

John. H. Austin

Evangelic Hymns

(With Tunes)

FOR EVANGELISTIC
AND OTHER SERVICES

Extra copies from—
THE CENTRAL PRESS
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
309 CASTLEREAGH STREET
SYDNEY - - - N.S.W.

John H. Austin.
Evangelic Hymns
for

Evangelistic and Other Services
(With Tunes)

All hail the power of Jesu's name ..	5	Lord Jesus Christ, we seek Thy face	60
Before the throne of God above ..	62	May the grace of Christ our Saviour	85
Behold the throne of grace ..	83	Midst the darkness, storm and	
Blessed Lord; our hallelujahs ..	12	sorrow ..	13
Blest be the tie that binds ..	26	My heart is fixed, eternal God ..	58
Break Thou the bread of life ..	15	My Shepherd is the Lamb ..	19
Bright with all His crowns ..	37	Not all the blood of beasts ..	16
Come let us join our cheerful songs	1	O blessed Saviour, is Thy love ..	55
Come hear the gospel sound ..	52	O bright and blessed hope ..	14
Come now, our grateful voices ..	81	O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God	33
Come Thou fount of every blessing	4	O lead me to the man that died ..	59
Come, ye weary, heavy laden ..	40	O gracious Saviour, Thou hast given	80
Christ is the Saviour of sinners ..	20	O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen ..	71
Christ the Saviour of sinners came	73	O Head once filled with bruises ..	49
Decide for Christ to-day ..	82	O! spotless Lamb of God in Thee ..	34
Doxology ..	85	O teach us more of Thy blest ways	56
Everlasting glory unto Jesus be ..	22	Oh! for a thousand tongues ..	2
Father of mercies, in Thy word ..	11	Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus ..	36
From every stormy wind that blows	35	Oh, the love of God is boundless ..	29
Gazing on Thee, Lord, in glory ..	42	Oft I wonder where I might be ..	47
Grace 'tis a charming sound ..	24	On Christ salvation rests secure ..	7
Guilty and chained I helpless lay ..	41	Our Father, oh, what gracious ways	6
Hail to the Lord's Anointed ..	48	Precious Name! the name of Jesus	65
Hark! hark! the voice of Jesus ..	53	Precious, precious blood of Jesus ..	64
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling ..	39	Revive Thy work, O Lord ..	17
Hark! ten thousand voices crying ..	3	Rise my soul! behold 'tis Jesus ..	43
His be the Victor's name ..	25	Safe in Christ the weakest child ..	77
How good is the God we adore ..	23	Saved for glory! yes, for glory ..	30
How sweet is the story of God's ..	8	Saved through the blood of Jesus ..	76
I hear the words of love ..	18	Saviour, again to Thy dear name ..	84
I'll give you a piece of good news ..	46	Saviour, we long to follow Thee ..	10
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord ..	72	Sing them over again to me ..	75
In hope we lift our wistful ..	67	Sound the gospel of grace abroad ..	74
I've found a Friend, oh, such a ..	27	The Lord is risen! now death's dark	68
I will not be afraid ..	21	The night is wearing fast away ..	28
I will sing the wond'rous story ..	78	There is a Name I love to hear ..	54
Jesus, in His heavenly temple ..	45	Thou art coming, mighty Saviour ..	79
Jesus, our Lord with what joy ..	63	T'was not for our great love to Thee	69
Jesus, the Holy One ..	51	What a friend we have in Jesus ..	31
Jesus, Thou alone art worthy ..	44	We love to sing with one accord ..	57
Jesus, Thy name we love ..	50	We sing the praise of Him who died	61
Just as I am, without one plea ..	70	When I survey the wond'rous Cross	32
Look ye saints, the sight is glorious	38	Wilt Thou come, or wilt thou linger	66
Lord Jesus Christ; our Saviour			
Thou ..	9		

MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE LIBRARY



3 2042 10100724 7

MOORE COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Lyngham

C.M

T. JARMAN



1 Nativity; Emmanuel; Lyngham

1
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
And thus approach the throne:
Had we ten thousand, thousand tongues,
Our theme of joy's but one.

2
"Worthy the Lamb enthroned on high,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb who died," we cry,
"For He was slain for us."

3
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4
Soon shall the saints, exalted high,
A glorious anthem raise;
And all that dwell beneath the sky
Speak forth Thine endless praise.
Isaac Watts.

2 Evan; Belmont; St. Agnes; Lyngham

1
Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2
Our gracious Master and our God,
Assist us to proclaim,
To tell through all the world abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

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

4
He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.
C. Wesley.

Stutgard

8.7. 8.7.

German.



From General Hymnary

3

1
Hark! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God," with one accord;
Thousand, thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

2
"Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far, each tongue partaking,
Rolls along the endless song.

3
Grateful incense, this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne;
Every knee to Jesus bending;
All the mind of heaven is one.

Sigismund; Sharon; Stutgard

4
All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honours for the Son—
All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

5
By the Spirit, all pervading,
Hosts unnumbered round the Lamb.
Crowned with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I Am."

6
Joyful now the new creation
Rests in undisturbed repose;
Blest in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

J. N. Darby.

St. Oswald

8.7. 8.7

DYKES.



From General Hymnary

4

1
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

Sharon; St. Oswald; Gotha

3
Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to grieve the God I love:
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson.

Miles Lane

C.M

SHRUBSOLE.



From General Hymnary

5

1
All hail the power of Jesu's name,
Let Angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!
2
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!
3
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

Miles Lane; Diadem

To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!
4
Tell forth the only Name that's giv'n,
On which we now may call,
The Name adored by hosts in heav'n,
And crown Him Lord of all.
5
Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

J. Perronet.

Holley

L.M.

G. Hews



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

6

Melcombe; Holley; Rockingham

1
Our Father! oh, what gracious ways
And thoughts of love that name conveys:
It tells us of the tender care
Beloved children ever share.
2
Our Father! by Thy mercies past,
We learn on Thee our cares to cast:
And while our wants are known to Thee,
We need not fear whate'er they be.

3
How oft when wand'ring far away,
Thy care has hedged up all our way;
So bidding us return and live,
And learn how much Thou canst forgive.
4
How precious are Thy thoughts to us!
How dear Thy name revealed thus!
Oh! make us followers of Thee,
As Thy dear children ought to be.

7

Duke Street; Holley

1
On Christ salvation rests secure;
The Rock of Ages must endure;
Nor can that faith be overthrown
Which rests upon the "Living Stone."
2
No other hope shall intervene;
To Him we look, on Him we lean;
Other foundations we disown,
And build on Christ, the "Living Stone."
3
In Him it is ordained to raise
A temple to Jehovah's praise,

Composed of all His saints, who own
No Saviour but the "Living Stone."

4
View the vast building, see it rise.
The work how great! the plan how wise!
O wondrous fabric! power unknown:
That rests it on the "Living Stone."

5
But most adore His precious Name:
His glory and His grace proclaim!
For us, the lost, condemned, undone,
He gave Himself, the "Living Stone."

Samuel Medley.

To God be the Glory

Irregular

W. H. Doane



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

8

To God be the Glory

1
How sweet is the story of God's boundless
love,
That brought His blest Son from the glory
above,
Who died in our stead upon Calvary's tree,
Obtaining redemption that we might be
free.

2
How wondrous the story! the claims of the
throne
Were met by the blood, which for guilt
did atone;
The judgment of sin has been borne by
the Son,
Who glorified God in the work He has
done.

Refrain:

Sound His praise! sound His praise!
All the work has been done,
Praise His name! praise His name!
God's own blessed Son;
We give Him the glory, our Saviour and
Friend,
Our song is of Jesus, and never will end.

3
How brilliant the glory where Christ is
enthroned!
How rightly His name above others is
owned!
Yes, Jesus the Saviour, the glory-crowned
Lord,
Is worthy by all to be ever adored.

R. D. Edwards.

St. Agnes C.M. Dr. J. B. Dykes

From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

9 *Evan; Worship; St. Agnes*

<p>1 Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour Thou, With joy we worship Thee, We know Thou hast redeemed us, By dying on the tree.</p> <p>2 We know the love that brought Thee down, Down from that bliss on high; To meet our ruined souls in need, On Calv'ry's cross to die.</p> <p>3 Our Saviour Jesus—Lord Thou art, Eternal is Thy love; Eternal, too, our songs of praise, When with Thee, Lord, above.</p>	<p>4 E'en now we praise the grace divine, The love that shines in Thee; The rich One Thou—for us made poor, By death to set us free.</p> <p>5 We praise, we worship, we adore, As round Thyself we meet; Thy beauty, Lord, our souls transports, While bowing at Thy feet.</p> <p>6 Our theme of praise art Thou alone, Thy cross, Thy work, Thy word: Oh! who can fathom all Thy love, Thou living blessed Lord?</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

T. E. Purdom.

10 *Borrowdale; St. Agnes; St. Peter*

<p>1 Saviour, we long to follow Thee, Daily Thy cross to bear, And count all else, whate'er it be, Unworthy of our care.</p> <p>2 We are not now our own, but Thine, The purchase of Thy blood, And made, by grace and love divine, The sons and heirs of God.</p> <p>3 Thy Spirit, too, the present seal Of all the Father's love,</p>	<p>4 Dwells in our souls, and does reveal The glorious rest above.</p> <p>5 Thy life is now beyond the grave; Our souls Thou hast set free; Life, strength, and grace in Thee we have, For we are one with Thee.</p> <p>6 O teach us so the power to know Of risen life with Thee; Not we may live while here below, But Christ our life may be.</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

J. G. Deck.

11 *Grafenberg; St. Agnes*

<p>1 Father of mercies; in Thy Word What endless glory shines! For ever be Thy Name ador'd For these celestial lines.</p> <p>2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.</p>	<p>3 O may these holy pages be Our ever new delight! And still new beauties may we see, And still increasing light.</p> <p>4 Divine Instructor! gracious Lord! Thou art for ever near; Teach us to love Thy sacred Word, And view a Saviour there.</p>
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Anne Steele.

