



Campdign 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.

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.



Moore College
Library

Gowans & Giltrow, 286 Sussex Street, Sydney—M 3430

Moore College
Library

060018

Margaretta Mary Woodriff
Memorial Library

Moore College
Library

— CHORUSES —

Margaretta Mary Woodriff
Memorial Library

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 hamed 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.

55. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Meth. 197, Bankey 189.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within a wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.
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 stricken heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.
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.

6. Children of Jerusalem.

Meth. Infant Praise 837.

Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name:
Children, too, of modern days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! While infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.
We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His Word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.
Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

7. Christ the Lord is Risen Today.

Meth., Easter Morn, 204.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say,
Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth, reply,
Hallelujah!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies:

King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everblessing life is this,
These to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love:

88. Courage, Brother!

8.7.877. op. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7%
Meth. Bithynia 431, St. Oswald 664.

Courage brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Let the road be long and dreary,
And its end far out of sight;
Roar it bravely—strong or weary:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
Trust in God, and do the right.

9. Behold! a Stranger at the Door!

L.M.—Meth., Hurstey 942.

Behold! a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before:
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.
But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need:
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.
Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.
Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

10. Dear Lord and Father.

8.6.8866.
Meth. Rest App. 23, Newcastle 544.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Pardon our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious callings of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus came to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessings fall
As fall Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh be raring;
Drench through the earthquake, wind, and
fire,
O still small voice of calm!

11. Fight the Good Fight.

L.M.—Meth. Pentecost 817, Duke Street 784.

Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ is thy
right:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.
Run the straight race through God's good
grace:
Let up thine eyes, and see His face:
Lace with its path before thee lies:
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.
Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide—
Lean; and thy trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is thy life, and Christ thy love.
Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and Thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

12. Fling Out the Banner.

L.M.—Meth. Pentecost 817, Justification 486.

Fling out 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.
Wing out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.
Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptise their spirits in its light.
Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Not still, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

13. Forth Rode the Knights of Old.

B.S.M.—Meth. Ascension 410, Diademata 271

Forth rode the knights of old
With armour gleaming bright,
By noble deeds and actions bold
To fight for God and right.
To lay the tyrant low,
To set the captive free,
The hosts of evil to o'erthrow
By might of purity.
A vision flamed above,
A voice within spoke clear,
The symbol of Christ's mighty love
Shone radiant and near.
Them, burning with desire,
By zeal and love possessed,
The knights of old with heart afire
Rode out upon the quest.
In every age the same,
From hut and princely hall,
The pilgrim knights who bear His name
Have followed at His call.
Now each with glory crowned,
And waiting on His will,
They stand His splendid throne around
And serve more nobly still.
Still, still the vision glows,
Still calls the voice divine;
Still sink the weak, oppressed by foes,
And still the captives pine;
Still loyal to their Lord,
With zeal and patience shod,
With shield of faith and mystic sword,
Go forth the knights of God.

14. God Bless Our Native Land.

6.6.66 6.6.4.
Meth., Moscow 880.

God bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shores:
May peace her power extend,
For be transformed to friend,
And Britain's rights depend
On war no more.
O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness:
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.
May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

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!

8.7.8.768768.7. Meth Austria 228, Hyazebal 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,
Thine for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Mother's side:
Thine for sinners Thou art pleading,
Thine 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.
All then I would Thy love proclaim
With every beating breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

17. I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

8.5.8.83. 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;
Wor 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 gave
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 this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in 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 firm 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 gail,
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 882.

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 He 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 gave 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. Meth., Station Mariners 765.

In the Cross of Christ I glory:
Towering o'er the wrecks of times,
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 pleasure,
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 times,
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
Wows of Thy love, in all its breadth and
length,

Its height and depth, and everlasting
strength,
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, 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 praise, 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:
His midnight with my soul shall His,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend!
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, for 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.

Will them—nor is my boasting vain—
Will them 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. Werman 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 rapt soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
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. 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;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Pleasant 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.

L.M.—Meth., Pentecost 817.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
Here 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 bring 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 868, Sankey 478.

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 to 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, yes, 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. 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;
In front 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 angel's 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. Herms 820.

Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all vicissitudes
In its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth
Killer 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 see eam follow,
Never tent or 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 rods,
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:
Zull atonement—can't 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, His now.

37. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Alex. 261. 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 dream I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then 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 wings
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
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.

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.

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

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward 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
Diss 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.

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 flames,
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
tear,

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 dwellingspace,
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!

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.

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 pure light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

42. O For a Thousand Tongues.

E.M.—Meth. Richmond 1, App. Lymington.

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 transactions 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 this 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 2/3.

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.

8.7.8.7.6.7.8.9.7. Meth. Austria 16, Sankey 819.

Once to every man and nation
Comes that 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 exult,
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,
Tolling up 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!
Widely 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.

7.7.7.7.7.7. Meth. Redheugh 498, Sankey 287.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy rivenside 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 grace;
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 moments 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.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6. 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 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. Hurstley 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
When 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 ebbing me too dear.
Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
"Tell me the old, old story—
Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

55. There is a Fountain.

E.M.—Meth. 201, Hensbury 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
Lies 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 marked the cross and flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to seal:
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 Thy grace be given
To follow in their train.

57. Thou Great Redeemer.

E.M.—Treasury 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's 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.

6.6.6.6.6.4.

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-reveries all be veen,
And joy with suffering blent:
Thou gav'st 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 given;
Amid the clash of force and might
Your regal Christ leads in the fight.
The battle's joined, the tasks 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 travails 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?
Foggy 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 name honours dwell;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joys exceed.

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!

8.7.878787. 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,
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.

Spectator Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., Printers, 194 Little Collins Street, Melbourne,
9/- per 100.

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 kings 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 wounds, 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.



Moore College
Library

Gowans & Giltrow, 286 Sussex Street, Sydney—M 3430