilecta.

We love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thy honour dwells;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joys exceeds.

It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there,  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife  
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
Of mercies freely given;  
But O we long to know  
The triumph song of heaven!

Lord Jesus, give us grace,  
On earth to love Thee more,  
In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.

### 63. What a Friend!

8.7.877. Meth. 538, Sankey 319.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forget,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

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!

Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbersome with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

### 64. When I Survey.

L.M.—Meth. 182, Sankey 115.

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

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

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

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

### 65. When Mothers of Salem.

Meth., Salem 866.

When mothers of Salem,  
Their children brought to Jesus,  
The stern disciples drove them back  
And bade them to depart;  
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,  
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said:  
Suffer the children to come unto Me.

How kind was our Saviour  
To bid those children welcome;  
But there are many thousands  
Who have never heard His name;  
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,  
That they may hear Thee to them say:  
Suffer the children to come unto Me.

And soon may the heathen  
Of every tribe and nation  
Hear Thy blessed word, and cast  
Their idols all away;  
O shine upon them from above,  
And show Thyself a God of love;  
Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto  
Thee.

### 66. Who is on the Lord's Side?

Meth. Armageddon 117, St. Gertrude 824.

Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers  
Other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side?  
Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who for Him will go?

By Thy call of mercy,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own lifeblood;  
For Thy diadem,  
With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.

By Thy great redemption,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure;  
For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.

Joyfully enlisting,  
By Thy grace divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful,  
For our Captain's band,  
In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold;  
Let us be right loyal,  
Nobles, true, and bold.

Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy grace divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine.



Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;  
And while others Thou art calling, do  
not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me;  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Eternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid the storm didst sleep  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit! who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace:  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,  
Glad hymns of praise from land and  
sea.

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word:  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound.  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;  
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes! she may forgetful be;  
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My throne shalt be—  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Sound the battle-cry! see the foe is nigh;  
Raise the standard high for the Lord!  
Gird your armour on, stand firm everyone,  
Rest your cause upon His holy Word!

Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the  
banner!  
Ready, steady, pass the word along;  
Onward! forward! shout aloud Hosanna!  
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng!

Strong to meet the foe, marching on we  
go,  
While our cause we know must prevail;  
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the  
light,  
Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail!

O Thou God of all, hear us when we call;  
Help us one and all, by Thy grace;  
When the battle's done, and the victory  
won,  
May we wear the crown before Thy face!

13.  
I'm a-trampin', trampin',  
Gonna make Heaven my Home.  
I'm a-trampin', trampin',  
Gonna make Heaven my Home.  
I've never been to Heaven,  
But I've been told,  
Gonna make Heaven my Home,  
That the streets up there  
Are paved with gold,  
Gonna make Heaven my Home.  
I'm a-trampin', trampin',  
Gonna make Heaven my Home,  
I'm a-trampin', trampin',  
Gonna make Heaven my Home.

14.  
If you want Joy, real Joy, wonderful  
Joy,  
Let Jesus come into your heart.  
If you want Joy, real Joy, wonderful  
Joy,  
Let Jesus come into your heart.  
Your sins He'll wash away,  
Your night He'll turn to day,  
Your life He'll make it over anew,  
If you want Joy, real Joy, wonderful  
Joy,  
Let Jesus come into your heart.

15.  
Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known.  
Join in the song with sweet accord,  
Join in the song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the Throne,  
And thus surround the Throne.  
We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,  
We're marching upwards to Zion,  
The beautiful City of God.  
Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God.  
But children of the Heavenly King  
Must speak their joys abroad.

16.  
My only plea, Christ died for me,  
Died because He loved me long ago.  
He took away my sin,  
Cleansed my heart within,  
That is why I love my Saviour so.

17.  
We'll talk it over in the bye and bye,  
We'll talk it over, my Lord and I,  
I'll ask the reason, He'll tell me why,  
When we talk it over, in the bye and  
bye.

18.  
Heavenly Sunshine, Heavenly Sun-  
shine,  
Flooding my soul with Glory Divine.  
Heavenly Sunshine, Heavenly Sun-  
shine,  
Hallelujah, Jesus is mine.

19.  
Jesus breaks every fetter,  
Jesus breaks every fetter,  
Jesus breaks every fetter,  
And He'll set you free.

20.  
Come every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's Mercy with the Lord.  
And He will surely give you Rest,  
By trusting in His Word.  
Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now.  
He will Save you, He will Save  
you,  
He will Save you now.  
For Jesus shed His Precious Blood,  
Rich Blessings to bestow.  
Plunge now into the crimson Flood,  
That washes white as snow.

Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to Glory go,  
To dwell in that Celestial Land,  
Where joys immortal flow.

21.  
I hear Thy welcome Voice,  
That calls me Lord, to Thee,  
For cleansing in the Precious Blood,  
That flowed on Calvary.  
I am coming, Lord.  
Coming now to Thee.  
Wash me, cleanse me in the  
Blood

That flowed on Calvary.  
Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure.  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on,  
To perfect Faith and Love.  
To perfect Hope and Peace and  
Trust,  
For earth and Heaven above.

'Tis Jesus who confirms,  
The Blessed work within.  
By adding Grace to welcomed Grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.



22.

Don't go away without Jesus,  
Oh, don't go away without Him,  
He will save your soul,  
He will make you whole,  
Oh, don't go away without Him.

23.

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me,  
See on the Portals He's waiting and  
watching,  
Watching for you and for me.  
Come Home, come Home,  
Ye who are weary, come Home.  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is  
calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come Home.  
Time is now fleeting, the moments  
are passing,  
Passing from you and from me,  
Shadows are gathering, death-beds  
are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.

Oh! for the wonderful Love He has  
promised,  
Promised for you and for me.  
Though we have sinned, He has  
Mercy and Pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

24.

Almost persuaded, now to believe,  
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive,  
Seems now some soul to say,  
Go Spirit, Go Thy Way,  
Some more convenient day,  
On Thee, I'll call.

Almost persuaded, harvest is past,  
Almost persuaded, doom comes at  
last,  
Almost cannot avail,  
Almost is but to fail,  
Sad, sad that bitter wail,  
Almost—but lost.

Oh, be persuaded! Christ never fails,  
Oh, be persuaded! His Blood avails,  
Can save from every sin,  
Cleanse you, without, within.  
Will you not let Him in?  
Open the door.

#### GOOD-BYE CHORUS.

Good-bye, our God is watching o'er  
you,  
Good-bye, His Mercy go before you,  
Good-bye, and we'll be praying for  
you,  
So, good-bye, may God Bless you.



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