Fort 8.5.8.5. D. Bliss.

Refrain

From Hoyle's Hymns

12 *Connemara; Fort*

<p>1 Blessed Lord, our hallelujahs Now to Thee we raise; Never could we fully utter All Thy worth and praise!</p> <p>Refrain: Praise the Lamb, for He is worthy! Sweet eternal strain. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen.</p> <p>2 Praise the Lamb! Yes, Thou art worthy, Who didst shed Thy blood, To redeem Thy saints, and make us Kings and priests to God!</p>	<p>3 Yes! we praise Thee, for Thou lov'st us; And we bless Thee, Lord, For Thy ceaseless intercession, And Thy precious Word.</p> <p>4 Hallelujah, Thou, Lord Jesus, Can'st not cease to love; Thine we are, and Thine for ever, One with Thee above.</p> <p>5 Praise the Lord! yes, hallelujah! Who would hush the song? Join with saints from every nation, Every tribe and tongue.</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

H. D'A. Champney.

13 *Fort*

<p>1 Midst the darkness, storm and sorrow, One bright gleam I see; Well I know the blessed morrow Christ will come for me; Midst the light, and peace, and glory Of the Father's home, Christ for me is watching, waiting, Waiting till I come.</p> <p>2 Who is this who comes to meet me On the desert way, As the Morning Star foretelling God's unclouded day? He it is who came to win me On the cross of shame; In His glory well I know Him, Evermore the same.</p>	<p>3 He, who in His hour of sorrow, Bore the curse alone; I, who through the lonely desert, Trode where He had gone. He and I in that bright glory One deep joy shall share; Mine, to be for ever with Him; His, that I am there.</p> <p>4 Oh! the blessed joy of meeting, All the desert past! Oh! the wondrous words of greeting He shall speak at last! He and I, together entering Those bright courts above; He and I, together sharing All the Father's love.</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Gerhardt Tersteegen.

Chatauqua

6.4. 6.4. D.

SHERWIN.



From General Hymnary

14

Chatauqua; Blessed Hope

1
O bright and blessed hope, when shall it be
That we His face, long loved, revealed
shall see?
O when, without a cloud, His features trace,
Whose faithful love so long we've known
in grace.
2
That love itself enjoy, which, ever true,
Did in our feeble path its work pursue?
O Jesus! not unknown, Thy love shall fill
The heart in which Thou dwell'st, and
shalt dwell still.
3
Still, Lord, to see Thy face, Thy voice to
hear;
To know Thy present love, for ever near;

To gaze upon Thyself so faithful known,
Long proved in secret help with Thee
alone;
4
To see that love, content, on us flow forth,
For ever Thy delight, clothed with Thy
worth!
Nor what is next Thy heart can we forget;
Thy saints, O Lord, with Thee in glory met.
5
Perfect in comeliness before Thy face,
Th' eternal witness, all, of Thine own
grace;
Together then their songs of endless praise,
With one harmonious voice in joy they'll
raise!

J. N. Darby.

15

Chatauqua

1
Break Thou the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves beside the
sea;
Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord,
My spirit pants for Thee, O Living Word.
2
Break Thou the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
That hid within my heart Thy word may be;
Mould Thou each inward thought, from
self set free,
And let my steps be all controlled by Thee.

3
Open Thy Word of Truth, that I may see
Thy message written clear and plain for
me;
Then in sweet fellowship, walking with
Thee,
Thine image on my life engraved will be.
4
Bless Thou the truth, O Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst break the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters
fall,
And I shall find my peace, my All in All.

Mary A. Lothbury.

16

Boylston; Silchester

1
Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away one stain,
2
But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Took all our sins away,—
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3
We now look back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And know our guilt was there.
4
Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing redeeming love.

Isaac Watts.

Silchester

S M.

Dr. H. A. C. Malan



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

17

Midlane (with refrain); Silchester

1
"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead;
And make Thy people hear.
2
"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be!
3
"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Exalt Thy precious name;

And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.
4
"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give power unto Thy word;
Grant that Thy blessed gospel may
In living faith be heard.
5
"Revive Thy work, O Lord!"
Give Pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

A. Midlane.

18

St. Michael; Silchester

1
I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
2
'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.
3
The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky;
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.
4
My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows,

But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.
5
I change, He changes not:
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine the tie.
6
The Cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb!
7
And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes,
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.

H. Bonar.

19

Zurich; Silchester

1
My Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord who died;
With all things good I ever am
By Him in love supplied.
2
He richly feeds my soul
With blessings from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

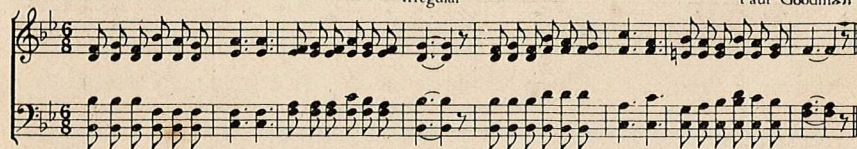
3
His love so full, so free,
Anoints my head with oil,
Goodness and mercy follow me,
Fruit of His grief and toil.
4
When faith and hope shall cease,
And love abides alone,
I then shall see Him face to face,
And know as I am known.

John Beaumont.

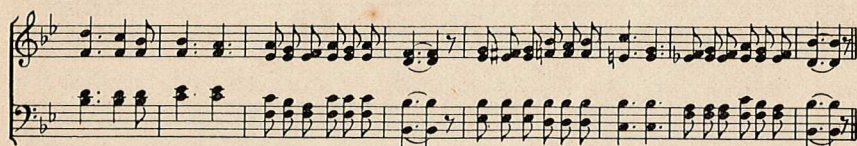
Evangelic

Irregular

Paul Goodman



Refrain



20

Evangelic; Showers

1
Christ is the Saviour of sinners,
Christ is the Saviour for me;
Long was I chained in sin's darkness,
Now by His grace I am free.

Refrain:

Saviour of sinners,
Saviour of sinners like me,
Shedding His blood for my ransom,
This is the Saviour for me.

2
Now I can say I am pardoned,
Happy and justified, free,
Saved by my Blessed Redeemer,
This is the Saviour for me.

3
Just as I was He received me,
Seeking from judgment to flee,
Now there is no condemnation,
This is the Saviour for me.

4
Loved with a love that's unchanging,
Blessed with all blessings so free.
How shall I tell out His praises?
This is the Saviour for me.

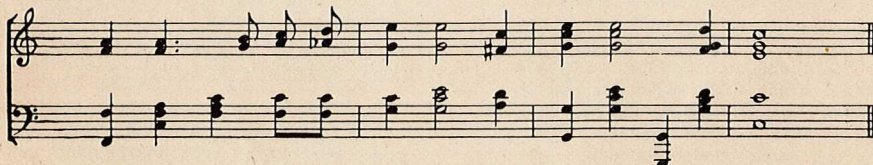
5
Soon shall the glory be dawning,
Then, when His face I shall see,
Sing, O my soul, in thy gladness.
This is the Saviour for me.

Heyman Wreford.

Duntroon

P.M.

G.E.M.G.



21

"I will Trust and not be Afraid." Isa. xii. 2.

1
I will not be afraid, I will not be afraid,
I will look upward, and travel onward,
And not be afraid.

2
He says He will be with me. He says He
will be with me;
He goes before me, and is beside me,
So I'm not afraid.

3
His arms are underneath me, His arms are
underneath me,
His hand upholds me, His love enfolds me,
So I'm not afraid.

4
His Word will stand forever, His Word
will stand forever,
His truth it shall be my shield and buckler,
So I'm not afraid.

5
He will give grace and glory, He will give
grace and glory;
His cross before me, His banner o'er me,
So I'm not afraid.

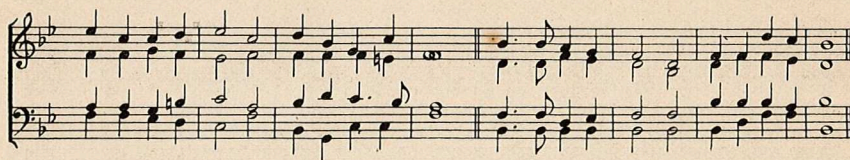
6
So we go singing onward, so we go singing
onward;
We're pressing upward, we're marching
Homeward,
To Him unafraid.

G.E.M.G.

Elim

11.11.11.11. Trochaic

Miss Davis



22

Elim; St. Gertrude (with refrain)

1
Everlasting glory
Unto Jesus be!
Sing aloud the story
Of His victory!
How He left the splendour
Of His home on high,
Came, in love so tender,
On the cross to die.

2
Yes! He came from heaven,
Suffered in our stead;
Praise to Him be given,
"First-born from the dead!"
Jesus, meek and lowly,
Came the lost to save;
He the Victim Holy,
Triumphed o'er the grave.

3
We in death were lying,
Lost in hopeless gloom;
Jesus by His dying
Vanquished e'en the tomb!
Burst its iron portal,
Rolled away the stone,
Rose in life immortal
To the Father's throne.

4
Christ is Lord of Glory,
Sing we now to-day;
Tell abroad the story,
Own His rightful sway!
Sing aloud; and never
Cease to spread His fame,
Triumph, now and ever,
In the Saviour's name.

Miss H. K. Burlingham.

Celeste

8.8.8.8.

Unknown



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

23

Ebenezer; Celeste

1
How good is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend!
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.

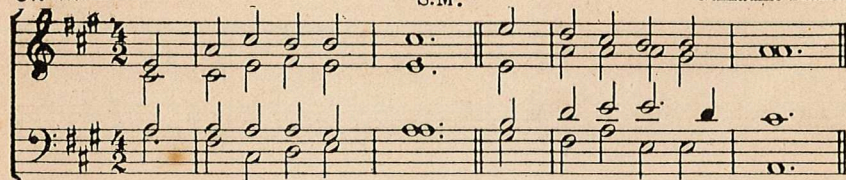
2
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart.

St. Michael

S.M.

Guillaume Franc.



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

24

Silchester; St. Michael; St. George

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

2
Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

3
'Twas grace that wrote my name
In life's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4
Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5
Lord, let that grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
And all my days be Thine.

6
Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. Doddridge.

25

Victory; St. Michael; Silchester

1
His be the victor's name
Who fought the fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
Their conquest was His own.

2
By weakness and defeat
He won the mead and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.

3
He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bow'd to the grave, destroyed it so,
And Death, by dying slew.

4
Bless, bless the Conqueror slain—
Slain in His victory;
Who lived, Who died, Who lives again,
For thee, His Church, for thee.

Whitlock Gandy.

26

St. Michael; Dennis

1
Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

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

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

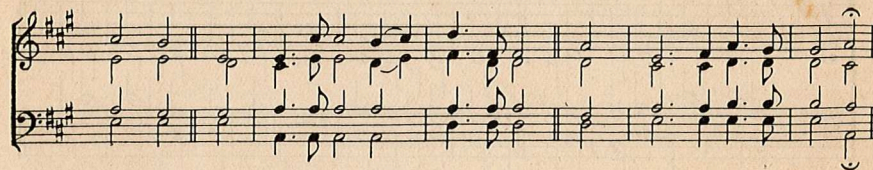
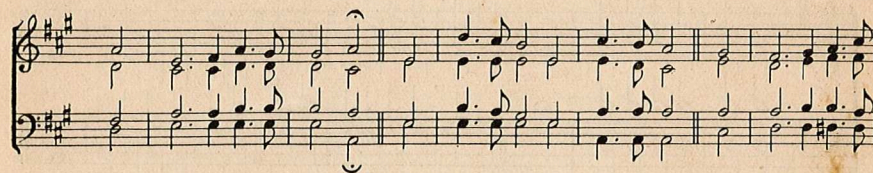
4
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

J. Fawcett.

Aldwyn

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7 Iambic

G. C. Stebbins



27

Aldwyn; Wiltshire; Constance

1
I've found a Friend: oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His and He is mine,
For ever and for ever!

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

3
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour:
So now to watch! to work! to war!
And then—to rest for ever!

4
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life? or death? or earth? or hell?
No! I am His for ever!

J. S. Small.

28

Aldwyn; Wiltshire

1
The night is wearing fast away,
The glorious day is dawning,
When Christ shall all His grace display,
The fair millennial morning.
Gloomy and dark the night hath been,
And long the way, and dreary;
And sad the weeping saints are seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.

2
Ye mourning pilgrims, dry your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long Sabbath morrow.

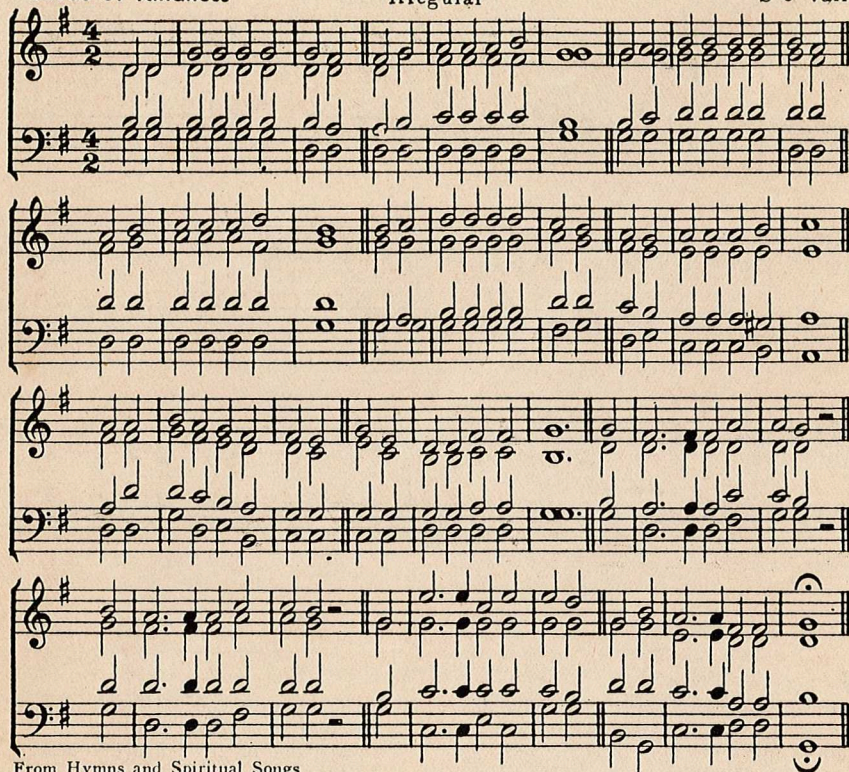
3
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming;
It is the bright and Morning Star
In living lustre beaming.
And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands attending;
Hark! hark! the trumpet's gladdening
sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes! the Bridegroom promised long:
Go forth with joy to meet Him,
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheering strains to greet Him.

Thomas Kelly.

Seeds of Kindness

Irregular

S J Vail



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

29

Seeds of Kindness; Ahabah

1

Oh, the love of God is boundless,
Perfect, causeless, full and free!
Doubts have vanished, fears are groundless,
Now I know that love to me.
Love, the source of all my blessing;
Love that set itself on me;
Love that gave the Spotless Victim;
Love, told out at Calvary.
'Tis love displayed by Jesus
When alone at Calvary.

2

Oh, the Cross of Christ is wondrous!
There I learn God's heart to me;
'Midst the silent deepening darkness,
"God is Light" I also see.
Holy claims of justice finding
Full expression in that scene;
Light and love alike are telling
What yon woe and sufferings mean.
My guilt was borne by Jesus
When in darkness on the tree.

3

O the pow'r of death is broken!
Christ is risen from the grave;
Firstborn He of many brethren,
Since His precious life He gave;
Sends them forth to every nation,
Preaching peace thro' His blest name;
Life is offered, and salvation,
Glorious message to proclaim.
None other name but Jesus
By Whom we must be saved.

4

Oh, the sight in heaven is glorious!
Man in righteousness is there;
Once the Victim, now victorious,
Jesus lives in glory fair.
Him who met the claims of glory!
And the need of ruined man,
On the cross—oh, wondrous story!
God has set at His right hand.
How rightly crowned is Jesus,
Who has once atonement made.

R. D. Edwards (adapted).

Converse

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

C. C. Converse



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

30

Lux Eoi; Converse

1

Saved for glory! yes, for glory,
By the work of God's blest Son;
Saved for glory, wondrous story,
We believe what Christ has done.
Saved for glory! saved by Jesus,
All our meanness His alone;
Meekness which the Father pleases
Ours should be, in Christ the Son.

2

All of grace, yes, grace surpassing,
Such a portion to bestow;
But the love all knowledge passing,
Grace has called us now to know.
Love that bore the stripes and sorrow,
Love that suffered on the tree,
Love that shares the bright to-morrow
With the loved ones, you and me,

3

Through that perfect Offering, never
Can our sins against us rise;
Perfected are we for ever
By that wondrous sacrifice.
Jesus, Saviour! we are graven
Ever on Thy heart of love;
We shall reach the wished-for haven
In Thy Father's house above.

T. H. Reynolds.

31

Converse

1

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2

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

3

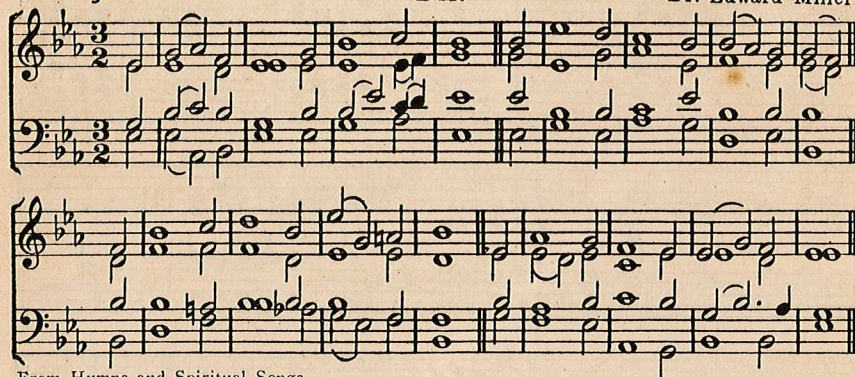
Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Blessed Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee—
Thou shalt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

Rockingham

L.M.

Dr. Edward Miller



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

32

Rockingham; Mason; Dale

1 When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

33

Rockingham; Wareham; Boston

1 O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
And teach us all Thy love; then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
2 Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered by Thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live!
4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Count Zinzendorf.

34

Dale; Rockingham; Wareham

1 O! spotless Lamb of God, in Thee
The Father's holiness we see:
And with delight Thy children trace,
In Thee—His wondrous love and grace.
2 For Thou didst leave Thy throne above
To teach us that our "God is Love!"
And now we see His glory shine
In every word and deed of Thine.
3 When we behold Thee, Lamb of God,
Beneath our sins' tremendous load,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
How great our guilt, with grief we see.
4 There we with joy Thy grace behold;
Its height and depth can ne'er be told!
It bursts our chains and sets us free,
And sweetly draws our souls to Thee!

5 The Cross reveals Thy love below;
But better soon our hearts shall know,
When we behold Thy face above,—
The fulness of our Father's love.

J. G. Deck.

35

Retreat; Walton; Rockingham

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a safe retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though Sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.
4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?
5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense appear no more,
There heavenly joys our spirits greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

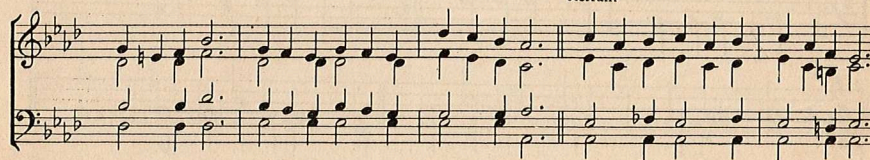
Mighty to Save

P.M.

C.R.



Refrain



36

Mighty to Save; Glory Song

1 Oh, what a Saviour is Jesus the Lord,
Well might His name by His saints be
adored;
He has redeemed them from hell by His
blood,
Saved them for ever, and brought them to
God.
2 Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save,
Mighty to save, mighty to save,
Jesus hath triumphed o'er death and the
grave.
3 Jesus the Saviour is mighty to save.
Now in the glory, He waits to impart
Peace to the conscience and joy to the
heart;
4 Waits to be gracious, to pardon and heal
All who their sin and their wretchedness
feel.
5 Thousands have fled to His spear-pierced
side,
Welcome they all have been, none are
denied;
Weary and laden, they all have been blest,
Joyfully now in the Saviour they rest.
6 Come, then, poor sinner, no longer delay,
Come to the Saviour, come now while you
may;
So shall your peace be eternally sure,
So shall your happiness ever endure.

A. Midlane.

Bank Street

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

G.C Stebbins

From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

37

Regent Square; Bank Street

Bright with all His crowns of glory,
See the Royal Victor's brow;
Once for sinners marr'd and gory
See the Lamb exalted now,
While before Him
All His ransom'd brethren bow.
Blessed morning! long expected,
Lo! they fill the peopled air,
Mourners once, by man rejected,

They, with Him exalted there,
Sing His praises,
And His throne of glory share.

King of kings! let earth adore Him,
High on His exalted throne;
Fall ye nations, fall before Him,
And His righteous sceptre own;
All the glory
Be to Him, and Him alone.

Sir Edward Denny.

38

Bank Street; Regent Square

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings!"

Sinners in derision crown'd Him!
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! these burst's of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"

Thomas Kelly.

39

St. Mary; Bank Street

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
I have rest and peace to offer,
Rest, thou labouring one, for thee;
Take salvation, take salvation,
Take it now and happy be."

Yes; though high in heavenly glory,
Still the Saviour calls to thee;
Faith can hear His gracious accents—
"Come, ye laden, come to Me;
Take salvation, take salvation,
Take it now and happy be."

Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message—
To the blood for refuge flee:
Take salvation, take salvation,
Take it now and happy be."

Peace is found alone in Jesus,
Only there 'tis offered thee—
Offered without price or money,
'Tis the gift of God sent free.
Take salvation, take salvation,
Take it now and happy be." A. Midlane.

40

Even Me; Bank Street; The Good Shepherd.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Open wide stands mercy's door;
Jesus ready waits to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able, He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth

Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you, this He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

J. Hart.

Deliverance

Paul Goodman

Refrain

41

Deliverance; Clean Heart

Guilty and chained I helpless lay,
A willing slave, to sin a prey;
The Saviour saw my lost estate,
And came my soul to liberate.

Refrain.

Now washed and cleansed from every stain
I wait for Him to come again,
When from sin's presence I'll be free,
And joy in Him eternally.

He died for me! I died with Him!
My sins are gone, tho' sin's within,

From its Dominion I am free,
To live to Him who died for me.

Sanctified now by His own blood,
Justified, too, and brought to God,
His shout of power I soon shall hear,
Then glorified, His likeness bear.

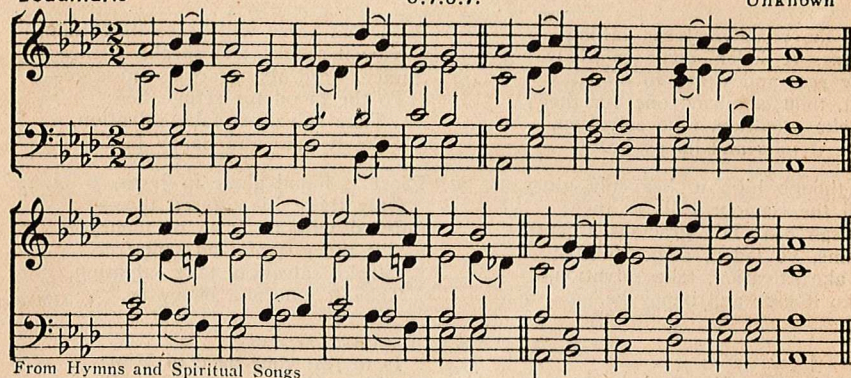
Come then, O Blessed Saviour Lord,
Fulfil to us Thy parting word,
And take us to the Father's home:
Lord Jesus, Saviour, quickly come!

A. Mace.

Beaumaris

8.7.8.7.

Unknown



42

Stuttgard; Beaumaris; Gotha

1 Gazing on Thee, Lord in glory,
While our hearts in worship bow,
There we read the wondrous story
Of the Cross—its shame and woe.

2 Every mark of dark dishonour
Heaped upon the thorn-crowned brow,
All the depths of Thy heart's sorrow
Told in answering glory now.

3 On that Cross alone—forsaken—
Where no pitying eye was found;
Now to God's right hand exalted,
With Thy praise the heavens resound.

4 Did Thy God e'en then forsake thee,
Hide His face from Thy deep need?
In Thy face, once marred and smitten,
All His glory now we read.

5 Gazing on it we adore Thee,
Blessed, precious, holy Lord;
Thou, the Lamb, alone art worthy—
This be earth's and heaven's accord.
Kiss C. Thompson.

43

Gotha; Beaumaris; Stuttgard

1 Rise, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,
Jesus fills Thy wondering eyes;
See Him now in glory seated,
Where thy sins no more can rise.

2 There, in righteousness transcendent,
Lo! He doth in heaven appear,
Shows the blood of His atonement
As thy title to be there.

3 All thy sins were laid upon Him—
Jesus bore them on the tree;
God, who knew them, laid them on Him,
And, believing, thou art free.

4 God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling
What a portion there is thine.

5 In that circle of God's favour,
Circle of the Father's love,
All is rest, and rest for ever—
All is perfectness above.

6 Blessed, glorious word "forever!"
Yea, "forever!" is the word;
Nothing can the ransomed sever—
Nought divide them from the Lord.
J. Denham Smith.

44

Beaumaris; St. Oswald; Sharon

1 Jesus, Thou alone art worthy
Ceaseless praises to receive;
For Thy love, and grace, and goodness
Rise o'er all our thoughts conceive.

2 With adoring hearts we render
Honour to Thy precious Name;
Overflowing with Thy mercies,
Far and wide Thy worth proclaim.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! praise the
Saviour!
Saints, aloud your voices raise.
Praise Him! praise Him! till in heaven
Perfected we'll sing His praise.
Mrs. J. A. Trench.

45

Beaumaris; Sigismund

1 Jesus, in His heavenly temple,
Sits with God upon the throne.
Now no more to be forsaken,
His humiliation gone.

2 Never more shall God, Jehovah,
Smite the Shepherd with the sword;
Ne'er again shall cruel sinners,
Set at nought our Glorious Lord.

3 Dwelling in eternal sunshine
Of the countenance of God,
Jesus fills all heaven with incense,
Of His reconciling blood.

4 On His heart our names are graven,
On His shoulders we are borne;
Of our God beloved in Jesus,
We can love Him in return.
R. C. Chapman.

Remembered no More

P.M.



46

Remembered No More

1 I'll give you a piece of good news to-day,
My sins are remembered no more,
For Jesus has taken them all away,
My sins are remembered no more.

2 As far as the East is away from the West,
My sins are remembered no more.
And now my soul is at perfect rest,
My sins are remembered no more.

3 You may search the depths of the deep,
deep sea,

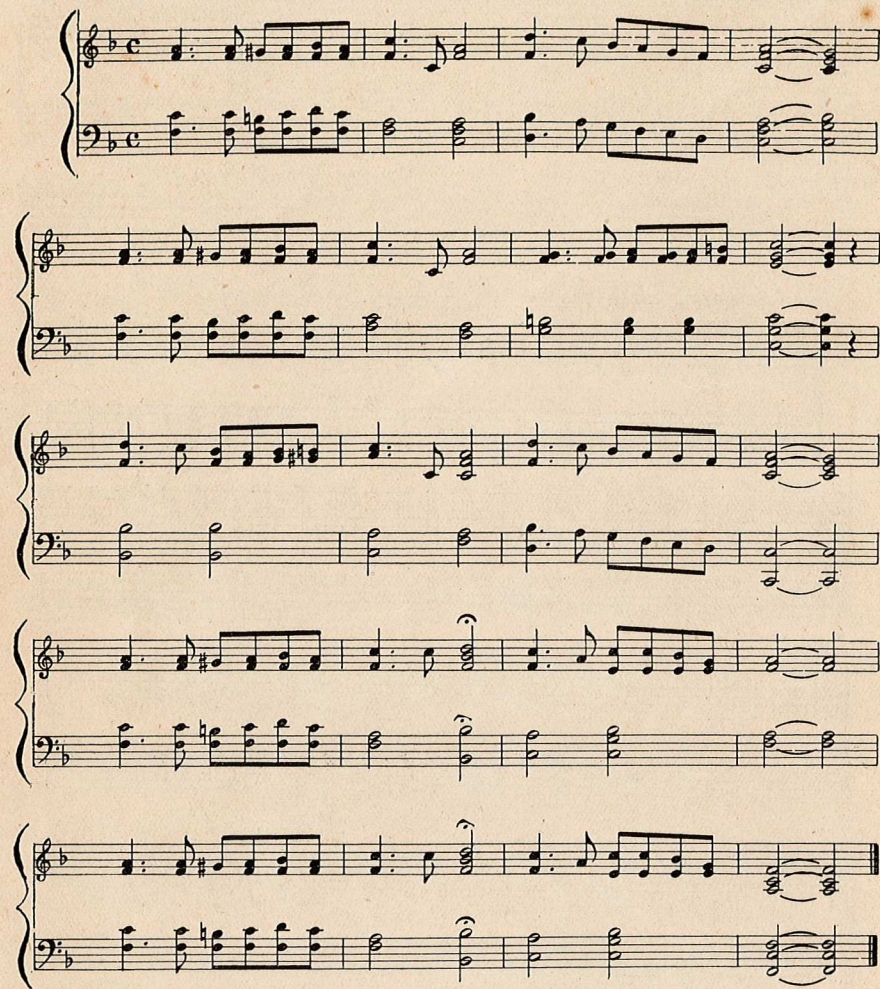
4 My sins are remembered no more;
At the judgment throne of eternity,
My sins are remembered no more.

5 Let men remember and foes accuse,
My sins are remembered no more;
If God forgets they may say what they
choose,
My sins are remembered no more.

6 They're forgiven, forgotten and cleansed
and gone,
My sins are remembered no more;
They're atoned for and covered by God's
dear Son,
My sins are remembered no more.
Sydney Smith.

Where, Oh Where?

P.M.



47

1
Oft I wonder where I might be now,
Had I wander'd on in sin,
If when God's sweet loving voice I heard
I'd refused to let Him in,
Oh how glad it makes me now to know
That my stubborn heart did bow;
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
2
Friends whom I have known have pass'd
away,
Suddenly and unprepar'd,
Others still are suff'ring from their sins,
Lives that are so hard to bear.

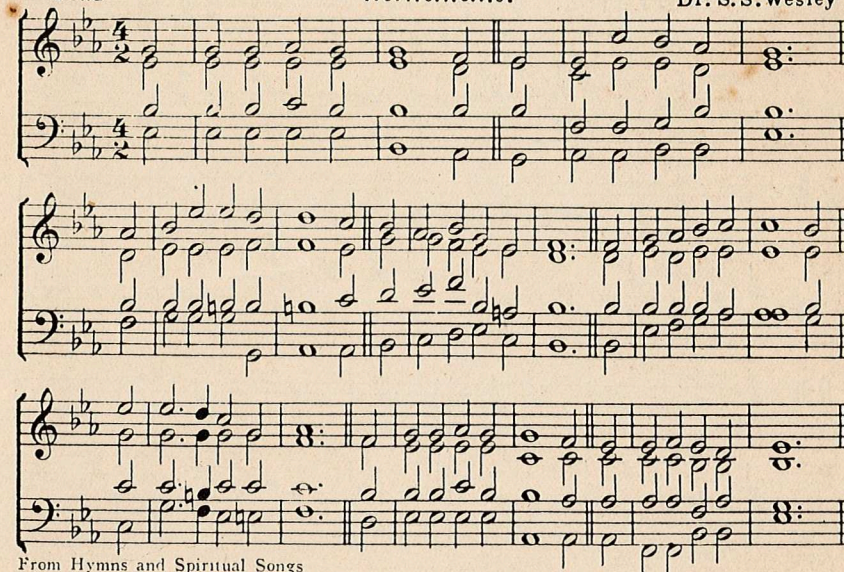
Solo.

While I'm here and bless'd with all I need,
Saved! thank God, and heav'nward bound.
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
3
Oft my heart goes out in grateful praise,
Oft I thank Him for His love;
For when I have numbered all my days,
There's a home for me above.
Oh! how diff'rent this might all have been,
If my sin I had allowed,
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
But if I had wandered on in sin,
Where, oh where, might I be now?
Unknown.

Aurelia

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Dr. S.S. Wesley



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

48

1
Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
When to the time appointed
The rolling years have run.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2
The heavens, which now conceal Him
In counsels deep and wise,
In glory shall reveal Him
To our rejoicing eyes;
He who, with hands uplifted,
Went from this earth below,
Shall come again, all gifted,
His blessing to bestow.

Morning Light; Aurelia

3
He shall come down like showers
Upon the new-mown grass,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring up where He doth pass.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4
Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him.
His praise all people sing;
Outstretched His wide dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

J. Montgomery.

49

1
O Head once filled with bruises,
Oppressed with pain and scorn:
O'erwhelmed with sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
O Head to death once wounded,
In shame upon the tree,
In glory now surrounded
With brightest Majesty!

Aurelia; Heber

2
Thou Lord of all transcendent;
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on Thee dependent—
Yet bruised and spit upon!
O Lord! what Thee tormented
Was our sin's heavy load;
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

3
We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
Lord Jesus, Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
When Thou for us didst bleed;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until to glory taken,
We see Thee face to face.

Paul Gerhardt.



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

50

Lowry; Worship; Bethany

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

2
Thou, blessed Son of God, Jesus, our Lord!
Hast bought us with Thy blood, Jesus our Lord!

Great was indeed Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love thou did'st clearly prove, Jesus, our Lord!

3
When unto Thee we flee, Jesus, our Lord!
Thou wilt a refuge be, Jesus, our Lord!
Whom, then, have we to fear,
What trouble, grief, or care,
Since Thou art ever near, Jesus, our Lord!

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

J. G. Deck.

51

Lowry; St. Edmund's

1
Jesus, the Holy One,
Thou art for me;
Long ere the world began,
Thou wert for me.
Long before Adam's fall
Bound me in sin's dark thrall,
Maker and Lord of all,
Thou wert for me.

2
God of eternity,
Thou art for me;
Fountain of Majesty,
Thou art for me.
Thou who hast boundless power,
Living for evermore;
Thou whom Heaven's hosts adore,
Thou art for me.

3
Jesus, Devoted One,
Thou wert for me;
Sin-bearer, Smitten One,
Thou wert for me.
Shedding Thy precious blood,
Sinking in death's dark thrall,
Bearing the wrath of God,
Thou wert for me.

4
Jesus, Triumphant One,
Thou art for me;
Mighty One—Risen One,
Thou art for me.
Spoiled are the powers of hell,
Vanquished the terrible—
Thou hast done all things well,
Thou art for me.

52

Lowry; Bethany; Name of Love

1
Come! hear the gospel sound,
"Yet there is room!"
It tells to all around,
"Yet there is room!"
Though guilty, now draw near;
Though vile, you need not fear;
With joy you now may hear,
"Yet there is room!"

2
God's love in Christ we see—
"Yet there is room!"
Greater it could not be—
"Yet there is room!"
His only Son He gave,
He's righteous now to save
All who on Him believe:
"Yet there is room!"

3
"All things are ready: Come!"
"Yet there is room!"
Christ everything hath done:
"Yet there is room!"
The work is now complete,
Before the mercy-seat
A Saviour you will meet:
"Yet there is room!"

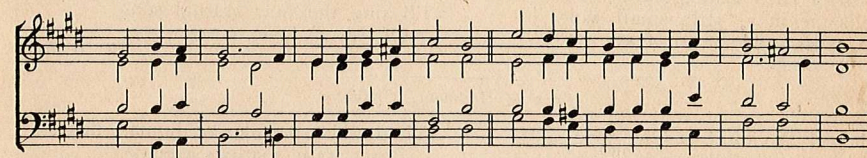
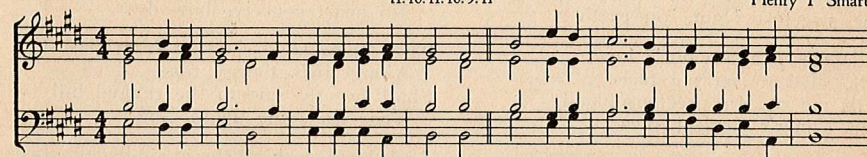
4
God's house is filling fast,
"Yet there is room!"
Some guest will be the last,
"Yet there is room!"
Yes! soon salvation's day
To you may pass away,
Then grace no more will say—
"Yet there is room!"

G. W. Fraser.

Pilgrims

11.10.11.10.9.11

Henry T Smart



Refrain



53

Pilgrims

1
Hark! hark! the voice of Christ, the sin-
ner's Saviour,
In glory seated on His Father's throne.
Telling of love and everlasting favour
For sinners far from God by sin undone.
Refrain:
Message of Jesus, message of love,
Telling of welcome to that bright home
above.

2
It is the voice of Him now crowned with
glory,
Telling of life for "whosoever will";
How sweet the sound of that entrancing
story,
Which tells of love for guilty sinners
still.

3
Blest words! they speak to us of God's
salvation,
Worked out by Christ alone upon the
cross,
Who by His blood redeems from every
nation,
And saves His people from eternal loss.

4
Soon Jesus' voice of love may cease
appealing,
And in your face the door of mercy close;
Spurn not the voice of Him with heart so
feeling,
Who proved His love by dying for His
foes.

H. D'A. Champney.

Belmont C.M. S. Webbe

From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

54

Belmont; Sawley

1
There is a Name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest Name on earth.

2
It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3
It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still, small, voice,"
To trust, and never fear.

4
Jesus! the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5
This Name shall shed its fragrance still
Along life's thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

6
And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. Whitfield.

55

Howards; Belmont; Orlington

1
O blessed Saviour! is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Fain would we have our hearts, our minds,
Our all engaged with Thee.

2
We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see;
We love Thee for the shameful cross
Endured so patiently.

3
No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain;
What love with Thine can vie?

4
Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,

Thou didst partake of human flesh,
Beset with sorrows round.

5
Thou wouldst like sinful man be made,
In everything but sin,
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been.

6
Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every heavenly grace,
More of Thine image daily gain
Till we behold Thy face.

7
O Lord, we treasure in our souls
The memory of Thy love;
And ever shall Thy Name to us
A grateful odour prove.

J. Stennett.

56

Belmont; Eden

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

2
O tell us often of Thy love,
Of all Thy grief and pain:
And let our hearts with joy confess
That thence comes all our gain.

3
For this, O may we freely count
Whate'er we have but loss;
The dearest object of our love,
Compared with Thee but dross.

4
Engrave this deeply on our heart,
Conform our ways to Thine,
That so we may, in some degree,
Reflect the light divine.

James Hutton.

57

Belmont

1
We love to sing with one accord
The riches of Thy grace.
We love to come before Thee, Lord—
On earth no happier place.

2
We love to lean upon Thy breast
In the repose of faith,
And find our soul's enduring rest
In what Thy Spirit saith.

3
He witnessed to the constant guilt
That marked the path we trod;

4
He witnessed that Thy blood was spilt
To bring us nigh to God.

5
He made us look to Thee alone,
And showed us our release;
He brings the message from the throne
Of mercy, grace, and peace.

6
In songs of praise we would record
Thy mercy while we live,
And, standing in Thy presence, Lord,
Far sweeter praises give.

Unknown.

O So Bright!

8.3.8.3.8.8.8.5

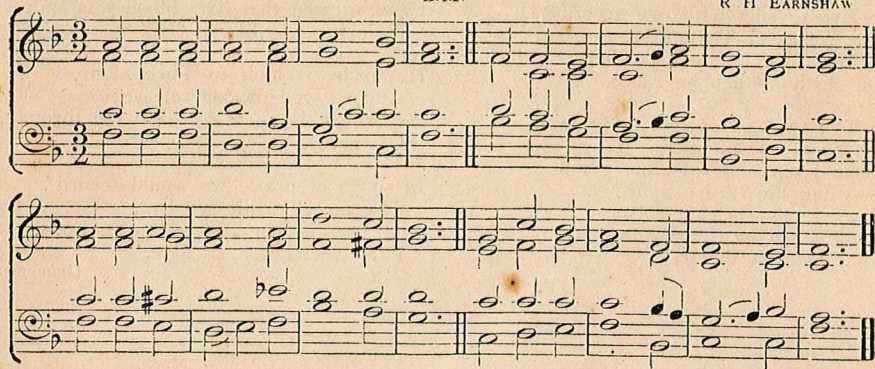
58

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

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

3
Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day,
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

4
In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons shall obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me, Christ for me.



59

Arizona; Holley; Galilee

1
O! lead me to the Man that died,
Who all God's nature glorified;
Descending to the depths of woe;
And for us vanquished every foe!

2
O! lead me to the empty tomb
His death has robbed of all its gloom;
He's risen; the Lord of life and peace,
And holds me in His fond embrace.

3
O! lead me up to heaven's height,
To see the Lord enthroned in light;
That gazing on His glory there,
I may reflect His image here.

4
O! lead me to that meeting rare,
So often longed for, in the air;

Then, then, His blessed face I'll see,
And praise Him thro' Eternity.

5
O! lead me on to Zion's hill,
To see the Lord His word fulfil;
His glorious King is sitting there,
Ruling o'er earth and sea and air.

6
O! lead me to that scene sublime,
Prepared by God before all time;
Sin, death and night have passed away;
Light, life, and love are there to stay.

7
There, too, the Eternal Three in One,
Blest Father, Spirit and the Son,
Rest undisturbed for evermore;
I wonder, worship, and adore!

A. Mace.

60

Arizona; Retreat

1
Lord Jesus Christ, we seek Thy face;
Within the veil we bow the knee,
Oh, let Thy glory fill the place,
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

2
We thank Thee for the precious blood
That purged our sins and brought us nigh
All cleansed and sanctified to God,
Thy holy Name to magnify.

3
Shut in with Thee, far, far above
The restless world that wars below;
We seek to learn and prove Thy love,
Thy wisdom and Thy grace to know.

4
The brow that once with thorns was bound,
Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see;
Draw near, Lord Jesus, glory crowned,
And bless us while we wait on Thee.

A. Stewart.

61

Arizona

1
We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope—let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2
Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love";
The Lamb who died upon the tree;
Has brought us mercy from above.

3
The Cross! it takes our guilt away!
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The theme of praise in heaven above.

6
To Christ, who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore.

T. Kelly.

62

Mainzer; Arizona

1
Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2
When Satan tempts me to despair,
Telling of evil yet within,
Upward I look and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

3
Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;

For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him and pardon me.

4
Behold Him there! the once slain Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.

5
One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour, and my God.
C. L. Bancroft.

Epiphany Hymn

11. 10. 11. 10.

J. F. Thrupp



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

63

Epiphany Hymn; Only Remembered

1
Jesus, our Lord, with what joy we adore
Thee,
Chanting our praise to Thyself on the
throne!
Blest in Thy presence, we worship before
Thee,
Own Thou art worthy, and worthy
alone;

2
Verily God, yet become truly human—
Lower than angels—to die in our stead;
How hast Thou, long-promised "Seed of
the woman,"
Trod on the serpent, and bruised his
head!

3
How did'st Thou humble Thyself to be
taken,
Led by Thy creatures, and nailed to the
cross!
Hated of men, and of God, too, forsaken,
Shunning not darkness, the curse, and
the loss!

4
How hast Thou triumphed and triumphed
with glory,
Battled death's forces, rolled back every
wave!
Can we refrain, then, from telling the
story?
Lord, Thou art Victor o'er death and
the grave!

H. D'A. Champney.

Stephanos

8.5.8.3.

Sir Henry W. Baker, *Bart.*

From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

64

Stephanos; Cairnbrook

1
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners—
Shed for me.

2
Precious blood that hath redeemed us,
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

3
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

4
Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

5
Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it! O receive it!
'Tis for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

65

Stephanos

1
Precious Name! the Name of Jesus,
Son of God most high,
Who in love to guilty sinners
Came to die.

2
Precious Name! the story telling
Of His humble birth;
Of His lonely pathway, trodden
Here on earth.

3
Precious Name of Him the Saviour,
Come the lost to save;
In His grace, for ruined sinners
All He gave.

4
Precious Name of Him who suffered
On the shameful tree,
Gave Himself, the willing Victim,
Spotless He.

5
Precious Name! enthroned in heaven,
Still that Name He bears;
On His brow the crown of glory
Now He wears.

6
Precious, peerless Name of Jesus,
None can tell its worth;
Sweetest Name there is in heaven,
Or on earth.

E. E. Nichols.

Bredbury; Stephanos

66

1
Wilt thou come, or wilt thou linger?
'Tis the Saviour calls;
Death and darkness are around thee;
Sin enthalls.

2
Thou may'st come! the vilest sinner
May in Christ confide;
Thou art welcome; for to save thee
Jesus died.

3
See the blood, and hear Him speaking
Of redemption done;
And on glory's heights behold Him,
God's own Son.

4
Hear Him speak the word of pardon;
Trust in Him who died;
And thy heart shall lose its burden,
By His side.

Heyman Wreford.

Toulon

10.10.10.10.

C. Goudimel



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

67

Toulon; Ellers; Eventide

1
In hope we lift our wistful longing eyes,
Waiting to see the Morning Star arise;
How bright, how gladsome will His advent
be,
Before the sun shines forth in majesty!

2
How will our eyes to see His face delight,
Whose love has cheered us through the
darksome night;
How will our ears drink in His well-known
voice,

Whose faintest whispers make our soul
rejoice?

3
If here on earth the thoughts of Jesus' love
Lift our poor hearts this weary world above;
If even here the taste of heavenly springs
So cheers the spirit that the pilgrim sings:

4
What will the sunshine of His glory prove,
What the unmingled fulness of His love?
What hallelujahs will His presence raise
What but one loud eternal burst of praise!
J. G. Deck.

68

Eventide; Protection; Toulon

1
The Lord is risen! now death's dark judg-
ment flood
Is passed, in Him who bought us with His
blood.
The Lord is risen! we stand beyond the
doom
Of all our sin, through Jesus' empty tomb.

2
The Lord is risen! with Him we also rose,
And in His grave see all our vanquished
foes.
The Lord is risen! beyond the judgment
land,
In Him, in resurrection life, we stand.

3
The Lord is risen! shut in are we with God,
To tread the desert which His feet have
trod.
The Lord is risen! the Sanctuary's our
place,
Where now we dwell before the Father's
face.

4
The Lord is risen! the Lord is gone before;
We long to see Him, and to sin no more!
The Lord is risen! our triumph-shout shall
be,
"Thou hast prevailed! Thy people, Lord,
are free!"

W. P. Mackay.

St. Cuthbert

8.6.8.4.

Dr. J. B. Dykes



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

69

St. Cuthbert

1
'Twas not for our great love to Thee
That Thou didst send Thy Son;
That spring of love, O God, we see
In Thee alone.

2
What love, Lord Jesus, brought Thee down
Our hardened hearts to win,
To be despised and spit upon,
And bear our sin!

3
The sins of many Thou didst bear—
Of all who look to Thee,
When God, Thy God, forsook Thee there,
On Calv'ry's tree.

4
'Tis finished! loud triumphant cry!
Ere Thou didst yield Thy breath;

The veil is rent, and we draw nigh
To God, through death.

5
That glorious resurrection morn
Bids doubts for ever cease;
For far and wide the news is borne
Of perfect peace.

6
Yes, peace! since every claim is met,
Lord Jesus, by Thy blood,
And Thou, our peace, art ris'n and set
On high by God.

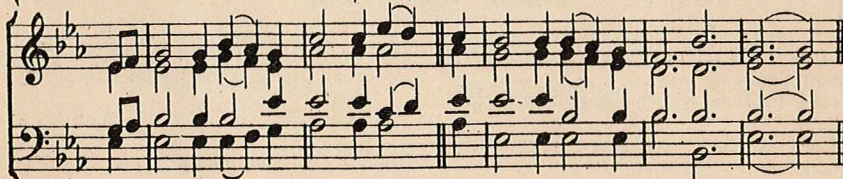
7
Thy grace, O Lord, alone revealed
That wondrous heart of Thine;
We thank Thee, and ourselves we yield
To love divine.

H. D'A. Champney.

Just as I am

8 8, 8 6

W. B. Bradbury



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

70

Just as I Am

1
Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2
Just as I am, 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, I come.

3
Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4
Just as I am—Thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliot.

71

Just as I Am; Palestrina

1
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst us lean,
Help us throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee, to Thee.

2
Far from our home, fatigued, oppress,
In Thee we've found our place of rest:
As strangers still, yet not unblest,
By faith to cling to Thee, to Thee.

3
Without a murmur we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss,
Our joy, our consolation this—
By faith to cling to Thee, to Thee.

4
Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
By faith to cling to Thee, to Thee.

Charlotte Elliot.

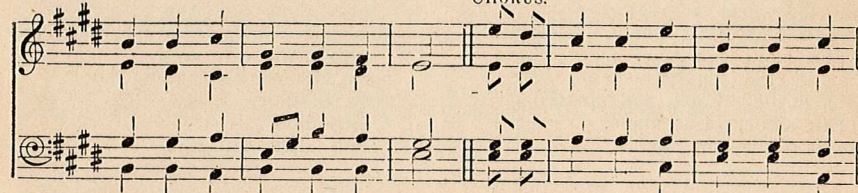
Jewels

P.M

G. F. Root.



CHORUS.



72

Jewels; Flowers of the Forest

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

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

3
Our loved ones before, Lord,
Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
I'll meet them once more at Thy coming
again.
The blood was the sign, Lord,
That marked them as Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine at Thy coming
again.

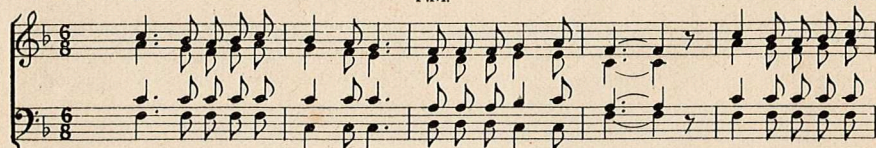
4
E'en now let my ways, Lord,
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
For brief are the days 'ere Thy coming
again,
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
No triumph for me like Thy coming
again.

Hannah K. Burlingham.

Jesus Alone

P.M.

C.R.



Refrain



73

Jesus Alone; Wonderful Words

1
Christ, the Saviour of sinners, came
Into the world to save;
Sing His glory, His worth, His fame,
Jesus alone can save.
No name else is given,
Search through Earth and Heaven—
*Jesus alone, Jesus alone,
Jesus alone can save.*

3
"Works of righteousness" all in vain,
Jesus alone can save.
His blood cleanses from every stain,
Jesus alone can save.
Now His work's completed,
Now in glory seated—
*Jesus alone, Jesus alone,
Jesus alone can save.*

2
Tender were His works of grace,
Jesus alone can save.
Wheresoever His steps we trace,
Jesus alone can save.
Death and woe dispelling,
God's great mercy telling—
*Jesus alone, Jesus alone,
Jesus alone can save.*

4
Tears can never forgiveness gain,
Jesus alone can save.
God will ever dead works disdain,
Jesus alone can save.
Hear His blest voice calling,
Blessings rich are falling—
*Jesus alone, Jesus alone,
Jesus alone can save.*

74

Jesus Alone; Wonderful Words

1
Sound the gospel of grace abroad,
There's life in the risen Lord!
Spread the news of the gift of God,
There's life in the risen Lord.
God above desires it!
Sinful man requires it!

3
Welcome news of gladness—
Antidote of sadness.*
Saints, apostles, and prophets, all
Published with one accord,
This deliverance from the fall—
This life in the risen Lord.
Glory be to Jesus,
Who from bondage frees us.*

Refrain:

*Tell it around, let it abound,
There's life in the risen Lord.*

2
All by nature are doomed to die,
So saith the Holy Word;
Welcome therefore the joyful cry,
There's life in the risen Lord!

4
Pardon, power, and perfect peace
The words of this life afford,
Never then let the tidings cease,
Of life in the risen Lord.
Open wide the portal,
Unto every mortal.*

75

Jesus Alone; Wonderful Words

1
Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty!

Sinner list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life!
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven!*

Refrain:

*Beautiful words! Wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!*

2
Christ, the blessed One, gives to all,
Wonderful words of life!

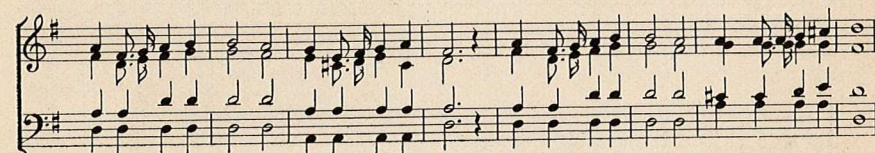
3
Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life!
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life!
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever!*

P. P. Bliss.

Saved Through the Blood

P.M.

C.R.



Refrain



76

Saved through the Blood; Safe in the arms of Jesus

1
Saved through the blood of Jesus,
Saved from all guilt and shame,
Saved is the soul that trusts Him,
Trusts in His precious name.
Safe in the Rock of Ages
Fearlessly he may hide;
Safe from the storms of judgment,
Safe from the swelling tide.

2
Saved through the blood of Jesus,
Saved from the wrath to come,
Saved too, to dwell for ever,
Safe in the Father's home.
Joy is among the angels,
Joy in the heart of God,
When an unworthy sinner
Trusts in the precious blood.

Refrain:

Saved through the blood of Jesus,
Perfect and only plea;
Nought else avails for sinners,
Nought else avails for me.

3
Saved for the day of glory,
Then the redeemed will sing;
Still of the blood of Jesus
Loudly their praise will ring;
Saved now to wait with patience,
Looking by faith afar,
Till, just before the dawning,
Rises the Morning Star.

Near the Cross P.M. W. H. DOANE.

Refrain

From General Hymnary

77

1
Safe in Christ the weakest child
Stands in all God's favour;
All in Christ are reconciled
Through that only Saviour.

Refrain:

Safe in Christ! safe in Christ!
He's their glory ever;
None can pluck them from His hand,
They shall perish never.

2
Once their sins on every side
Seemed to tower o'er them;
Christ has stemmed the angry tide,
Been through death before them.

Near the Cross

3
In His death they've crossed the sea,
Passed through condemnation;
Well they may triumphant be,
Saved through God's salvation.

4
On the resurrection side,
Death's dark sea behind them;
All their sins beneath the tide,
None can ever find them.

5
Now by faith they're justified
Know that God is for them;
To the world they're crucified,
Glory is before them.

78

1
I will sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
How He left His home in glory,
For the Cross on Calvary.

Hyfrydol

Refrain:

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me;
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2
I was lost; but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3
I was bruised; but Jesus healed me—
Faint was I from many a fall;
Sight was gone and fears possessed me;
But He freed me from them all.

4
Days of darkness still come o'er me;
Sorrow's paths I often tread;
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

5
He will keep me should the river
Roll its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

Hyfrydol 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7 R.H. Prichard

From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

79

1
Thou art coming, mighty Saviour;
"King of kings," Thy written name!
Thou art coming, royal Saviour!
Coming for Thy promised reign.
Oh, the joy when sin's confusion
Ends beneath Thy righteous sway;
Oh, the peace when all delusion
At Thy presence dies away.

2
Thou art coming, loving Saviour;
Coming first to claim Thine own,
Thou art coming, faithful Saviour!
Thou wouldst not abide alone.
In Thy Father's house in glory
Sinners saved shall dwell with Thee;
Oh, the sweetness of the story!
Love's own record we shall be.

Claribel; Adorations Hyfrydol

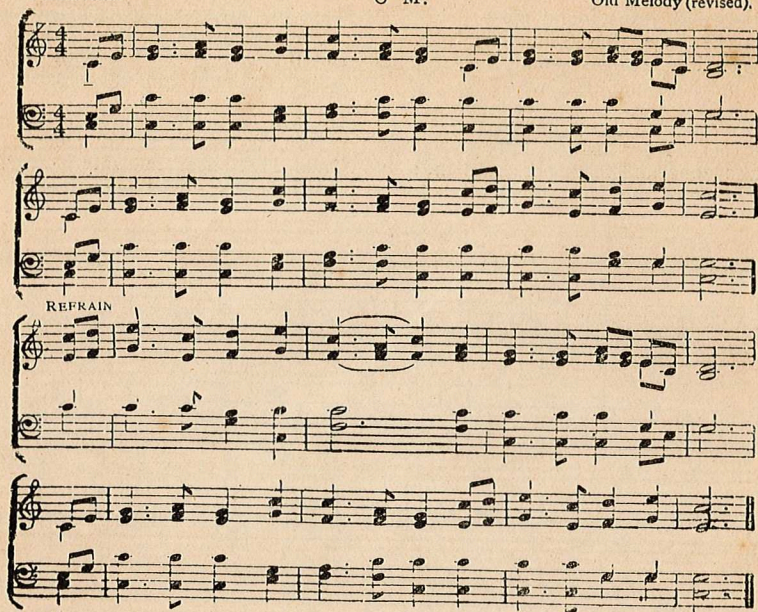
3
Once Thy coming, holy Saviour,
Brought Thee to the sinner's place!
Wondrous coming—lowly Saviour,
Wonderful Thy love, Thy grace!
Thine the wisdom in the manger,
Thine the power upon the cross;
Thine the glory as the stranger;
Riches—though in utter loss!

4
Thou art coming, crowned Saviour!
Not "the second time" for sin;
Thou art coming, throned Saviour!
Bringing all the glory in.
All Thy Father's house, its glory,
Hang by sure behest on Thee;
Oh, the sweetness of the story!
Saviour, come, we wait for Thee!

Fountain

C M.

Old Melody (revised).



80

Fountain; Belmont (without refrain)

1
O gracious Saviour, Thou hast given
My trembling soul to know
That, trusting in Thy precious blood,
I'm washed as white as snow.
I'm washed as white as snow.*
That trusting in Thy precious blood,
I'm washed as white as snow.

2
Since Thou hast borne sin's heavy load
My guilty fear is o'er;
Made Thine, by virtue of Thy blood,
I'm sealed for evermore.
I'm sealed for evermore.*
Made Thine, by virtue of Thy blood,
I'm sealed for ever more.

3
What wait I for, most blessed Lord,
Except Thy face to see?
If such the earnest Thou hast given,
What must Thy presence be?
What must Thy presence be?*

4
To hear Thy voice, to see Thy face,
And grieve Thy heart no more;
But drink the fulness of Thy grace,
Thy love for evermore.
Thy love for evermore.*
But drink the fulness of Thy grace,
Thy love for evermore.

A. Cutting and A. Mace.

81

Fountain; Belmont (without refrain)

1
Come now, our grateful voices raise
For grace's boundless store;
Dwell on the Lord's unchanging love,
And praise Him evermore.
And praise Him evermore.*
Dwell on the Lord's unchanging love,
And praise Him evermore.

2
To Jesus, who our ransom paid
And all our sorrows bore,
Sing with a note of deepest joy,
And praise Him evermore.
And praise Him evermore.*
Sing with a note of deepest joy,
And praise Him evermore.

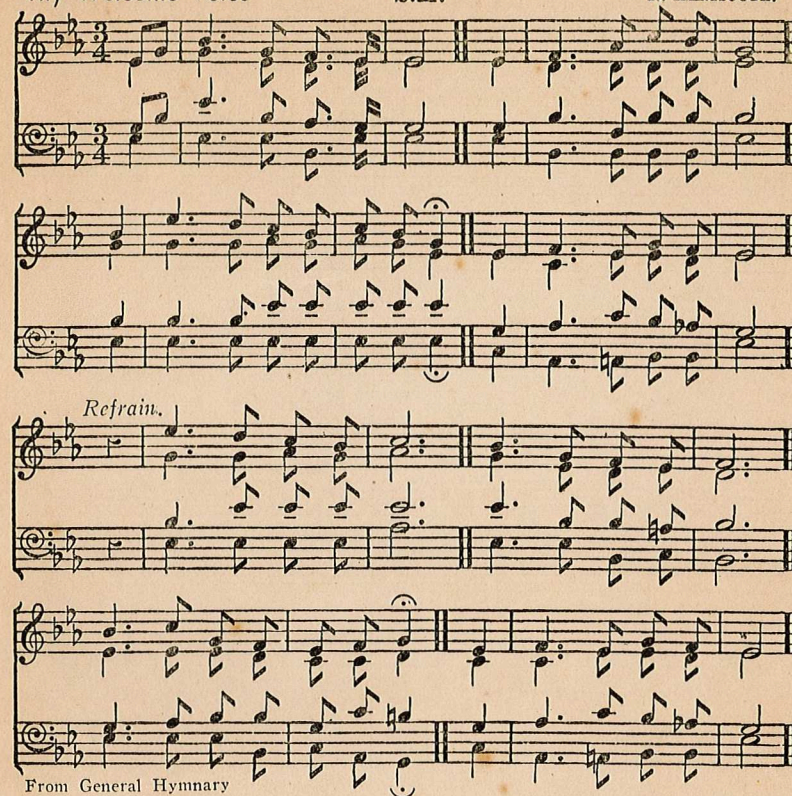
3
Soon the triumphant Lord shall come,
And we, whose sins He bore,
Shall see the glories of the Lamb,
And praise Him evermore.
And praise Him evermore.*
Shall see the glories of the Lamb,
And praise Him evermore.

4
Then endless joy our hearts shall fill,
And praise our lips outpour;
The objects of His love divine,
We'll praise Him evermore.
We'll praise Him evermore.*
The objects of His love divine,
We'll praise Him evermore.

Thy Welcome Voice

S.M.

L. HARTSOUGH.



82

Welcome Voice

1
Decide for Christ to-day,
And God's salvation see;
Yield soul and body, heart and will,
To Him who died for thee!

Refrain:

Christ alone can save—
Break the power of sin;
Christ doth fully satisfy
The heart that cleaves to Him.

2
Decide for Christ to-day,
Thyself thou can'st not save;
Helpless and guilty, dead and blind,
No longer judgment brave.

3
Decide for Christ to-day,
His blood speaks on the Throne
To sanctify, and make thee nigh
Where God Himself is known.

4
Decide for Christ to-day,
Confess Him as thy Lord;
Proclaim to all the Saviour's worth,
How faithful is His word.

5
Decide for Christ to-day,
Procrastinate no more;
Now mercy pleads, soon wrath will burn—
The Judge is at the door.

83

St. Michaels; Welcome Voice (without refrain)

1
Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls us near,
To seek our God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.

2
That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round we see,
Provides for all who come to God—
An all-prevailing plea.

3
Beyond our utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.

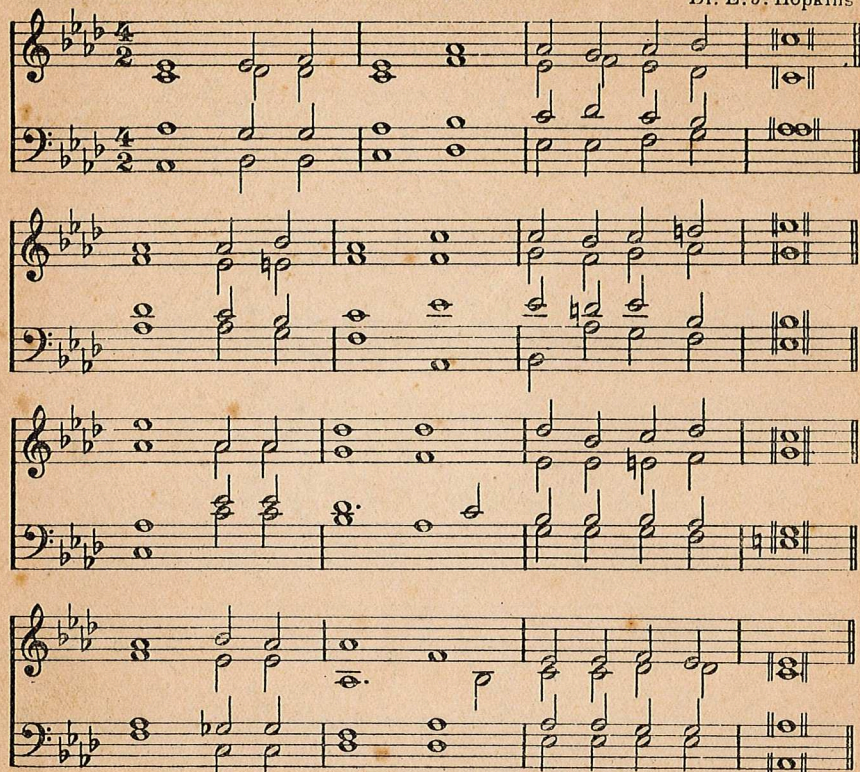
4
Since 'tis the Lord's command,
Our mouth we'll open wide;
Lord, open Thou Thy bounteous hand,
That we may be supplied.

John Newton.

Ellers

10.10.10.10.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins



From Hymns and Spiritual Songs

84

Ellers, Eventide

1
Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise;
We rise to bless Thee ere our worship
cease;
And now, departing, wait Thy word of
peace.

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

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

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

J. Ellerton.

85

Doxology

St. Oswald

1
May the grace of Christ our Saviour
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour
Rest upon us from above.

2
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

John Newton.